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No. 1

The Jew

Silent and wise and changeless,
Stamped with the Orient still;
In many a country nameless—
In every land, a Will.

Master of two things is he—
Self, and the Power of Gold.
He thinks—the World is busy;
They bargain—he has sold!

Lord of the Marts of Nations
Where the World's wide commerce plies—
Master of infinite Patience,
Slandered by infinite Lies!

Towering, fair-haired Norseman,
Tartar at Novgorod,
Black-eyed Arab horseman,
Zulu chief unshod—

All borrow for War or trading
And promise with oaths not new;
All turn, with the danger fading,
And sneer at the lender—"Jew!"

—By *George Vaux Bacon.*

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A CHARMING PASTORAL SCENE

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIV

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The National Political Situation

A REVIEW OF THE DOMINANT ISSUES OF THE DAY IN
CANADA AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE
BEING MET BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

By E. W. Thomson

The writer of this article is one of the best informed writers on Canadian politics. Many of us might not agree with his deductions but they represent views of a very important section of the men in public life and students of politics. Mr. Thomson was on The Globe editorial staff many years ago but left at the time that paper advocated unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. He was opposed to it, taking the side of the late Hon. Edward Blake. He made a strong fight in favor of the recent agreement with the United States. It is questionable whether a general election will be held as soon as he prophesies because the census will not be completed for a long time yet, but it is more than likely that the present Parliament will go to the country before its term is completed.

TO underset and the Ottawa situation one must keep steadily in mind that the present Parliament is necessarily short-lived. Ministry, Opposition, members all alike assembled in that consciousness, and have been ruled by it ever since. The reason why this twelfth Parliament must be short-lived is that it does not represent Canada of the census of last June, but represents the Dominion of a census now nearly eleven years past. All eastern provinces, including Ontario, are slightly over-represented. The West lacks more than twenty of its due number of M.P.'s.

This would not necessarily make the Parliament very short-lived if the West were in substantial agreement with the East, or rather with Ontario, whose overwhelming vote in the late elections put the collective East against the West on the paramount question of reciprocity in natural products with the States. Outside

of Ontario the collective East agreed with the West on that business.

It is conceivable, though improbable, that the West, if represented according to the last census, might agree with Ontario's vote. It is also conceivable that Ontario, at the election after general redistribution of representation, may reverse or largely modify her vote of last September. Conservatives differ from Liberals in prognosticating on that. The sure thing is that a vigorous element in the West regards that region as far less than duly represented; feels Ontario to be much over-represented, and feels wronged inasmuch as opinion adverse to the West has undue control of public policy.

This situation is bad all around. It is dangerous. It provokes embitterment, and therefore agitation in the West. It is not fair to Ontario. Surely her people, collectively, desire no more than their due

of representation. The wiser of them must know that serious harm to the trade of their province might and probably would come if it were maintained by the Ministry any longer than is necessary, in a domineering position.

A PRUDENT PREMIER.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Borden and his colleagues wish to prolong the unrepresentative Parliament. They appear to be reasonable, prudent, honorable men. They know that their title of office after next year will be flawed if the present Parliament continue. They know that public opinion would credit them with fear of the electorate if they appeared anxious to stave off a Redistribution Act, or the general election subsequent thereto.

Because census returns germane to Redistribution are still incomplete, because they will need much consideration before a just Redistribution can be based on them, and because any Redistribution Bill must provoke long debate, it would have been unfair to expect the Ministry to deal with that matter in their first session. That they mean to tackle it in their second and then go to the country appears plain from the caution of some of their proceedings, and from the evident design of others to win popularity. To secure a ministerial existence more prolonged than that of the short-lived Parliament has been Premier Borden's steady thought.

COALITION.

On that thought he composed his Cabinet. It has been called a Coalition Cabinet—as if there were something essentially wrong in Cabinet union of representative assailants of the previous Ministry. His chosen colleagues had been united not only by their common opposition to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but by a common prejudice in favor of "protection," and largely by a common hostility to the Fielding-Knox reciprocity proposal. Within my memory every Cabinet since Confederation has been chosen similarly, from all the important factions of the winning crowd.

What truly distinguished Mr. Borden's selection was not that he gave portfolios to both sets of his extremists, but that he gave both sets so many portfolios. When his Orange friends and his "Bleu-Nation-

aliste" allies had been supplied, there were few departments left for his Moderates. He thus went precisely contra to the Laurier method of cabinet-making. Hence many able jog-trot Conservatives, who had dragged the Opposition vehicle over a dark, long road, got no oats. Why did those deserving men submit to exclusion in favor of what looks like a Cabinet of irreconcilables? Because they bore in mind the brevity of this Parliament's life.

CAPTURED CHIEFS.

They perceived that the Premier's intent was to leave the ultras of his electorate without leaders of conspicuous force. By enlisting so many big chiefs, the unlike tribes, if disappointed, would be withheld from formidable action against him before the general elections. Hughes, Sproule, Rogers, Cochrane may be able to control one set of Inflammables for eighteen months or two years. Monk, Pelletier, Nantel may restrain the opposite set for so short a time. If so, both sorts of ultras in the Cabinet's electorate would be available "next time." Another victory would merge them all as "Ministerialists," or "Bordenites," even as free-traders, revenue tariffers, moderate protectionists, autonomists, "Canada Firsters," "Clear Grits," all sorts of antis to John A. and Tupper became Ministerialists or "Laurierites" when the common leader seemed secure of a long tenure. If, on the other hand, Mr. Borden should be beaten at the next elections, then his contrary-minded big chiefs could again stir up their tribes. On this reckoning Mr. Borden seemed to run great risks of an early Cabinet smash. It has not arrived. His courage seems justified. While this condition lasts we have to call the successful Premier a wise chooser.

In order that the chosen should stay reconciled during the short life of this Parliament, it was necessary to stave off presentation of definite courses on some vexations matters. "The Navy" is one; "Ne Temere" another. Both appear to have been handled reasonably pro tem.

LANCASTER'S MOVE.

Mr. Lancaster offered a Bill for declaring licensed marriages to be legally contracted anywhere in Canada when contracted in due form, by persons free to marry, before any person provincially

authorized to perform the ceremony. This led to an exceedingly able debate, in which all leading statesmen of both parties were against the Bill. Nevertheless there is in Parliament, as well as in the general electorate, a firm persuasion that the purpose of Mr. Lancaster must be somehow established in law. What can be done? How to do it? On these points Canada needs more information—so said the Ministry, in effect. That was true. In resolving to submit the whole matter to the highest Court for advice, the Premier certainly did no harm. He may produce much good.

HEBERT CASE.

Fortunately Judge Charbonneau's ruling on the Hebert case came just in time to allay excited Protestant opinion, as well as to soothe the Catholic anger that was being excited by some ignorant, intemperate Protestant talk. It is now pretty well understood in Protestant provinces, that neither the Roman Church nor the Quebec Courts attack the civil validity of any sort of marriage authorized by the civil law. As for the right of that Church to excommunicate any of her adherents who marry contra to her regulations—that is her religious liberty. It is precisely what the Orange Order does in British North America—expels, *i.e.*, excommunicates any member who marries a Roman Catholic. Surely such excommunication is within the right of the Orange Order, and no less within the right of any Church. If the Government succeed, as appears probable, in staving off further agitation on the "*Ne Temere*" matter till after the general election, delay will have been further justified. The subject is not one on which elections should turn, as that of last September is alleged, by many Liberals, to have turned in Ontario.

"NAVY."

If some enthusiasts thought it poor party tactics for the Premier to stave off announcement of a "Navy" programme till near or after the general elections, it was surely good public policy to thus delay. The people have never been instructed and advised in that business, except by politicians eager to make party capital out

of it, or amateur admirals of the newspaper and other presses. Probably these worthies have not yet convinced a majority of the electorate that it would be improper to postpone a "Navy" programme forever. To allege need for a "Navy" is to beg the main question at issue. That Canada should provide amply for the defence of her shores seems agreed by nearly everybody. It was the original Conservative proposition from Mr. G. E. Foster. On that, the politicians were as one man a few years ago. They argued that such defence would be not only the Dominion's certain security, but the best way of relieving and aiding Great Britain. Eminent Old Country experts have certified the same thing. Probably there are not a thousand people in the Dominion who do not sincerely wish Canada to be made capable of giving Great Britain the utmost aid that can be practicably supplied. There are various schemes for supplying it.

AN IMPERIAL PROPOSAL.

That recommended in 1896 by the Imperial Defence Committee of England does not imply a "Navy" for Canada. It implies only adequate coast defence armament. Perhaps it is true that creation of the German and other navies since that time indicates that Canada should have battleships, cruisers, what not, in addition to a coast defence, or even before establishing this. But there has been no clear information from competent authorities to that effect. To get sound, ample information and publish it would seem the correct policy for Mr. Borden.

A Commission on which level-headed Canadian civilians should sit with experts of Navy and Army would be very much in order. There is nothing mysterious, nothing incomprehensible to the mind of any good engineer, lawyer, merchant, mechanic or farmer in problems of defence. Such matters are merely outside their usual line of attention. If some intelligent men of civil occupations were set to study the problems as viewed by experts, those civilians could best decide between experts, as they do frequently in other or, indeed, in all grave public matters.

Canadians want to know what is needed to make their Atlantic and Pacific cities,

mines and settlements really safe from attack at sea. What will such security cost? What should be done first? If the cost of that prime necessary be well within our means, what more can we do for the Old Country? What will that, too, cost? What part of this, too, should we first supply? If this whole business were dealt with sensibly it would probably be found that there is really no marked difference of opinion among Canadians on the matter. Their scribes and spouters have argle-bargled voluminously, each having grasped but one idea among many equally sound and important, which one idea they interminably put forward as The Only. Each wiseacre discourses with intentions as good as his vision is narrow. Premier Borden, if he contrive to get himself, his supporters and the people well educated on this highly interesting and important subject, will probably be rewarded by finding them united in approval of the only course which such education would leave open to his Government, or any reasonable Canadian.

SECURE CANADA FIRST.

That course could not but be the resolute, prompt doing of what a wise Canadian Commission, assisted by Old Country experts, would recommend as the first thing needful. Which thing could not but be the one thing most useful in securing Canada and relieving England. After the first thing, the second, and so on. Nothing permanently appropriate can arrive any other way. To have tackled the first thing would be to end overmuch clamor for fifty other things that may properly be done later. If Mr. Borden's consideration of the brevity of this Parliament's life ordained his postponement of decision touching maritime defence, there is reason for public thankfulness.

Election considerations seem to be influencing the Premier in deciding what to do, as well as what to delay. A Tariff Commission had been promised the Manufacturers' Association. If it were not promptly established they might rebel. That would be very dangerous to the party, who depended much on the Association's political organization in the late elections, and who cannot have time before the next elections to organize as

effective a machine more independently. The commission might have proved less harmful than Liberals feared, since it was to be largely directed by the new Minister of Finance, Mr. White, who appears less protectionist than reasonable. However, the measure for its creation was killed by the Senate in the dying hours of the session, and thus the situation remains.

Mr. Borden and his colleagues had long proclaimed the late Ministry corrupt in administration. They were thus bound to try to prove it. Success in the attempt would furnish them with effective ammunition for the next general fight. Therefore they pushed through an Act providing a Commission for what the Opposition call an "Inquisition" on their past. At first the Ministry seemed indisposed to make just provision for defence by any officials or ministers who may be accused. This appears to have been made all right, partly through the intervention of the Senate, a useful chamber, far too much derided and villified by jokers.

Surely the public, of both parties, feel that the more and the closer the Commission shall investigate the better. I remember well the general disappointment that came of the Mackenzie Cabinet's failure to have the first Pacific Scandal thoroughly probed, and the truly guilty, if any, pursued to genuine punishment. Similarly the Laurier Cabinet failed of carrying out pre-election pledges to root into the whole body of transactions, alleged corrupt, relating to the building of the C. P. R. Such investigation at that time might have enabled the accused to clear themselves, which would have been no less useful to the public than their conviction, in case they could not vindicate their proceedings. If Premier Borden's Commission explore thoroughly—especially into manifold appalling accusations and imputations long made daily against Mr. Clifford Sifton's administration of the Interior Department—surely the electorate will approve.

We are, however, told that gross charges made against Mr. Frank Oliver, during the late election, are not to be investigated. That may signify that the Ministry now know those charges false. Or it may mean that magnates, said to be involved in the affair, and regarded as very powerful with the Ministry, have intervened. It would

be ridiculous, and damaging to the Cabinet, if the new Inquisition went about burning little, obscure officials, while letting Messrs. Sifton and Oliver grow halos of virtual acquittal. Both may be perfectly guiltless and both are entitled to the justice of being called on to prove that they were maligned, which they certainly could prove in many matters.

HIGHWAYS IMPROVEMENT.

Again, in view of an early general election, the Ministry pushed an Act enabling them to promote highways for horsed vehicles and autocars in every part of Canada. Good roads are much needed. They will be very convenient and valuable, if provided. *Prima facie*, the Ministry is enterprising and well-intentioned in the matter. It is easy to contend that the federal money intended for highways should be granted to the provinces. It is just as easy to contend that the proposed extension of federal authority will strengthen the Confederation's bonds, which have been weakened through abandonment of the disallowance and remedial powers by successive Ottawa administrations. Probably the people do not care a hang about constitutional arguments in the business—they want roads. Federal taxation imperceptibly tends to keep them and their roads poor. Hence municipalities cannot afford the highways they were meant to provide. The new programme will restore to them equivalents for part of what customs and excise taxes take slyly out of their purses. However, this contentious measure might have been postponed till after the next elections, but for one thing. It is likely to yield a lot of party capital to the Ins by influencing voters and municipalities in every province.

KEEWATIN AND MANITOBA.

It was necessary to add most of Keewatin to Manitoba. On that everybody agreed. Development and administration in the added territory are required by increasing immigration. Manitoba would not take the addition encumbered by a new provision for Separate Schools therein. That right seems legally or constitutionally as well secured by the Manitoba Act of 1870 as it could be by any cause proposed for the new measure. All eminent lawyers in both parties concurred in view. They put it "up to" Manitoba to

forsake her unconstitutional refusal to re-establish such schools. If the Roblin Government "make good" they will do much for peace between the creeds throughout Canada.

As for the handsome pecuniary terms granted to Manitoba—they might be more reasonably inveighed against as "favoritism" if Premier Borden had not declared them to be but preliminary to a general revision of federal aids to the provinces, which revision seems highly desirable. Confederation's Fathers never expected that time and progress would make the Federal Government so much richer than the Provincial Governments.

ONTARIO'S RIGHT-OF-WAY.

In respect of giving Ontario a railway right-of-way to Hudson Bay ports and a harbor frontage at Nelson, Premier Borden seems as ingenious and wise as he was surprising. That concession suits Ontario; it suits Manitoba; Saskatchewan cannot but be satisfied by the Ministry's promise to grant a similar right-of-way to any Regina-planned railway. Obviously some of the ministerial proposals, in connection with the Keewatin-Manitoba affair, were arranged with more than one minister's eye on early general elections. Quebec gets Ungava; Manitoba and Ontario get all they can reasonably ask for; Saskatchewan has a fine promise; all the other provinces are told that something good all around is designed. Great electioneering, indeed.

WHO'LL WIN?

But can the ministry win those elections? If not, their defeat won't be due to any lack of enterprise, ingenuity, intellectual force, or nerve. Instead of loafing through their first session, on the plea that they were new to the job, the Ministry have done much work, including passage of the Act touching elevators, which is mainly what the Laurier Ministry proposed. It remains to be seen that the Commission under that Act will fail, as western grain-growers fear, to get the farmers better supplied with cars than they were under the old Act. Election prospects of the Ministry in the West would be worsened did the Commission hasten to truckle to railways and elevator companies. Hence, it is reasonable to

suppose that the farmers will be better treated, at least for the next eighteen months or so, than they apprehend.

DEPENDS ON WASHINGTON.

To me it seems that the issue of that early election on which the Premier's eye is fixed must depend on what Washington shall do with the Act for implementing the Fielding-Knox reciprocity pact. If Washington repeal that Act, then Mr. Borden's Ministry will profit or suffer only inasmuch as he may be applauded or blamed for final disappearance of hope for reciprocity in natural products, which reciprocity he could secure this session, if he wishes so. If the Washington Act be not repealed before our not distant Canadian elections, then the Liberal party not only can fight the battle of the "pact" over again, but will be compelled by circumstances to do so. They could not get away from the charge of meaning to accept the "pact" if victorious. Hence they

would have to put up a strong fight for it.

With what result? If any reasonable man can look at conditions in the west; can consider the loss, suffering and anger there due to defeat of the "pact;" can reflect on how the industries of the East depend on Western contentment and prosperity; can observe those portents of commercial and political danger which arise from the West's bitter disappointment; and can still imagine that the Fielding-Knox agreement would be again beaten in Canada, or even in Ontario, then that reasonable man would think me very unreasonable did I venture to specify my opinion in the case. If I conceal it, please credit me, dear reader, with the caution proper to an individual who was extremely mistaken in prophesying last September. That mishap is, however, no reason why the undersigned native Canadian should doubt that his fellow countrymen will, at the first opportunity, bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

A w a k e n i n g

The tender glamour of the dreary days
 Before Love's full effulgence was complete,
 Dwells in my soul. The dim untrodden
 ways
 That wooed our eager, yet reluctant feet,
 The mute communion of our meeting
 eyes,
 The hand's elusive touch, when still no
 word
 With its supreme, significant surprise,
 The pregnant passions of our beings
 stirred.
 The shadowy dawn of unawakened pain,
 Love's counterpart, with its evasive thrill,
 Haunted our hearts, and like the minor
 strain
 Of some great anthem ere the sound is
 still,
 Mingled, with all the rapture yet to be,
 A note of anguish in its harmony.

—Corinne R. Robinson.

Winnipeg to the Rockies by Water

A NEW WATERWAY OF COMMERCE PROJECTED THROUGH THE HEART OF WESTERN PROVINCES—OUTLET FOR NATURAL PRODUCTS—WOULD FURNISH THOUSAND MILE COMPETITIVE ROUTE FOR RAILWAYS

By Stanley C. S. Kerr

In addition to the transcontinental railway lines, the Canadian West will soon have other important means of transportation. The Hudson Bay Railway will afford an outlet to the north, the Georgian Bay Canal will be a feeder on the east, and the Panama Canal will play no small part in diverting the course of trade on the Pacific coast. These great waterway channels of commerce will provide competition for the railways, will do much in bettering the existing conditions, and will aid materially in the upbuilding of the country. But other great projects are also under consideration—one of them a waterway from Winnipeg to the Rockies, which is described in this article. Already surveys have been made and it is the opinion of competent authorities that the proposed route is feasible, involving a waterway of one thousand miles and extending via the Saskatchewan River from the Rockies to the Pas and thence on to Winnipeg.

THE problem of transportation is one which has always been difficult of solution—the Romans, in their desire to make all things point to Rome, built up a network of roads which the soldiers and merchants of Europe used for transportation purposes long after the ancient Roman Empire had ceased to be. Indeed we may safely say that roads and waterways were the only means of transportation down to comparatively recent times. In Europe and in England more particularly towards the end of the eighteenth century there was great activity in canal building. People realized that carriage by water was cheaper than, and in many cases as rapid, as transportation by coaches and horses. The result was that private enterprise

built up the many canals which are to be found in England at the present time. As in England, so in America—the early system of transportation was by roads and at a later date was augmented by the development of river navigation and the opening of canals. Then came the building of great railways which were used extensively for colonization purposes. The railways were built to settle people on the land; the builders looked to the future for their profits and slowly by sure steel rails

linked the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The railways have well served their purpose of colonization, and now have become in America powerful and rich corporations, all vying with one another to improve their service, but none are apparently



AN INDIAN DOG SNAPPED AT CAMP NEAR THE PAS.

anxious to reduce their freight rates. The great expense involved in the building, maintenance and development of a railway enterprise of necessity makes it an expensive mode of carrying in a continent so vast as North America. In consequence the farmer is now looking for some cheaper medium of transportation and his mind instinctively reverts to the great natural waterways of his country and their half-brothers, canals.

It is a singular coincidence that the southern and northern parts of the continent of North America have, or rather soon will have, two great waterways. We refer to the Panama Canal now in course of construction, and to the North Saskatchewan River. These two water routes when fully developed should lower the very expensive freight rates which prevail in the United States and Canada. Of the Panama Canal we will say nothing here; it is to the Saskatchewan River that we wish to direct attention.

THOUSAND MILE WATERWAY.

For the past two summers the Canadian Government has had surveyors at work on the North Saskatchewan River with the sole object of ascertaining the practicability of establishing a great water-route from the Rocky Mountains to The Pas and from there to Winnipeg—a distance of over a thousand miles. If such a water-route can be established it undoubtedly would be a source of great convenience to the people of northern Alberta and Saskatchewan and would result in another effective and excellent means of transporting the natural products of the Prairie Provinces.

The question naturally arises, is this Saskatchewan River route a possibility? The answer of the writer is in the affirmative, provided enough money is spent on the improvements necessary to overcome the natural obstacles that must arise in any great river. Rapids and shallow places are the only impediments to navigation that must be overcome. When these improvements have been made it would not seem too optimistic to expect that the great volume of traffic which would use the route would soon not only pay for all the necessary operating expenses connected with the locks and dredging but would be sufficient to fully

repay the original expenditure on the river. When that point is reached the waterway would be a source of revenue to the country.

A year ago last summer four level parties were sent on the river from Edmonton to the Pas. Each of these parties was made up of an instrument man, two rodmen, two axemen and a cook, and all travelled in eighteen-foot canoes; each party had three canoes with two men and eight hundred odd pounds of freight to each canoe. Instructions were given to work along-side the river-bank, and to install a "bench-mark" every two miles on which was to be recorded the accurate river slope at these places. Thus the relative level of the whole distance could be ascertained and the rise or fall in elevation was recorded at points varying from two to three miles apart throughout the course of the river between Edmonton and the Pas. In this way it could be found out how many locks, if any, it would be necessary to build, what dredging and other improvements would be needed; such statistics, though seemingly rough, would enable engineers to closely estimate the rise and fall in the elevation of the river. The relative depths and the places where dredging would be necessary were ascertained by taking the level of the water each day and by further sounding the river. In brief, sufficient information was collected to determine the value of the river as a carrying route.

SOME OF THE OBSTACLES.

What obstacles to navigation were observed during the survey? The most serious impediment would naturally be the rapids. On any river of great length there are sure to be rapids and to this rule the Saskatchewan is no exception. Throughout the four hundred miles between Edmonton and Battleford there are, however, only three real rapids. None of them is so bad as to make portage necessary for a shallow-draught craft. The big eighteen-foot canoes with their eight hundred pounds of freight went safely through all of them, for the water in the rapids is deep though in some places very swift flowing. In fact, it may be mentioned that the chief engineer went from Edmonton to the Pas in a stern-wheeler gasoline boat and successfully ran all the



ONE OF THE SIXTEEN FOOT CANOES IN WHICH THE PARTY WENT FROM EDMONTON TO THE PAS.

rapids. This boat draws three feet at the lowest estimate, which is ample proof of the depth of the water throughout all the rapids on the river. The rapids then do not furnish an insurmountable obstacle to navigation. Locks or wing dams could be built where these rapids are. The result of these dams being built is quite easy to foresee; the water kept back would give a sufficiently deep channel for stern-wheelers of shallow draught and, of course, at the same time would solve the problem of the fall and rise in the elevation of the river.

In the whole 752 odd miles between Edmonton and the Pas there are only four rapids which would be serious obstacles to navigation. Of these four the most difficult work of improvement would be required at La Colle Falls, which is about twenty-three miles east of Prince Albert. Improvements would have to be effected from La Colle to The Forks, at which point the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan unite. The distance between these two places is twelve miles and difficulties arise from two causes. First and foremost, the rapids; and secondly, the winding and narrow course of the river—the latter obstacle could easily be overcome by dredging; it is the rapids which would most concern the engineer. In the twelve miles between La Colle and The Forks the river drops about eighty feet—this, however, is not such an extraordinary great drop if we consider what has been

achieved by the building of the great lift-lock at Peterborough. The canal on which this lock has been built facilitates the transportation of western freight between the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario. At Peterborough in four miles there is a drop of sixty-five feet which the lift-lock overcomes. The reader can readily perceive that if at Peterborough a drop of sixty five feet in four miles has been overcome there is no reason why the drop of eighty feet in twelve miles which the Saskatchewan takes between La Colle Falls and The Forks could not similarly be solved. Either a series of locks

or several locks and a lift-lock could be built. The latter would eventually be the best solution, for though a lift-lock would at first be more expensive it would eventually become much more economical both as a time saver and in providing ample capacity for a maximum number of lockages, thus preventing a congestion of traffic. Cadotte rapids, Wipawin rapids, and Tobin rapids are the other three places at which improvements would have to be made to make the river safely navigable—sufficient data has not yet been obtained to state whether at all these places it would be necessary to build locks; it is altogether probable that in some places dredging and the erection of wing dams is all that would be needed.

The shifting sand bars are the only other impediment to navigation on the river. These sand bars occur quite frequently before Prince Albert is reached; after



THE COOK AND A PART OF HIS OUTFIT.



ANOTHER OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S BOATS
WHICH WENT FROM PRINCE ALBERT TO
THE PAS.

that place they occur but seldom. But sand bars are easily overcome. We must take it for granted that on such a waterway as the Saskatchewan there would be some wing-dams and locks built. The effect of such dams on the depth of the river is very difficult to foresee but it is probable that they would help greatly to reduce and in some cases entirely to eliminate the difficulties caused by the sand bars. Much more water would be stored up; this increased volume of water would sweep away many of the lesser sand bars; the remainder would have to be dredged.

Eastwards from The Forks, at which point the north and south branches of the river meet, the impediments to navigation are very slight. There are a few small rapids which would require to be dredged. Below The Forks sand bars occur so seldom that they need not be considered. About seventy miles before the Pas is reached the Saskatchewan is a deep and easily navigable river. Soundings throughout that distance give an average depth of over fifty feet, which means that no improvements to that part of the river would be needed. The greatest improvement would have to be made between Edmonton and The Forks, but there are no obstacles in that distance which could not be so permanently overcome as to make the river safely navigable for shallow-draught vessels.

The construction of dams and locks on the Saskatchewan would result in not only a great waterway, but would mean that a certain

amount of water power would easily be available—once such a river is harnessed in the very slightest degree, power must result—its value and its use are not for us here to conjecture, but we may safely say that none of it need be wasted.

FROM WINNIPEG TO EDMONTON.

It must be borne in mind that the Saskatchewan also flows from the Pas into Cedar Lake, and from there direct water connection may be made with the City of Winnipeg. It may also be mentioned that at one point in this route where it is proposed to build a dam a water power of some 80,000 horse-power will be created,

which could readily be utilized for the milling of wheat and the establishment of other industries. This branch of the river south from the Pas combined with its branch westward would mean the establishment of a waterway from Winnipeg to Edmonton—a distance of no less than 1,100 miles.

The writer is convinced that the cost of the establishment of this great waterway would more than repay the country by its services as a carrier and colonizer. The branch from Edmonton to the Pas would bring products from the Prairie Provinces and would also serve the settlers in the new Peace River country, which must soon become as fertile and settled as its more southern neighbors already are. This branch would further serve as a western feeder for the Hudson Bay Railway as the branch from the Pas to Lake



CHIEF ENGINEER'S BOAT WHICH WENT FROM
EDMONTON TO THE PAS.

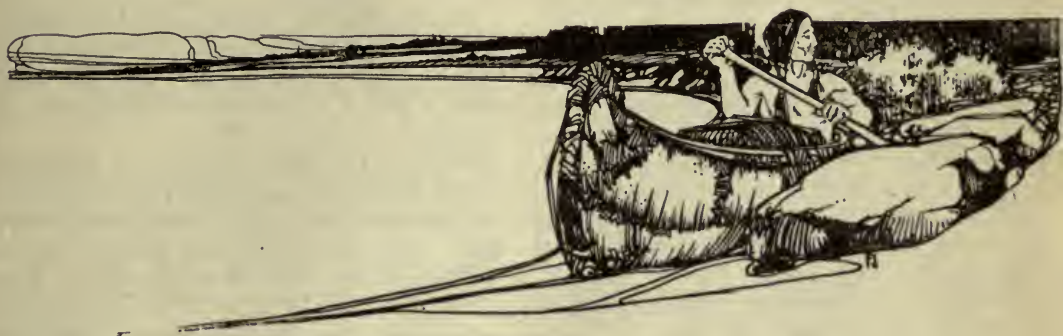
Winnipeg would serve as a southern feeder. The vessels that would ply on the route would only need to be of the stern-wheeler type of shallow - draught such as are now on the Mississippi. The route would parallel the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways, and would thus afford a competitive water-route, which is the only real regulator of freight rates. Such shallow-draught navigation of the Saskatchewan would provide a great national highway for commerce, which would be of much greater importance to Canada than the Mississippi is to the Uni-



THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S BOAT NEAR PRINCE ALBERT.

ted States, for that waterway runs at right angles to the American Transcontinental routes and cannot, therefore, be strictly called a competitive route. It is in the interest of all Canada that this great transcontinental waterway should be completed to give the people cheaper transportation for their supplies

and products. The government should be earnestly urged to carry out this great public work, and let us hope that it will not be long before Sir Wilfrid Laurier's prophecy of a waterway from the Rockies to Winnipeg is fully realized.



Eliminate the Past

Eliminate the past! To burn your bridges behind you is the only spirit that cannot be conquered. And right here let me say that too many men, when starting out on important missions, fail for the reason that they leave a way of retreat. A man cannot bring out his greatest reserves, or the best that is in him, if he knows he can retreat when things get too hot. Only when there is no hope of escape will he draw on his every resource.—*F. E. Mutton.*

Two Halves of a Check

By Richard J. Walsh

I WAS sitting in a newspaper office in Toronto, reading a Montreal daily, when I saw the following paragraph:

If the thug that struck down Dave Hennessey in this city last night and robbed him of a gold watch had asked him for the bauble, Dave would have given it to him.

I read those words over and over. My eyes blurred. The oftener I read them, the more my senses were benumbed. A cold, clammy feeling crept all through me; and I was awakened only when Charlie Manning, the editor, cried out:

"Hello, Joel 'Round pretty early this morning, aren't you? What you got there?"

I pointed to the item.

"What do you think of that?" I demanded.

"Pretty tough, Joe, sure enough," he answered, stroking his underlip in his characteristic way, "but it might not be our Hennessey. Who gets out that stuff for *The Earth*?"

"Why, Hen Gorman's got that job for life—except for the time that an understudy takes up during the summer—and Hen knows Dave as well as I know him, if not better. Say, 'twould be all right, wouldn't it, to wire Gorman about it?"

"Sure thing! Go ahead. Tell that kid operator I'll be in there after awhile and square it."

Within five minutes I had wired to Montreal.

The answer read:

Item Referred to O. K.

I started for Montreal that afternoon.

On the way down—and I was never on a train that ran so slowly—I tried to read a magazine, but couldn't. I never had anything hit me so hard since the day I was born: that poor old Dave Hennessey, friend and *confrere*, a man who never refused to help anybody during his fifty years of newspaper life—that *he* had been knocked down and robbed, was positively beyond me.

In Montreal, everybody had a different story to tell, but all agreed that the assault took place at 2 a.m., and not a hundred yards from Dave's office. At the hospital the physicians said that he had received a bad scalp wound and several contusions on the face and body; but, though such injuries to a man of his age made his condition precarious, they thought he would pull through.

The whole thing seemed still more pathetic when I heard that Dave's son—who had met his death in a railway accident two weeks previous, just after he had reached his twenty-first birthday—had given his father the watch on that anniversary.

It may be charitably presumed at this point that the writer of the newspaper paragraph could not have known of the tender associations connected with the watch, else he would never have referred to it as a "bauble."

Every reporter in the city had constituted himself a detective to hunt down the highwayman; but though several men were arrested on suspicion, each one established his innocence.

During the days of Dave's convalescence, letters of condolence poured in from everywhere—not only from newspapermen, but from men and women in all walks of life. He got along nicely, however—you see, he had lived an old-fashioned life—and in four weeks he walked out of the institution and into the arms of his friends, who had a carriage waiting to carry him back to the "Row." Their joy was so marked that the poor fellow would have been excused had he said, "Deliver me from my friends!"

One day about three months afterward, while talking to an old friend who had just dropped in to see him in his office, the conversation drifted to the assault. "I'd give anything I ever had, Fred, to get that watch. It was the only memento of Tom that I had; but I suppose I'll never see it again."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when his stenographer answered a knock at the door. The very act of knocking at that door was positive proof that a stranger was there.

"Is Mr. Hennessey in?" inquired the caller.

"Yes, sir; just step in. He's engaged at present, but he'll probably see you in a few minutes."

The journalist turned his head to see who it was, and then bowed. The stenographer resumed her work, and the stranger sat down. Soon afterward, Dave saw his friend to the door and then turned to the new-comer. He was under thirty, of medium height, smooth-shaven, and rather "sporty" in dress.

"Good-morning, sir," said Dave heartily. "What can I do for you?"

"I don't want you to do anything for me," returned the young fellow. "I came in here to do something for you."

"Oh, is that it? Well, sir"—very pleasantly—"this is one of those places where we take everything in sight, and give as little as possible." The stenographer repressed a smile as Dave went on: "Now, what are you going to give me?"

The stranger hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Hennessey, I'd like to see you for a few minutes privately."

"Privately!" burst out Dave. "Why, my dear fellow, there's no need of it at all. Nobody comes in here on anything private. Out with it, whatever it is. Let's have it—Er—what paper are you on? Where do you want to go? How much do you want?"

"I'm not a reporter, Mr. Hennessey," replied the other, smiling at his host's readiness to help, "neither do I want to 'touch' you. My business," he went on, "concerns you, yourself. And another thing: there's too many people comin' in here!"

"Pon my word," commented Dave merrily, as the unctuous humor of this impromptu struck him, "I've often thought so, too; but," he resumed more soberly, "as you seem to think your business so very important, why, come on—in here"—opening the door of an inner office. "Now, sir," he began with just a little irritation,

as both were seated, "I hope you feel at liberty to say what you please, and *reasonably* assured that what you say can not be overheard. What is it?"

"Well, I don't suppose there's much use beatin' about the bush, so I'll tell you at once that I came here to give you back your watch, an'——"

"What!" gasped Dave, rising to a half-standing position and leaning heavily on the flat-top desk for support. "My watch, did you say? My boy's watch! Ah! And—and—where did you get it?"

The stranger straightened up as he swallowed the lump that was rising in his throat.

"I'm the man who—who—robbed you," he stammered, "and"—thrusting his hand viciously into an inside pocket of his coat and then drawing it forth instantly—"there's your watch!" he gulped, laying it on the desk.

For a moment each surveyed the other intently. Neither spoke.

Dave trembled from head to foot as he took the watch and gazed lovingly at it. The thief buried his eyes in him. Not a movement of Dave's hands nor of his body escaped his vigilance. The thoughts connected with the events of the past few minutes had so unnerved the old man that he felt himself sway, and to avoid falling he tried to regain his seat. In rising so suddenly, however, he had shoved the chair back from the desk, and now when he attempted to pull it forward he unconsciously placed his hand within an inch of his call-bell. Instantly his wrist was grasped with all the ferocity of a hungry cur about to be deprived of a bone, and Dave was hurled back against the wall.

"Git ter—— away from that!" the thief snarled, as he snapped the watch off the desk and bounded to the door: "What d'yer think I am—a mutt? So that's the kind of a 'good feller' you are, eh?" he sneered. "I comes in here to do the right thing by you—because I hears you were all right—and here you are—when you think I wasn't on—tryin' to make a phony play on that bell! But it don't go, see? This deal," he went on, but in a much lower tone, as though alarmed at the pitch of his own voice, "must go through strictly on the level, or it don't go a-tall. Are you hep?"

In an instant Dave realized why the footpad had handled him so roughly; but the suddenness of the attack was so amazing that he stared bewildered at his assailant. He saw the precious little keepsake in the possession of the thief; and, while the thought of having it taken from him again was positively maddening, he controlled himself as he said:

"You're mistaken. I hadn't the slightest idea of calling for help. Your coming here to give me that watch had so stunned me that I did not notice where I put my hand. What good would it do me to have you arrested? In the first place, I should be showing a very poor return for your manliness, and probably, along with that, never get the watch. You can see that, can't you? Now, if you will sit down and give me a little time to collect myself, I _____,"

"That's all right 'bout your *collectin'* yourself," the other broke in mockingly, still standing at the door with his hand on the knob, "but how about this racket, and that hen in this next room"—jerking his head toward the outer office—"what'll *she* do?" And then in the next breath, with grim humor: "What's to prevent her from takin' it into her nut to collect *me*, eh?"

"She'll give no alarm unless I ask her to. You—are—absolutely—safe—while—you—are—in—my—office. Isn't that enough?"

Dave's earnestness was convincing. The fidgety caller crawled forward, put the watch on the desk again, and sat down, rather shamefacedly.

Not a word was spoken for some time, as Dave dreamily passed his thumbs backward and forward over the memento, while the footpad was plainly on pins and needles. At last Dave said:

"Well, my dear fellow, it is impossible for me to tell you how thankful I am; but I suppose you're in a hurry to go, and I shan't delay you much longer. So if you'll please give me my check-book out of that drawer on your side there—it's in the right-hand corner—I will try to do something for you. Thank you! Now, what name shall I write?"

The thief had started to roll a cigarette. "Name? Oh, I don't know," he returned with a grin; and then as he ran the edge

of the cigarette across his mouth, "Make it payable to Cash."

"Very well, Mr. Cash; there you are," as Dave handed the check across the desk. "and I am very much obliged to you for your kindly actions. I wish I could make it more."

"Hundred an' fifty, eh? Well, that's pretty good, Mr. Hennessey; but"—blowing the ashes from his cigarette and then laying it on the edge of the desk—"as I don't need all this, I'll just take half, and here's the other half for you;" and with these words he tore the check in halves and passed one half across the desk to his astonished host. "You see, it's like this"—he chuckled: "You get a good many touches, an' that seventy-five will help you out, see? And seventy-five is plenty for me just now. Won't that be all right, all right?"

Dave was surprised, yet he could not help but smile at his visitor's humor; but he replied in the same spirit:

"As long as it suits you, it suits me; but how do you expect to cash that half?"

"I don't expect to cash it. I just want it to remind myself once in awhile that I met a man who was sure white all through. That's all."

Dave's eyes moistened with feeling. A momentary wonder filled his mind as to the cause that had made such a man a thief.

"Well, old man, I think I may as well be on my way, but I hope you'll not think any the worse of me for what I did a minute ago. I thought you were tryin' to turn me."

They were now in the main office, Dave in the lead a few steps as they moved toward the door.

Suddenly the stenographer called out: "Mr. Hennessey, that gentleman just dropped something!"

Dave turned to pick it up—it was a wallet—and return it to the owner, when, divining his intention, the footpad leaped lightly past him, and said laughingly as he stood in the doorway:

"It's all right, old man; don't mind it. There's two hundred in it to square your hospital expenses—and give 'way to the callers!"

The door closed instantly, and he was gone.

The Jews in Canada

AN INTERESTING STUDY OF THE CONDITIONS
SURROUNDING JEWISH LIFE IN LARGE CENTRES
OF THE DOMINION

By John McAree

There are two articles in Mr. McAree's series on "The Jews in Canada." The first, which appears in this issue, deals with interesting characteristics and customs of the Jews who are to be found in the larger centres of the Dominion, particularly in Toronto and Montreal. A graphic description is given of the conditions under which they live in congested centres of population. The second article, which will be published in a later issue will treat of the Jews in Canadian Business Life.

ON the south side of Queen Street, near York, in the city of Toronto, there was for many years a watchmaker's little shop. Inside there sat a grizzled Jew squinting into the interior of watches, repairing clocks and generally tinkering away with the cheap timepieces and jewelry that were entrusted to him because he was cheap. The fact that he thoroughly knew his business was not so important to his customers, though they profited by it. The great point was that Jacob Singer was what they called a "reasonable repairer." Looking at him dabbling away at the entrails of a Waterbury you wouldn't have supposed that he was a millionaire. Yet if I told you that he owned 700 houses in the city of Toronto, and that he bought a new house every month, you would be still more surprised.

Quite a story might be written about Jacob Singer, the poor Austrian Jew, who arrived in Toronto almost penniless thirty-five years ago, and who lived to own more houses in that city than any other citizen. In this story, though, old Jake is mentioned only incidentally as a picturesque and dramatic figure. He died recently the richest Jew in Toronto, and usually the richest Jew in a city on this continent comes pretty near to being the richest man. However, I suppose that nobody would have repudiated with greater wealth of gesture and suggestion that he was a

very rich man indeed than our friend the watch repairer. In Jacob's case, the reputation of affluence was something to be avoided. So long as they knew at the bank that he was good for any amount he cared to ask for, that was sufficient. To have an increase in the flood of Jews and Gentiles who tried to get some of his money away from him would have been a calamity. So by working every day as a watch repairer, Jacob Singer hoped to do something to discredit the rumor of his great wealth that had got abroad in recent years.

In the matter of prosperity it is a far cry from Jacob Singer to the "sheeney" you can see any of these fine spring mornings, frequenting the lanes, and uttering raucous cries of "Rax, bones and bottles. Any rax to-day, lady?" They are usually dressed in clothing that was made for somebody else, and are adorned for the most part with whiskers that were intended for nobody at all. Little, hunch-backed, cigarette-smoking men, they are out with their pushearts shortly after daylight, and they continue their toil many hours after the union Canadian workman has gone home for the night. The calves of their legs are familiar with dogs' fangs; other parts of their bodies are acquainted with Christian boots, yet if you could understand how joyfully they toil you would be even more surprised than when I told

you about Jake Singer back there a little bit. Most of them have come to us from Russia, where their lives were never safe; where they were never permitted to own anything. This is the land of the free to them, and the occasional insults of our children and the assaults of our roughs are to them like a fine for neglecting to clean off his sidewalk is to a man who had expected to be indicted for burglary.

In Canada there are about 100,000 Jews.

Nearly half of them are in Montreal. In Toronto there are in the neighborhood of 20,000, and in Winnipeg, 15,000. The rest are scattered in other cities, a habit that is agreeable to the average Gentile. The richer Jews, of course, do not live in their ghettos. In Toronto they go up on the Palmerston Boulevard and Rosedale; in Montreal they affect Westmount. There is a remarkable

colony of them north of Queen Street, in Toronto, in the district bounded on the east by Yonge, and on the west by University Avenue. Twenty-five years ago there were no Jews there at all. Now, there is nothing but Jews. It is worth while walking through this district some summer evening, if you have any curiosity to learn how the Other Half lives. In the evening

this part of the Other Half lives on the sidewalks, or leaning out of windows. The streets swarm with old Jews and young, flashily dressed young Jews in the latest Queen Street styles, and patriarchal old Jews in gaberdine and skull cap. Strange noises and smells rise on the air and blend with a Babel of tongues. You might imagine you were strolling through a bazaar in Damascus. You feel that if you had a stronger stomach you would linger a while, inviting adventures. When you get home, you prob-



SHOPPING IN A JEWISH DISTRICT.



SELLING NECKWEAR ON THE STREET.

ably wonder what the medical health officer is about that he permits it.

Fifteen thousand of the 20,000 Jews are herded together in these few blocks, dozens of them living, and happily living in a house, that an Englishman and a Scotchman would find far too small for them both. I doubt, if even two small Canadians, one a Conservative and the other a Liberal, could live in most of them at present. The other 5,000 are sprinkled over the city, wherever rents are cheap

them as there are kinds of Canadians living in Regina. There are rich and poor, good and bad, ignorant and cultured; Jews who are ashamed of being Jews, and Jews who pity Gentiles because they are not the children of Israel. To make many generalizations about the Jews is very much like generalizing about the people of Europe and Asia.

Immigrants who do not mean to go on the land and boost the wheat crop or the apple yield are looked at askance in Ca-



A JEWISH PEDDLER BEING QUESTIONED BY AN OFFICER OF THE LAW.

and property delapidated. Some thousand or more live in mansions, and know no more about their brethren in the Ghetto than you and I. They recognize them as objects of charity occasionally, and by occasionally I mean whenever it is necessary, for Jews look after each other well, and the municipality is not often required to do more for a Jew than to get his wife or one or his children into the hospital now and then. So when we speak of the Jews of Toronto, it is well to bear in mind that there are as many kinds of

nada; and since the Jews huddle in the cities they are frequently denounced as undesirable citizens by political economists. However, with the Jews, as with the illustrious breakfast food, "there's a reason." The Jews do not go on the land because they are not farmers. They are not farmers, because to be farmers in the old country whence they came was the surest and shortest road to a cut throat and a pillaged home. A man may be a wealthy stock broker or a flourishing lawyer, and yet be able to look the assessor

stonily in the face, and declare that he is not worth a thousand dollars a year. But if a man has a lot of property, he doesn't need to look the assessor in the face, for the simple reason that the assessor can look

murderous outbreaks of anti-semitism are apt to occur at any moment, the Jews have learned the advantage of having all their property in a form readily liquefied. If they have their wealth in the shape of



A TYPICAL PICTURE OF THE SLUM DISTRICT IN CONGESTED CENTRES.

at the property and form his own expert ideas as to wealth.

This is a point even with Gentiles, who realize that if they want to own land, the fact of ownership cannot be concealed. It is a much more serious matter than dodging the assessment with the Jews in more than one European country. For them to own land there is merely to offer an incentive to their persecutors to take it away from them. They have something of which to be robbed, or out of which to be taxed. Many generations of pillaged Jews have taught the European Jew of to-day that the ownership and occupancy of land is merely a curse. It is the least secure of property there, while with us it is the most secure. Moreover, except in the Pale, it is unlawful for the Jew to own any property in Russia. Furthermore, since

household goods, gems, or even mortgages, they can turn it into British exchange in a few hours, and flee; whereas, if they had property it might take them weeks to realize on it, except at a great loss. These, then, are the reasons the Jews in Canada are not farmers.

WHY JEWS LIVE IN CITIES.

There is another reason. The Hebrew religion is the religion of a city dweller. It puts a premium upon dwelling in tents. For instance, there is kosher meat. Strictly speaking, it is the only sort of meat that an orthodox Jew can eat. It is true that necessity sometimes makes them eat non-kosher meat, but to do so is an offence, to be compared with that of the man who has been a fanatical prohibitionist all his life, and is obliged to take

brandy on his doctor's orders. Kosher meat is not to be had except in cities. It is meat that is supposed to have been consecrated by the rabbis; although as a matter of fact, as far as meat is concerned, any orthodox Jew butcher is a rabbi. The "koshering" consists simply in the killing of the animal that is to be turned into meat. If you take a stroll through the Ward on Friday night, you will see hundreds of men carrying live chickens to the Jewish butcher shops, where the officiating rabbi or butcher will kill them. The fowl then becomes kosher, and may be eaten with impunity, even with relish, by the most orthodox Jews.

With a people so persecuted for thousands of years as the Jews have been, religion is a different matter to what it is with most of us. The Jews have suf-

ligion was all they had to cling to, and the dark days were not so long ago or far away for the Russian Jews. It is with them more than an ordinary impulse to attend a place of worship. It is almost a physical necessity, especially for the newcomers. Now, Jewish churches in the country are scarcer than Jewish farmers. What would a poor Jew do in Saskatchewan a thousand miles from a man who could authoritatively kill his chickens or from a synagogue where he could worship? Of course, if he had been bred to farming in the Old Country and could bring with him enough money to buy land, the Jew would go on the farms, too, and if they had their colonies, the problem of kosher meat and synagogues would be easily solved.



A ROW OF STORES IN A JEWISH BUSINESS SECTION.

fered so much for their religion that even if they had begun with indifference to it, by now they would have loved it as the mother loves the son who has streaked her hair with grey. In the dark days re-

As a matter of fact, there is a farming colony of about 600 Jews not far from Winnipeg. They were settled on the land in accordance with the will of the late Baron De Hirsch, who left his millions



BRIGHT LITTLE JEWISH GIRLS.

to help his co-religionists escape from oppression, and who particularly desired that they might become tillers of the soil. The Hirsch Institute in Montreal bought the Manitoba land for the experiment, provided the Jews with implements, employed instructors, and set itself to make them good, Canadian farmers. It is doubtful, however, if a good farmer can be made in a generation, and while the western Jews may not be hungry, they are not making such an emphatic success as growers of Manitoba No. 1 hard that their fame has spread. They are about holding their own, and are able to pay back slowly the capital advanced them through the institute, so that it may be used over again to settle other Jews. Besides this colony, there are probably a few score or even a hundred or two Jews scattered throughout the country, making their living from the

soil. There is a dairy farmer not far from Toronto, for instance, and several growers of garden truck, who have gone back to the land from the tail-board of the peddler's wagon, instead of following the usual procedure, and reaching the cart tail from the garden patch.

MOST JEWS START AS POOR MEN.

The Jews who have come into Canada in the past fifty years may be divided into three classes — those who have money, those who have a trade, and those who have neither money nor trade. I do not think there is a case of a Jew with a profession arriving as an immigrant, unless we consider the rabbi as a professional man. The case of the well-to-do Jew coming here is rare, for if a Jew has had a chance to become well-to-do he does not emigrate. Canada as a new country and a land of opportunity does not appeal to the genius



A DILAPIDATED DELIVERY OUTFIT.

of the Hebrew as to the men of Saxon blood. It is not in the new country that the Jew finds his opportunity, and even when the Jew capitalist comes to Canada it is to the larger cities and the older parts that he invariably drifts. As a rule, the Jew who is comfortably off is an English Jew, and as no country on earth is as tolerant of the race as England, it is not often that he has any motive in leaving for a new land. Therefore, although the

the big firms, like Pullan, for instance, will fit out a penniless Jew with a cart, a couple of bags and a dollar or so of capital. So the refugee can start to work the day after he arrives, if he understands enough about the language. If he does not he is sent out with a rag-picker who has been here longer, and can dicker in English for bottles and broken perambulators. At this work he can make probably a dollar a day from the start. Sometimes he will



THE KOSHER MAN, AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE IN EVERY JEWISH COLONY.

English Jew has played his part in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, as a factor of present day immigration, he is a negligible quantity.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the Jews who come to Canada, therefore, are poor men. Generally speaking, those who have no trade get into the business to which they would appear almost to have an hereditary right. They go to the pushcart. For one thing, to become a gatherer of rags and waste requires no capital to speak of. Five dollars will cover the expenses. One of

make twice as much. Always he has enough to keep himself, and as his work is done on a commission basis, there is never any trouble about getting a job. It is what peddling books is to the Christian. If he shows any particular aptitude for the business he is likely to work up to a horse and wagon in a year or so, and move more swiftly along the road to prosperity.

ARE PRODIGAL ON OCCASIONS.

Side by side with this willingness to undergo hardship in pursuit of the object



JEWISH RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT THE WATER FRONT.

he desires to attain, there is a streak of reckless prodigality in most Jews. On certain occasions they will spend money in a way to make you gasp. Go to a wedding, if you can get invited, and see how the poor Jews will spread themselves on these occasions. A friend of mine was at a Jewish wedding last winter, when a garment maker was getting married. He noted the viands, the tobaccos and the liquors with a practised eye, and he told me afterward that the blowout had cost the bride's father not a cent less than \$1,000. A Jew who can marry off his daughters, and not spend more than half of what he is worth in the celebrations attending the events will think himself lucky. The savings of years will be freely spent on these occasions, for both religious training and a conception of social duty

impels the Jew to be lavish when his daughter is getting married. His neighbors are prone to detect a close relationship between the amount of affection he has for his daughter, and the amount of money he is willing to spend on her wedding banquet.

As a rule, too, Jews look after their own poor, and individual Gentiles are not often called on to put their hand in their pockets. In Toronto there are not fewer than five societies devoted to Jewish charities, the chief of them being in connection with the Bond Street Synagogue. A favorite method of helping a poor Jewish woman is to give her a little stock of groceries and establish her in a shop. Other poor Jews are then sent to her with orders for provisions, and thus her business is nourished, while the distress of others is



JEWS MAKING STREET SALES IN THE SUMMER-TIME.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE JEWS AT THE WATER FRONT.

relieved. A hard winter, therefore, will make the woman self-supporting, and next year she may be in a position to assist some more needy than herself. When it comes to charity a Jew from Birmingham is just the same as a Jew from Vladivostock; they are not English Jews and Russian Jews, they are Jews. What they have in common is remembered, not what they have not. Only in the matter of synagogues is there any disposition toward breaking up into cliques founded on a similar European origin.

HOMOGENEITY OF THE JEWS.

This homogeneity of the Jew is due to his religion, in the first place, and to his language, in the second. Yiddish is a sort of Esperanto of the Jewish race. Russians, Americans and Roumanians can get into instant communication with each other, for Yiddish is the tongue of them all. Yiddish, of course, is not Hebrew.

Hebrew is the language of the Jewish religion, but it is a dead language, and few but Orientalists and learned rabbis understand it. The communication of the race is carried on by the Yiddish which is a blending and a compromise of half a dozen tongues. Most of the older generation of Jews never learn any other, except the few words that are necessary for trade. They have not the passion for intellectual improvement that marks that other race with which they are sometimes compared—the Scotch. They are content to talk the Yiddish tongue at home, much to the disgust of their children, who readily learn English, and consider conversations in the old tongue a bore.

The question is frequently asked: Why are the Jews so healthy? In the city of Manchester, according to statistics taken six years ago, the death rate among Christian children under five years of age was 14 per cent.; among Jewish chil-



A PEDDLER'S OUTFIT IN CHARGE OF JEWISH WOMEN.



ANOTHER SCENE IN THE SLUM DISTRICT.

dren, 10 per cent. It has been stated, and I believe with accuracy, that the average Jew lives eight years longer than the average Christian. According to data taken in Berlin, among Roman Catholics and Protestants 19 per cent. of the Gentile children die during their first year, and 14 per cent. among the Jews, while of the destitute and uncared for children under one year, 35 per cent. among the Christians and 33 per cent. among the Jews — showing that even the Jewish infant is better able to survive privation than the Christian infant.

Those who have made a careful study of the health of the Jews assign four great reasons why they are healthier than Christians. Firstly, the flesh they eat is carefully selected, and they abstain from the use of blood, and thus greatly reduce the risk of contracting blood diseases. Secondly, they

abstain from the intemperate use of alcohol, and consequently are stronger constitutionally, are less subject to the various infectious fevers that may be caused or enhanced by intemperance. Thirdly, the Jewish children are reared on their natural food, and thus escape the danger that must accompany the practice of artificial feeding. Lastly, the Jew is charitable to his neighbor.

Our Gentile hygienic arrangements are as near perfect as possible. But it must be

remembered, that this state of affairs did not exist a hundred years ago. We, as a people, are only beginning to reap the benefit of our improved systems, whereas the Law of Moses, as followed to-day, has been observed by the Jewish people since the time of the Old Testament. Generation after generation, the Jews, although perhaps neglecting "the outside of the



JEWS DISCUSSING POLITICS IN THE WARD.

plates," have nursed their health, built up their constitutions, and kept themselves clean from the diseases that have blasted and undermined the strength of other nationalities. Hence, the Jew of the present day, blindly following the Mosaic Law of his forefathers in the squalid, over-crowded Ward, is safer from sickness than the wealthy Christian of aristocratic ancestry to whom the very thoughts of such an environment suggests disease.

The Jews have at all times been an exclusive people; pride of race and contempt of the Gentiles around them has distinguished them since the days when they warred with the Amalekites. But what power is it that has kept the Jewish people together—that has enabled them to remain an exclusive people in spite of the many changes to which they have been subjected? It cannot be that the root of their

nationality is in their kingdom, which they left so long ago, and therefore it must be in their religion—in the Mosaic Law, which they have carried with them throughout all their wanderings. It is this code of laws that makes the distinction between Jew and Christian, and therefore it is the relation of this law to health that one must look for enlightenment.

[Note.—In Mr. Mearns's next article the success of the Jews in business in Canada will be treated. Some phenomenal successes have been recorded. An interesting phase of the article will also touch prominent families, originally Jewish, which have since become Christian, and whose members now occupy positions of outstanding power and influence in the commercial and professional life of Canada.]



MORE DISCUSSION AMONG THE WARD RESIDENTS.



THE POSTING OF AN ELECTION PROCLAMATION IN A JEWISH DISTRICT.

Kings and Men

By Owen Oliver

IT was eleven o'clock on the evening of the King's Birthday, and official England foregathered at the Prime Minister's reception. Charles Anderell, C.B., newly-appointed Director of Documents in the Defense Department—the youngest director in the service—had come on to the Foreign Office, after the official dinner of his department, and in three-quarters of an hour had advanced barely twenty yards along the corridor. He saw no chance of ever reaching the top of the stairs to be "received," and he was thinking of giving up the attempt, when Reginald Delaton, one of the Foreign Minister's private secretaries, beckoned to him from a side passage.

Anderell promptly slipped out of the crowd and joined him.

"There's a back stair, I suppose," he suggested, mopping his forehead.

"Yes," said Delaton; "but you needn't bother about the reception. The Prime Minister is just leaving it, and he wants to see you."

"Me?" said Anderell doubtfully.

"You," Delaton assured him.

"Do you know what it is about?" Anderell asked.

"Not the least idea," the youth answered. "Sir George told me to bring you to his room. I've brought you."

He opened a door, closed it behind Anderell and departed.

Anderell found the Prime Minister seated at a table with Sir George Lynstead, the permanent Secretary, with whom he had only the slightest acquaintance. He bowed twice, and received two nods.

"This," Sir George stated, "is Mr. Anderell."

"I know you by repute, Mr. Anderell," the Prime Minister said affably. "I hear that you have the smallest regard for red tape of any man in the service."

Anderell bowed. He never wasted words.

"Mr. Anderell has a reputation for decision and initiative," Sir George asserted.

Anderell bowed again; and the Minister eyed him keenly. He liked his silence.

"We are in need of a man who can act for himself," he said slowly, as if he measured his words. "The service is a diplomatic one—outside your particular line; but you won't trouble much about 'lines,' I think. We are compelled to look outside the Foreign Office in order to avoid suspicion. The matter demands several qualifications in addition to capacity and decision, which I assume. I fancy I may also assume courage?"

"I hope so," Anderell answered.

"Our agent must have some acquaintance with Coronia. I believe you have spent several holidays there,"

"Yes, sir."

"You speak the language well, I am told. Almost like a native?"

"Yes; I might possibly pass for a native."

"You know their ways."

"Tolerably well."

"Good! I expect you know the Emperor by sight."

"I have seen him several times. I have a good memory for faces."

"Well, we want you to convey a small package to him. It contains some documents of private importance to his Majesty; very great importance." The Prime Minister toyed with the braid on his uniform. "The documents are so important, from his personal point of view, that—there is no bargain, but I think his Majesty's gratitude would secure a certain treaty. Apart from any private service which we may be able to render him, he is friendly to us; but his Chancellor is an important person, and possibly you know his aversion to our country."

"I have been in Coronia," said Anderell briefly.

"Then you may realize that, if the Chancellor had those documents, he would make the fullest use of them. Possibly

you may realize that the Chancellor would not be very scrupulous as to the means of getting hold of them."

"Possibly not," Anderell agreed. "Is there any reason why he should suspect me of having them?"

"None that I can see," said the Prime Minister frankly; "but he has sources of information that we can't make out; so many people are secretly in his service that the Emperor daren't trust any of his own officials to fetch the documents; and we dare not send them by a Foreign Office man, who would certainly be shadowed."

"Then I must be prepared for shadowing," Anderell said.

The Prime Minister shrugged his shoulders.

"If you are shadowed," he remarked, "you won't hand over the documents."

Anderell set his lips.

"I shall be shadowed," he prophesied. "but I shall hand them over. Leave it to me, sir."

"Well," the great man said, "if you hand them over, you shall not complain of your reward. If any harm comes to you, your family—"

"I haven't any," Anderell stated.

"Unmarried?"

"Unmarried. I don't mind the risk, but I'd like any information about the agents I must guard against, and so on."

"Sir George will give you all the information in our possession," the Prime Minister said. He shook hands, made a few complimentary remarks, and departed. Anderell sat in close conversation with Sir George for an hour. In that time he learned a good deal about the secret service of Coronía. In particular, he studied some photographs of Ressel, the Chancellor, and some his agents. "None of them," said Sir George, "are so dangerous as his daughter. She has her father's passion for intrigue, and she is his best spy. She is a consummate actress, and an adept in disguises. This is her picture in Court dress"—he produced a photograph from a box. "I have half a dozen more in disguises which she wore when she was in England," he added, exhibiting them. "A fisher-girl; a nurse; an elderly woman; a suffragette lecturer—she was actually apprehended by the police over here, but we had to let her go—a countess, and the reputed daughter of a

reputed Jew banker! It is a curious employment for a princess, isn't it? She is said to be one of the most fascinating young ladies in Europe; so you had better steel your heart. She is believed to be still over here in disguise, looking for these very documents. Well, here they are, sealed with a secret seal of ours. The Emperor knows it. You will mention the word 'indirection.' He knows that, too."

"Could you lend me that seal, and some violet wax like this?" Anderell requested.

"I don't quite see—" Sir George remonstrated.

"Don't you?" said Anderell. "Then, if *you* don't, *they* won't, Sir George."

He left a few minutes later with the documents, the seal, and the wax sewed up inside the uniform in which he felt so out of place. Two men jostled against him in the street as he walked to his cab. He felt his pockets "fanned." The men apologized like tipsy gentlemen. He accepted their apologies politely. They got into another cab behind him, and followed it, at a respectful distance. He alighted just round a corner, paid the driver, and stood in a doorway while they passed, pursuing his empty cab. He went to his brother's chambers instead of returning to his own. The next morning he dressed in a suit which he kept at his brother's, and set off for Coronía in the evening. He did not take the usual overland route, but went by steamer round to the Mediterranean, intending to come back from Marseilles by train. He chose this particular steamer, as the first officer was an old school friend. He informed Sir George of his route by letter. There he probably made a mistake. It was conjectured afterwards that letters were "steamed" open by a messenger at the Office, and the contents divulged to emissaries of Ressel.

When he was aboard the ship he padlocked a little despatch-box to his bedstead, and arranged with the first officer that a steward should keep guard over the cabin. He visited it himself very frequently, in spite of the allurements of the company aboard. The "allurements" were principally Miss Emily Priest, a vivacious and beautiful young lady of two-and-twenty, who spoke English with just the slightest hesitation, though very correctly. She had lived much of her life, she said, abroad. He called her Eve, from

her singularly feminine disposition. Curiosity was a prominent feature in it. He told her more about himself than it is likely that the Prime Minister or Sir George would have thought discreet, though he teased her about her Eveish curiosity.

"One is naturally curious about one's friends," she apologized artlessly.

"Naturally," Anderell agreed: "Of course you tell your friends things; when you are sure that they *are* friends."

He tested friendship by holding Miss Priest's small hand. As it was not withdrawn, he felt able to assume friendship, and to confide in her. He did not tell her of his mission, of course; but he told her more than was judicious, judging by the standard of secrecy observed in the Defense Department. She was very prettily interested in his confidences; so prettily interested that Anderell kissed her pretty hand. Miss Priest then remembered the flight of time somewhat suddenly, and retired to her cabin. She walked up and down for nearly two hours, before going to bed. She kept looking at her hand; and she shivered unaccountably, considering the heat of the weather.

The next evening was the last before their disembarkation at Marseilles; for, as it happened, Miss Priest was disembarking there, too. Anderell seemed drawn two ways: toward the cabin where the despatch-box was chained; and toward the quiet place in front of the wind-screen, where Miss Priest elected to sit. She seemed a little touchy at his restlessness. Apparently, she said, he could not stand her company for more than twenty minutes without a break. He vowed that twenty hours would not be too long for him. She reported that a single hour was long enough for a test. He hesitated and looked at her. She shrugged her shoulders:

"I suppose," she said, "you have something in your baggage more precious than I? The 'something of importance' that you won't talk about."

"It is of very great importance," he assured her gravely.

"Then," she said, with her bright eyes sparkling, "I shall try to prove that I am of more, by keeping you here. If you don't stay for an unbroken hour, I shan't

believe that you mean the nice things that you say. Now—it's a challenge."

He begged her to substitute another proof, and explained that it was just the time when the steward who looked after the cabins was at dinner; but Miss Priest was inflexible—remarkably inflexible, for so sweet a young lady. Mr. Anderell also was very obstinate for so facile a suitor.

"I oughtn't to do it for *anything*," he said at last. "And I will only do it for a temptation that is beyond my power to resist. I give you *my* word of honor that I will do it on no other terms: At the end of the hour, will you give me a kiss?"

"No!" said Miss Priest. Anderell rose; and she held the arms of her chair very tightly. "Yes," she substituted. He sat down again.

At the end of the hour he claimed payment; and she paid him fairly and squarely. He tried to take interest, but she sprang to her feet and pushed him away.

"I have never done that before, for any man," she said, with a catch in her voice.

"Perhaps you have never liked any other man so well, Emily," he said. "If I thought it were possible—"

"Don't!" she cried in a fierce little whisper. "Don't! It is not possible. Good-night!" She held out her hand. He looked at her. "It is not possible," she repeated. Her tone was final.

He drew a deep breath.

"This is the end of it?" he asked.

"It is the end of it," she said.

"Then," he said, "kiss me again before you go."

She held up her face and kissed him. Then she went.

He took a few turns in the air, apparently oblivious of his despatch-box. He looked at it very closely, however, as soon as he reached his cabin. The lock was scratched, as if by tools. He opened it with the key on his chain. A glance showed him that the bundle was only an imitation, substituted for that which he had left in the box. He sat on his berth with his head on his hand till far into the morning.

He saw Miss Priest for only a few seconds at Marseilles; and, strange to say, he did not attempt to speak to her. She went ashore before the formalities with the Health Officer were completed, while the ordinary passengers were detained. She

seemed to have influential friends. The time-table train was kept back on account of a special to Coronía. He felt no doubt that she had gone by that.

It was late in the evening when he arrived at the capital of Coronía, and he went straight to bed. Early the next

"I recognize the seal, Mr. Anderell," he said gravely, "but I have reason to fear that the documents have been tampered with."

"I think not," Anderell asserted. "Will your Majesty examine them?"

The Emperor shook his head; but he



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON -12

HE TOLD HER MORE THAN WAS JUDICIOUS,
JUDGING BY THE STANDARD OF SECRECY
OBSERVED IN THE DEFENCE DEPARTMENT.

morning he made his way to the palace, and, after some delay, obtained audience of the Emperor.

"I was to mention the word 'indirection' to your Majesty," he said, "and to hand you certain documents. Your Majesty will probably recognize the seal."

The Emperor looked at the cover of the documents, and then at Anderell.

opened the package. Then his manner changed.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "These—these are they."

"I have not seen the contents," Anderell said, "but I had reason to believe that they were intact."

There was a long silence.

"Presumably," the Emperor said at

last, "you are aware that—certain persons believe they have obtained them from you?"

"Yes," Anderell agreed. "They obtained a dummy packet from my despatch-box. This was locked up in the cabin of the first officer of the *Katherine*, an old and trusted friend of mine."

"Give me his name," said the Emperor. "He shall be suitably rewarded." Anderell wrote down the name and address. "And now—yourself. No, I will fix the reward for you. You have done me a great service; freed me from the hands of my enemies, and"—the Emperor smiled grimly—"put them in mine."

"I presume," said Anderell, "if your Majesty will forgive the question, that the dummy package is in the hands of Prince Ressel?"

"Prince Ressel," the Emperor agreed. "Who undertook to place it in mine this morning, unopened. He gave me his word for that. The price that I was to have paid was a treaty unfavorable to your country."

Anderell drew a deep breath.

"The price that I have paid for placing the package in your Majesty's hands," he said, "is—a heart! It was the Princess Ressel, I think, who—I pray your Majesty to spare the Princess; and, if possible, her father. I ask no other reward."

The Emperor considered for a long time, frowning and biting his lips.

"I have said that I will name your reward, Mr. Anderell," he observed somewhat stiffly. "It is for me to deal with traitors in my own country."

"I merely appealed to your Majesty's generosity," Anderell apologized. "I thought that if you knew that suffering to the Princess is suffering to me—I could not take a reward for hurting the Princess."

"I understand," said the Emperor. "It was to avoid a hurt to a woman that I had to pay. My confidence is safe with you."

"Yes, your Majesty."

The Emperor sighed, and turned a paper-knife over and over.

"Wait here while I receive the Prince," he said; and then he talked about indifferent things; the differences in character between the English and the Coronians, and their difficulty in appreciating one another; yachting and sport and art and other things—the fictitious interests of

life. Finally Prince Ressel came; a large, dark, gray man. He raised his eyebrows at seeing Anderell.

"Your Majesty's promise was absolute," he remarked.

"Pardon me!" said the Emperor. "It was conditional upon your placing in my hands certain documents."

"Which I now do!" said Ressel.

The Emperor smilingly refused the proffered package.

"You may open it," he said. "You will find—shall we say blank paper, Mr. Anderell?"

"Blank paper," Anderell agreed.

Ressel looked from one to the other.

"Come," said the Emperor, "open it."

Ressel bowed composedly.

"Mr. Anderell's word is sufficient for me," he said. "It seems that we"—he stopped abruptly—"that I underrated him."

"We," the Emperor corrected. "Or shall we say 'she'?"

Ressel paled suddenly.

"Your Majesty is never ungenerous," he said. "The responsibility is mine. I pray you to visit on me only. I have served my country according to my lights. I am in your Majesty's hands, and for myself I make no plea."

"It is not only *you* that I have to consider, Prince," the Emperor said sternly. "It is my country. Do you think I do not know your daughter's cleverness; and her revolutionary ideas? Do you suppose me ignorant of her popularity? There is no peace for this country while she can enter into its politics. There is only one way in which I can be sure that she will cease to have any influence in them."

"Sir!" Ressel cried. "You would not kill a woman; a young woman; little more than a child?"

"You must know," the Emperor said, "that I would not. I do not mean death. I mean marriage; marriage in a sphere which will remove her from her rank, and from the possibility of return to it; marriage to a man of a country hated in Coronian, which will alienate the confidence of the Coronians. I give you your choice: disgrace and imprisonment for yourself, and banishment and loss of rank and estate for your daughter—unless she marries this gentleman forthwith."

"But your Majesty—" Anderell began.

"Tut!" said the king. "There is no

compulsion. She chooses freely. I presume you will marry her, if she prefers that to losing her father's freedom and her own estate?"

"I see little likelihood that she would so choose," said Anderell; "but in all things, save honor, my life is at the service of the Princess. Prince Ressel will understand that I pleaded my love for her in the hope that your Majesty might be inclined to pardon her, from your gratitude to me, and with no idea of this. I plead now that your Majesty will pardon her on promise of good behavior, without other condition."

"I have spoken," said the Emperor. "Prince Ressel will send for the Princess."

"Will your Majesty permit me to bring her?" Ressel asked. "If I might acquaint her with your Majesty's decision, and save her the humiliation of discussion?"

"Very good," the Emperor agreed. "You can go and tell her. *You*, Mr. Anderell, will stay. He seated."

When Ressel had gone, the Emperor looked through the documents. He sighed several times. Then he heaped them in a tray and burnt them. He turned from the ashes to Anderell.

"A heart is a curious thing, sir," said Anderell. "If I might speak to you, for one moment, as a man. The Princess has a heart, too. She is young. Spare her heart."

"She has not spared yours," he said. "But—very well."

Anderell bent to kiss his hand, but he put it behind him.

"We have dealt as man and man," he said.

Ressel and his daughter came soon afterwards. She was very pale, but she faced the Emperor without flinching.

"Well, Princess?" he asked. "Your choice?"

"My choice," she said, "depends upon Mr. Anderell. I do not mean—I am sure that he has not proposed or advocated this condition—"

"That is so," said the Emperor.

"But I do not know if your Majesty's proposal is agreeable to him."

She looked at Anderell; but the Emperor answered.

"It is not agreeable to him, for one reason only," he said; "that it is forced upon him; and because he loves you, he wishes

to forego you. That is so, is it not, Mr. Anderell?"

"It is so," Anderell said.

"I have listened to his pleading. I am prepared to forgive you without any other condition than that you promise unwavering loyalty to me in the future."

"If it please your Majesty," she said, "I find it easier to promise unwavering loyalty to Mr. Anderell!"

The Emperor took two or three steps up and down the room. Then he turned to her.

"Child," he said sorrowfully, "I will not force you into marriage. Be disloyal if you must. I pardon you."

The Princess's proud face quivered. She dropped suddenly on one knee and kissed her Emperor's hand.

"I pledge my loyalty of my own free will," she said, with a sob.

"Then I have gained a good subject," he said; "but you have lost a good husband."

The Princess looked up at Anderell; wiped her eyes, and smiled.

"But your Majesty said that you would not punish me," she protested.

"Emily!" cried Anderell.

The Emperor took her hand and placed it in Anderell's.

"Your reward," he said, and waved them from the room. Then he turned to the Chancellor. "And your punishment! Come! Have I not been a good diplomat, Prince? You cannot oppose the Anglo-Coronian Treaty after you have married your daughter to an Englishman!"

"It is hard to feel my punishment heavy," he said. "My girl is so glad. She was beyond me, and bound to make her own choice some day; and she might have done worse. And your Majesty did not do it to punish me."

"No," said the Emperor. "No."

"Therefore," said the Chancellor, "like my daughter, I render thanks for your Majesty's consideration. I am not conquered by the Emperor, sir, but by the man."

The Emperor put his hand on the Chancellor's shoulder.

"Let us deal with each other so in future," he proposed. "Kings are men, Ressel. Kings are men! And Chancellors!"

"But there is always a woman!" said the old Chancellor.



COVENHOVEN, THE BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HOME OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, AS SEEN FROM THE LAWN.

Van Horne's Summer Home

AN "ISLAND OF DELIGHT" AT ST. ANDREW'S-BY-THE-SEA

A Sketch of "Covenhoven," the Retreat of a Great Railway Magnate

By W. A. Craick

With the advent of spring, thousands of Canadians will turn their thoughts to summer vacations. All will be engrossed in a study of tourist guides and railway tables in order that a desirable location may be secured for the holiday outing, for so much depends on the place and its surroundings. Under these circumstances the time is not inopportune for an article descriptive of one of Canada's most picturesque summer homes, that of Sir William Van Horne, who spends a portion of each year at the "Island of Delight," which is pictured in this racy sketch.

IN contemplating the beautiful island at St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, on which that modern magician of pen and paint brush, Sir William Van Horne, lives for a great part of each year, one might almost be persuaded to believe in fairies. A magic isle it truly is. Over a large part of its seven hundred acres Sir

William has waved the wand of a Croesus and a wilderness has been transformed into a garden of the gods. Stately driveways have been hewn through the forest, velvet lawns have displaced thick underbrush, a wealth of flowers and shrubs flourish where once was naught but scrub and rock, white-belted Dutch cattle browse on sunny

pasture land not long since the resort of wild animals; artistic barns rise higher than the trees that once grew on the site of the barnyard, and a veritable palace of a summer home crowns the southern slope of the island.

All these wonderful changes have been wrought within the span of a few years. The tireless mind of the great railroad-builder has been constantly at work devising schemes for the beautification of his sea-girt home. Like a child playing on the sands, he has let his own sweet will have full sway and has dug and builded, smoothed and ornamented his little slice of the earth's surface to his heart's content. It is as if the great man, having achieved his life's work, had gone back again to the playtime of youth and in his years of maturity was enjoying himself with the toys of a giant.

St. Andrew's is par excellence the summer home of Montreal's four hundred and in choosing it as his place of retirement when the heat waves sweep down from Mount Royal and the pavements of Sherbrooke Street sizzle in the dog days, Sir William had in mind the pleasant company of his confreres of the C.P.R. board. With through sleepers running nightly from the Windsor Station in Montreal to

the neat little terminal depot by the ocean shore at St. Andrew's, and with the best of hotel accommodation, the sleepy little old seaport on Passamaquoddy Bay, just across from the coast of Maine, has awakened of recent years and found itself transformed into the gayest of gay watering places. Perched above its tree-lined streets on a narrow plateau stands the palatial Algonquin Hotel, on the broad verandahs of which Montreal (and incidentally various other society both Canadian and American) takes its ease, when the air grows warm at midday. Near at hand are some fine summer homes, conspicuous among them, Tipperary Castle, stronghold of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. And then away around the four quarters of the compass stretches a panorama of sea and land, island and mountain, wood and field, that defies the pen of a mere prose writer to describe.

Viewed from the high ground on which stands the big summer hotel Minister's Island, home of Sir William Van Horne, appears to be a portion of the mainland. The house, Covenhoven, is in full view across a half-mile stretch of water. But as one approaches the shore, the island disengages itself from the peninsula on which the town of St. Andrew's stands and ap-



A VIEW FROM THE VERANDAH AT COVENHOVEN.

pears what is really is, a sea-bound piece of land. It has this peculiarity, however. At a low tide a bar, connecting island and mainland, is uncovered, and like the children of Israel at the River Jordan, one can walk across dryshod. For seven hours out of twelve, the bar is above water; then the tide sweeps in from the ocean and the passage that way is cut off. Unless the invader has a boat, Sir William is safe from attack for at least five hours.

From the bar, which joins the island about midway its length to the big house at the southern extremity, a driveway about a mile in length extends. Passing through a rustic gateway, with the name Covenhoven inscribed above, it proceeds between well-trimmed hedges and with a gradual ascent about halfway to the house. Then turning, it becomes an avenue running between arching trees, to its immediate neighborhood.

A pedestrian, if he chooses, can take advantage of an alternative route. He can follow a path which carries him along the top of the cliff—not a rough, uncared-for path, but a walk on which much labor has been expended, bordered on one side by a rock wall over which vines trail and planted with shrubs and flowers, with here and there a rustic seat or a small lily pond. The path, from which fine views are to be had,



WIND-MILL ON THE LAWN AT COVENHOVEN.

is carried to the extreme point of the island, on which stands a small Cuban hut looking out over the bay and islands.

Covenhoven House is set some distance back from the point of land and is sheltered to the north and east by a grove of trees, that merge into the original forest. South and west extend the lawns and flower-beds. The extent and beauty of these are difficult to describe. They remind one of the beautiful grounds of an English country estate. Flowers in profusion are massed in beds that circle the driveways and walks, while everywhere the trim green grass fills in the gaps. Viewed from the wide verandahs of the house, the scene is one to charm the eye and refresh the senses.

Bordering the lawn to the north come the kitchen gardens and hothouses. These are of considerable size. As Sir William

is constantly entertaining large house parties and besides has a staff of servants, gardeners and workpeople that would do credit to a Duke, there is need for a large supply of vegetables and fruit. For this reason the Covenhoven gardens are surprisingly large. And the hothouses are correspondingly big, providing fruit in season and out of season. Grapes and peaches are the principal growth and, when the trees and vines



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE'S PRIVATE STATION AT THE END OF THE BAR.



DUTCH BARNs AT COVENHOVEN FARM.

are producing, the scene within the hot-houses is one to make even a hermit's mouth water.

Sir William's house itself is of the bungalow type and covers much ground. It has accommodation for many guests. Within, its furnishings are as fine as those of the most princely of city mansions. In fact, if one were set down in the Covenhoven dining room without being aware of one's whereabouts, the first thought would be that one was in the midst of some great city. To conceive of such surroundings in a summer residence many miles from any city, would be almost impossible. In the big reception hall and in the dining room as well as in Sir William's studio-study, are hung many fine paintings, some of which are the great man's own work, for the C.P.R. magnate is himself an artist of no mean ability. There is everything provided in the house for comfort and convenience, even to a telegraph instrument, which keeps Sir William in close touch with the outside world.

While the great man's pastime may be said to be his paint brush, his hobby is farming. On Minister's Island he has a farm that may well be considered a model, for he has spared no expense in making it modern in every respect. The farm proper is separated from the house, and its surrounding grounds by the intersection of a

stretch of land, which still belongs to the Andrew's family, descendants of the original "minister" to whom the island first belonged and from whom it derived its name. Of the seven hundred acres of land on the island, Sir William owns about six hundred, and he has over two hundred under cultivation. On this land he raises hay, oats, barley, fodder corn and roots, all of which is, of course, consumed on the island, for

the farm is principally a stock farm.

If one were going in for farming or stock-raising as a financial venture, it is hardly likely that Minister's Island would be selected for the purpose. It is really a poor place for a stock farm. Yet Sir William with indomitable determination has achieved the all but impossible. He has fought with nature and he has won. He has taken unfavorable conditions and has converted them into favorable ones. Only a moneyed man could have done such a thing, it is true, but it is none the less interesting to see it done even by a millionaire.

The man who has played so prominent a part in the history of the C.P.R. knows the importance of understanding details and at the same time of leaving them to others to be carried out. He has put system into his farm management, just as he would into a business concern. While



A BEAUTIFUL AVENUE LEADING TO COVENHOVEN.

personally familiar with every detail of farm work and constantly investigating progress, he leaves the administration of the farm largely in the hands of his overseer, a well-trained and capable young farmer, who lives on the island all the year round. This executive officer directs the operations of the twenty-five men who are required to handle the farm work, be it gardening, building stone walls, felling trees, cultivating grain or tending cattle.



A SECTION OF THE GREENHOUSES.



MOTOR BOAT AND YACHT OF THE COVENHOVEN FLEET.

The big barns at Covenhoven Farm have a few touches about them to remind one of Sir William's partiality for the land of his forefathers. They were designed by a leading Montreal architect, though it is safe to assume that their owner had a good deal to say about their construction himself. The Dutch windmill in one corner of the barnyard, even though its arms are incongruously American in length, adds ma-

terially to the general effect of the group of buildings. Inside, the general characteristics are spaciousness and cleanliness. Cement floors have been laid wherever practicable, and there are individual watering troughs for the cattle. The piggery has recently been remodelled, and has floors and partitions of cement with iron troughs.

In such aristocratic surroundings, one naturally expects to find pedigreed cattle, and the Covenhoven



THE OVERSEER'S COTTAGE AT COVENHOVEN FARM.

herd is certainly blue-blooded. About fifty head occupy these fashionable quarters. There are two kinds, little brown French-Canadian cows and Sir William's own unique favorites, the Dutch-belted, all first-class cattle. Records are kept of them

all, showing not only their pedigree, but the amount of milk they produce daily. Then in the piggery are to be found an assemblage of distinguished Tamworth hogs, from which excellent hams and bacon may be cured when wanted. Chickens, ducks and turkeys also occupy a corner of the barnyard, and are provided with apartments that are a model of roominess and



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE DRIVING SOME OF HIS GUESTS AROUND THE ISLAND IN A BUCKBOARD.

convenience. All the farm buildings are supplied with running water furnished by the windmill and a regular drainage system has been installed. A large boarding house near at hand provides accommodation at a nominal rate for the men em-

ployed on the estate. Everything up to date in the way of machinery for expediting the work has been provided, and at present a new dairy building is contemplated, which, when completed, will be the finest thing of its kind in Canada. There is nothing archaic about Sir William's way of running a farm.



ANOTHER VIEW OF COVENHOVEN ACROSS THE FLOWER BEDS.

The Warning

By Helen E. Williams

STEPHEN BLAYLOCK was very tired. It was a relief, while he waited to let the doctor out, to sink into the comfortable depths of the worn office chair. In utter weariness he snuggled his head, sideways, into the familiar softness of it, letting his hands hang limply over either side. It was good just to keep still. He stirred restlessly. The time he was wasting! On the table at his side was a pile of law books. There were more on the chair by the window. As he was able for the past two weeks he had slipped down and studied, a damp towel wound about his head to clear his mind, giddy from lack of sleep. If he could only in some sort keep up a little longer until his mother was about again, he could duff in and might still stand a chance for the travelling scholarship. That had been his thought—until yesterday. Then he had learned that although his mother was better the pneumonia had left her with one lung affected. And the doctor's suave voice had gone on to enumerate the things upon which her ultimate recovery depended. Mountain air; nourishing food; care. "In short—Saranac," Stephen had broken in with a twisted smile.

He had shut the door behind the doctor and come back in here and stared at his books.

Saranac!

And they had barely enough money to tide them over till he entered the firm which would only admit him if he had a year's study in the old law university at Montpellier. He had not opened a book since. He had, mechanically, painstakingly, performed each common task entailed by his mother's illness. He had gone about as usual, forced the usual cheerfulness. But the game was up.

Saranac.

As he sat there in the room where he had dreamed his dreams and done his man's work, he thought of all he must give up along with his scholarship—his chance of seeing a little of the world; his

place in the firm of which of all others he would wish to be a member; the opportunity, perhaps, of representing his ward and sitting in Parliament. All these he must forego to enter some uncongenial business because of—Saranac.

If there was only some way. Some way in which he could provide for his mother every comfort and still be at liberty to continue his career. There must be *some* way, if he could only think of it. He was not a fool. At college he had even the reputation of being rather clever. It was this confounded drowsiness that made him incapable of thought. Now then, for twenty minutes—it was just twenty minutes to five by the old clock on the mantel—he would really try to concentrate his mind, try to hit upon some expedient. Overhead he could hear the doctor still talking in monotonous undertone to his mother. His voice blended with the March wind rising without and the rhythmic tap-tapping of icy pellets, like homeopathic pills, on the window. Shadows were lengthening in the room. Already the dusk was blurring the pictures on the wall. Gradually, he saw the everyday shabby furnishings from a different perspective, as it were with the eyes of another. For as he lay there thinking, thinking, all at once it came to him what he could do. And as the plan evolved and grew in his brain, the clock on the mantelpiece gave the little premonitory click it always did at a quarter to the hour.

* * * * *

It was a large room luxuriously furnished with things that bespoke taste, travel, money. Ten Eyck, connoisseur of pictures when he was not all lawyer, recognized a Copley print, a Sargent portrait, one of Whistler's vague wharf etchings, a Scotch landscape by McWhirter and, over in a far corner above the bronze Venus de Milo, a very good water color of the aqueduct at Montpellier, by an unknown artist. The clock on the mantel

just below the carved Lion of Lucerne, could have come from but one place—Geneva. As the rustling sound it sometimes emitted a few minutes before striking died away, Ten Eyck selected a cigar from the terra-cotta jar Senator Blaylock pushed toward him.

"Yes," he said, "it's an interesting profession, is the law. I've seen some curious things in my day. And one of the most curious," he added thoughtfully, "is how a case will run along for years, and then some little, seemingly insignificant occurrence will supply the missing link—mighty queer it works out sometimes. Now, there's, the Robert Krauffmann case. At last I think I have a clue."

"Yes? How interesting. Is it a state secret, or," he laughed a little, "may a mere politician like myself hear of your—discoveries?"

"So far there's not much to tell, but it's the small edge of the wedge."

"What's your clue?" repeated the Senator, carelessly, at the same time moving his chair so that his face was in the shadow.

"I have an appointment to meet my 'clue' in exactly three-quarters of an hour, so I must soon tear myself away from these very excellent cigars."

He stopped to wonder where his host could get them, and was told, and said he must send to that same obscure Jamaican place, too. They really were beyond praise.

"My clue? Well, it was at a dinner out West that I met the man who told me about him. He had been in the Transvaal at the time of the Boer War, and had had some rather weird experiences. But what interested me was his account of the night they were cooped up at Ladysmith with none too much to eat, and the vaguest notions as to Buller's whereabouts. They got to talking, it seemed, of how they came to come, and so forth, but one chap, Le Messurier—"

"Who?"

Ten Eyck turned toward the corner where his host sat.

"Le Messurier," he repeated. Paul Le Messurier. A French-Canadian. Know him?"

"I have heard of him," the Senator said briefly. "Go on."

"Well, as I was saying, when his turn

came they had some difficulty in making him fork out his past. Finally he muttered something about Buller's never coming in time. 'Besides, if I name no names,' he said, 'it can do no possible harm. And it's something of a story.' Someone sang out that he liked a good story—a real one—and Le Messurier laughed and answered back that this one was real enough. Then he sobered and told them that he had been a priest. And then he flashed round at them and asked if they had any of them heard of the Robert Krauffmann case. They had not, and he went on and told them about it. The stranger's going in and selecting the jewels and writing out a cheque on the Molsons Bank to pay for them. His saying that as they did not know him and might hesitate to accept it without identification, he would step out and transact some other business, in order to give them time to see that his credit was O.K. Their sending to the bank and learning that no one by that name had deposits there. His coming back—laughing. He had made a mistake, a ridiculous mistake, and made out his check on the Molsons Bank instead of on the Sovereign, where his deposits are. But no matter. He is leaving the city on an earlier train than he had intended, and has decided not to encumber himself with his purchases, if it will not inconvenience them to keep them until he runs in again. Oh, and his cheque. Molsons ringing up Krauffmann late that night to say that they have been drawn upon for \$10,000 dollars. The cheque was properly endorsed, and they had thought nothing of it until one of the clerks happened to remember that the name signed was the same as the one he had been asked to look up in the morning, and failed to find, and the coincidence had struck him as being a little odd, and he had spoken of it, and it was all right, wasn't it? Of course it turned out to be all wrong—he told it just as we read it in the papers nine years ago."

Ten Eyck paused to light a fresh cigar.

"I am not boring you?" he inquired.

"On the contrary, I find it very—interesting. Only I fail to detect anything that we did not already know."

"Just you wait. The detectives were doing some of their hardest thinking, the scent was just at its keenest, so to speak.

when the man comes to Le Messurier and confesses—his first confessional. And he knows him. Recognizes him by his voice. He was so—what shall I say?—so electrified, so dumbfounded, for the man had always passed for a decent head, mind you, that he got through most of his confession before the priest could collect himself. Then he reasoned with him. But it soon became evident that he had come to confess, not to repent—vastly different things. He could do nothing and of course he was bound to secrecy by his oath. Time went on. When things came to him, in whispers, and later on the same things were discussed everywhere—not in whispers; when, by a curious chain of circumstances, suspicion fell on an innocent man, staining his good name though insufficient to convict him; when the guilty one went on rising by his ill-gotten gains, steadily ingratiating himself into public favor—it sickened Le Messurier. Finally, to cut a long story short, he went through certain formalities which made it possible for him to leave the priesthood. War had just broken out in South Africa. He volunteered, and here he was. And that,” concluded Ten Eyck rising, “is all up to the present.”

“But how—why—I don’t see—”

“Don’t you? Well, my dear fellow, you will soon. This Le Messurier is waiting, I expect, at my house now. He doesn’t suspect what I am after, but when I have got through with him—very interesting profession, the law.”

The Senator came back from seeing his friend out, and dropping wearily into a chair stared at the fire. So this was the way. He had pictured it in so many, many ways. Sometimes it would be just after the votes had been tallied up, and the crowd had taken the horses off and were drawing him about themselves. That man elbowing his way through the throng, was he the one who would tell? On the platform, speaking, how often his knees had gone groggy when a late-comer slipped into a back seat. Perhaps *he* knew. While all the time it was written in the stars that his best friend, Ten Eyck, would unwittingly set the sleuth hounds upon him. Any effort to dissuade him would in itself be a confession. He had thought, way back in the beginning of it all, that he would save his mother. That

had been his excuse, the justification of his crime. But, as it turned out, he had not saved her. He had only prolonged her life into a two year’s death.

And himself? He had succeeded, it was true, but at what a price! It had stained him through and through. Knowing what he himself was, and yet seeing the respect in which, outwardly, he was held, warped his power of seeing good in any one. If the truth were known probably not one of his associates but what had his skeleton carefully locked away. They were whited sepulchres, all. A veil, as it were, had been drawn between him and the good. He saw only the evil.

And he must go on. Always—afraid or inwardly contemptuous of the stupidity that could not find him out—he must go on. When he had committed his crime he had committed himself to unthought of crimes for years to come. It was all a net work, a hideous network of evil. And now it was closing in upon him. They might not convict him to-day or to-morrow, but sooner or later, sooner

Some one close at hand spoke his name.

“Back again,” said Ten Eyck. “And I’ve brought you some company. He couldn’t wait, so they sent him on here, and we met just outside. Le Messurier—Senator Blaylock. You don’t know each other, I believe.”

“Blaylock?” the figure in the doorway said. “Not know Blaylock? Why, he was my first confessee.”

It had come. The Senator felt an overpowering constriction of the chest. He could hardly breathe. All the dread, and the fear, and the abasement of the past years seemed concentrated into the present moment. He tried to move and could not. Tried to speak, but no words came. In an agony he made a supreme effort and started up, his forehead beaded with drops. . . . The room was almost dark. Somewhere a clock was beginning to strike five. The figure in the doorway came forward.

“Sorry to disturb you,” said the doctor, “but I am going now, and your mother wants you. Had a good sleep?”

Stephen looked at him. Looked round the familiar, shabby room and back again, drawing a deep breath.

“I am glad to wake,” he said. “Mighty glad to wake.”

The Sermon Factory

ALL SERMONS ARE NOT OF THE HOME-MADE BRAND—
SOME OF THEM ARE MANUFACTURED WHOLESALE

How a Sermon Factory is Operated

By B. Maude

"A Sermon Factory" will be regarded by most people as somewhat of a new industry, particularly by Canadians, who have come to regard sermons as the special creations of the preachers. But they are not always such; indeed, there are agencies which do a flourishing business in preparing discourses. The inner workings of one of these Sermon Factories—an English one—are detailed in a most interesting style in this article by a writer who was formerly connected with the Agency's staff, and whose "stuff," according to the Boss of the concern, was often "as good as a lantern lecture."

A MAN whom I met in the Green Dragon put me on to the business, and very glad I was to get it at the time. The pay, of course, was cruel—a dollar a thousand words for real literary work with plenty of "soul" in it is really ridiculous. But after a course of precarious half-crowns for chance-found news "pars." and only semi-occasional meals at the sausage joint near the bottom of Fleet Street, the prospect of cash down for every word I wrote was like a glimpse of Heaven. And after a week or two of the work I had the comforting feeling that thousands of people were toddling home to their Sunday dinners every week inexpressibly benefited by my labors.

The Agency—I will not give its full name for possibly it is still flourishing—occupied offices of a modest and retiring character not far from Chancery Lane and employed two permanent "experts" besides six or eight outside contributors such as myself. It certainly did a roaring business. Most of it was mail order, but a few of the least bashful clients used to come along personally to inspect the goods before delivery. A good deal too came in over the 'phone—speeches chiefly.

There were three rooms. In the outer sat two girls clattering continually at typewriters which wrote with a special type—large and easily read at a distance. In the inner sanctum sat the "boss." Between the two was "the works" where the two experts sat writing sermons and

speeches from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. From that room flowed a stream of eloquence which flooded half England.

The proprietor—we never called him anything but "Boss"—was a genial, pleasant soul, though he sweated his workers most unmercifully. He was, I think, a retired toast-master, and now and again gave short elocution lessons to more timid clients; you could hear him rolling his r's in the inner sanctum till the windows rattled. But his real genius appeared in the conduct of the Agency's sermon work, and into that he put extraordinary energy and an absolutely unique knowledge of his business beyond any other man in England. He was a marvel.

His ads. were modest and occupied attractive but not obtrusive positions in most of the church papers and a good many of the dailies as well, country papers especially. They ran some like this:

"ORIGINAL ADDRESSES.—
Sermons and speeches prepared at short notice on any text or subject. Invaluable to Public Men, Clergymen, Ministers and others already overburdened by parochial or other work. Political speeches prepared and revised. Prospectus post free. Strictly confidential.
The Agency—Blank Buildings,
Dash Street, London, E.C."

"Overburdened by parochial work" was a line of which the Boss was particularly proud. "Eases down their consciences," he explained. "Lord knows why a parson *should* have to write his own sermons, but they hate anyone to think they don't. Let 'em convince themselves that its only lack of time and not lack of eloquence that prevents their doin' it and they feel a lot happier."

And I must say the Boss couldn't have been more careful of his clients' interests. Some of them paid a regular subscription, \$25 a year, and got a sermon for every Sunday and three or four thrown in for special occasions—Lent and such like. Others got one only every now and then, paying from \$4 to \$10 for a sermon—the higher prices being for "exclusive" sermons, specially prepared. Political speeches, of course, were all "exclusive," since it would never do to have different speakers spouting identical words in different parts of the country at the same time. The same applied to after-dinner speeches, and the price for this class of work sometimes ran very high indeed—often up to as much as \$35 or \$40.

Sermons, however, were our "big business." Since the same sermon went to six or eight or a dozen different places, they paid pretty well in spite of their low prices.

In the Boss's room hung a great map of England marked off into districts and dotted with little flags. The flags were of different colors indicating different denominations—Anglican (with variations for "High," "Low" and "Broad"), Methodist, Baptist, and so on—and each flag carried a number which referred to an orderly card index.

But the Boss's head was better than any map. He carried half the clergy list in his brain and, I fully believe, he knew all the parishes of England and Wales by heart. Never did he allow the same sermon to go to two parishes which "overlapped"; why, in many cases he even knew off-hand the various parts of England which the members of certain congregations were in the habit of visiting, and avoided sending to districts where they were likely to rehear the sermons which their regular parson had already had. In fact he had a thousand little parish peculiarities at his fingers' ends

and he often spent two days in going through and revising the weekly mailing list.

For example; a charity sermon had been put down for Little Pottleton. "That won't do," the Boss would say, pursing his lips. "There's no poor at Little Pottleton—only county people and flunkies. Um—let's see—ah! "Servants obey your masters," that'll do for Pottleton; and send that charity guff to St. Barnabas, Murchester." Often he would touch a sermon up a bit—add a phrase here, alter a sentence or two there—in order to suit the taste of some particular preacher or congregation. I speak of "parishes," but not all our clients were Church of England clergymen by any means. We had almost every denomination to cater for—to say nothing of non-denominational preachers and speakers, temperance lecturers, evangelists and the like.

I never arrived at any accurate idea of the number of sermons actually sent out every week—indeed, as I was only an "outside man" there were many phases of the Agency's work which did not come under my notice—much of what I know came to me through the old scholar—but the number must have been very large. Working like a horse I used to turn in six "skeleton" sermons a week regularly, the two "Experts" may have done as many as eighteen or twenty between them, and there were many other outside contributors besides myself. I should say that 200 sermons a week—"exclusives" and "subs"—would be a low estimate of the Agency's output.

The two Experts were quaint characters. One was a young man, in his earlier twenties, with a great gift of denunciation. He chiefly had the non-conformist sermons to do—especially for the smaller chapels where preacher and congregation had a taste for plenty of fire and brimstone. He had another good line in heart to heart talks. But his stuff lacked polish.

The other Expert was a polished old scholar who, from pure literature, had dropped through every stage of journalism—editor of a magazine, newspaper sub-editor, casual reporter, printer's reader—until, curiously enough, when he reached the level of the Agency he had at last succeeded in curing the evil which had wrought his downfall. As long as I

knew him he touched nothing stronger than ginger ale, but his temperance addresses used to describe the pitfalls of drink and the horrors of delirium tremens in colors that were too vivid to be the result of imagination.

He was a delightful old fellow with an old-fashioned dignity of manner and a stately wit. Kindly, simple sermons and scholarly sermons spiced with classical quotations were his specialty; also temperance addresses and appeals for foreign missions. He had travelled all over the world in his respectable youth and his private opinion of missions to the heathen—which he held in strong disapproval—did not coincide with his written words. Into temperance, however, he could, and did, put genuine sincerity.

Another interesting individual was the after-dinner speech man. Speeches were a side line of his—most of his income was derived from writing musical comedy lyrics—and he was so prosperous that he usually drove up to the office in a cab.

Most of his work was done at lightning speed. Often the order for a speech would come in only on the morning of the day on which it was to be delivered; the Boss would 'phone or wire for his henchman and in an hour or so a panting taxi would deposit him at the door. Dashing upstairs he would run over the chief points of the proposed speech with the Boss, or with the speaker himself if possible, and in ten minutes the sheets of copy would be flying from his desk like autumn leaves in a wind storm. As fast as he scribbled, the sheets would be gathered up and typed, and often the client would hover anxiously in the office during the process, learning—or trying to learn—his speech sheet by sheet as it came from the typewriter. Good stuff it was, too, if apt to be rather light and frivolous.

The Experts were past masters of a great art invented by the Boss for the greater diversifying of sermons. He called it the "brick method" or "sectionalization," and it consisted of writing the stuff in a number of transposable sections, "bricks," as it were, which could be fitted together in a number of different ways.

For instance, the scholar would write say four sermons on kindred subjects—"Brotherly Love," "Friendship," "Family Unity," and "Comradeship." Each of

these contained sections which, while applying excellently to their own text, would also apply to one or another of the other three texts.

When the four sermons had been mimeographed the Boss would shuffle them. Copies going to widely separated points would remain as written; among the rest he would take, say, the fourth section of "Brotherly Love" and transpose it with a section of "Family Unity," another "Family Unity" section would be shuffled into "Friendship," and so on with any number of permutations and combinations.

Of course this could only be done with the cheaper class of stuff, still some of these sectional sermons were surprisingly good in whatever way they were put together. They were more a series of "sermonettes" on related topics, and, considered as such, were among the best work the Agency sent out.

Every preacher knows how difficult it is to be eloquent all through a sermon, and how apt are the rank and file of sermons to be patchy. Most of my work with the Agency was confined to the easiest branch, the production of "Home Fillers," which were designed by the Boss to help parsons to avoid this pitfall of patchiness.

These "Home Fillers" were half-sermons, so to speak; scraps of varying length between which the preacher could sandwich chunks of his own eloquence. We had several clients whom we catered for in this way, and I was supplied with four or five original sermons on which to model my style. Changing from one style to another was wearisome, but I suffered from the same disability as most preachers in the matter of sustaining interest, and I found these patchy bits easier to write than a full sermon of 4,000 to 6,000 words.

I have often felt that I deserved a Government subsidy for those "Home Fillers" for I advertised Canada a whole lot. "I was much impressed," I would begin, "by the wonderful tales of a young friend of mine recently returned from Canada—" and I would go on to talk of "swaying, rippling oceans of golden grain." Or, "believe me, friends, no labor, no suffering—no righteous labor, no righteous suffering—is without reward—" and I would con-

tinue with a harrowing picture of the hardships of early Canadian pioneers and their eventual reward in the teeming cities of the West, the Great New Empire and so on. The Boss was always pleased with this sort of thing, "—takes 'em out of the parish," he used to say. "Good as a lantern lecture, some of that stuff."

Whether or no the Boss did any business out of England I am uncertain. I have a notion that I was employed in the first place with an idea that the activities of the Agency were extended to this side of the water. But if any advertising was done in the Canadian papers nothing came of it during the six months or so that I was with the Agency. I lived in daily expectation of being assigned a sermon for a Canadian congregation, but it never came. Presumably Canadian congregations are regaled with home-made oratory. A thorough search of the Canadian church papers reveals no sign of a similar agency in the Dominion. I am assured, however, that there are several across the border, and sermons are not dutiable in manuscript form.

Doctrine was mostly home-grown in any case—very little came from the Agency at any rate. The Boss never tackled doctrinal matters except to special order and then he usually fell back upon the two or three preachers and clergymen who were on his list of contributors and who were, of course, quite qualified to handle the matter properly. Beginners like myself were furnished with a typed list of the things to avoid or to mention in dealing with the different sects and there was always the Agency library to refer to when a doubtful matter cropped up.

This library consisted of the Encyclopedia Britannica and some hundreds of fragmentary volumes of sermons—all very much second-hand. The Boss used to frequent the second-hand bookstalls in Farringdon Road and, since ancient theological works form a good nine-tenths of their stock, he had no difficulty in pick-

ing up plenty of material. There was not very much to be cribbed from these works, however. The best of them were pretty well known to and used by the clergy already and the rest belonged to the violent period of theological hair-splitting—of little use to the modern sermon writer. However, an occasional quotation from one of them gave a pleasant air of theological erudition to a sermon.

Writing for dear life for payment which hardly made dear life possible it was not to be expected that we, the rank and file of the Agency employes, should approach our work with all that spirit of reverence that such work should receive. And to the Boss, of course, sermons had long become so much merchandise to be produced and disposed of under the most profitable conditions possible. Still the Agency's frame of mind was not reflected in its work, and I have often thought that for all its questionable character it was a real power for good.

In general the sermons, if not miracles of eloquence, were at least full of good, sound, honest spiritual advice. Better indeed that a tongue-tied preacher should soar more or less gloriously with our borrowed—or rather hired—plumes, than flap ineffectively on his own lame wings. It is a pity that the stigma which attaches to a preacher who utilizes other people's eloquence should give such an Agency a more or less underhand character.

One stalwart, but distinctly uneloquent parson, vicar of a crowded parish in the slums, made no bones of his indebtedness to us.

"You're a god-send to me," I once heard him say to the Boss, "and I've told my bishop as much. I'm a better worker than I am a talker and if it wasn't for you I'd waste at least two days a week trying to grind out something to say on Sunday. As it is, you give me a red-hot talk that suits my people down to the ground—and I've got two days extra to look after them in. . . . Oh, you're a real blessing."

The Apprentice at Number Three

By Mabel Burkholder

"LOOK now! a pose for an artist! You would think he had the cares of the company on his shoulders."

The junior member of the firm of Steele and Archer, Electrical Supply Company, left his desk at the invitation of his senior partner, and tip-toed to the glass door between the offices, to watch a boy of fourteen, or thereabout, who sat with imperturbable coolness among a score of factory foremen, book-keepers, and stenographers, engrossed in a huge book of figures.

"It is Oscar, your own boy!"

"Impudent youngster! He insisted—what could I do?"

"I wonder the book-keepers allow it," muttered Archer. "Will he not muddle the books?"

The boy's father rubbed his plump, white hands and smiled proudly.

"Man, how long have you been away? Allow it? They dote on him. He has become the idol of the shop. There is not a corner on the premises, either in the shop or office, where he hasn't pushed in and made himself acquainted with the workmen as well as with the work. When you consider it's just since school closed that he has taken it into his head to learn the business, I tell you it's wonderful. Really, Archer, it's a caution."

The younger man smiled indulgently. "Yes? But—er—hasn't he considerable of a pull?"

"Oh, perhaps, perhaps. Yet he does not appear to take advantage of it. He insists on working his way from the bottom rung of the ladder, as his old dad did. My, my, he's a boy any father would be proud of."

"Indeed, I congratulate you, sir," said Archer pleasantly, for while his more impartial judgment realized that the youth was not killing himself with hard work, he, too, was very fond of the frank, curly-headed lad, whose merry whistle resounding through the shop at all hours of the day, relieved the dull routine of the busi-

ness grind. Another Oscar Steel growing up—same name and all."

Steele twirled the heavy ring on his little finger.

"Yes, sir. That's what I planned from his babyhood. I've often said to his mother that the youngster shall not be spoiled by wealth, if he is the only son of a rich man. He shall go down to the factory and learn his trade like a common child. And he does it—he submits to the most menial tasks, even to working in overalls at the machines, with the gang of foreigners I hired for the purpose. Sometimes it cuts me all up to see him. He's a marvel, sir, a marvel. His mother says, too, that she never saw anything like him."

"Quite likely she hasn't," smiled Archer, familiar with the ways of mothers.

Having set the match to the explosives with which his father's heart was bursting the pompous old gentleman returned to silence and business. Here was Archer barely home from a three months' trip, with his hat scarcely hung on the peg, so to speak, already pestering him with plans for the remodelling of the old portion of the factory, the crowded sweat-shop, where Italians, Germans and Swedes jostled and perspired, and cursed their luck, from seven in the morning till six at night. He had been evading that improvement scheme of Archer's for years. Now it bobbed up unexpectedly again, and he fussed, and fumed, and puffed over it, like a traction-engine going up a hill. Evidently he found it a much harder task than dilating on the virtues of the marvellous boy, Oscar.

Someone from without pushed open the door of the private office.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Show him in," responded the busy manager absently.

His manner changed abruptly at sight of the "gentleman." It was Guiseppe

Fabio, an Italian from the shop. At best the gaunt, stalwart foreigner had an uncanny look, with his hollow eyes rolling restlessly in their grimy sockets; but now an indignation exuding from every pore made him terrible, as he lurched into the private office, head and shoulders above the average man.

"Meester, I tell you about—"

The manager was not to be bull-dosed by an angry foreigner uttering execrations in his heathenish southern tongue. These fellows were always wrangling. He would give him plenty of time to cool off.

He lifted his hand imperiously.

"Sit down, my man. I'll tend to your case in a moment."

The moment extended over half an hour, during which time the magnate wrote at his desk in provoking composure, completely ignoring the workingman's presence.

Presently the boy, Oscar, sauntered in from the general office. He planted himself squarely between his father and the engrossing business.

"Well, son, tired of work?" inquired Steele indulgently, dropping his pen and leaning back in his chair.

"A little," responded Steele junior, yawning, "I think I'll go out for awhile."

"That's right. You look pale. Got a headache?"

"No. I think I'll go down to the dog-show with a couple of the fellows. So I guess, Dad, I'll have to trouble you for another five-spot."

"Get out, you young rascal! You got your pay only night before last."

Young Steele smiled wisely.

"Fifteen dollars! If you think there's any of that left—"

The magnate heaved a sigh and winked at Archer.

"I can't argue with Oscar. There, turn him over the contents of that drawer, Archer, and implore him to leave enough to save his old father from bankruptcy."

Young Oscar walked over and selected a handful of bills at his leisure, after which he took up his hat and sauntered off to the dog show, his day's work complete at half-past two—and no time docked.

The whole scene was as tinder to the workingman's smouldering indignation.

"Zat's it! Same ting! I come see you do sometings for my leetle boy—my Rafael—eh?"

"Explain yourself," said the manager curtly.

"What seems to be the trouble, Fabio?" asked Archer with interest.

"Trouble? My boy, Rafael, haf bad place for to vork. Machine no good—too old—too old—see? You know number three? Nearly catch his arm—accident almost."

"You don't say!"

"My boy vork too hard all ze time. Too much vork—too leetle pay. Time off, like zat boy, boss say, 'No pay, no pay!' see?"

"Ah, Fabio, what is he getting?" asked Steele, indulging in a heavy yawn, which caused his neck to be swallowed up in double chins.

"Four dollar. Very small, Meester."

"Oh, I don't know, Fabio," with another all-engulfing yawn. "Not a bad wage at all for a boy of—let me see—"

"Feeften."

"I presume he is learning his trade."

"Been here many months—learn very leetle yet—just hard vork—hard vork—same to-day, same to-morrow—see?"

"Danger, too," the Italian cried, like one who knowing his cause lost, flings out all in his mind with no terror of consequences. "Big belts—heavy shaft—no railing—much danger where my leetle boy vorks. Oh, ze devil, you not care—your boy safe!"

"Is it possible," ejaculated Archer, "that the old railing in the machine shop hasn't been attended to yet?"

"Fact, Archer!" drawled Steele, slapping his pin-cushion knee.

"Fact! I really must see to it. It does put the operator of number three in rather a dangerous position."

"Vell," said the Italian, getting up, "you do notings. I take ze boy out—ah?"

"Yes, Fabio, you might do that," responded the magnate indifferently; "then you would be sure that he had congenial surroundings. Good day."

"I only took on that drivelling foreigner and his brat to please Oscar," Steele complained to his partner in an injured tone. "My boy has quite a notion for the black-eyed Rafael, likes to work beside him just to hear his funny talk, you know. The

brass of those fellows is stupendous. I've helped him, but he isn't grateful."

As the glass door between the offices banged back under the weight of the retreating Fabio, a man with a face white as chalk rushed in, passing him.

"Cootes, what has happened?" demanded Archer, hastening to meet him.

Archer's sympathetic nerves were much too strongly developed, Steele considered.

"An accident," was answered back.

"What? Where? Serious?"

"Serious enough! A boy caught in the shaft and badly crushed. Yes, same old danger spot. No chance, they say—he may be dead now. Gone to the hospital? Yes, to be sure, and our doctor gone over with him."

It *was* a bad accident! Steele rose to his feet a trifle pale. The company might be liable for carelessness.

"What was the lad's name, Cootes?"

"Can't say, sir. Only heard he worked at machine number three."

"Number three!" A piercing cry startled the air. "Rafael! Rafael! Ze boy vork at number three!"

The bystanders never forgot the look on that father's face as he rushed out of the office. Such a maddening mixture of grief, incredulity, vengeance, is seldom printed on the human countenance.

"Santa Maria, I kill zat man, his murderer!"

Archer followed him out, half directing his swaying steps. Steele looked around for a coat and hat, and prepared to follow more at his leisure.

Just then the assistant doctor, Laidlaw, looked in at the outer door.

"Steele?" he inquired of a bookkeeper. "Did he receive my message?"

"I think so. The accident you mean?"

"Will nothing hurry his movements?"

"He is coming."

"But his own child—and he waits for a hat!"

The magnate's face appeared at the door, pumped of every drop of its red blood.

"What?" he hissed. "What?"

"Then my message never reached you, sir." Laidlaw broke down with a pity that told the whole tale.

"Say it! I can bear anything better than this crazing suspense. Say it!"

"Sir, it was your boy who was hurt."

The magnate gripped his informant's shoulder and shook it as a feline does his prey.

"The boy is not around the building. You lie!"

"Would to God I did," chattered the unhappy assistant.

Steele's hand relaxed its iron hold as the truth came home. He seemed to see in a minute how it all had happened. The lad had used the dog show as a pretence to get down to the machine shop with Rafael. He knew his father objected to his going there of late, so he had disguised himself in his friend's smock and overalls. Reports of such escapades had reached the parental ear before. No longer could he bear up against the crushing truth. He reeled as if he had been struck.

"Take me—to him."

In a daze he allowed himself to be put into his automobile. In a state of muddled semi-consciousness he felt that the driver was hurrying him to the hospital. As through a fog he recognized Fabio, struggling to the same place on foot. He still believed the wounded boy was his. An immeasurable pity burst loose in the man's soul.

"An average of five accidents a month in the shop," sang the blood in his brain. "Sickening accidents—and each unfortunate has people at home—be they rich or poor—who care—*care*—as I am caring now! Think of it!"

The rich man and the poor man reached the hospital door together. There was no discrimination here between broadcloth coat and denim smock. Under each a human heart pounded and swelled with intolerable agony. Their fatherhood gripped them in a common sympathy.

"The boy? How is he now?" they both demanded of a white-capped nurse, who had just closed the surgery door and stepped out into the hall.

She shook her head vaguely. So many people came to her asking questions like that. How could she be expected to remember each individual case?

"The lad who was brought over from the Electrical Supply Works?" they insisted.

"I was not put on the case," the girl responded, wrinkling her brow in an effort to recollect some distinguishing feature. "All I saw was a young lad, of twelve or fourteen, in overalls, with beautiful, dark curls—"

"He is mine!" exclaimed each father.

She moved away and left the two standing outside the closed door. A half-hour—was it a half-hour? Or an hour? Or a day?—passed, and then a white-suited surgeon stepped out. He had changed his coat, but on the knees of his trousers were flecks of blood. He looked from one to the other dubiously.

The workingman found no speech, and Oscar Steele had buried his face in his hands.

The doctor advanced a step.

"He is dead," he said.

Suddenly behind them, at the far end of the long, resounding hall, arose a gleeful, boyish shout.

"Come on, Raf! Here they are! Dad, the show was swell! Don't be mad because I stole Rafael away with me. He was wild to go."

No response, either of a forgiving or an angry nature, greeted the returning culprits. Steele stood as if his feet had taken root in the floor, until young Oscar pounced on him and threw a curly head down on his shoulder, begging him not to be "cross." Then slowly, unbelievably, his arms tightened around the boy.

"Gee, Dad, you're rough!" exclaimed Oscar reproachfully, as he wrenched away a wrist whereon his father's fingers had drawn the blood. "What makes you look so queer? I never knew you to be grouchy over a bit of fun."

"Who was left at number three?" demanded Steele hoarsely.

"Oh, the other fellow," responded the boy carelessly. "Mountstephen is his name, I think. A new hand in off the streets. No family or friends of any account. But he's a good sort. He said he didn't mind taking the place for the afternoon."

Into Steele's burning, bloodshot eyes came the blessed relief of tears.

"In off the street—no family or friends

of any account. Then there is no one to tell. Thank God!"

A few months later Oscar Steele was showing a traveler over the remodeled factory, just nearing its completion on the old site.

"Show me," he said proudly, "show me on this continent, a factory that can compare with ours in lighting, heating, sanitation."

"Steele, I cannot," admitted the man of travel. "I confess you have pushed the idea to the limit. Comfort for the employes! I didn't know you were a crank on that. Why, take this building you call Mountstephen Hall, fitted up with lunch rooms, reading tables, and every luxury under the sun that a man could think of for his own home! It is a model of comfort! Really, I don't quite catch you idea. Where do you expect to get compensation for the enormous outlay of hard cash?"

"In the loyalty and good-will of our working people."

"Loyalty of foreigners!" scoffed the traveler. "On that score is it worth while, Mr. Steele?"

"I think so," said the manager quietly.

The traveler took a last piercing, microscopical inspection of the hall.

"But all things must have a beginning. Tell me, where did you get the idea?"

Before Oscar Steele's mental vision rose the features and form of "the other fellow," the little homeless waif with "no family or friends of any account," who in his death had given back to their fathers two other priceless, young lives. In his memory he carried a fadeless picture of a pale and innocent face, framed in tumbling curls, and two stiff little hands meekly folded on a sheet. But how could he explain to the stranger that it was the father love in his heart, new and glorified, and extending to other fathers and their children, that was responsible for the new order of things?

"One of Archer's notions," he grunted, retreating into his shell.

And, unluckily, Archer was not there to correct the impression.



A TYPICAL FAMILY CARRY-ALL.

The New Family Carry-All

THE MODERN MOTOR BOAT PROVIDES RECREATION AT
MODERATE EXPENSE AND MAKES THE WHOLE
CONTINENT A VACATION GROUND

By S. M. Maxim

Canada affords ample scope and opportunity for the motor-boat enthusiast. Indeed, with the development of the craft and the growth of the popularity attaching to the sport, the vacation ground of the owner may well be said to be the whole wide continent. The latest innovation in motors is "The Family Carry-All," with which extended trips are possible. Some of the delightful cruises are outlined in this article.

WHERE there is five feet of water the motor boat may go. From Eastport, Me., to Pensacola; from Vancouver to San Diego, and on all the waters between the "chug" of the motor boat may be heard. The vacation ground of the owner of one of these little craft is the whole wide country, and it does not matter whether he is an office clerk or a banker, for he is not dependent on hotels or railroads, and he

may live in as great luxury or as stern simplicity as he desires.

On any lake large enough for a motor boat to get up full speed you may see any number of these dashing, careening "family carryalls," for that is what the motor boat is above all else.

From New York, for instance, a party in a motor boat may nose their way to Hudson Bay, to the lakes of the Canadian

Adirondacks or half way across the continent to the Mississippi to New Orleans, to say nothing of the endless smaller arms of the great river.

For speed the high power motor boats are hard to beat. Twenty-six knots is easily attainable, and the rush and sting of air and spray when traveling that fast through the water is quite as novel a sensation as streaking along a hard, dry road in an automobile at sixty miles an hour.

hobby is the motor boat, having congregated better to enjoy the sport. These little colonies are springing up rapidly near all the big summer resorts where there is water enough to navigate a motor boat. They are made up for the most part of "average business men," just the class to which the motor boat makes perhaps its strongest appeal. Every morning the motor boats "put-put" out of the coves where they are anchored and weave foamy



HUNTER'S CABIN CRUISER WITH 50-FT. RAISED DECK: ANOTHER TYPE OF FAMILY BOAT.

If you need a sense of danger as a sauce to your pleasure there is an element of it in a high power motor boat. Collision with a rock or a stony bank would shatter a boat cleaving the water at a speed of twenty-six knots, and the discomfiture resulting from being thrown from it would satisfy the desires of the most sportsmanlike navigator.

For those who have not the "wanderlust" there are innumerable "motor boat colonies" on the inland lakes, cottage communities where kindred spirits, whose

cobwebs across the surface of the water, scattering and nosing into the most out of the way nooks. When they have all returned the voyagers talk over their explorations and argue the relative merits of their craft.

The wealthy man who wishes to snatch a breath of fresh air on the way to business may have a racing boat and get a little bit of recreation on the way from his summer home to the railroad station across the lake or a few miles down the river.

The "family carryall" is a good name for the motor boat. The owner of one of these vehicles may go to his cottage home on Friday night, put on his old clothes, potter about the engine for a time while the family are stocking the cabin with provisions, and, when he has finally announced with pride that all is ready, wrap his arm about the steering wheel and glide away to where he will have new

The outfit for a long trip is not expensive. Plain, unbreakable dishes for the galley, plenty of warm blankets and a few cooking utensils are the principal items of the outfit. If you want to be more luxurious you may have an ice chest, a coal heater, alcohol stoves and even a portable bathtub. Many persons carry no stoves in their motor boats, preferring to cook over campfires on shore, the chance



HIGH-SPEED DAY BOAT: SPEED 26 MILES: 400 HORSE POWER.

scenery, perfect quiet and total forgetfulness of business cares. It is just about the acme of leisure. The man who runs a motor boat usually smokes a pipe, and that means comfort. On Sunday evening the little boat will skim into the cove again and the family disembark. The youngest member may have to be carried off, but he can find just as much comfort and more healthful, cooler air on the motor boat than he could at home.

They are almost moving bungalows, these motor boats, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to see a boatload of enthusiasts start off on a two-day trip with even the fox terrier on board.

of being able to find dry wood only lending zest to the sport. In short, your life may be just about as luxurious or just about as primeval as you wish to make it on a motor boat.

Time is about the only factor which need limit the length of your cruise. Taking New York as a starting point, a motor boat might be taken up the Hudson River to Albany, which in itself is a trip of wonderful beauty. In succession there would be the varying scenery of the Palisades, the wide lake-like river at Tappan Zee, the Highlands, then long stretches of rolling country, with the towering Catskills in the distance. At Albany it is only

necessary to obtain a pass for use in any of the canals, and the way is open to the west, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, almost anywhere.

The Northern Canal, which is more like a river than a canal for scenery, may be followed to Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain. It is more than a hundred and fifty miles to the northern end of the lake, where a motor boat might follow the St. Johnsbury River into the St. Lawrence and thence go to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

SOME DELIGHTFUL CRUISES.

Another route from Albany would be through the Erie Canal and the Oswego Canal to Lake Ontario, where it is a safe and easy run around the eastern end of the lake, where a motor boat might follow the St. Lawrence River.

Still another trip after leaving Albany would be by way of the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes to the Illinois and Michigan canals, and thence to the Mississippi, and the way is clear to New Orleans.

A fair sized motor boat does not draw more than four feet of water, which would permit it to go from New York to the southern end of Florida all the way inside, except for a short stretch between Beaufort, N. C., and Georgetown, S. C.

For the sportsman the motor boat is almost ideal. In Great South Bay, Long Island, where ducks are shot from batteries, it is rapidly displacing the sailboat. The man who does his duck shooting in Great South Bay is the business man who goes for only two or three days of gunning at a time, and who is not able to leave his business long enough to go to one of the more inaccessible shooting grounds. To him time is a big factor, and every minute of his short vacation is precious. The sailboat is comfortable enough, but in case of calm a man might be held in the bay a day or two longer than he calculated, and his business suffer. Then, too, he may be unable to reach the point where he wishes to anchor his batteries and spend his only day of vacation in the cabin of the sailing boat or in a shack on short waiting for proper winds. The motor boat obviates all this, and in the fall, when the law is off ducks, Great South Bay is dotted with chugging motor boats towing strings of batteries and carrying the men who are

always in a hurry to the points where they may relax for a few hours and not worry about getting back to business.

For the man who owns his own motor boat it is even of more use in hunting. Take, for instance, a fifty-foot boat of the cruising type. It would berth six persons and might pass with safety from New York to Florida. The sportsman with plenty of time could leave New York in his own craft, enjoy the shooting at Barnegat and in Chesapeake Bay, then cruise southward clear to Pamlico Sound, an Eldorado for redheads, canvas backs and wild geese. Then there are the tarpon fishing along the Florida Keys and the sunny, health giving climate.

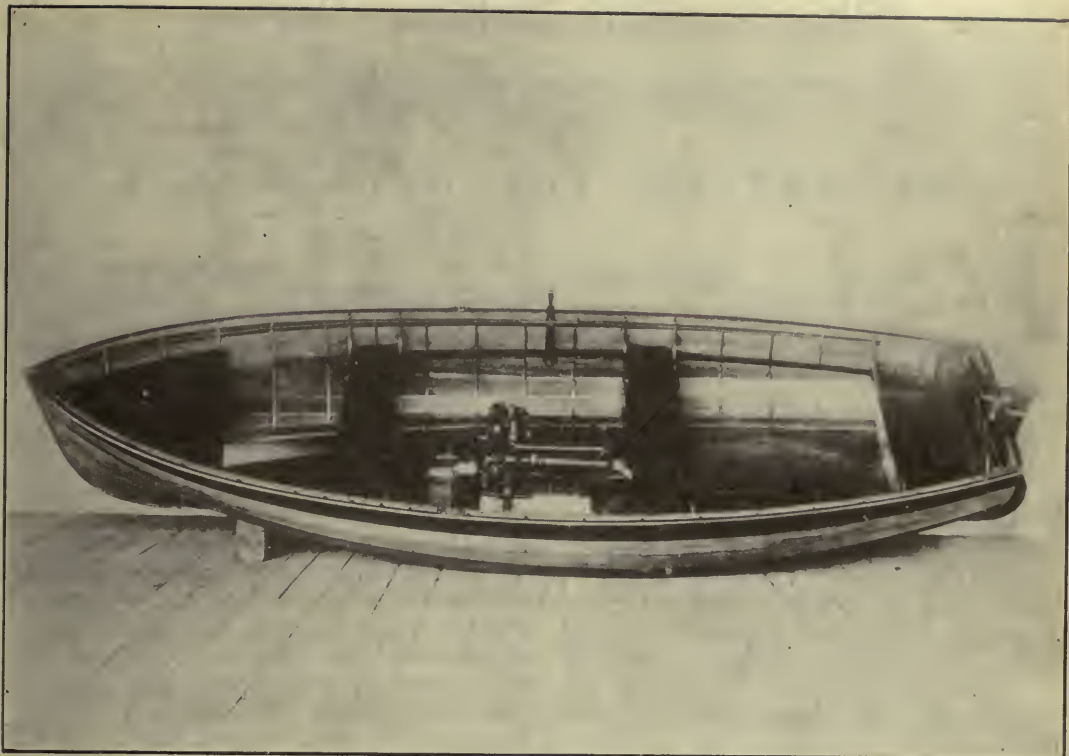
If the owner of a boat of the cruising class is a fisherman he may go in his own craft to the St. Lawrence or the Great Lakes or some of the larger lakes of Canada.

The comfortable, roomy cruising motor boats are of a different type from the snorting, quivering engines of speed which have become common in the smaller rivers and in the sounds. One of the craft fifty feet in length may have nothing more than a little cubbyhole of a cabin large enough to shelter two persons from flying spray, but it will satisfy the wildest votary of speed.

OPERATION EASY.

The racing craft have engines with as high as 300 horse power, and may cost in the neighborhood of \$10,000, but this is not the limit. A type of motor driven yacht with 300 horse power engines and electric heating and lighting plants is widely supplanting the steam yacht, because of its less bulky machinery, its extreme cleanliness and the resulting greater comfort. There is no limit to the cost of a yacht of this type.

But it is the knockabout boat, the "family carryall," which holds the widest, most potent appeal. A person with no technical knowledge of machinery may easily operate it. A woman or a child may steer, for it requires no strength. To operate a motor boat of ordinary tonnage it is not even necessary to obtain a navigator's license. The navigator is free to go wherever there is water enough to float his craft. As to danger, there is very little



A DORY EQUIPPED WITH A GASOLINE ENGINE, CONVERTING IT INTO A MOTOR BOAT.

of it—another thing which makes the motor boat popular as a family institution. It requires skill to sail a boat of any considerable size, and there is always a degree of danger from variable and unsteady winds. But the motor boat does not depend upon wind, and the chunky, cruising type is capable of weathering almost any sea which would be encountered in inland waters, except, of course, on the Great Lakes.

Sunken logs and uncharted shoals may make trouble, but it is no more difficult to watch for them than to look for ruts in the road in an automobile. There is

just about enough chance for trouble to make things interesting.

Even a canoe is large enough to carry a small motor, and almost any creek or stream may be explored in one of these little craft. The weight of the quarter horse power engine, used in a canoe, does not make the boat cranky; in fact, it steadies it very much, and a canoe with a motor in it is comparatively stable.

Rowboats, dories, catboats, sloops, schooners, all are suitable to be used as motor boats. If the wind deserts you in a sailboat, it is mighty handy to have a little engine in the hold so that you can skim along home and laugh at the fellow who is whistling for a breeze.

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE FIVE: In which are related further thrilling experiences of Smoke in the Klondike

THE MAN ON THE OTHER BANK

By Jack London

IT was before Smoke Bellew staked the farcical townsite of Tra-Lee, made the historic corner of eggs that nearly broke Swiftwater Bill's bank account, or won the dog-team race down the Yukon for an even million dollars, that he and Shorty parted company on the upper Klondike. Shorty's task was to return down the Klondike to Dawson to record some claims they had staked.

Smoke, with the dog-team, turned south. His quest was Surprise Lake and the mythical Two Cabins. His traverse was to cut the headwaters of the Indian River and cross the unknown region over the mountains to the Stewart River. Here, somewhere, rumor persisted, was Surprise Lake, surrounded by jagged mountains and glaciers, its bottom paved with raw gold. Old-timers, it was said, whose very names were forgotten in the frosts of earlier years, had dived in the ice-waters of Surprise Lake and fetched lump-gold to the surface in both hands. At different times parties of old-timers had penetrated the forbidding fastness and sampled the lake's golden bottom. But the water was too cold. Some died in the water, being pulled up dead. Others died of consumption. And one who had gone down never did come up. All survivors had planned to return and drain the lake, yet none had ever gone back. Disaster always happened. One man fell into an air-hole below Forty Mile; another was killed and eaten by his dogs; a third was crushed by a falling tree. And so the tale ran. Surprise Lake was a hoodoo; its location was unremembered, and the gold still paved its undrained bottom.

Two Cabins, no less mythical, was more definitely located. "Five sleeps" up the McQuestion River from the Stewart, stood two ancient cabins. So ancient were they

that they must have been built before ever the first known gold-hunter had entered the Yukon Basin. Wandering moose-hunters, whom even Smoke had met and talked with, claimed to have found the two cabins in the old days, but to have sought vainly for the mine which those early adventurers must have worked.

"I wish you was goin' with me," Shorty said wistfully, at parting. "Just because you got the Indian bug ain't no reason for to go pokin' into trouble. They's no gettin' away from it, that's loco country you're bound for. The hoodoo's sure on it, from the first flip to the last call, judgin' from all you an' me has hearn tell about it."

"It's all right, Shorty. I'll make the round trip and be back in Dawson in six weeks. The Yukon trail is packed, and the first hundred miles or so of the Stewart ought to be packed. Old-timers from Henderson have told me a number of out-fits went up last fall after the freeze-up. When I strike their trail I ought to hit her up forty or fifty miles a day. I'm likely to be back inside a month, once I get across."

"Yep, once you get acrost. But it's the gettin' acrost that worries me. Well, so long, Smoke. Keep your eye open for that hoodoo, that's all. An' don't be ashamed to turn back if you don't kill any meat."

II.

A week later, Smoke found himself among the jumbled ranges south of Indian River. On the divide from the Klondike he had abandoned the sled and packed his wolf-dogs. The six big huskies each carried fifty pounds, and on his own back was an equal burden. Through the soft snow he led the way, packing it down

under his snow-shoes, and behind, in single file, toiled the dogs.

He loved the life, the deep arctic winter, the silent wilderness, the unending snow-surface unpressed by the foot of any man. About him towered icy peaks unnamed and uncharted. No hunter's camp-smoke, rising in the still air of the valleys, ever caught his eye. He, alone, moved through the brooding quiet of the untraveled wastes; nor was he oppressed by the solitude. He loved it all, the day's toil, the bickering wolf-dogs, the making of the camp in the long twilight, the leaping stars overhead and the flaming pageant of the aurora borealis.

Especially he loved his camp at the end of day, and in it he saw a picture which he ever yearned to paint and which he knew he would never forget—a beaten place in the snow, where burned his fire; his bed a couple of rabbit-skin robes spread on fresh-chopped spruce-boughs; his shelter a stretched strip of canvas that caught and threw back the heat of the fire; the blackened coffee-pot and pail resting on a length of log, the moccasins propped on sticks to dry, the snow-shoes up-ended in the snow; and across the fire the wolf-dogs snuggling to it for warmth, wistful and eager, furry and frost-rimmed, with bushy tails curled protectingly over their feet; and all about, pressed backward but a space, the wall of encircling darkness.

At such times San Francisco, *The Billow*, and O'Hara seemed very far away, lost in a remote past, shadows of dreams that had never happened. He found it hard to believe that he had known any other life than this of the wild, and harder still was it for him to reconcile himself to the fact that he had once dabbled and dawdled in the Bohemian drift of city life. Alone, with no one to talk to, he thought much, and deeply, and simply. He was appalled by the wastage of his city years, by the cheapness, now, of the philosophies of the schools and books, of the clever cynicism of the studio and editorial room, of the cant of the business men in their clubs. They knew neither food, nor sleep, nor health; nor could they ever possibly know the sting of real appetite, the goodly ache of fatigue, nor the rush of mad, strong blood that bit like wine through all one's body as work was done.

And all the time this fine, wise, Spartan Northland had been here, and he had never known. What puzzled him was, that, with such intrinsic fitness, he had never heard the slightest calling whisper, had not himself gone forth to seek. But this, too, he solved in time.

"Look here, Yellow-Face, I've got it clear!"

The dog addressed, lifted first one fore-foot and then the other with quick, appeasing movements, curled his bush of a tail about them again, and laughed across the fire.

"Herbert Spencer was nearly forty before he caught the vision of his greatest efficiency and desire. I'm none so slow. I didn't have to wait till I was thirty to catch mine. Right here is my efficiency and desire. Almost, Yellow Face, do I wish I had been born a wolf-boy and been brother all my days to you and yours."

For days he wandered through a chaos of canyons and divides which did not yield themselves to any rational topographical plan. It was as if they had been flung there by some cosmic joker. In vain he sought for a creek or feeder that flowed truly south toward the McQuestion and the Stewart. Then came a mountain storm that blew a blizzard across the riff-raff of high and shallow divides. Above timber-line, fireless, for two days, he struggled blindly to find lower levels. On the second day he came out upon the rim of an enormous palisade. So thickly drove the snow that he could not see the base of the wall, nor dared he attempt the descent. He rolled himself in his robes and huddled the dogs about him in the depths of a snow-drift, but did not permit himself to sleep.

In the morning, the storm spent, he crawled out to investigate. A quarter of a mile beneath him, beyond all mistake, lay a frozen, snow-covered lake. About it, on every side, rose jagged peaks. It answered the description. Blindly, he had found Surprise Lake.

"Well-named," he muttered, an hour later, as he came out upon its margin. A clump of aged spruce was the only woods. On his way to it, he stumbled upon three graves, snow-buried, but marked by hand-hewn head-posts and undecipherable writing. On the edge of the woods was a small ramshackle cabin. He pulled the latch

and entered. In a corner, on what had once been a bed of spruce-boughs, still wrapped in mangy furs that had rotted to fragments, lay a skeleton. The last visitor to Surprise Lake, was Smoke's conclusion, as he picked up a lump of gold as large as his doubled fist. Beside the lump was a pepper-can filled with nuggets of the size of walnuts, rough-surfaced, showing no signs of wash.

So true had the tale run, that Smoke accepted without question that the source of the gold was the lake's bottom. Under many feet of ice and inaccessible, there was nothing to be done, and at midday, from the rim of the palisade, he took a farewell look back and down at his find.

"It's all right, Mr. Lake," he said. "You just keep right on staying there. I'm coming back to drain you . . . if that hoodoo doesn't catch me. I don't know how I got here, but I'll know by the way I go out."

III.

In a little valley, beside a frozen stream and under beneficent spruce trees, he built a fire four days later. Somewhere in that white anarchy he had left behind him was Surprise Lake—somewhere, he knew not where; for a hundred hours of driftage and struggle through blinding, driving snow had concealed his course from him, and he knew not in what direction lay *behind*. It was as if he had just emerged from a nightmare. He was not sure that four days or a week had passed. He had slept with the dogs, fought across a forgotten number of shallow divides, followed the windings of weird canyons that ended in pockets, and twice had managed to make a fire and thaw out frozen moose-meat. And here he was, well-fed and well-camped. The storm had passed, and it had turned clear and cold. The lay of the land had again become rational. The creek he was on was natural in appearance, and trended as it should toward the southwest. But Surprise Lake was as lost to him as it had been to all its seekers in the past.

Half a day's journey down the creek brought him to the valley of a larger stream which he decided was the McQuestion. Here he shot a moose, and once again each wolf-dog carried a full fifty-pound pack of meat. As he turned down

the McQuestion, he came upon a sled-trail. The late snows had drifted over, but underneath it was well-packed by travel. His conclusion was that two camps had been established on the McQuestion, and that this was the connecting trail. Evidently, two cabins had been found and it was the lower camp, so he headed down the stream.

It was forty below zero when he camped that night, and he fell asleep wondering who were the men who had rediscovered the Two Cabins and if he would fetch it next day. At the first hint of dawn he was under way, easily following the half-obliterated trail and packing the recent snow with his webbed shoes so that the dogs should not wallow.

And then it came, the unexpected, leaping out upon him on a bend of the river. It seemed to him that he heard and felt simultaneously. The crack of the rifle came from the right, and the bullet, tearing through and across the shoulders of his drill *parka* and woolen coat, pivoted him half around with the shock of its impact. He staggered on his twisted snow-shoes to recover balance, and heard a second crack of the rifle. This time it was a clean miss. He did not wait for more, but plunged across the snow for the sheltering trees of the bank, a hundred feet away. Again and again the rifle cracked, and he was unpleasantly aware of a trickle of warm moisture down his back.

He climbed the bank, the dogs floundering behind, and dodged in among the trees and brush. Slipping out of his snow-shoes, he wallowed forward at full length and peered cautiously out. Nothing was to be seen. Whoever had shot at him was lying quiet among the trees of the opposite bank.

"If something doesn't happen pretty soon," he muttered at the end of half an hour, "I'll have to sneak away and build a fire or freeze my feet. Yellow Face, what'd you do, lying in the frost with circulation getting slack and a man trying to plug you?"

He crawled back a few yards, packed down the snow, danced a jig that sent the blood back into his feet, and managed to endure another half hour. Then, from down the river, he heard the unmistakable jingle of dog-bells. Peering out, he saw a sled round the bend. Only one man

was with it, straining at the gee-pole and urging the dogs along. The effect on Smoke was one of shock, for it was the first human he had seen since he parted from Shorty three weeks before. His next thought was of the potential murderer concealed on the opposite bank.

into the woods in the direction of the sound. The man on the river had been struck by the first shot. The shock of the high velocity bullet staggered him. He stumbled awkwardly to the sled, half-falling, and pulled a rifle out from under the lashings. As he strove to raise it to



PEERING OUT, HE SAW A SLED ROUND THE BEND.

Without exposing himself, Smoke whistled warningly. The man did not hear, and came on rapidly. Again, and more sharply, Smoke whistled. The man whoa'd his dogs, stopped, and had turned and faced Smoke when the rifle crack-ed. The instant afterward, Smoke fired

his shoulder, he crumpled at the waist and sank down slowly to a sitting posture on the sled. Then, abruptly, as the gun went off aimlessly, he pitched backward and across a corner of the sled-load, so that Smoke could see only his legs and stomach.

From below came more jingling bells. The man did not move. Around the bend swung three sleds, accompanied by half a dozen men. Smoke cried warningly, but they had seen the condition of the first sled, and they dashed on to it. No shots came from the other bank, and Smoke, calling his dogs to follow, emerged into the open. There were exclamations from the men, and two of them, flinging off the mittens of their right hands, leveled their rifles at him.

"Come on, you red-handed murderer, you," one of them, a black-bearded man, commanded, "An' jest pitch that gun of yours in the snow."

Smoke hesitated, then dropped his rifle and came up to them.

"Go through him, Louis, an' take his weapons," the black-bearded man ordered.

Louis, a French-Canadian voyageur, Smoke decided, as were four of the others, obeyed. His search revealed only Smoke's hunting knife, which was appropriated.

"Now what have you got to say for yourself, Stranger, before I shoot you dead?" the black-bearded man demanded.

"That you're making a mistake if you think I killed that man," Smoke answered.

A cry came from one of the voyageurs. He had quested along the trail and found Smoke's tracks where he had left it to take refuge on the bank. The man explained the nature of his find.

"What'd you kill Joe Kinade for!" he of the black beard asked.

"I tell you I didn't—" Smoke began.

"Aw, what's the good of talkin'. We got you red-handed. Right up there's where you left the trail when you heard him comin'. You laid among the trees an' bushwhacked him. A short shot. You couldn't a-missed. Pierre, go an' get that gun he dropped."

"You might let me tell what happened," Smoke objected.

"You shut up," the man snarled at him. "I reckon your gun'll tell the story."

All the men examined Smoke's rifle, ejecting and counting the cartridges, and examining the barrel at muzzle and . . . "One shot," Blackbeard concluded.

Pierre, with nostrils that quivered and distended like a deer's, sniffed at the breech.

"Him one fresh shot," he said.

"The bullet entered his back," Smoke said. "He was facing me when he was shot. You see, it came from the other bank."

Blackbeard considered this proposition for a scant second, and shook his head.

"Nope. It won't do. Turn him around to face the other bank—that's how you whopped him in the back. Some of you boys run up an' down the trail and see if you can see any tracks making for the other bank."

Their report was that on that side the snow was unbroken. Not even a snow-shoe rabbit had crossed it. Blackbeard bending over the dead man, straightened up with a woolly, furry wad in his hand. Shredding this, he found imbedded in the centre the bullet which had perforated the body. It's nose was spread to the size of a half-dollar, its butt-end, steel-jacketed, was undamaged. He compared it with a cartridge from Smoke's belt.

"That's plain enough evidence, Stranger, to satisfy a blind man. It's soft-nosed an' steel-jacketed; yours is soft-nosed and steel-jacketed. It's thirty-thirty; yours is thirty-thirty. It's manufactured by the J. & T. Arms Company; yours is manufactured by the J. & T. Arms Company. Now you come along an' we'll go over to the bank an' see jest how you done it."

"I was bushwhacked myself," Smoke said. "Look at the hole in my parka."

While Blackbeard examined it, one of the voyageurs threw open the breech of the dead man's gun. It was patent to all that it had been fired once. The empty cartridge was still in the chamber.

"A damn shame poor Joe didn't get you," Blackbeard said bitterly. "But he did pretty well with a hole like that in him. Come on, you"

"Search the other bank first," Smoke urged.

"You shut up an' come on, an' let the facts do the talkin'."

They left the trail at the same spot he had, and followed it on up the bank and in among the trees.

"Him dance that place keep him feet warm," Louis pointed out. "That place him crawl on belly. That place him put one elbow w'en him shoot—"

"And by God there's the empty cartridge he done it with!" was Blackbeard's

discovery. "Boys, there's only one thing to do—"

"You might ask me how I came to fire that shot," Smoke interrupted.

"An' I might knock your teeth into your gullet if you butt in again. You can answer them questions later on. Now, boys, we're decent an' law-abidin', an' we got to handle this right an' regular. How far do you reckon we've come, Pierre?"

"Twenty mile I t'ink for sure."

"All right. We'll cache the outfit an' run him an' poor Joe back to Two Cabins. I reckon we've seen an' can testify to what'll stretch his neck."

IV.

It was three hours after dark when the dead man, Smoke, and his captors arrived at Two Cabins. By the starlight Smoke could make out a dozen or more recently built cabins snuggling about a larger and older cabin on a flat by the river bank. Thrust inside this older cabin, he found it tenanted by a young giant of a man, his wife, and an old blind man. The woman, whom her husband called "Lucy," was herself a strapping creature of the frontier type. The old man, as Smoke learned afterward, had been a trapper on the Stewart for years, and had gone finally blind the winter before. The camp of Two Cabins, he was also to learn, had been made the previous fall by a dozen men who arrived in half as many poling-boats loaded with provisions. Here they had found the blind trapper, on the site of Two Cabins, and about his cabin they had built their own. Later arrivals, mushing up the ice with dog-teams, had tripled the population. There was plenty of meat in camp, and good low-pay dirt had been discovered and was being worked.

In five minutes, all the men of Two Cabins were jammed into the room. Smoke, shoved off into a corner, ignored and scowled at, his hands and feet tied with thongs of moosehide, looked on. Thirty-eight men he counted, a wild and husky crew, all frontiersmen of the States or voyageurs from upper Canada. His captors told the tale over and over, each the centre of an excited and wrathful group. There were mutterings of "lynch him now—why wait?" And, once, a big Irishman was restrained only by force

from rushing upon the helpless prisoner and giving him a beating.

It was while counting the men that Smoke caught sight of a familiar face. It was Breck, the man whose boat Smoke had run through the rapids. He wondered why the other did not come and speak to him, but himself gave no sign of recognition. Later, when with shielded face Breck passed him a wink, Smoke understood.

Blackbeard, whom Smoke heard called Eli Harding, ended the discussion as to whether or not the prisoner should be immediately lynched.

"Hold on!" Harding roared. "Keep your shirts on. That man belongs to me. I caught him an' brought him here. D'ye think I brought him all the way here to be lynched? Not on your life. I could a-done that myself when I found him. I brought him here for a fair an' impartial trial, an' by God, a fair an' impartial trial he's goin' to get. He's tied up safe an' sound. Chuck him in a bunk till morning, an' we'll hold the trial right here."

V.

Smoke woke up. A draught that possessed all the rigidity of an icicle was boring into the front of his shoulder as he lay on his side facing the wall. When he had been tied into the bunk there had been no such draught, and now the outside air, driving into the heated atmosphere of the cabin with the pressure of fifty below zero, was sufficient advertisement that someone from without had pulled away the moss-chinking between the logs. He squirmed as far as his bonds would permit, then craned his neck forward until his lips just managed to reach the crack.

"Who is it?" he whispered.

"Breck," came the answer. "Be careful you don't make a noise. I'm going to pass a knife into you."

"No good," Smoke said. "I couldn't use it. My hands are tied behind me and made fast to the leg of the bunk. Besides, you couldn't get a knife through that crack. But something must be done. Those fellows are of a temper to hang me, and of course you know I didn't kill that man."

"It wasn't necessary to mention it, Smoke. And if you did you had your

reasons. Which isn't the point at all. I want to get you out of this. It's a tough bunch of men here. You've seen them. They're shut off from the world, and they make and enforce their own law—by miner's meeting, you know. They handled two men already—both grub-thieves. One they hiked from camp without an ounce of grub and no matches. He made about forty miles and lasted a couple of days before he froze stiff. Two weeks ago they hiked the second man. They gave him his choice: no grub, or ten lashes for each day's ration. He stood for forty lashes before he fainted. And now they've got you, and every last one is convinced you killed Kinade."

"The man who killed Kinade, shot at me, too. His bullet broke the skin on my shoulder. Get them to delay the trial till some one goes up and searches the bank where the murderer hid."

"No use. They take the evidence of Harding and the five Frenchmen with him. Besides, they haven't had a hanging yet, and they're keen for it. You see, things have been pretty monotonous. They haven't located anything big, and they get tired of hunting for Surprise Lake. They did some stampeding the first part of the winter, but they've got over that now. Scurvy is beginning to show up amongst them, too, and they're just ripe for excitement."

"And it looks like I'll furnish it," was Smoke's comment. "Say, Breck, how did you ever fall in with such a God-forsaken bunch?"

"After I got the claims at Squaw Creek opened up and some men to working, I came up here by way of the Stewart, hunting for Two Cabins. They'd beaten me to it, so I've been higher up the Stewart. Just got back yesterday out of grub."

"Find anything?"

"Nothing much. But I think I've got a hydraulic proposition that'll work big when the country's opened up. It's that, or a gold-dredger."

"Hold on," Smoke interrupted. "Wait a minute. Let me think."

He was very much aware of the snores of the sleepers as he pursued the idea that had flashed into his mind.

"Say, Breck, have they opened up the meat-packs my dogs carried?"

"A couple. I was watching. They put them in Harding's cache."

"Did they find anything?"

"Meat."

"Good. You've got to get into the brown-canvas pack that's patched with moosehide. You'll find a few pounds of lumpy gold. You've never seen gold like it in the country, nor has anybody else. Here's what you've got to do. Listen."

A quarter of an hour later, fully instructed and complaining that his toes were freezing, Breck went away. Smoke, his own nose and one cheek frosted by proximity to the chink, rubbed them against the blankets for half an hour before the blaze and bite of the returning blood assured him of the safety of his flesh.

VI.

"My mind's made up right now. There ain't no doubt but what he killed Kinade. We heard the whole thing last night. What's the good of goin' over it again? I vote guilty."

In such fashion, Smoke's trial began. The speaker, a loose-jointed, hard-rock man from Colorado, manifested irritation and disgust when Harding set his suggestion aside, demanded the proceedings should be regular, and nominated one, Shunk Wilson, for judge and chairman of the meeting. The population of Two Cabins constituted the jury, though, after some discussion, the woman, Lucy, was denied the right to vote on Smoke's guilt or innocence.

While this was going on, Smoke, jammed into a corner on a bunk, overheard a whispered conversation between Breck and a miner.

"You haven't fifty pounds of flour you'll sell?" Breck queried.

"You ain't got the dust to pay the price I'm askin'," was the reply.

"I'll give you two hundred."

The man shook his head.

"Three hundred. Three-fifty."

At four hundred, the man nodded, and said:

"Come on over to my cabin an' weigh out the dust."

The two squeezed their way to the door, and slipped out. After a few minutes Breck returned alone.

Harding was testifying, when Smoke saw the door shoved open slightly, and in the crack appear the face of the man who had sold the flour. He was grimacing and beckoning emphatically to one inside, who arose from near the stove and started to work toward the door.

"Where are you goin', Sam?" Shunk Wilson demanded.

"I'll be back in a jiffy," Sam explained. "I jes' got to go."

Smoke was permitted to question the witnesses, and he was in the middle of the cross-examination of Harding, when from without came the whining of dogs in harness and the grind and churn of sled-runners. Somebody near the door peeped out.

"It's Sam an' his pardner an' a dog-team hell-bent down the trail for Stewart River," the man reported.

Nobody spoke for a long half-minute, but men glanced significantly at one another and a general restlessness pervaded the packed room. Out of the corner of his eye, Smoke caught a glimpse of Breck, Lucy, and her husband whispering together.

"Come on, you," Shunk Wilson said gruffly to Smoke. "Cut this questionin' short. We know what you're tryin' to prove—that the other bank wa'n't searched. The witness admits it. We admit it. It wa'n't necessary. No tracks led to that bank. The snow wa'n't broke."

"There was a man on the other bank just the same," Smoke insisted.

"That's too thin for skatin', young man. There ain't many of us on the McQuestion, an' we got every man accounted for."

"Who was the man you hiked out of camp two weeks ago?" Smoke asked.

"Alonzo Miramar. He was a Mexican. What's that grub-thief got to do with it?"

"Nothing, except that you haven't accounted for him. Mr. Judge."

"He went down river, not up."

"How do you know where he went?"

"Saw him start."

"And that's all you know of what became of him?"

"No, it ain't, young man. I know, we all know, he had four days' grub an' no gun to shoot meat with. If he didn't make the settlement on the Yukon he'd croaked long before this."

"I suppose you've got all the guns in this part of the country accounted for, too," Smoke observed pointedly.

Shunk Wilson was angry.

"You'd think I was the prisoner the way you slam the questions into me. Come on with the next witness. Where's French Louis?"

While French Louis was shoving forward, Lucy opened the door.

"Where you goin'?" Shunk Wilson shouted.

"I reckon I don't have to stay," she answered defiantly. "I ain't got no vote, an' besides my cabin's so jammed up I can't breathe."

In a few minutes her husband followed. The closing of the door was the first warning the judge received of it.

"Who was that?" he interrupted Pierre's narrative to ask.

"Bill Peabody," somebody spoke up. "Said he wanted to ask his wife something and was coming right back."

Instead of Bill, it was Lucy who re-entered, took off her furs, and resumed her place by the stove.

"I reckon we don't need to hear the rest of the witnesses," was Shunk Wilson's decision, when Pierre had finished. "We know they only can testify to the same facts we've already heard. Say, Sorensen, you go an' bring Bill Peabody back. We'll be voting a verdict pretty short. Now, Stranger, you can get up an' say your say concernin' what happened. In the meantime we'll just be savin' delay by passin' around the two rifles, the ammunition, an' the bullet that done the killin'."

Midway in his story of how he had arrived in that part of the country, and at the point in his narrative where he described his own ambush and how he had fled to the bank, Smoke was interrupted by the indignant Shunk Wilson.

"Young man, what sense is there in you testifyin' that way? You're just takin' up valuable time. Of course you got the right to lie to save your neck, but we ain't goin' to stand for such foolishness. The rifle, the ammunition, the bullet that killed Joe Kinade is against you,—What's that?" "Open the door, somebody!"

The frost rushed in, taking form and substance in the heat of the room, while through the open door came the whining

of dogs that decreased rapidly with distance.

"It's Sorensen an' Peabody," some one cried, "a-throwin, the whip into the dawgs an' headin' down river!"

"Now what the hell . . . ?" Shunk Wilson paused, with dropped jaw, and glared at Lucy. "I reckon you can explain, Mrs. Peabody."

She tossed her head and compressed her lips, and Shunk Wilson's wrathful and suspicious gaze passed on and rested on Breck.

"An' I reckon that new-comer you've ben chinning with could explain if *he* had a mind to."

Breck, now very uncomfortable, found all eyes centred on him.

"Sam was chewing the rag with him, too, before he hit out," some one said.

"Look here, Mr. Breck," Shunk Wilson continued. "You've ben interrupin' proceedings, and you got to explain the meanin' of it. What was you chinnin' about?"

Breck cleared his throat timidly and replied.

"I was just trying to buy some grub."

"What with?"

"Dust, of course."

"Where'd you get it?"

Breck did not answer.

"He's ben snoopin' around up the Stewart," a man volunteered. "I run across his camp a week ago when I was huntin'. An' I want to tell you he was almighty secretious about it."

"The dust didn't come from there," Breck said. That's only a low-grade hydraulic proposition."

"Bring you poke here an' let's see your dust," Wilson commanded.

"I tell you it didn't come from there."

"Let's see it just the same."

Breck made as if to refuse, but all about him were menacing faces. Reluctantly, he fumbled in his coat pocket. In the act of drawing forth a pepper can, it rattled against what was evidently a hard object."

"Fetch it all out!" Shunk Wilson thundered.

And out came the big nugget, fist-size, yellow as no gold any onlooker had ever seen. Shunk Wilson gasped. Half a dozen, catching one glimpse, made a break for the door. They reached it at the same moment, and, with cursing and

scuffling, jammed and pivoted through. The judge emptied the contents of the pepper can on the table, and the sight of the rough lump-gold sent half a dozen more toward the door.

"Where are you goin'?" Eli Harding asked, as Shunk started to follow.

"For my dogs, of course."

"Ain't you goin' to hang him?"

"It'd take too much time right now. He'll keep till we get back, so I reckon this court is adjourned. This ain't no place for lingerin'."

Harding hesitated. He glanced savagely at Smoke, saw Pierre beckoning to Louis from the doorway, took one last look at the lump-gold on the table, and decided.

"No use you tryin' to get away," he flung back over his shoulder. "Besides, I'm goin' to borrow your dogs."

"What is it?—another one of them blamed stampedes?" the old blind trapper asked in a queer and petulant falsetto, as the cries of men and dogs and the grind of the sleds swept the silence of the room.

"It sure is," Lucy answered. "An' I never seen gold like it. Feel that, old man."

She put the big nugget in his hand. He was but slightly interested.

"It was a good fur-country," he complained, "before them danged miners come in an scared back the game."

The door opened, and Breck entered.

"Well," he said we four are all that are left in camp. It's forty miles to the Stewart by the cut-off I broke, and the fastest of them can't make the round trip in less than five or six days. But it's time you pulled, out Smoke, just the same."

Breck drew his hunting knife across the other's bonds, and glanced at the woman.

"I hope you don't object?" he said, with significant politeness.

"If there's goin' to be any shootin'," the blind man broke out, "I wish somebody'd take me to another cabin first."

"Go on, an' don't mind me," Lucy answered. "If I ain't good enough to hang a man, I ain't good enough to hold him."

Smoke stood up, rubbing his wrists where the thongs had impeded the circulation.

"I've got a pack all ready for you," Breck said. "Ten days' grub, blankets, matches, tobacco, an axe, and a rifle."

"Go to it," Lucy encouraged. "Hit the high places, Stranger. Beat it as fast as God'll let you."

"If you'll listen to me, you'll head down for the Stewart and the Yukon," Breck objected. "When this gang gets back from my low-grade, hydraulic proposition, it will be seeing red."

Smoke laughed and shook his head.



"HELLO! SPIKE; HELLO! METHODY," SHE GREETED THE FROST-RIMMED MEN.

"I'm going to have a square meal before I start," Smoke said. "And when I start it will be up the McQuestion, not down. I want you to go along with me, Breck. We're going to search that other bank for the man that really did the killing."

"I can't jump this country, Breck. I've got interests here. I've got to stay and make good. I don't care whether you believe me or not, but I've found Surprise Lake. That's where that gold came from. Besides, they took my dogs, and I've got to wait to get them back. Also, I know

what I'm about. There was a man hidden on that bank. He came pretty close to emptying his magazine at me."

Half an hour afterward, with a big plate of moose-steak before him and a big mug of coffee at his lips, Smoke half-started up from his seat. He had heard the sounds first. Lucy threw open the door.

"Hello, Spike; hello, Methody," she greeted the two frost-rimed men who were bending over the burden on their sled.

"We just come down from Upper Camp," one said, as the pair staggered into the room with a fur-wrapped object which they handled with exceeding gentleness. "An' this is what we found by the way. He's all in, I guess."

"Put him in the near bunk there," Lucy said.

She bent over and pulled back the furs, disclosing a face composed principally of

large, staring, black eyes and of skin, dark and scabbed by repeated frost-bite, tightly stretched across the bones.

"If it ain't Alonzo!" she cried, "You pore, starved devil!"

"That's the man on the other bank," Smoke said in an undertone to Breck.

"We found it raidin' a cache that Harding must a-made," one of the men was explaining. "He was eatin' raw flour an' frozen bacon, an' when we got 'm he was cryin' an' squealin' like a hawg. Look at him! He's all starved, an' most of him frozen. He'll kick at any moment."

* * * * *

Half an hour later, when the furs had been drawn over the face of the still form in the bunk, Smoke turned to Lucy.

"If yon don't mind, Mrs. Peabody, I'll have another whack at that steak. Make it thick and not so well done."

[In the June issue of MacLean's Magazine, the Sixth Tale in the Smoke Bellew Series, "The Race for Number One," will appear.]

The Daffodil

To-day I crossed the grass until
I met a yellow daffodil,
Who took such tink steps and slow,
I wondered if I saw her go:
She seemed to tremble in the grass:
I stood quite still to let her pass,
And whispered soft as kelpies do,
"It's corners make *you* dizzy too?"
I couldn't hear one word she said:
She held her arms above her head,
And it was shiny gold, but all
The rest of her was green and tall.
I waited—*hours*—until I thought
The little way that she had got
Was making her feel shy maybe,
—And not to be as big as me:
I kissed her then and left her there
Turning the corner with great care:
I could not hear one word she said
But hoped that she was comforted.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING, in *The Craftsman*.

McBride's Winning Ways

POWER OF PERSONALITY IS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE SUCCESSFUL CAREER OF THE PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

By H a r r i s L. A d a m s

THE private door leading into the office of the Provincial Secretary opened softly and almost before we were aware of it, a tall man had stepped into the room. He was a striking figure. A halo of whitening hair surmounted a pale, round face, from which a pair of kindly eyes looked somewhat languidly about. Clean-shaven lips accentuated a firm and serious mouth. The shoulders had a slight stoop. The appearance was that of a man of calm and dignified bearing, radiating a soothing influence like that of some great-hearted and capable physician.



Hon. Richard McBride.

When he spoke his accents still further emphasized the curious resemblance to a medical practitioner. In soft even tones he broke into our conversation, wielding an assured authority that could occasion no resentment. With the doctor's suavity and precision, he issued a few terse orders, to which the Provincial Secretary replied as briefly. Then, turning, he was about to leave the room, when my companion stopped him. Next moment my suspicions were confirmed and I found myself shaking hands with the Honourable Richard McBride, First Minister of British Columbia.

The all-conquering premier of the western province is the most genial of men. Cordiality gushes from lip, eye and hand like water from perennial springs. He is right up and over the barrier that keeps most men apart long before you can lower the topmost bars. His tone is intimate, but not familiar. It is as if he said in a whisper: "Look here, my dear fellow, let's put formality aside right off; you know who I am and I know who you are, so what's the use of standing on ceremony?"

In a long and pleasant interview with the Honorable Richard the following morning, when, having successfully passed the green baize door, I found myself in his roomy private office, the impressions of the previous day were confirmed. Can you picture bluff Sir James of Toronto, or the Honorable Robert, of Winnipeg, the Honorable George, of Halifax, or the Honorable Arthur, of Edmonton, reclining at ease in a swivel chair and actually gossiping for half an hour with a wandering journalist whom he had never set eyes on before in his life? It is inconceivable. Yet this is the manner of the Premier of British Columbia. His friendliness is contagious. He imparts a sense of comradeship in life's battle which is most heartening. When you leave him, your sensations might very well be those of a cat, which he had picked up affectionately and stroked gently until it purred with delight.

If, as some of his detractors would have it, the premier's manner is studied, it must be admitted that he is a supreme artist in deception. No one could possibly adopt a more successful pose as a whole-souled cordial individual than he, and surely it were a shame to think so poorly of his sincerity as to accuse him of being doublefaced. His whole career points to a different conclusion. The boy is father of the man, the Premier McBride's boyhood, uninfluenced of a surety by political ambitions, is proof enough that he is a natural-born prince of good fellows.

It is undoubtedly the case that there is a remarkable resemblance between Mr. McBride and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, not only in personal appearance but in manner.

Looking at the former through half-closed eyes it is an easy matter to transform him into the latter. The face is a little fuller in the one case, but the figure is much the same. It may be true, as some would have us believe, that the premier of British Columbia, being aware of the similarity, has sought to accentuate it by studying the bearing and manner of the ex-premier of the Dominion. Granted that this is the case, there can surely be nothing reprehensible in this mild form of imitation.

In a province where the majority of the inhabitants have drifted in from other parts of the world, it is somewhat of a rarity to find a native-born citizen. This circumstance renders it all the more fitting that the prime minister should be able to claim the distinction of having been born within the province. His birth-place was the city of New Westminster, where his father held the post of warden of the provincial penitentiary for many years. The date of his birth was December 15, 1870.

As a boy young McBride was characterized by an exuberance of spirits that constantly led him into scrapes. If any mischief were on foot, be sure Dick was the ringleader. He early showed his aptitude for leadership by directing his school-boy chums in all their sports and escapades. Elderly folk in New Westminster, who recall the days when the premier was a youngster, cherish memories of him surrounded by a crowd of mischievous urchins, to whom he laid down the law with as much authority as he does to-day to his followers in the Legislature. He was then the prime minister of the spacious and somewhat lawless realm of boydom and apparently his rule was equally satisfactory to his subjects of that day as it is to the people of British Columbia now.

When he had graduated from the local schools, young McBride took it into his head that he would like to join a couple of his friends who were going east to study law at Dalhousie University at Halifax. One of these friends is to-day Judge Howay of New Westminster; the other, Mr. R. L. Reid. Arrangements were completed and the trio made the long transcontinental journey from the banks of the Fraser to the shores of the North Atlantic. At Dalhousie, the future premier, who had

by this time become more imbued with the seriousness of life, applied himself zealously to the study of law and in 1890 at the early age of nineteen received the bachelor's degree.

Returning to New Westminster, he entered the law firm of Corbould & McColl, where he gained a few years' practical experience. Then with W. J. Whiteside, another young lawyer in the same office, he went into business for himself and a sign bearing the name McBride & Whiteside, suddenly appeared on the main street in all the glory of fresh paint. However, the partnership lasted only a short time; Mr. Whiteside withdrew and the senior partner was left alone in his glory.

Mr. McBride was regarded as ordinarily a good lawyer, with perhaps a special fondness for handling criminal cases. At any rate during the few years that he was in active practice he conducted quite a number of these cases with marked ability. Since he went into politics he has never gone back to the practice of his profession.

The politically eventful year, 1896, now approached. Dissension in the Conservative party at Ottawa led to a dissolution and a general election was in order. The Liberals of New Westminster selected Mr. Auley Morrison as their candidate. The Conservatives nominated a Mr. Atkinson. Young McBride jumped into the fight with all his heart and soul, taking the stump for the Conservative candidate. The contest gave every promise of being a most exciting one, when almost at the last moment, Atkinson grew nervous and withdrew. A hurry-up meeting of the Conservative leaders was held to see what could be done. It seemed as if no one could be found to snatch up the Conservative standard and lead the party into the fight. Finally McBride's name was suggested. Would he lead the forlorn hope? It did not take him long to decide. It was a chance he did not care to lose and so a few days later he was formally nominated to contest the riding against Mr. Morrison. That he did not win was due not so much to his immaturity as to the great national forces which fought against his party.

The taste of political life thus afforded him, gave him a craving for more excitement of the same sort. A provincial election followed the Dominion election after

an interval of two years. The fact that he sought political preferment and was withal a popular and clever young man worked in his favor and the electors of Dewdney gave such support to his candidature that he was returned for that riding by a large majority.

At the time, political conditions in British Columbia were in an unsatisfactory state. There was no division on party lines in the House. The premier for the time-being held office on the sufferance of a number of members who might bolt at any moment and who had to be kept in line by a number of questionable expedients. While party government might have its evils, non-party government was a degree worse. The changes incident to such a system were frequent and harmful.

When the young member for Dewdney entered the House, two other gentlemen of some note also made their initial appearance. These were the Hon. Joseph Martin, recently arrived from Winnipeg, and the Hon. James Dunsmuir. The irrepressible "Joe" Martin soon after became premier of the province. During his short term of office he honestly tried to break up the objectionable system, but opposition was too strong for him and he had to resign. In June, 1900, the Lieutenant-Governor called on Mr. Dunsmuir to form an administration. In the cabinet then formed Richard McBride was included as Minister of Mines and in due course he was endorsed by the electors of Dewdney.

But the days of rapid-fire changes in British Columbia politics were not yet over. All went well for a year, but strong opposition developing, the premier was led to temporize. He sought to secure the favor of Joseph Martin by inviting J. C. Brown, who had been finance minister in the previous administration, to join his cabinet as provincial secretary. This was more than McBride could swallow and on September 3, 1901, he resigned his portfolio. From then, until June 1, 1903, he led the opposition in the House.

Premier Dunsmuir resigned in November, 1902, and was succeeded by Colonel Prior. Colonel Prior held out until the following June when he, too, was forced to give in. On withdrawing, he suggested to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, that Richard McBride was

the right man to call upon to form a government. Sir Henri, a strong Liberal, hesitated to place the power in the hands of an avowed Conservative like McBride, but the latter's winning personality had influenced the old gentleman in his favor and he finally sent for him.

The new premier's first act was to dissolve the legislature and appeal to the country. And what was more, he announced that he would stand or fall as a Conservative and not as a man of no party at all. The issue was a straight party one and the contest that followed was fought on party lines for the first time in the history of provincial politics. Mr. McBride, himself, again stood for Dewdney. The election was a close one and after the smoke had blown away it was found that the premier had won the day by a narrow margin.

At subsequent elections held in 1907 and 1909, Mr. McBride increased his support, until in the House which just dissolved his opposition had dwindled to one Liberal and two Socialists. His remarkable hold on the popularity of the people of the province was again attested in the election of March 28, when he swept the country and obliterated every Liberal candidate.

When Richard McBride first essayed public speaking he evinced a nervousness and timidity that bade fair to spoil his career. He was little more than a big, bashful boy, long and lanky, and painfully aware that all eyes were upon him. It was an ordeal for him to mount a platform. However, much practice soon gave him the necessary assurance and he presently became quite glib. The story is still told of how he once talked the House into submission. It was one of those occasions when only a very determined and a very able man could win out. He was leading the opposition at the time and the object to be gained was to prevent the government from putting through some obnoxious measure. He took the floor and spoke continuously for eighteen hours. Then, when he saw the ministers beginning to show signs of caving in, he remarked, with a touch of that Irish wit, which he inherited from his parents, "Now, Mr. Speaker, with these few preliminary remarks, I shall enter upon the main por-

tion of my speech." This was enough to clinch the matter and the young orator presently sat down in triumph.

The premier now controls the House very much as he used to control the "gang" over at New Westminster. He is still very much of the big boy, even in looks, and his manner is certainly boyishly frank. While he would scarcely be so indecorous as to bump the heads of two members together, he can administer verbal thrashings, which are quite as potent. Sarcasm, which in boyhood days can have such a sting, is a weapon that he still uses to good effect. Once when he was speaking and had made a certain statement of fact, a new member rose up angrily and shouted, "'Tis not so." The premier looked around benignly at the interrupter for a second or two and then, turning to the chair, remarked in those calm, precise tones of his, "Mr. Speaker, the honorable member has made his maiden speech in this House. I congratulate him on the terseness and force of his remarks." It was cleverly done and only Richard McBride could have handled a situation so adroitly.

It is only of recent years that the dignity which surrounds the office has begun to influence the people of the province in their attitude towards the man. Time was when everybody called him Dick. To-day he is usually called Mr. McBride to his face and *Dick* McBride behind his back. In his old home town, of course, it is quite impossible to obliterate the pet name and, when he visits the haunts of his youth, he receives it right and left. His exalted position makes no difference. To illustrate this, a year or so ago he went out for a motor ride with two or three friends, and the roads being in poor shape, the chauffeur ran the car along cautiously. The speed did not suit the premier, who is a good sport, and he kept urging the driver to go faster. Finally the worried chauffeur blurted out, "Hang it all, Dick, how can you expect a man to go any faster on this road." Such familiarity sounds strange to those who do not know the man

but the incident merely illustrates how close and personal is the tie which binds him to the people.

It has been remarked that Richard McBride is a good sport. Though he has never played any games himself, he is an enthusiastic admirer of lacrosse and is, indeed, one of the trustees of the Minto Cup. A game of lacrosse at New Westminster will bring him over from the capital when nothing else on earth would move him. He is very fond of fishing and invariably spends a couple of weeks each summer with two or three boon companions at Pitt Lake, where he enjoys his favorite sport to his heart's content. As a canoeist he is an expert and can ride any kind of water. In fact, he might well be called Daredevil Dick so fearless is he on the water. Five years ago he and three friends had been in camp for two weeks at Stave Lake and were returning homewards across the Lake in a couple of canoes. The premier was in a small fourteen foot craft. The weather was very threatening and it would have been the part of prudence to turn back and wait another day. But always ready to take chances, he determined to proceed. In the voyage across he and his companion were swamped three times and the last time the pair remained in the water two hours before they were picked up. Invariably cool and collected, the premier is particularly distinguished in times of danger. When most men would be absorbed in their efforts to escape the peril, he is usually to be found talking light-heartedly of anything else in the world.

It may be, as some would have us believe, that in mental calibre, Premier McBride falls below certain members of his cabinet. This is debateable. Even were it the case, he possesses something that very few public men can boast and that is the ability of making men his friends. In this, he resembles Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. However much he may lack in other respects, this single trait enables him to conquer where men of the greatest ability would often fail.

Under Fire

By Archie P. McKishnie

OF Dayton, his associates has this to say, that never once had his nimble fingers made a mistake in handling money. That was because they did not know Dayton as Dayton knew himself. Those nimble fingers of the teller had made one mistake, one big mistake; Dayton knew it and one other person knew it. Others were bound to know it.

He sighed as he brushed the stack of bills into the drawer. It was his breathing-spell between the tides. The noon whistles had blown; the whole office was drowsy and still. Dayton glanced about him. He was alone in the bank. Even Humpty, the lame old ledger-keeper, had slipped out to lunch. His eyes roamed about his steel cage, finally resting on the brown automatic revolver lying close on his right hand. He reached over and drew it towards him, then pushed it away with a shudder.

The teller drew a crumpled letter from his pocket and spread it out before him on the counter. He had read the letter once before that morning. There are times when a man should make sure:—

"When your letter came I took it out in the old arbor where we two spent so many happy moments. I kissed it before I read it; then I followed its lines and something died in me. I had always thought you brave and honest. Your confession brands you a thief and a coward. You stole two thousand dollars. You gambled it away in a game of which you knew nothing. Those who won the money from you are men compared with you. They at least possess sufficient courage to rob openly. If you thought I would consider your babyish confession manly, you were wrong. I can't see it that way. Of course all is over between us. I enclose check for the amount of your shortage. I know it will be acceptable to you because it will save you from jail. The only

stipulation I make is that you go away where I shall never see your face again.

Annie Walter."

Dayton read the letter through with drawn face. He deliberately detached the check from it and enclosed the same in a plain envelope which he sealed, addressed and stamped, and dropped into a letter box. A faint blush had wiped the dead greyness from his face. He leaned wearily against the cage and once again his eyes roamed to the revolver. After all there was only the one way out, a cowardly way, to be sure.

He lifted his head quickly as a step sounded in the hall. It passed, and again Dayton reached for the revolver. Then a voice spoke in a crisp, cold tone of command:

"Throw out those bank notes."

Dayton lifted his head slowly and the red mist rolled away from his brain. A man with a black mask across his eyes was looking in at him, and in the brown lean face below the mask the teller marked coolness and determination.

"Throw out the money and be quick," demanded the man; "no foolin' son. I've got you covered."

It flashed upon Dayton that here stood his deliverer. No one except himself knew the amount of cash on hand. Nobody need ever know—

He swayed upright and with trembling hand opened the cash drawer.

But SHE knew! He would take the other way out. It, too, was a deliverance. He slammed the door shut again and stood erect with a laugh.

"To h—— with you," he said, and reached for the automatic.

What happened then is not very distinct to Dayton. He remembered facing the red-yellow spurts of flame, his left arm falling limp by his side, then of standing alone in a fog of blue smoke with a salty taste in his mouth and a smoking revolver

in his hand. He saw people rush into the building and some of them bent above a huddled form near the door. He remembered unlocking his cage door to go out and see what was the matter—then came forgetfulness.

When Dayton opened his eyes again he was lying between cool sheets. Through an open window came the breath of white

breeze, alive with the scent of lilacs, beating his face—memory came back to him.

After all, he had not accepted deliverance. He felt a soft cool hand on his forehead, and Dayton opened his eyes.

"Annie," he whispered, wonderingly, "you?"

He noticed that her face was pale and that her lips trembled.



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON-12

HE FELT A SOFT, COOL HAND ON HIS FOREHEAD AND DAYTON OPENED HIS EYES.

lilacs. The flowers made him think of an old arbor and a girl, and these brought other vague thoughts. He wanted to turn his face to the wall but the attempt made him groan with pain. His left arm was bound and bandaged tightly in splints. He wondered where he was; how he came to be there; and then, with the sunset

"I was close at hand when it happend, Jack," she spoke. "I was coming to you to ask your forgiveness for writing that horrid letter. I made them bring you here."

"Here?" His tired eyes opened wide—"Here?" he repeated; "here to my home?"

He turned his face toward the breeze

and the twilight and the breath of lilacs. The tears were forcing themselves from between his eyelids. He did not want her to know—

She walked around the bed and knelt beside him.

"I'm not worth it, Annie," he managed to say.

"No, no," she cried quickly—"Jack, you are a hero. Everybody is talking about how you effected the capture of the notorious Darkin."

"Darkin?" he said, "was it Darkin?"

"Yes, and you have won the reward of \$2,000 offered for his capture, Jack," she cried hysterically. "Here, shall I read you the account?—the paper is full of it."

"Then I didn't kill him?"

"No, no, he is badly wounded, but will recover—Jack—"

"Yes, Annie."

"Will you forgive me dear—forgive me for calling you that? I am very sorry—I am—"

Her brown head sank low and nestled against his breast.

"Why should you," he whispered, "why should you ask forgiveness of me?—No, it is I—I—"

"You are shivering," she exclaimed, fearfully.

"I am thinking. I am thinking what will happen when—when they count the cash to-night."

After a time she spoke:

"I just came from the bank, Jack. Mr. Winters, the manager, asked me to tell you that he would be over to see you to-night. He gave me some good news for you. You are to be made manager of the H—— branch of the bank."

Dayton laughed oddly. "He will change his mind," he said quickly.

"I left the money you put in your pocket—when—when Darkin grabbed for it, Jack," said the girl impetuously,—"the twenty hundred-dollar bills—you remember? I thought you would want them—Mr. Winter to know—"

"The money?" said Dayton, dazedly—"there was no money in my pocket—Darkin did not——"

He ceased speaking, and with a strong arm raised the girl's eyes on a level with his own.

"You mean?" he queried.

She nodded grimly, and then she threw her arms about his neck and with a happy little laugh pressed his hot face against her deliciously cool one.

"I'm only loaning it, Jack," she whispered. "When you get the reward you—you can pay—"

She whispered the rest of the sentence very softly—

"US back."

The Best is Yet to Be

For all men, small as well as great, even for those who have succeeded, and conquered apparently all honors, it is true that the best is yet to be. Heroic Paul, earth's most intrepid and earth's sublimest spirit, standing forth in old age, with a thousand victories behind him, knew that he had not yet attained. No matter what your success, I appeal from the seed to the coming sheaf, from the acorn to the coming oak, from this little spring to the future river, from your ignorance to wisdom, from your fragmentary tool or law or custom to perfect virtue, from the broken arc to the full circle, from the white cloud to the stars that are above the clouds. Because life is in a series of ascending climaxes, and because it waxes ever richer and richer, for every man, whether young or old, it is better farther on, and the best is yet to be. Heaven lies yonder.—*Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.*

The Man With a Purpose

THE WORLD INSTINCTIVELY MAKES WAY FOR THE RESOURCEFUL MAN WITH AN UNSWERVING AIM IN LIFE

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

What a splendid insurance against all sorts of evil resides in a mighty purpose, in a magnificent life aim! How our sense of a great, splendid dignity keeps us from wallowing in the mire of sensuality, or plodding on in commonness and mediocrity when we are capable of ascending the heights where superiority dwells. How a great purpose keeps us from being satisfied with the low, the ordinary, the inferior, with a cheap success!"

THERE is a big difference between being rooted to a vocation and being loosely attached to it. There must be no wavering, floundering or wobbling in a successful career. One must make his choice and stick to his aim, sacrificing everything which conflicts with his master purpose.

What would you think of a young man starting out for himself with a small cash capital who should split it all up, investing small amounts in all sorts of enterprises, instead of concentrating it in the business which he knows most about? You would think it would be fatal. Yet, you may do more foolish things by splitting up your energies, putting a little into this and a little into that, never going far enough in any one thing to become an expert.

A great many people fritter away their lives on little things. There is no great purpose running through their careers. Many of us would find in the analysis of our abilities and faculties that although we have worked very hard, we have failed because we never learned to concentrate our minds. We have scattered our forces on a great many things. If we had expended the same amount of vitality and brain power upon one line, we might have achieved distinction and fortune. Thousands in the great failure army have done enough work to have accomplished something worth while had they concentrated their efforts. In talking with men who

have been business failures, I have been struck by the great number of things they attempted. They worked a little while at one vocation, then at something else, always doing drudgery, the hard work, going through the preliminaries, the difficult things in an occupation, but never far enough for the returns which come from completeness, expertness, and skill. Thus, what they did was drudgery instead of a delight. This dipping into many things superficially is a most demoralizing business; for no occupation will yield anything worth while to the beginner. It is only after he has mastered it and become an expert that he reaps the harvest.

A man's attitude towards his work is a good gauge of his character. If one is so intimately and vigorously attached to his life work that it is impossible to separate him from it, it is a pretty good indication of a strong character.

The man with a clean-cut purpose avoids entangling alliances, unfortunate business associations and all sorts of temptations. He keeps away from negative characters as much as possible because they divert his aim. The man with a purpose is constructive, creative. There is nothing of the negative about him.

The cultivation of a purpose is a tremendous strengthener of the initiative, is a wonderful aid to achievement.

People who allow their ambitions to de-

teriorate find their life purpose disintegrating.

There are plenty of people with good ability who fail in life, simply because they never learn to concentrate their power. They scatter their efforts. They do not seem able to focus upon any one thing. Yet one talent vigorously focussed will accomplish more than ten talents scattered, just as a thimbleful of powder, confined in a cartridge behind the ball, will perform more execution than a carload of loose gun-powder burned in the open.

A very bright young man once said to me that he believed the idea of learning a trade, or learning a business from the bottom up, the spending of years mastering a business, was entirely unnecessary. He thinks that if a young man has anything in him, he can win success in a tithe of the time most people take, and without all the years of drudgery and anxiety which the average successful man puts in the process. I have watched this young man's career for years with great interest, because I have been anxious to see how his philosophy would work out. He has been six or seven years floundering about in his effort to get established, but he has not yet found his "short-cut to success," nor is he much nearer his goal than when he started.

He made a few lucky hits at the outset, which came largely from his over-confidence and self-assurance in plunging, and which would come to almost anyone in whom many falls and mistakes and losses have not developed a great deal of caution. These few lucky hits gave him the "swelled head" to such a degree that it is very doubtful whether he will ever be willing to buckle down to the hard work and drudgery necessary to success in all legitimate lines of endeavor. He has developed the gambling instinct, and I should not be surprised to see him one day with a lot of money, and the next day with none. His career will never have that dignified, steady onward sweep and stolidity which would have been possible to a young man with his ability willing to pay the legitimate price for success in downright hard work, in gradual persistent promotion which comes from the constant betterment of one's best.

The man with a purpose does not spend a lot of his time and waste his precious energies upon side lines until he has conquered the main line.

He is not always looking for short cuts to success, does not resort to all sorts of chance methods and wildcat schemes for getting on.

The man with a purpose keeps his eye on his goal. He does not veer to the right or to the left, although paradise tempt him. His one unwavering aim gives him great energy of concentration.

There is no lasting success in anything without an all absorbing purpose.

I know a young man with splendid ability, fine training, and a supero personality, who in his early life did not seem to have any purpose. His mind was like a stagnant swamp. He finally discovered that he was standing still, was getting stale, and he began to develop an aim. This created a current through his stagnant mental swamp. Everything began to clear up. Doubt and uncertainty, a tendency to waver and wobble disappeared. Just as soon as the water felt itself moving, doing something, it began to sparkle and became as clear as crystal. Finally, there was a strong current of one unwavering aim developed, and this once purposeless youth became a vigorous, powerful man.

A great purpose gives a new meaning, an added power to all the faculties. The aim is the leader of all the mental forces. Without it everything becomes meaningless, but when purpose leads, confidence increases, and all the faculties are strengthened and buttressed for effective life work.

Look over the assets of the average man who fails to get on in life and the chances are that you will find all sorts of worthless mining stocks, oil stocks, and other wildcat ventures. These were the "short-cut methods" by which he had expected to reap a fortune.

Compare these assets with those of the level-headed man, a man who investigates carefully and does not jump into every new scheme that comes along, and in the comparison of these assets you will find the gauge of the man. The difference in the character of these assets will give you

the difference in the measure and calibre of the man.

Whatever you do be *all* there. Bring the *whole* of yourself to your task. This will be a wonderful help and a stimulus to you throughout your life. The habit of abandoning yourself with your whole soul to whatever you turn your hand to is an admirable training in concentration.

There is only one way to do great things; that is, to bring the entire man to a focus upon the thing he chooses to do. It is only great concentration of all one's powers upon one thing that wins. Splitting up the ability upon a half dozen things is fatal to all effectiveness.

I have noticed a great many youths in their climb towards success; and what has hindered them most has come from forgetting the great life purpose. If this is strong enough it will drive out a score of conflicting aims and the side issues which upset the man with a weak purpose.

In reading the history of men and women who have done great things, you will find that whatever they did outside of their great life aim was subordinate to it. They were dominated by a powerful purpose, and they never allowed themselves to forget their one great overmastering aim. They kept their minds clear from the rubbish of half-decided questions, of half-finished tasks. They set their wills firmly against all sorts of inducements which would tempt them away from their aim, distract their attention, weaken their energy of decision, their

power to focus their faculties with vigor and force.

"Genius is intensity." Many men who have done great things have not been geniuses, but they had the power of concentration, the ability to focus all the strength they had upon one thing, and to hold the mind steadily, firmly, persistently from wandering until they had achieved their aim.

In this age of great competition, the only hope the young man has of accomplishing anything worth while is by a oneness of aim, a concentration of energy, or centralization by powerful focusing of his energies on one thing. You cannot afford to waste force.

What would you think of a great army commander, who on the eve of a decisive battle, should allow his men to waste their ammunition in shooting small game, or in firing at targets?

The faculties deteriorate when working without a definite aim. The intellect is built upon a unity plan, like the great bridges which span over mighty rivers. The separate wires and bolts and bars and stringers do not mean anything by themselves, but they mean a great deal when combined in one great purpose.

There is anarchy among the faculties until they have a leader which will give them direction and aim; but it is astonishing how everything in a man will rush to his assistance the moment there is something definite for which to work.

Makers of Our Own Destiny

Every man is hour by hour fashioning his own character, in every unsuspected moment he is constructing his final destiny. Life is built up and fashioned from within, every single movement of mind and heart and spirit aids the great consummation. And what life shall be, either in splendor or shame, lies in the tireless hands of the uncompromising fashioners of destiny—Thought, Love, and Choice.—Rev. G. B. Austin.



AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS SUCH AS THIS FREQUENTLY RESULT FROM A RECKLESS CARELESSNESS ON THE PART OF SPEEDERS. MACHINES ARE OFTEN DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR AND SOMETIMES LIVES ARE SACRIFICED.

The Penalty of Speeding

AUTOMOBILES ARE NOT THE DEADLY MACHINES SOMETIMES PICTURED UNLESS OPERATED BY RECKLESS DRIVERS

By James P. Moir

While a great many of the automobile accidents which are reported weekly in Canada are due primarily to carelessness on the part of the general public, not a few of them are attributable to recklessness on the part of drivers. The question insofar as pedestrians are concerned has already been dealt with in these columns; in this article the case of the drivers is considered. It is well illustrated in the story telling why one enthusiast, after a brief, but memorable experience, disposed of his automobile at a sacrifice.

THAT automobiles are by no means the deadly machines they have sometimes been pictured is established by the recent report of the Massachusetts Highway Commission, which regulates the street and road traffic, and investigates all accidents in that State.

For instance, are automobiles as dangerous to human life as street cars? The figures compiled by the commission constitute a powerful defence for the motor car. They show that the automobile, on the average, travels over 2,400,000 miles before causing a fatal accident, whereas there is a fatality for every 800,000 miles travelled by trolley cars. As far as all classes of accidents are concerned, fatal or not fatal, there is one for every 12,000 miles covered by trolleys, and only one to every

290,000 miles traveled by automobiles. In this comparison, the motor car comes out 24 times better than the street car!

And it isn't as if things were getting worse all the time. In the last two years the number of automobiles had increased by 60 per cent., and yet the accidents had increased by only 10 per cent. The ratio is constantly growing more and more in favor of the motor.

THE GREATEST EVIL.

Taken in general, therefore, Massachusetts, by its report, proves that automobiles are not as destructive as many people suppose. The main trouble seems to be that every little while, in Canada as elsewhere, there is almost an epidemic of unfortunate automobile accidents, which leads to a

belief that the machines are instruments of destruction. Such a conclusion, however, is scarcely warranted, for if the accidents of an extended period were considered it would be found that on the whole the figures are not alarming. Unfortunately there is no way of giving definite figures for Canadian provinces or cities in this connection, because there are no bureaus which collect such statistics.

The figures of bureaus in the States, however, indicate that the greatest cause of automobile accidents, fatal and otherwise, is reckless operation, and the same conditions no doubt apply to Canada. In the Massachusetts report, to which reference has been made, the causes of suspensions and revocations of drivers' licenses were: Reckless operation, 50; operating while under influence of intoxicating liquor, 22; accidents resulting in death, 57; improper operation, 88; refusing or neglecting to stop after accident, 9; three over-speeding convictions, 8; operating automobile without owner's permission, 23; other offences, 26; total, 283.

Undoubtedly recklessness and carelessness in operation constitute the gravest peril which attends automobiling, and threatens its popularity to-day.

SOME EXAMPLES OF RECKLESSNESS.

A writer in *Country Life* recently gave a couple of notable examples of reckless automobiling, in the course of which he cited the following advertisement:

FOR SALE.—On account of road-hogs, Buick touring car, 1910; \$900; bargain; top, coverslip. Presto-lite, windshied, speedmetor; no dickering or change of figures.

Behind this newspaper advertisement, which is given exactly as it was printed, is the story of one man who wanted to enjoy the pleasures of automobiling, but was forced to give it up because of what he termed "road-hogs." He is not a timorous man, but he valued his life, and the lives of others who might ride with him, too highly to take the risk in the pursuit of pleasure, especially when the danger arose from the recklessness of others. His experience was, doubtless, the same as that of many others who dare not venture out on the highways while drivers of this

kind are allowed to race about unrestrained.

The writer then proceeds to detail the incident in the following strain:

Mr. X, as we shall call him, had longed to own an automobile for some time, but he withstood the arguments of many an agent because of the numerous accidents that had come to his notice. At length he yielded and bought an automobile, which he learned to operate skilfully.

When he had acquired confidence in his ability as a driver he ventured out upon a much traveled road, a part of the highway between New York and Boston. On the first day all went well, and he returned home feeling that he had exaggerated the dangers he imagined were lurking about in the form of reckless drivers. So he tried it again the next day, but it was not long before he had his first experience. As he was traveling along at a sane rate he heard behind him the roar of an approaching motor driven at full speed. He drew over to the right as far as possible to give plenty of room, and like a flash the other car passed him. Even though he was as far over as he could get, the other driver cut in ahead of him so closely that it was necessary for Mr. X to put on his brake to avoid colliding with the passing car. The speeder did not so much as glance back to see what might have happened to the other car.

That was the beginning of many similar experiences and others with speeders who come head on. The latter sort drive in the middle of the highway to which they cling most tenaciously, evidently counting on their terrific speed to frighten all other drivers into ditches and bushes along the roadside. It was an encounter of this kind that made Mr. X give up automobiling and insert the advertisement quoted above.

This happened one evening just after dark. As he approached a curve in the road he could hear an automobile coming toward him at high speed, but he could not see it on account of the turn ahead. With his usual caution he slowed down and waited for the other car to pass. It was fortunate that he took this precaution, otherwise a serious accident would have followed, for this "road-hog" was driving

on Mr. X's side of the road. He was able to check his speed considerably by applying the emergency brake, but when the two cars stopped, the radiators were pressing against each other.

There was no excuse for this fellow's presence on the wrong side of the road, and his reckless driving can be explained only by attributing his action to the stupidity we are accustomed to associate with his four-footed prototype.

That experience settled Mr. X so far as automobiling is concerned, and he thanked his lucky stars that he got off so easily. He disposed of his car in a few days.

His was by no means an isolated experience, for I have talked with others who feel as Mr. X does. They appreciate fully the almost limitless possibilities for wholesale enjoyment with the automobile, but are afraid to ride on a much traveled highway as long as such a menace to life and limb exists. With the present-day perfection in motor building and luxury of equipment the automobile is appealing to would-be purchasers more than ever; yet the "road-hog" is keeping a larger number of persons from buying than agents or manufacturers ever imagine.

A CRUSADE IS NECESSARY.

While accidents, due to reckless driving, are less numerous than one would expect, such experiences on the highway are sufficiently disquieting to sane drivers to mar greatly the pleasure of automobiling. Whenever there is an accident from this cause it usually happens that the offender gets off with less damage than his victim. There is an occasional exception, however,

as these pictures show, which ought to impress the most reckless driver. In this accident the driver was killed, two of his friends seriously injured, and the automobile wrecked beyond repair. The car driven by his victim lost only its two front wheels.

In this accident the reckless driver was a man who had a bad reputation all through the section in which he lived. He was never known to yield an inch; always driving at top speed in the middle of the road. On the day of the accident he was driving as usual when he approached the other car. The road was straight and both men could see each other plainly. The victim in this case pulled over to the right as far as the highway fence would permit, but the other driver never swerved. The road was none too wide for such big cars, and care should have been exercised. The speeder's front wheel struck the front wheel of the other automobile, whirling it around so that it hit his car in the side with such force as to cause it to leave the road and plunge into a tree by the highway. The picture of the wrecked car by the tree gives an idea of how fast it was going.

An active crusade against this evil, if conscientiously undertaken by automobile clubs and manufacturers, would bring about good results. It could be made effective by revoking the offending driver's license forever, so that he could not secure another anywhere. With so many irresponsible young men learning to drive cars and the liberal interpretations by some courts as to what constitutes a "reasonable rate of speed" the evil is bound to increase rather than diminish.

The Nation's Wealth

The wealth of any country is the portion of its possessions which feeds and educates good men and women. The strength and power of a country depend on the quantity of good men and women in it.—*Ruskin.*

The Wall of Ice

By William Hugo Pabke

"DON'T you think, my dear, that it would be as well if we moved into a larger house, now that we're—well—in comfortable circumstances?" Mr. Warriner glanced across the breakfast-table at his wife as he put the question.

"As you please," she answered in her unresponsive manner, evincing not the slightest interest in the suggestion.

John Warriner had grown up with Carsons ville. The success of the man was identified with that of the rapidly-growing Ontario town. So quietly, yet so surely, had he built; so unostentatious had been his life in the cottage on the town's chief residential street, that his neighbors never thought of him as a rich man. And yet, rich he was. He had first realized the fact two years ago, when old Abner Grout had offered him a fortune for a one-third partnership in his business.

In his quiet, repressed way, John had, ever since then, been pondering how best to devote his wealth to the augmenting of his wife's happiness. The fact that the most pretentious house in the town adjoined his property, and had stood vacant for some months, suggested a solution of the problem to the matter-of-fact merchant.

Finally, when he had definitely made up his mind to purchase it, he had tentatively suggested a change of residence to his wife. Her apparent indifference had not deterred him a particle. In fact, he would have been surprised had she shown any interest in the proposal. That very day he interviewed the agent for the property, and before night, the transfer was made.

"I have bought the Hayden place," he announced calmly that evening as he was finishing his supper.

"It's a beautiful house," admitted Mrs. Warriner. Then, after a pause: "Are we to live there?"

"I thought it would please you, Lucia," explained her husband.

The next few weeks were, on the whole, rather happy ones for Warriner. It was the first time in his life that he had spent money freely, and the very novelty of it held charm. He would have been entirely happy had his wife once shown, by either word or manner, her appreciation of his efforts to give her pleasure. However, he had become accustomed to her coldness—almost—and he never—consciously—expected recognition of any of his kindnesses.

One day, several months after they had moved into their new house, when the novelty had, in part, worn off, John came suddenly upon Lucia as she gazed out of the window toward the cottage with a wistful expression so intense that it was akin to pain.

"Aren't you happy here, Lucia?" he asked.

She turned toward him, revealing the glint of tears in her eyes. "I was happy in the old house," she replied simply.

She turned her gaze toward the window again, and the next moment, covering her face with both hands and sobbing bitterly, she hurried from the room.

It was the first time in their life together that John had ever seen her cry. His slow mind grappled with the problem; his love sought the solution of the mystery.

When next he saw her, she was her calm, collected self again; but he was not deceived.

"You need a change," he told her.

As usual, she passively acquiesced, and allowed John to send her off to her aunt's in Montreal for a long visit. As he parted from her on the train, he fancied that she let go his hand rather reluctantly. She seemed on the point of saying something more than a cool good-by; but after a moment's pause, she made a remark regarding some household matter in a non-committal tone, and John felt as though he were dismissed.

Left to himself, he bent his mind seriously to the problem of his life. He felt that a crisis had come; that he must militate against the subtle, intangible enemy that was robbing Lucia of happiness. In all things John was practical, matter-of-fact, work-a-day, except in his relations with his wife. He idolized her mutely, uncomprehendingly, with utter lack of the power of expression.

She had married him when she was seventeen at her dying father's command—so she had interpreted his request—and, at the time, she frankly did not love him. John never dared to believe that her love had since awakened. It was enough for him to live out his life at her side, dumbly adoring, striving ever for her happiness. This was what suddenly hurt him—the realization of the failure of his efforts. For himself it did not matter, but Lucia was not happy, and he had promised her and himself that she should be.

During long, lonely weeks he recalled the expression of wistfulness on her face as she had gazed toward the cottage. Suddenly, out of his love flashed an inspiration. It was like a spark of genius that transforms a child of the people into a benefactor of mankind, or an ordinary piece of work into a thing of imperishable beauty.

John spent the next two days in refurbishing the old house. From the store-rooms of the splendid Hayden place he brought forth all their old household goods. With his own hands he hung each picture, laid each rug, placed each chair in its exact position. Only inspiration could have guided him in the arrangement of the sitting-room. He set Lucia's work-basket on a low stool beside her chair; the book that she was reading on their last evening in the cottage lay open on the center-table.

Finally, when the cottage was in readiness, when every least detail was exactly as it had been during the first period of their married life, came a letter from Lucia announcing an approaching event, so wonderful, so unbelievable, that John reeled with the joy of it. In few words, calmly, as usual, Lucia let him know that she was coming home to experience the crowning joy of womanhood. A child was to be born to her.

John could not have told afterward how he lived through the days before Lucia's arrival. Plans and projects flitted through his brain; visions of happiness rose before him; tentative longings for Lucia's approval of his preparations teased him.

On the evening of her arrival, John drove to the station a full hour before train time. Unmindful of the crowd on the platforms, he walked up and down, anticipating the joy of welcoming his wife to their old home. As the train pulled in, he held himself in check, and, as he collected her baggage and helped her into the carriage, he was, if anything, more cool than Lucia herself.

During the drive home they spoke of little except trivial family happenings. As they turned their corner, John first broached the subject of the cottage.

"I have moved back to the old house, dear," he said, a hint of longing in his voice. "Do you mind?"

"Not in the least," replied Lucia in even tones.

Entering the cottage, Lucia went straight to the sitting-room without removing her wrap. She sat down in her favorite chair. From beneath half-closed lids she cast a quick glance round the room. Her color heightened and she opened her lips to speak; but, after a visible effort, she turned her head and remained silent.

John walked restlessly to and fro, the dull pain of disappointment in his heart. He longed to ask for a word, for a look, but his customary dumbness held him in its chains.

Presently Lucia arose and divested herself of her hat and cloak in her precise manner.

"It's good to be home," she sighed.

John waited expectantly.

"If you don't mind, I shall go right to bed; I'm very tired," she added.

* * * * *

There came a night when John paced up and down on the ground floor of the cottage, while Dr. Brownlow was in attendance up-stairs. Hope, dread, wonder, acute sympathy racked him and swayed him in turn. He lived over his life with Lucia and his heart was filled with bitterness against himself that he had

failed her. Their life together had been a failure—of that he was now convinced. It must have been his fault. He wondered if the newcomer would usurp all her affection. Then, he thrust the thought from him as unworthy.

Suddenly, down the stairs floated the sound of a new voice, wavering, unreal, filling the house with a strange new presence.

The doctor entered the sitting-room presently, smiling broadly. "Here, John," he said, holding out a sealed envelope. "Lucia wanted me to give you this. She says she wrote it on the night that you brought her home. All's going well," he added as he disappeared again.

With bated breath John opened the letter. He glanced at the first word, and recoiled with the shock of surprise. He brought his eyes back to the page, and read:

Beloved:—

You will wonder when you read this—you will not recognize me nor yourself. It is unlike me to write in this manner. And yet you have always been "Beloved" to me—no, not always—but for a long, long time. You have known it, haven't you? Even if I wasn't demonstrative?

It wasn't so at first, and I was always truthful. I didn't tell you I loved you when it was not so. Perhaps that is why the habit of not telling remained even after it was true. I shirked it for a while. Afterward, it didn't seem necessary. I was so sure of your love and I thought you were sure of mine.

But were you, dear? Oh, were you? If I thought that you had ever doubted I could never forgive myself—and there is so little time left. But I can't believe that you doubted. The wall grew ever higher and higher—the wall of dumbness, the seeming wall of ice—but did it matter?

What melted it was the completeness of your understanding—the delicacy of of your preceptions that prompted you to give me back the cottage.

Nothing wins a woman more surely, dear, than the knowledge that she is understood—than the experience of having her longings anticipated. And I needed no winning; I was yours, anyway.

I wish we might have more time together. Life is very sweet. It is very hard—no—I won't complain.

Dear one, good-by.

As John finished reading his wife's message, he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. A feeling of rebellion, of grief unbearable surged over him at the realization that his heart's desire had come too late. "The cruelty of it! The cruelty of it!" he moaned.

He was blinded by the vision of the sweetness of life as it might be with Lucia, a responsive Lucia by his side.

He flung himself from his chair and started for the stairs. In the hall he met the doctor who still wore his insufferable smile.

"Doctor!" gasped John. "Doctor, Lucia says she is going to die!"

"What of it?" said the physician amusedly.

"What of it! What of it! What do you mean?" cried John, a growing horror in his voice.

"Just because she says so is no reason it's true," said Brownlow, briskly. "Your wife was a queer woman, and she led you a dog's life. It wasn't her fault," he continued, waving aside John's protest; "she was abnormal. There was just one thing she needed—and now she's got it—a baby. A baby to hold in her arms and to make a human, normal mother and wife of her."

"And she's not going to—"

"Bosh!" exclaimed the old man, testily. "You can go up-stairs now and laugh at her—gently, gently."

In a moment, John was on his knees by his wife's bed.

"Lucia, Lucia," he murmured brokenly, "you guessed wrong; it's the beginning, dear, the beginning, not the end."

Her arm stole weakly about his neck.

"I believe you're right," she whispered.

Modernizing the Automobile

THE GREAT IMPROVEMENTS
HAVE BEEN WROUGHT THROUGH PERFECTION OF DETAIL
AND DEVELOPMENT OF SMALLEST PARTS

By Elbert Balmer

IN this age the man who would attain the highest degree of success must specialize. No person can drive half a dozen callings abreast. The demand is for skilled concentration. Provided he is afforded the opportunities necessary the worker with ability, training and experience will achieve the greatest success. Perhaps it should be added that he will, if he makes the proper use of his talents—if he is industrious. At any rate, genius excels in specialized service, which makes for progress whether it be in science, or commerce, or invention.

Possibly in no other branch of industry have specialists excelled more than in the manufacture of automobiles. The improvements have been steady and sustained—the result of constant study and experiments on the part of experts, even in the smallest details. Indeed, to the parts' manufacturer, is due no small share of the credit for the rapid development of the automobile industry. His work began at the time when twenty miles an hour was considered a dangerous speed on the road, when if an automobile would go a few miles without stopping for some adjustment it was considered good enough to rank with the best. Due in some degree to his efforts, stock cars are now built capable of going thousands of miles with the bonnet sealed or that may be driven in a race five hundred miles at seventy-four miles an hour without mechanical adjustment.

This perfection in these units the parts manufacturer supplies has been brought about, first, by specialization, the concentration of the force of an entire organization upon one or at most a very few articles; second, by co-operation with his customers, making use of their sugges-

tions for improvement, arising from their varied experience in the use of the article. As a result his product to-day represents as great a development as that shown by the automobile as a whole.

ADVANCE ALWAYS EXPECTED.

It is seldom, indeed, that any design is in such perfect form when first presented to the public that further improvement cannot be made. It may have shown such good results in the first trials that the makers were justified in placing it on the market, and while it may at all times have given a good account of itself, yet as it goes through the fire of the real test its use on thousands of cars of scores or hundreds of different makes, under all possible conditions of service, it must, to hold its popularity, be so refined and improved that just complaints shall be, not only largely, but entirely removed.

Different sizes or models for the varied conditions of service are usually required, and it is necessary also to make sure that the customer not only receives the proper size for his work, but that it shall be properly installed. The extra effort and expense this entails is an insurance against trouble that is well justified. Fortunately the average automobile designer is broad enough to realize that the accessory engineer, from his experience in hundreds of installations, is in position to solve satisfactorily any problems that may arise in the mounting or use of his product. Here the accessory manufacturer who is a specialist in his line co-operates to the direct advantage of the design of the car as a whole.

Any product as it approaches perfection must not only improve in design, but also a better selection of materials must be

made, if complaints ever arise from that source, and the standard of workmanship must be raised if greater accuracy is practical. It is surprising the great number of little refinements that can be made in an article really good in the first place where an organization is devoting its entire effort to it and has the benefit of experience under all condition of service on all weights and styles of cars.

CORRECT EVERY WEAKNESS.

A line may be changed at one point to improve appearance; an oil channel or an oil cup added to insure perfect lubrication at another point; a cover is added to exclude dust; one part of modified form is made to do the service of two or more used before; a dimension is increased, not because the part is really weak, but perhaps there was an occasion when, under particularly trying circumstances, that part bent, and that dimension must henceforth be beyond question.

It is these little improvements that gradually build up an article until it is safe, durable and satisfactory under all conditions of service, until it can be placed on a car and practically forgotten because of the entire absence of trouble from that source. When an article is very satisfactory it is in demand, which tends toward volume of business. Production in very large quantities permits of special machines, which not only reduce costs, but also make for greater accuracy and more perfect interchangeability.

Concentration on one article in the machine shop means constantly improved methods of doing work; special tools or jigs are devised for operations which would not be justified if made in a smaller way. The workmen attain the greatest possible skill, as in many instances one man will continue constantly at one operation.

Standardization and quantity production naturally reduce costs from the rough storeroom to the final assembling. The parts makers has in this way been able to do his share in lowering the price of the complete automobile.

The successful manufacturer has not allowed himself to rest with perfecting his product or lowering his costs, but has built up a service department, which enables him to make replacements with the least possible delay.

FOR PROGRESS AND PERMANENCY.

And so specializing has made for progress; not only that, it has made for permanency as well. It has enabled the parts manufacturer to secure for himself a permanent place in the automobile industry, and in making his product such that its use is a guarantee of the highest safety and efficiency he has contributed no little share to the advancement of the industry as a whole.

Every little while the cry goes up that the automobile business is on the wane, and that the bottom is about to drop out of it, as it did in the bicycle industry.

But those who have studied the problem realize that the call for motor cars of the standard high grade quality is steadily increasing. The companies that have been in business since the early years of the industry and that have built up a reputation for honest values in high grade products find no difficulty in marketing all the cars their factories are capable of producing.

The demand for high grade cars will never grow less. Aside from the health and pleasure motoring affords, there is a strong economic reason which will always insure a liberal use of these time savers. This reason lies in the fact that the daily struggle is to enlarge the sphere of human activity—to do more that we may get more and live better.

The human race has waited many centuries for a swifter means of locomotion which will save time, and, as we say, "time is money." Thus it greatly enlarges our field of activity—the goal toward which we have always been striving. The motor car does this to such an extent that it is its province to be bought—to be purchased in constantly growing numbers, for nothing can approach in many years its tremendous advantages.

Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES OF THE WORLD

The Kaiser as He Is

THE GERMAN EMPEROR was once called by the late Marquess of Salisbury "the most misjudged man in the world," and this is certainly true to a very large extent. One has to be brought into intimate personal contact with him to realize the sterling worth of his character. In fact, it might be said that there are two Kaisers—one who appears upon the surface, and the real man who underlies it all. Those who know him least refer to him as the "fire-brand of Europe," but nothing could be wider of the mark. As a matter of fact he is, and always has been, a great asset towards assuring the peace of the world. This may be deemed rather a startling assertion to make, but it is hoped before this article is completed to produce at least some evidence in support of the statement.

Such is the opinion of one "who is in intimate personal contact with the German Emperor," and who writes in *The Strand Magazine* with his personal permission. The character sketch is of particular interest because of the fact that numerous references are made to Great Britain. "In fact," asserts the writer, "the Kaiser has a very great liking for England and the English people, and an affection for the memory of the late Queen Victoria that almost amounts to veneration. He once said to a group of his officers that the two wisest and best monarchs that ever existed were Queen Victoria and his grandfather, the Emperor Wilhelm I.

"With two such grandparents," he added, with one of his whimsical smiles, "I ought to make a successful ruler." He frankly confesses that he has taken these two as his models throughout his life, and that when any crisis arises he asks himself what they would have done in like cir-

cumstances, and, so far as lies in his power, he endeavors to mould his attitude upon similar lines.

The Emperor is often referred to as "Europe's busiest monarch," and this is well deserved. Not only is he the head of a great empire, but, as has been said, he interests himself in many matters that do not directly concern him. Thus he has made it his business to pay visits to practically every European monarch and to pass a few days with them, in order that he might become personally acquainted with them and learn to study their characteristics and their general attitude towards questions of international importance. It is certain that since the death of the late King Edward no living ruler is so well known to the Royalties of Europe as is the Kaiser.

Reference has previously been made to the liking that the Kaiser evidently possesses for Great Britain and its people. His affection for the late King Edward was much more deeply rooted than the outside world will ever know. When the news was broken to him that his beloved uncle had passed away, those about him declare that the Emperor utterly broke down—possibly the only occasion upon record—and, putting his head on his arm, sobbed quietly to himself for several moments. Once he had recovered from the first shock, however, the innate man of action asserted himself. As though half-ashamed of the weakness into which he had been betrayed he gruffly, and in his most peremptory manner, gave instructions for instant preparations to be made for his immediate departure for London, adding that his severest displeasure would be incurred by anyone who delayed for even a few moments.

In many ways does the Emperor show his liking for this country. One to which reference may be made is the annual invitations he sends to the heads of the British army to witness the grand manoeuvres of the German forces. Such of our generals as are able to accept these invitations are immediately made honored guests, and are frequently entertained at His Majesty's own table, while privileges are accorded to them that are not granted to any officers of other nations. The Kaiser has the greatest admiration for the military abilities of the Duke of Connaught, and during the many occasions that his Royal Highness has witnessed the work of the German troops in the field the Emperor has kept him constantly by his side and has eagerly discussed the various happenings of the day with him as they took place. "I never talk upon military matters with the Duke of Connaught," he once remarked to a group of his officers, "but he teaches me something I did not know before."

It has been said with considerable truth that the Kaiser is never so happy as when he is changing from one uniform to another. The number of these that he possesses is simply wonderful, and there is certainly no other monarch in the world who can appear in so many changes of garb. At each of the Royal palaces several rooms are given up to the storage of His Majesty's personal clothing, and everything is so arranged that his body servants can lay their hands upon any particular uniform required at a moment's notice. Each complete outfit, down to the spurs and the shoulder-knots, are placed in separate airtight boxes specially manufactured to hold them. These are all conspicuously numbered on the outside, so that they may be forthcoming the moment they are wanted. To be kept waiting for a moment longer than he thinks absolutely necessary causes the greatest annoyance to His Majesty, who stamps about the room in a state of great indignation until the object required—whatever it may be—is forthcoming.

Another favorite hobby of the Kaiser's is painting, and he is a really capable artist, with a leaning towards seascapes. While at sea he passes much of his time in sketching and painting, and examples of

his work are to be seen in many of the Royal palaces of Europe. Most of our own Royal residences contain at least one picture from his brush, including Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Balmoral (where a pair of extremely well-drawn shooting-pictures are displayed), Sandringham and Marlborough House. Mention of these works of art by the Kaiser recalls the fact that he likewise contributed a sketch in what may, perhaps, be termed the "vigorously impressionistic" school to the unique collection that Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie, of Russia, jointly own on the shores of the Sound, close to Copenhagen. The pictures in the drawing room here are all by Royal artists, and are one of the most interesting little collections that have ever been got together.

Reading takes up a good proportion of his spare time, and he follows closely every development in the literature of the principal countries of the world. Any new movement, be it in either art, literature, or philosophy, has always a very strong attraction of the Kaiser. The advance and development of medical science, too, strongly appeals to him, and he has devoted much of his time lately to studying. It is of the greatest interest to examine the many thousands of volumes of modern works that he has amassed. As might be expected from one of his essentially warlike temperament, books dealing with naval and military campaigns all over the world greatly predominate here. At each of the Kaiser's residences his private library is so arranged that any book he requires can instantly be placed before him.

Though the Kaiser is not seen out shooting to-day so frequently as was the case a few years ago, he is still a first-rate shot, and this is rather surprising, considering his physical infirmity, which is, however, nothing like so great as is sometimes asserted. He is likewise very expert at pig-sticking, though this is a sport that he but rarely indulges in now, owing to the representations of the danger that he thereby runs that have been made to him from time to time by the Empress and his advisers generally. His hunting and shooting preserves are still very extensive, though he has parted with several of them during recent years, and he makes it a

practice to entertain a succession of shooting parties each year. His Majesty greatly hopes to be joined at one of these by King George and Queen Mary towards the end of the present year.

Motoring is another pastime that does not find a very great amount of favor in the eyes of the Emperor, though the Crown Prince, upon the other hand, is a most enthusiastic motorist. Whenever possible the Kaiser prefers to ride on horseback, and for the sake of his health takes an hour's exercise every morning whenever this is at all possible. It has been truly said, by the way, that His Majesty never looks so well as he does on a horse.

There can be no doubt that the Kaiser is one of the most striking personages of

his time, and one who has stamped himself deeply upon contemporary events. There can be no question of his single-hearted devotion to his people and the Fatherland, but one wants to know him more intimately than the outside world ever will to realize the true worth of his character. In many ways his disposition is one filled with curious contrasts, and he will indeed be a bold man who would venture upon any occasion to prophesy precisely what course Wilhelm II. will adopt upon any subject that may come under his notice.

This is but an extract from an extensive article, the reading of which in *The Strand*, for April, cannot but prove both pleasurable and profitable.

Is France Bankrupt?

"FRANCE'S Empty Stocking" is the title of a striking article in *Hampton's Magazine*, written by F. Cunliffe-Owen, who was commissioned by the magazine to analyze the situation of great unrest among the peasantry of France. Many students of national affairs profess to see in this a revival of monarchical sentiment. Just as the Commune insurrection would never have taken place "had the stocking not been empty," as Gambetta once expressed it, so to-day there might be little cause for unrest were it not for the conditions of poverty.

Describing these conditions the article proceeds:

To-day the stocking of the women is once more empty, and that not alone in Paris, as in 1871, but throughout the length and breadth of France, in the rural districts as well as in the small towns and great cities.

In fact, at this moment France is in danger of a revolution far more serious than that of 1871 on the banks of the Seine, and more closely resembling that of 1793, which was likewise the result of the empty stocking and starvation—with this difference: that whereas the Terror of 1793 caused the overthrow of the monarchy, and the establishment in its stead of a republic, the impending revolution is like-

ly to destroy the republic, and bring about the restoration of the throne in France.

It will be objected to this that the coffers of the Bank of France are filled to overflowing. That may well be the case. But it does not prevent the stockings being empty.

There are two things which go to show that the leading men of the present republic are keenly alive to the dangers of the situation resulting from this. In the first place, there is the composition of the new French cabinet itself, which includes not only three ex-premiers, but also other statesmen of sufficient eminence to warrant their demand for its presidency. Representing different shades of republicanism, they have been moved by the critical character of present conditions to sink all their political differences, their personal ambitions, and to consent in some cases to the heaviest pecuniary sacrifices—such as, for instance, Prime Minister Poincare, who has relinquished his extremely lucrative legal practice in order to unite in a common effort to save the republic. Only a realization of the peril menacing the latter, a peril which they admit themselves to be more serious than at any moment since 1871, could have brought all these men together, under one political hat, and into one administration,

the very composition of which must be regarded as a striking admission of the gravity of the crisis.

The second illustration of the latter is the appointment by the Government of a commission to investigate the causes of the empty stocking, and to suggest speedy and efficacious methods for relieving the distress which is almost universal among the masses throughout France. And things have reached such a pass that the cabinet is actually considering the advisability of arbitrarily fixing by force the prices of food, so as to bring them within the reach of the starving people.

This is in itself a revolutionary remedy, which naturally causes the utmost uneasiness among the owners of property, great and small; so that the republic is falling foul not only of the masses, but also of the classes.

The causes of the empty stocking of to-day are different from those of 1871, which resulted from the siege of Paris by the Germans, and culminated in the Commune insurrection. It did not affect the remainder of France; and this was eloquently shown when the moment arrived to pay that huge war indemnity which was to relieve French territory of the hateful presence of the Teuton invader, the indemnity being almost entirely paid by the savings of the French peasants and working classes—from the traditional French stocking, the contents of which had remained but slightly impaired—and which were gladly loaned to the republic in return for *Rentes*, that is to say, Government bonds.

If to-day the stocking is empty, it is not due to siege or war, but to the extraordinary high price of even the most ordinary and necessary articles of food, to the stagnation of the labor market and of trade and industry, caused by labor troubles, by uncertainty of the future and finally by excessive taxation. For there is no country in the world that staggers under so colossal a national debt as France, or the people of which are more heavily taxed. Thus, the national debt alone amounts to some \$6,000,000,000, which means a capital charge of about \$150 for each man, woman and child, and an annual tax of between \$5 and \$6 per head of the entire population, added to which

there is the provincial debt of the Departments, and the debt of the Communes, amounting to another \$1,000,000,000, which likewise constitutes a heavy annual share per capita, in the way of interest.

Besides all this, the unfortunate French taxpayers have to provide another \$500,000,000 of annual revenue to defray the yearly cost of the army, the navy and the various forms of government administration, the civil end of which alone employs nearly 1,000,000 officials of one kind or another.

"With regard to the cost of living, it has increased everywhere, while the income has stood still. For despite all the strikes for increase of remuneration for work done, the average earnings of the workmen remain about the same as they were, when all things are taken into consideration. Consequently, the housewives have not only been unable to add to the contents of the stocking by means of savings, but have been actually obliged to have recourse to the latter, until nothing more remains, merely in order to pay the increased price of food. If they are to feed their husbands, their children and themselves, the cost of living must be diminished, and if those who sell bread and cheese, milk and butter, and other food, will not reduce their prices to fit the earnings of the laboring man, it is a question between obtaining that food by force or lingering starvation."

Added to these conditions the fact that the anarchistic and revolutionary organizations are fomenting trouble, that the restraining influence of the clergy and religious orders upon the people is gone, and that the republic is powerless to furnish any efficacious remedy for the present crisis—and, argues the writer, the alternative is a monarchy. As to the possibility of such a development the writer adds:

"Most probably the latter will be preceded by the revolution, which I have described as imminent, and when anarchy reigns supreme, and not merely Paris, as in 1871, but all France is ablaze and disorganized by mob rule, the people, especially those who are desirous of preserving what has been left to them of capital and property, and above all those who wish for a restoration of order, and for the security of life, will call upon one or another of the

monarchical pretenders to undertake the task of evolving order out of chaos, with the assistance of the army. The latter might be relied upon to respond to the call in such a case. But while the republic can depend upon the patriotism of the

now splendidly organized and perfectly equipped army to defend the country against any foreign foe, it has no assurance that it would respond to its call for the maintenance of the existing regime against the will of the people."

Seven Business Fallacies

THE average business man is perfectly willing to take what he regards as his "profits," but few men know precisely what profits are. The question, as Professor F. W. Taussig, author of "Principles of Economics," admits in *System*, is by no means a simple one. Some economists, for instance, sharply distinguish business profits from wages. Part of what a business man gets is thought to be simply wages; but part is neither wages, nor interest, nor rent; it is different from these. This peculiar element is regarded as profits. This mode of sharply separating business wages from profits Professor Taussig deems artificial. He says:

"Looking over the whole varied range of earnings among those engaged in the business career, it is simplest to regard them all as returns for labor—returns marked by many peculiarities, among which the most striking are the risks and uncertainties, the wide range, the high gains from able pioneering.

"In some cases, business profits are separated from wages by considering as wages that amount which the individual would have been paid if hired by someone else. An independent business man's actual earnings are likely to exceed that sum; the excess is business profits. Here emphasis is put on the element of risk. Profits differ from wages in that they are the result of the assumption of risk and are the reward for that assumption."

Academic as these discussions may seem, they affect vitally every business man, large or small. For, as Marshall T. van Slyke remarks in *Business*, to know what dividends you are really entitled to draw, it is necessary to look the facts in the face, avoid all fallacies, count in every expense, and get the price that will pay the profit. This, he goes on to say, is no small order. "But," he insists, "if you

have the courage to study your business just as critically as tho it were a competitor's, it is possible to discover the real facts—and make real profits. Search for the expenses that get away and you will know what your business really pays." The average business does not really pay what it is supposed to pay because the owner lacks sufficient business training to discover the hidden leaks. His premises are wrong, his principles wrong, and his calculations often wrong.

The first and most general fallacy is that which, in spite of figures, repeats to itself: "I am making ten or some other per cent." This form of self-hypnosis is so common that it has almost the force of a trade custom:

"'If I ever want to sell out,' the owner reasons. 'I can't sell a business that does not pay. Then, too, if I claim my business is not paying, it is a reflection on my ability. I'll just boost.' So he makes the claim of a mythical ten, or twenty, or twenty-five per cent., until he actually believes that he is earning that much.

"A department store man in an Illinois town celebrated, this fall, his forty-fifth anniversary in his town and store. It is his proud boast that he has made, year in and year out, his twenty per cent. So firmly is this fixed in his mind that he resents, as a disloyal act, the attempt of his son—a skilled accountant—to show him that last year's business paid him but fourteen and one-half per cent. and that he has had years when he actually lost money. The son, used to figuring the profits of city concerns, sees in a glance what the father has not seen in forty-five years of business in one store."

A second fallacy is the assumption that all or a great part taken in over the cost price is profit.

"The master barber of a five-chair shop found one of his best men figuring. 'Going to start a shop,' he announced. 'Last Saturday I did nine dollars and sixty cents worth of work for which you gave me four dollars; consequently you made five dollars and sixty cents off me. I am going to start a shop and get all the profit.'

"This journeyman barber, having omitted to note that he had drawn three dollars for Tuesday's work—which day he took in but one dollar and sixty-five cents—he was a surprised man when the new shop was sold out five months later to pay wages and rent."

Third on the list of profit-eating fallacies, Mr. van Slyke goes on to say, is the belief that every expense incurred because of the business should be charged in the expense to run. Thus a delicatessen owner neglected to charge in the wages of his wife and children in running the business. His oversight is duplicated every day. Where a business owns a building, the rental is frequently neglected in figuring: charity donations are often "stood" by clerks and department heads; window displays, particularly where the display is depreciable, often fail to connect with a charge; and interest on investment is never figured by fully sixty per cent. of business men to-day.

A fourth fallacy is to take the price paid the supplier as the actual price of goods, neglecting various other items such as expressage. The cost price of goods is their cost when on the shelves ready to sell.

Fifth—and one of the greatest fallacies of business—is the theory that profit percentages are figured on the price paid for merchandize. That overactivity in one department is successful in overcoming loss, neglect, or lack of method in another, is a sixth fallacy that misleads many in an honest attempt to determine the real profit.

"Extra business necessitates extra expenses," rectifies the seventh fallacy. Almost every business man has his eye on a point ahead where he will round out profit by a little more business.

"There is a metropolitan printer, who, for eight years, has been trying to make a profit of \$10,000. A number of consecutive years shows profits of \$8,217; \$6,438; \$8,298; \$8,114, and \$8,716. The second year in the above series—the one paying a profit of \$6,438—was one in which the proprietor figured: 'If I can handle \$17,000 gross more business, I can make the \$1,783 more profit needed.' Next year he did indeed handle his required \$17,000 gross, but to do it he had to bid into complicated machine jobs, jobs which it was found later, when costs systems were installed, were 'losers' for every printer who touched them. Laying his failure to make profit to the type-setting department, next year he pushed pressroom and bindery, only to come out \$1,702 behind the profit mark set.

"Interviewed lately on the subject of profits, he declared: 'Extra business costs extra money to handle. No printer, or manager in any other line of business, can force more profits merely by adding to volume. It may work out on paper but it won't work out in the shop. I figure it this way: The manager of any well-regulated business, as mine, is kept fairly busy. Each year he is growing busier. Additional business calls for more oversight and more oversight calls for more time—which is not to be had *without more expense*. When you start out to add to profit by any other method than by cutting expense you have a ticklish road to travel—unless you can get a greater amount of work done for the same money, in which case you are cutting expense by short cuts disguised.'"

Changes Needed In Presidential Term

WHATEVER may be the difference of opinion among the dominant political parties of the United States as to questions of policy, the leaders are slowly becoming a unit in their views that some change in

the presidential term would be desirable. The advantages of a larger tenure without re-election are now being urged. In an editorial reference to the question, *The Century* says:

It is remarkable that in the present political campaign the programme of the "Progressives" has not long ago included a proposal to change the Presidential period from two possible terms of four years each to one of six or eight years with ineligibility, as provided by bills recently introduced in both houses of congress. For such a reform is certainly in line with their professed desire and purpose of giving to the people a more actual control of affairs.

The power that may be and sometimes has been wielded by a President for his own re-election, or for that of his chosen candidate for the succession, is enormous and constitutes a menace to the will of the people. It is in part, to prevent such influence that the merit system is urged in place of the spoils system, and it is to the credit of our recent Presidents that by extending the operation of the former they have discarded the spoilsmen's view of the power of appointment—though, to be exact, this power has often proved a boomerang. (Who was it that said that every post office appointment made him six enemies and one lukewarm friend?)

But, nevertheless, so long as there are many offices higher than the clerical class to be filled by the executive and another term is in sight, Presidents will continue to have the temptation to associate the two in their minds. From Jackson to the present day the usage has been uniform, and uniformly objectionable, and it will always be so till we adopt a single term, with no hope of the prolongation or return to power.

The well-known disadvantages which each quadrennial contest produces, beginning two years before the election and lasting to the end of the term, are too important to be ignored. Among them are the intrigues pro and con which cause legislation to be considered from factional or political points of view instead of on its merits; the diversion of time and effort from the most efficient performance of the duties of the Presidency and of Congress, and the effect of the tradition (whatever it may lack of real basis) that a Presidential year is a bad one for business.

Let us imagine the reform accomplished. Think what the office would gain in dignity and worth; how free the President would be to plan and pursue his public policies exempt from partisan considerations, and how much freer members of Congress would be so to consider them; how independent he would be to stand for the people, of whom he is the chief exponent, because he is the only official elected by all the people.

His fame and the opportunity of establishing it by great services, unthwarted by patronage or the hope of patronage, would be to him a daily inspiration, and, whatever might be thought of his policies, he would leave office with greater self-respect and a higher regard from his fellow-citizens of all political faiths than is now possible in the atmosphere of detraction in which a high-minded President must live. How long shall it be before this nation of "business men" awakens to the folly of permitting the personal equation to distract attention from the real business of government?

W o m e n ' s W a g e s

WOMEN have invaded every field of industry to such an extent that the problem of "Women and the Wage Question," on which Jeanne Robert writes in *The American Review of Reviews* has been a dominant issue. "What is a 'living wage?'" asks the writer after describing the conditions existing in a cotton factory in which were found hundreds of girls. The article proceeds:

"Those who have investigated the conditions surrounding workingwomen in

various industries and who have also done much to alleviate misery arising from intolerable conditions think that the answer to this question lies in the fact that the need of work has been so great and women in industry so numerous that the employers have dictated their own terms to the workers without regard as to whether the wage offered was a *living wage*.

"In the State of Kentucky there are 47,000 workingwomen who earn only \$5.50 a week and there are 3,000 women

in the tobacco industry who earn only \$4.50 a week. Investigations show that \$6.50 is the least that a woman can live decently on. Mrs. Glendower Evans, of the Minimum Wage Commission appointed last year in Massachusetts, sets forth facts taken from the Federal Labor Report which illumine this topic.

"Of the store women investigated, 4.8 per cent. had insufficient food or housing, or both. These women were earning on an average a weekly wage of \$5.31, and the average cost of necessities, such as rent, food, light, heat, and laundry, was \$4.35, leaving less than \$1 to cover other necessities. Of a group of 1,568 women workers in Boston, 62 per cent. had no margin whatever to spend on amusement. Every penny went to—"just live." In that city, half the women adrift, a matter of 20,000 or more, were living in lodgings or boarding houses and two-thirds of these—that is, between 13,000 and 14,000 girls or women, had to entertain their friends, men as well as women, in their bedrooms. This fact reveals how exposed young and friendless workingwomen are to circumstances of life that are not conducive to the best and highest ideals of conduct. The report of the Massachusetts Commission on Minimum Wage Boards presented the analysis and the facts concerning the wages of 15,807 women engaged in four of the leading industries in Massachusetts. Some of these women were earning less than \$4 a week, many less than \$5, and most of them between \$5 and \$6 a week.

"If it is right that we should regulate child labor, it is right that we should regulate the conditions surrounding women in industry. If government orders that we safeguard the child in industrial conditions, it has not grasped its responsibility in its entirety unless it also orders that we safeguard women in industrial conditions. If we desire to have the children of the coming generation strong and well-born, we must give the workingwomen healthful conditions surrounding their labor and pay them a living wage; for in the mothers as well as in the children rests the hope of the state.

The remedy for the situation is being evolved gradually. Last year, Massachusetts appointed a commission to investi-

gate the question. This commission presented its report to the legislature in January last, together with a bill in which was recommended the establishment of a Minimum Wage Board. This bill provides that there be established a Minimum Wage Commission to consist of three persons, one of whom may be a woman, to be appointed by the Governor, the duty of these commissioners being to inquire into the facts appertaining to wages paid female employes in the Commonwealth and to establish wage boards of not less than six representatives of the employers in given trades and not less than six of the female employes in the said trade, and also one or more disinterested persons to represent the public. When two-thirds of the members of a wage board shall report to the Minimum Wage Commission the wage upon which they are agreed as proper compensation for labor at a given trade, the commission shall review the same and may decide favorably or may disapprove or may recommit the matter to the same or a new wage board. When the commission approves of the findings of a wage board, it shall issue an order declaring such determinations to be the legal minimum wage for women and minors in the said occupation and may issue an order to employers to be effective sixty days after date. After the sixty days it shall become unlawful for an employer to offer less than the rate of wage prescribed by the commission.

"The wage-reform movement has been opposed from all quarters—by the parents and families of the working-girls who have homes, because of the threatened reduction in the family income; by the girls themselves, because there were always so many waiting to take their places; by the manufacturers, because of the profit that comes to them from cheap labor; by the legislators, because they, as a body, are suspicious of anything that looks like reform; and, last, by the general public through its indifference to the questions involved.

Now the public really makes up a large part of the wage deficit with its various charities. Fifty-two per cent. of the charitable cases recently investigated were caused by destitution directly or indirectly traceable to misfortune and calamities

which were the result of underpaying and the resultant underfeeding, and unhealthy living. As we have nothing as yet that is comparable to the German system of old-age insurance, nor similar to the Lloyd-George Insurance bill, which recently became effective in England, there is no provision other than charity for the old age of the underpaid woman worker. No matter how faithfully she may toil during the years she is at full earning power, a matter of twenty years at the

maximum (for the earning power of women declines rapidly after twenty years, there is no haven for her old age. She goes on working in the factories, as Charles Edward Russell says, 'for \$5 a week and the privilege of being burned to death,' and when health and strength fail, there waits for her the almshouse or the precarious existence of the old woman who does odd jobs until hunger and privation finish their work."

Corruption in the Courts

NO series of articles in American magazines has aroused greater interest in recent times than that of C. P. Connolly on "Big Business and the Bench," in *Everybody's Magazine*. In three articles which have already appeared some startling examples have been given of what is happening in the American courts. Even if one assume that the cases detailed are sporadic, they are ominously widespread. The most recent article pictures the political boss, the corporation, and the judge with hands joined in friendship—an alliance that takes from the individual the assurance of justice and threatens the honest judge with retirement to private life as the penalty for his integrity.

"No one pretends that the judges against whom the most severe and well-merited criticism is directed are always incompetent or always unjust," writes Mr. Connolly. "Those that are selected by corrupt political machines, under the influence of railways and other corporate powers, often are as able and orderly in the daily operation of their courts as one could desire. In casual litigation between man and man these courts may preserve the ideals of justice in the highest degree. But such judges are usually there because they can be depended upon when the issue arises in which the influence behind them has something at stake; because then, by virtue of either their loyalty or their temperament, things will be "safe" in their hands.

Judges of our highest courts have been selected in practically every important

State of the Union for their known conservatism, if not for worse; and conservatism has meant always the support of corporate and property rights to the utmost as against individual rights and the rights of the public as represented by the State. These judges have resolved ambiguities in the law in favor of large and powerful interests. They have upheld supposed powers of corporations heretofore unknown to the reason or theory of the law. They have annulled by judicial decisions, or warped from their purpose, laws which Congress and Legislatures have, in spasms of public virtue, passed for the general good. They have reached out the long and tortuous arm of the law and gathered these enactments into a scrap-heap of "un-constitutional" relics.

In this raid on our judicial system, barriers of the law have been struck down in the interest of these corrupt and powerful forces, and new barriers erected against their already too-helpless opponents. It is too often the rule that the mere lack of influence or of wealth seems to operate mechanically against the justice to which these litigants look forward. I am talking now, not against an isolated condition here and there, but—no matter what hostility the charge may arouse—against conditions that are almost universal.

It is so much easier to fortify one's point by a case which attracts wide public attention, even though it but indirectly illustrates the point. While I write, a Federal judge in New York City fines in the sum of \$25,000 a rich man who had

defrauded the Government of some \$1,400,000. At the same time, the same judge sentences to three months' imprisonment a minor offender who had defrauded the Government of \$2,500. The rich smuggler had netted \$1,375,000. He had, figuratively, departed from court with the loot under his arm. He was an importer of silks. The Greek who was sentenced to jail was an importer of dates and figs. Were I in the Greek's place, I think I should change from figs to silks.

Watch the elevators in our Federal buildings, and see the trembling, handcuffed wretches who enter, charged with distilling a hogshead of wine, or some such minor offence. Go then into the office of the district attorneys and watch the trust magnate who has levied unlawful tribute on a nation, in unfettered conference with his lawyers and Government officials—and tell me if this is a land of equal law!

The State of Pennsylvania, with all its wealth and influence, affords some interesting examples of court workings when political interests are involved.

In 1901 the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed what was known as the "ripper" law. The State Republican machine did not have the political support of the local authorities of Pittsburgh, Allegheny or Scranton. It secured this support by an act removing the mayors of these cities and giving the Governor of the State the power to appoint their successors under the title of "recorders." This act placed the rebellious cities in a class by themselves, contrary to a constitutional provision declaring that the general assembly should not pass any local or special law regulating the affairs of cities.

An appeal was made to the Supreme Court of the State to prevent this decapitation of officials elected by the people. That court decided that the distress of the ring was paramount to the provision of the constitution. Justice Dean, who wrote a dissenting opinion, concurred in by Justices McCollum and Mestrezat, called attention to the fact that, in the not very remote past, it had been the custom in English politics; as soon as a victorious

political party was seated in power, to cut off the heads of its leading antagonists and to confiscate their property; and he said that, if constitutional provisions were to be so easily overturned, it might become a habit in Pennsylvania to confiscate the offices of every enemy of the dominant political ring in the State.

During the pendency of this case in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the charge was made in the *Philadelphia Press*, with specific details of time, place, and language, that Justice Potter, of the Supreme Court, had talked over the long-distance telephone with Governor Stone, and had kept him advised of the discussion of the case among the judges. The opinion disclosed that the judges mentioned in the alleged telephone conversations voted as Judge Potter had declared, according to these statements, they would vote.

"Recorder" Brown, of Pittsburgh, who, under this law, had secured a seven-thousand-dollar office, took the stump in the following campaign, and, defending Judge Potter, who was a candidate for re-election, announced that the judge had a perfect right to communicate in advance the decision of the court.

"If it was done," he said, "Potter only did what other judges of the Supreme Court have done. They have communicated with me in an almost similar manner."

While this "ripper" case was before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, almost at the moment when Justice Potter was alleged to have informed the ring as to the way in which the case would be decided, he made an address before the graduating class of the Philadelphia Law School.

"I love to think," said Justice Potter, "of the chivalric side of the profession of the law; of the opportunities it gives to throw a lance full and fair into the face of many a frowning wrong; of the ability that it bestows for the protection of the right, for the uplifting of the poor and down-trodden, for the enforcement of equity and the restoration of ill-gotten gains."

Making Vacation Pay

AN insurance company employing 200 to 300 in the home offices has a head stenographer who tactfully maintains discipline and still is "one of the girls." In her intimacy with the stenographic corps she became impressed by their improvidence. The stenographer's salaries ranged from \$8 to \$15, yet hardly any saved. Some spasmodically "put by" a few dollars, only to withdraw them for a passing fancy.

Vacation season opened the head stenographer's eyes to the far-reaching effect of this thriftlessness. From June to October, they were a disgruntled lot.

"What's the use having a vacation if you can't go away?" they asked, morosely. That some had gotten together enough for a trip only deepened the general gloom.

"Save but fifty cents a week and you will have \$26 for vacation," the head stenographer told them, whereupon a few started fifty-cents-a-week accounts, which died within the month.

The head stenographer talked the mat-

ter over with an officer of the company and the "Bauverein" resulted. Now in its sixth year, it is regarded throughout the home office as making "life worth living." From the president to the office boys, everyone is invited (but not compelled) to save fifty cents a week. Those who desire may save \$1, \$1.50 or \$2, but this is the limit. Dues are paid every Friday (payday) to the cashier, who banks the collection, and as each employe leaves for vacation he (or she) is given the amount paid in the Bauverein and two weeks' advance salary. On October 1 the fund starts anew. The interest paid by the bank in January is divided pro rata among the members.

The following rules prevent the Bauverein from becoming burdensome to the cashier:

1. Members must pay dues on Friday between 12 and 2.

2. Anyone not paying at specified time will be dropped from Bauverein and forfeit amount paid in.

Profit Sharing in Small Business

LAST month Alexander Smith & Sons, a carpet company in Yonkers, N.Y.—one of those quiet concerns that rarely furnish material for the chronicler of financial news—sent checks for \$65,000 to employees.

The treasurer announced the event as the company's second semi-annual distribution of profits. He explained that workers of ten years' standing were receiving amounts equal to ten per cent. of their earnings for the six months ended December 31, last; and that those of more than five years' standing but less than ten were receiving amounts equal to five per cent. of their earnings. In all, 2,500 persons participated.

Profit-sharing has generally been looked upon as something to which a corporation's "bigness" was a condition precedent—something which might be practiced only by concerns equal in stature to the

United States Steel Corporation, the International Harvester Co., or to the Eastman Kodak Company. The last named figured conspicuously in last month's news, through its announcement of a plan to divide among its employees, all over the world, surplus earnings amounting to a half million dollars.

On March 12 the great Prudential Life Insurance Company gave out the news that it had inaugurated a pension system for its 5,000 employes. Retiring, a man or woman gets one per cent. of the average annual earnings over ten years, multiplied by the number of years of service.

It is generally assumed that such splendid acts of justice cannot be performed by smaller concerns. Various captains of industry, in testifying before the Senate Committee in Interstate Commerce, have suggested that such systems were possible only for the great widely owned "trusts."

In opposition, Louis D. Brandeis declared before the same body:

"Wise business men are seeing that, if they want to get the best they can out of the men, the men must work for themselves. It must be their business, and they must get all the fruit of what is earned over a fair return on capital. Instead of profit-sharing being possible only for capitalistic institutions, we (in Massachusetts) have found by far the finest and best fruits of the system in small concerns; some of them family concerns, or concerns with a small number of partners, or stockholders, who were expanding and developing their business."

Mr. Brandeis instanced one comparatively small manufacturing concern in New England—the Dennison Manufac-

turing Company—which, after paying a liberal return on its capital, distributes each year to its employes, in proportion to their salaries, every cent of the remaining surplus. Another example was a grocery concern which pays 6 per cent. on its capital. It gives the remaining profits, one-half to its executive officers, and one-half to its working force, in addition to their salaries and wages.

In England, profit-sharing has long been successfully practiced in many of the staple trades, as "a substitute for the old personal bond between employer and employed." Over there they look upon the system as one practical means by which the small manufacturer and the small shopkeeper can perpetuate their business and compete on equal ground with their bigger brothers.

When Mark Twain Was "Robbed"

AN INTERESTING story of the "robbery" of Mark Twain, while on a Nevada lecture tour, is related by Alber B. Paine in *Harper's Magazine* in the course of his series of articles on "Some Chapters From an Extraordinary Life." During the Nevada tour, particularly at Virginia, Mark Twain's friends begged him to repeat his entertainment, but he resolutely declined.

"I have only one lecture yet," he said. "I cannot bring myself to give it twice in the same town."

But that irresponsible imp, Steve Gillis, who was again in Virginia, conceived a plan which would make it not only necessary for him to lecture again, but would supply him with a subject. Steve's plan was very simple: it was to relieve the lecturer of his funds by a friendly highway robbery and let an account of the adventure furnish the new lecture.

In "Roughing It," Mark Twain has given a version of this mock robbery, which is correct enough as far as it goes, but important details are lacking. Only a few years ago (it was April, 1907), in his cabin on Jackass Hill, with Joseph Goodman and the writer of this history present, Steve Gillis made his "death-bed" confession as is here set down:

"Mark's lecture was given in Piper's Opera House, October 30, 1866. The Virginia people had heard many famous lectures before, but they were side-shows compared with Mark's. It could have been run to crowded houses for a week. We begged him to give the common people a chance, but he refused to repeat himself. He was going down to Carson, and was coming back to talk in Gold Hill about a week later, and his agent, Dennis McCarthy, and I laid a plan to have him robbed on the Divide between Gold Hill and Virginia, after the Gold Hill lecture was over and they would be coming home with the money. The Divide was a good, lonely place for it—famous for its hold-ups. We got City Marshal George Birdsall into it with us, and took in Leslie Blackburn, Pat Holland, Jimmy Eddington, and one or two more of Sam's old friends. We all loved him and would have fought for him in a moment. That's the kind of friends Mark had in Nevada. If he had any enemies, I never heard of them.

"We didn't take in Dan de Quille or Joe here, because Sam was Joe's guest, and we were afraid he would tell him. We didn't take in Dan, because we wanted him to write it up as a genuine robbery

and make a big sensation. That would pack the opera house at two dollars a seat to hear Mark tell the story.

"Well, everything went off pretty well. About the time Mark was finishing his lecture in Gold Hill, the robbers all went up on the Divide to wait, but Mark's audience gave him a kind of reception after his lecture, and we nearly froze to death up there before he came along. By and by I went back to see what was the matter. Sam and Dennis were coming, and carrying a carpet-sack about half full of silver between them. I shadowed them and blew a policeman's whistle as a signal to the boys when the lecturers were in about a hundred yards of the place. I heard Sam say to Dennis:

"I'm glad they've got a policeman on the Divide. They never had one in my day."

"Just about that time the boys, all with black masks on and silver dollars at the sides of their tongues to disguise their voices, stepped out the stuck six-shooters at Sam and Dennis, and told them to put up their hands. The robbers called one another 'Beauregard' and 'Stonewall Jackson.' Of course, Dennis' hands went up, and Mark's, too, though Mark wasn't a bit scared or excited. He talked to the robbers in his familiar fashion. He said: -

"Don't flourish those pistols so promiscuously. They might go off by accident."

"They told him to hand over his watch and money, but when he started to take his hands down they made him put them up again. Then he asked how they expected him to give them his valuables with his hands up in the sky. He said his treasures didn't lie in heaven. He told them not to take his watch, which was the one Sandy Baldwin and Theodore Winters had given him; but we took it all the same.

"Whenever he started to put his hands down we made him put them up again. Once he said:

"Don't you fellows be so rough. I was tenderly reared."

"Then we told him and Dennis to keep their hands up for fifteen minutes after we were gone—this was to give us time to get back to Virginia and be settled when they came along. As we were going away Mark called:

"Say, you forgot something."

"What is it?"

"Why, the carpet-bag."

"He was cool all the time. Senator Bill Stewart in his biography tells a great story of how scared Mark was, and how he ran, but Stewart was three thousand miles from Virginia by that time, and later got mad at Mark because he made a joke about him in 'Roughing It.'

"Dennis wanted to take his hands down pretty soon after we were gone, but Mark said:

"No, Dennis. I'm used to obeying orders when they are given in that convincing way; we'll just keep our hands up another fifteen minutes or so for good measure.' So Dennis was getting his punishment already.

"We were waiting in a big saloon on C Street, when Mark and Dennis came along. We knew they would come in, and we expected Mark would be excited: but he was as unruffled as a mountain lake. He told us they had been robbed, and asked me if I had any money. I gave him a hundred dollars of his own money, and he ordered refreshments for everybody. Then we adjourned to the Enterprise office, where he offered a reward, and Dan de Quille wrote up the story and telegraphed it to the Associated Press. Then somebody suggested that Mark would have to give another lecture now, and that the robbery would make a great subject. He entered right into the thing, and next day we engaged Piper's Opera House, and people were offering five dollars for front seats. It would have been the biggest thing that ever came off in Virginia if it had come off.

"But we made a mistake then, by taking Sandy Baldwin into the joke. We took in Joe here, too, and gave him the watch and money to keep, which made it hard for Joe afterward. But it was Sandy Baldwin that ruined us. He had Mark out to dinner the night before the show was to come off, and after he got well warmed up with champagne he thought it would be a smart thing to let Mark into what was really going on.

"Mark didn't see it our way. He was mad clear through."

At this point Joseph Goodman took up the story. He said:

"Those devils put Sam's money, watch, keys, pencils, and all his things into my hands. I felt particularly mean at being made accessory to the crime, especially as Sam was my guest, and I had grave doubts as to how he would take it when he found out the robbery was not genuine.

"I felt particularly guilty during the forenoon when Sam said:

"Joe, those damned thieves took my keys, and I can't get into my trunk. Do you suppose you could get me a key that would fit my trunk?"

"I said I thought I could, during the day; and after Sam was gone I took his own key, put it in the fire, and burned it to make it look black. Then I took a file and scratched it here and there to make it look as if I had been fitting it to the lock, feeling guilty all the time, like a man who is trying to hide a murder. Sam did not ask for his key that day, and that evening he was invited to Judge Baldwin's to dinner. I thought he looked pretty silent and solemn when he came home, but he only said:

"Joe, let's play cards: I don't feel sleepy."

"Steve here and two or three of the other boys who had been active in the robbery were present, and they did not like Sam's manner, so they excused themselves and left him alone with me. We played a good while; then he said:

"Joe, these cards are greasy. I have got some new ones in my trunk. Did you get that key to-day?"

"I fished out that burned, scratched-up key with fear and trembling. But he didn't seem to notice it at all, and presently returned with the cards. Then we played and played and played—till one o'clock—two o'clock—Sam hardly saying a word, and I wondering what was going to happen. By and by he laid down his cards and looked at me and said:

"Joe, Sandy Baldwin told me *all about* that robbery to-night. Now, Joe, I have found out that the law doesn't recognize a joke, and I am going to send every one of those fellows to the penitentiary."

"He said it with such solemn gravity and such vindictiveness that I believed he was in dead earnest.

"I know that I put in two hours of the hardest work I ever did trying to talk him out of that resolution. I used all the arguments about the boys being his oldest friends; how they all loved him, and how the joke had been entirely for his own good; I pleaded with him, begged him to reconsider; I went and got his money and his watch and laid them on the table, but for a time it seemed hopeless. And I could imagine those fellows going behind the bars, and the sensation it would make in California; and just as I was about to give it up he said:

"Well, Joe, I'll let it pass—this time; I'll forgive them again; I've had to do it so many times; but if I should see Dennis McCarthy and Steve Gillis mounting the scaffold to-morrow, and I could save them by turning over my hand, *I wouldn't do it!*"

"He canceled the lecture engagement, however, next morning, and the day after, left on the Pioneer Stage by the way of Donner Lake for California. The boys came rather sheepishly to see him off, but he would make no show of relenting. When they introduced themselves as Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson, etc., he merely said:

"Yes, and you'll all be behind the bars some day. There's been a good deal of robbery around here lately, and it's pretty clear now who did it." They handed him a package containing the masks which the robbers had worn. He received it in gloomy silence, but as the stage drove away he put his head out of the window, and, after some pretty vigorous admonition, resumed his old smile and called out:

"Good-bye friends! — good-bye, thieves! I bear you no malice." So the heaviest joke was on his tormentors, after all."

This is the story of the famous Mark Twain robbery, direct from headquarters. It has been garbled in so many ways that it seems worth setting down in full.

How to Obtain Buoyant Health

By Charles Draper

OXYPATHY is the treatment of disease by atmospheric oxygen—oxygen taken from the air. This is accomplished by means of the Oxypathor, which, when applied under proper conditions, so alters the magnetic properties of the body that the oxygen of the surrounding atmosphere is attracted toward it and absorbed by it.

Oxygen, as was first shown by the great scientist, Michael Faraday, is magnetic; more so than any other gas. The character of its magnetism is negative, and by rendering the body magnetically positive, as we do when the Oxypathor is applied, we secure a union or blending of the two. Faraday called this process, or processes similar to it, thermo-magnetic induction. Since his time the principles of atmospheric magnetism have been elaborated into the system called Oxypathy, which is working such grand results in correcting diseased conditions.

It will be seen by this brief explanation that Oxypathy is not a faith cure, as has been ignorantly or maliciously asserted by some people, but the scientific application of natural laws based on the discoveries of one of the greatest experimental philosophers the world has ever known. It works not by faith but by force—a force as true as the power that moves the planets. Its remarkable cures in the diseases of children and dumb animals completely dispel the silly assertion that Oxypathy is a faith cure.

The Oxypathor is a thermo-magnetic instrument whose influence is regulated by heat and cold. When attached to the body and cold is applied to the polarizer of the instrument the body's affinity for oxygen is immediately increased. The rate of this increase is measured by the degree of cold applied. A temperature slightly below that of the body causes the body to absorb oxygen in small amounts. As the temperature is lowered this

absorption is augmented, and at the freezing point (32 deg. Fahr.) it becomes intense. This process of oxygen absorption is susceptible of easy demonstration. Anyone who entertains any doubt concerning it will find by a practical test with the Oxypathor that our claim is not a theoretical assumption, but a scientific fact.

The action of the Oxypathor in influencing the body's intake of oxygen is remarkable, but no more so than any of the phenomena of heat, cold, light, motion, gravitation, electricity, molecular energy or any other principle of chemistry or physiology, nor is it any more to be doubted. It is a new and novel application of an old principle—a principle which was born with the universe. It is the application of a stupendous power—the power of oxygen compared with which the power of inert substances like drugs, as they are internally administered, sinks into insignificance. Oxygen is constructive. Drugs are destructive. Oxygen enters into all life and growth. Drugs are the ashes of decay, spelling disorganization and death.

Oxygen comprises nearly three-fourths of the weight of the human body. It enters into the formation of every part of it more largely than any other substance. Any deviation of oxygen supply, either by the air inhaled, the water drank, or the food eaten, is followed by profound changes in the blood. Particularly is this the case when the amount of oxygen is below normal requirements. Combustion is then interfered with, growth and repair are interrupted and disease sets in. As the renowned physiologist (Pawlow) has said: "Life is a constant struggle against oxygen deficiency."

By introducing oxygen into the system by means of the Oxypathor we supply the oxygen deficiency which to a greater or less extent is always present in diseased conditions

and to which these conditions are chiefly due. The blood by this increased oxygen infusion is cleansed of its impurities, waste materials are oxidized and either appropriated by the system or eradicated from it, nutrition is promoted and weakness gives way to strength, energy and buoyant health.

The great power of oxygen as a germicidal agent is not to be forgotten. It is a disputed question as to whether germs directly cause diseases or whether they follow in the wake of disease and by setting up fermentation increase its violence. That they are associated with many diseases is known to be a fact and that they work great destruction of tissue is also well understood. The power of Oxypathic Oxygen to destroy these germs is one of its most extraordinary and valuable properties. It is the only substance, so far as known, that can be safely introduced into the body for this purpose. Certain secretions and excretions taken from diseased horses, cattle, dogs, rabbits, monkeys and other animals, have been claimed by some of the medical profession to possess germicidal properties, but experience has shown them to be more homicidal than germicidal. Many people have been killed outright and many made cripples and invalids for life by being inoculated with these filthy substances. Such weird and ghastly conceits could only spring from the minds of men blinded by professional vanity, enslaved by superstition, or made desperate by waning prestige and poverty of resources.

Oxypathy is growing by leaps and bounds.

Fifteen years ago it was but little known. It had a few enthusiastic supporters who had tried it and realized its wonderful curative powers, but the great majority of the people had never heard of it.

To-day it is a recognized and established system in all parts of the world and its advocates are numbered by the millions. From Mexico, from Central and South America, from the Dominion of Canada, from Japan, China, India, from the East and West Indies, from Africa and from all the countries of Europe come daily reports of the marvelous success of this new method of overcoming disease.

Oxypathy is clean; safe, speedy and efficient.

It is scientific in its operation and in harmony with natural laws.

Unlike the drug treatment, it does not demoralize, enslave or destroy, but works for health, sanity and independence.

Everyone possessing an Oxypathor is his own physician and thoroughly equipped with the best possible means of defending himself or his family against the most deadly infections. Whether in palace or hut, city, village, plantation, desert or jungle, the Oxypathor affords its owner an assurance of security against disease whose value is beyond computation.

Among the many foreign countries where this new system of treatment is winning a strong position in the hearts of the public none deserves a more prominent position than England.

The British Oxypathor Co., Ltd., 65 Conduit Street and Palace St. Georges, London, W., England, are spending a large fortune to make known the good news Oxypathy brings.

The Institute of Oxypathy of London is in charge of Dr. Wallis, the former head of the great Sadow Institute of the same city.

Dr. Wallis was won to Oxypathy through actual results he himself produced with the Oxypathor.

Out of six trial cases in which Dr. Wallis used the Oxypathor previous to joining the Oxypathic Institute, five were cured within two weeks of ailments that nothing else had been able to relieve.

Recently Dr. Wallis addressed 87 members of the British Press on the subject of Oxypathy.

So impressed were they that in every case the paper gave public praise to Oxypathy; some of the articles occupying an entire page.

Such is the progress of Oxypathy in England and in fact, throughout the entire civilized world.

Valuable information which should be in the hands of every person desiring to have perfect health can be obtained without charge by writing to Mr. J. P. Owen, General Manager for The Ontario Oxypathor Co., 701 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MacLean's Magazine

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Toronto, June, 1912

No. 2

June

Oh! radiant June! with lip of song,
And eye of lucent light,
Upon the air is borne along
A breath of deep delight;
The sky is fair and golden now,
The woodlands sweet and clear,
And fragrant-plumed flower-heads bow,
For thou, fair June art here.

Oh! joyous June! the birds, and flowers,
And leaves of every tree,
Admire thy perfect grace; this hour
Draws each heart nearer thee;
The careless clouds of morn, the stars
Of silvery hue, the moon
All strike one note, no discord jars
Thy perfect anthem, June.

Oh! blessed June! each bridal breeze
Sings of a love divine,
That first awoke the tender trees,
And bade the sun to shine:
Thou'rt faultless fair! Great loveliness
To thee, dear June, is given,
Thy wondrous heart proclaims the love
Of Christ, the Lord of Heaven.

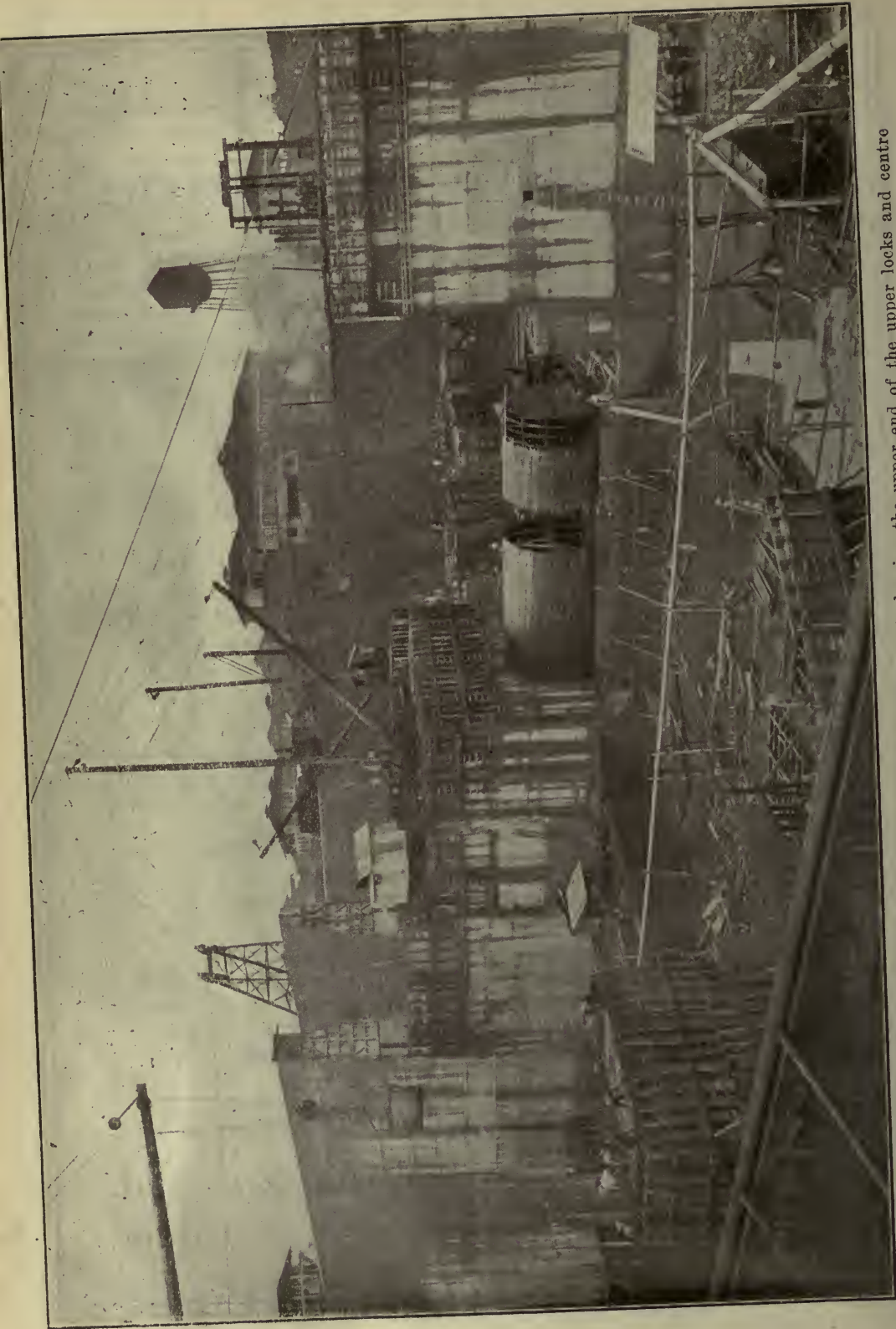
—*W. Aileen Ward.*

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The Panama Canal as it appears to-day—a view looking east showing the upper end of the upper locks and centre guide wall, Gatun locks.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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No. 2

The Effect of the Panama Canal on Canadian Commerce

FAVORED BY ADVANTAGEOUS STRATEGIC POSITION, WESTERN CANADA WILL BE IN LINE WITH NEW HIGHWAYS OF WORLD TRAFFIC AND WILL PROFIT LARGELY BY EXPANSION OF COMMERCE RESULTANT ON SHORTER ROUTES AND WIDER MARKETS

By Roy Fry

The Panama Canal, costing the United States \$400,000,000 will be ready next year. What will be the effect of its opening on Canadian commerce? The supremacy of Canada's natural strategic position, the probable changes in the world's great trade routes, the resultant effect on Canadian commerce, and the facilities which Canada must provide to meet the new situation—these are the outstanding features considered in this article. Stated in a line, the United States is really presenting Western Canada with an investment of \$400,000,000 which will aid materially in its upbuilding and the expansion of its commerce.

WE ARE on the eve of the consummation of five centuries of effort to find or make a direct westerly route from Europe to the Orient. The task which the oldest nations of Christendom essayed and failed to accomplish, is nearing completion at the hands of the youngest of nations. When, a year or so hence, the Panama Canal shall be opened to the fleets and the merchant marine of the world, the dream of Columbus to sail from Spain to Cathay, with his prow ever pointing into the eye of the setting sun, will have become a possibility. The dream of the centuries!

What will it all mean for America and for Canada—the realization of this dream

as embodied in the bi-section of a hemisphere and the consequent modification and reversal of construction policies which will mark the development on the Pacific coast? America, already well advanced towards a mighty commercial destiny, will be aided enormously in its attainment by so gigantic a project—one which will rewrite the history of world transportation in shorthand and create for this continent an entirely new situation, fraught with possibilities so vast as to fairly dazzle the mind. And Canada, with her unrivalled strategic position and her unsurpassed national wealth, to an extent greater than that of any other nation,

will profit by the new era and the new times; indeed, it is doubtful if any other part of the world will be more profoundly influenced by the flow of trade resultant on a project which will revolutionize some aspect of the world's commerce, and will change fundamentally those elemental economic conditions upon which rest the great movements of world politics.

Little wonder then that it has been said, and with some degree of truth, that it would pay Canada to have dug the Panama Canal as a matter of dollars and cents, and that the United States, in completing the undertaking and throwing open to the commerce of the world the new highway, is in reality presenting British Columbia with an investment of \$400,000,000. The more conservative of Canadians will be disposed to challenge the accuracy of such an estimate. Yet it may well be said that few of us, even those on the Pacific coast, actually realize the potential possibilities involved; in order to grasp more clearly their significance and to measure more closely their application to western conditions, it is but necessary to consider the advantages offered. Beyond question the Panama Canal will mean millions to Canadian commerce.

CANADA'S NATURAL STRATEGIC POSITION.

The consideration of the advantages which the Panama Canal will offer to this country should be approached by some reference to Canada's natural strategic position of unrivalled supremacy. If, as has been said, "a goodly part of the future history of the world is to be written by those countries around and within the Pacific ocean, and that the sum total of economic value to the world's shipping which will be created by the Panama Canal will be something quite beyond any human foresight or computation," it follows that incredible riches are destined to flow into, and be developed in, those countries occupying the Western coast of North America which have good harbors, docking facilities, defences, a merchant marine and an adequate navy. Among the countries occupying this strategic position none has better natural advantages than those possessed by British Columbia, whose "long deep fords cleave the contin-

ent, often for nearly a hundred miles, in the partially submerged transverse valleys which cut the coast range. These likewise have their arms reaching among the hills, and indeed, if the fancy be permitted, all the members of a centipede. Lying along that marvellous coast are landlocked harbors, and nooks and corners, and cubby-holes, and culs-de-sac, afloat where all the navies of the world might be hidden away from everything but an All-seeing Scrutiny. To all intents and purposes these inlets and inland channels and water-ways are as navigable rivers. Back of them, the stream and waterfall and glacier; behind these, inexhaustible resources of Nature awaiting the call of industry." Indeed, it is held that the whole coast of the British Columbian mainland is one vast landlocked harbor, and that the islands will furnish more when wanted. Moreover, every mile of this coastline is related to the Panama Canal, New Asia and the New Pacific. With natural advantages of so signal a character, Western Canada, provided enterprise is shown in furnishing the essential facilities which have been enumerated, should play no secondary part in the conquest of commerce which will be waged on the new trade routes which will centre around its coast, with the opening of the Panama Canal, which will be a signal for all the great nations to rush in and struggle for supremacy.

NEW ROUTES AND WIDER MARKETS.

The new routes of travel will mean new fields of commerce for Canada, particularly for the Canadian West, which will be put as close to the great markets as Chicago and Montreal are now. In the course of a recent address before the Royal Colonial Institute at London, Dr. F. B. Vrooman, detailed these new routes and the markets they will open, in this graphic picture: "Take your map of the Western hemisphere. Draw your lines from New York to Valparaiso; from Victoria to New York; from Liverpool to Yokohama. Make Panama the hub of your commercial wheel. Number the trade routes which centre there to diverge again. You will see at a glance that, not only is a new day dawning for Central America and for the North of South America, and for the West coast of North America, but for

some other far away lands as well. You will see new trade routes which the logic of events will lay out where never before they have been possible. Here is a brand-new ocean waterway to be. It will bring the Hudson and the Mississippi, the Orinoco and the Amazon, but little more than a possible week's sail from the Pacific Ocean; and it will bring the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, with their many seaports and with their vast resources, within a few days of it. The mouth of the Mississippi—and that means an increasing share of the trade from the largest and economically most important single area in the world, the great interior plain of North America in both the United States and Canada—will for purposes of commerce, be brought 581 miles nearer Valparaiso, Shanghai and Vancouver, Sydney and Wellington, Melbourne and Honolulu. Jamaica and the British possessions of the West Indies will be thrown across the very highways of world commerce and world progress. The whole shipping from Boston and New York to British Columbia ports will be shortened by 8,415 miles; from Victoria to Liverpool by 6,046 miles. At the present time British Columbia vessels sail but little farther, going to Liverpool than to New York, because they must sail round the most Eastern-most point of Brazil (Pernambuco), which is almost equi-distant from these two ports on either side of the Atlantic. But Colon, on the Canal, is 4,720 miles from Liverpool and but 1,961 miles from New York. a commercial advantage of 2,759 miles in favor of the United States—if she only had the ships.”

From the viewpoint of Canadian commerce, Dr. Vrooman's outlook on the changes which will be effected in the world's trade routes is altogether favorable. It may, however, be the part of wisdom to view the pending changes with caution. Every new trade route causes changes in the world's commerce, so that in regard to the Panama Canal the only question is involved in the form which the changes will take. English and German steamship companies are said to have been investigating the possibilities of the Canal and contemplating the arrangement of new services, but it is possible, according to Herr Ballin, the director-general of the

Hamburg-American Line, to attach too much significance to these reports. In his opinion the Canal, insofar as new routes and wider markets are concerned, will mean a great deal to the general trade of the world, and especially for that of the United States with the west coast of South America, as it will afford a much shorter route from Atlantic to Pacific ports, but he adds, “there is no occasion to exaggerate the importance of the changes which will be brought about. The new trade route will not open up entirely new countries to the commerce of the world; but will merely bring regions that are already partly developed into closer touch with North America and Europe.”

Nevertheless it would seem that the great steamship companies of the world are preparing for a readjustment of routes. The North German Lloyd steamship line announces that it will establish direct service through the canal between Bremen and San Francisco at passenger and freight rates identical with those of its Bremen-New York line. The Hansa, another German line, will make Tacoma its terminal. The Belgians have their minds set on a line to Portland. One Japanese line will run eleven steamers of eight or ten thousand tons each, between Yokohama and New York. Another Japanese line will run to Brazil. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha is constructing five ships to run to Europe and the United States, and Vancouver reports that the Royal Mail Steamship Company, the biggest shipping enterprise in the world, will enter its port as soon as traffic arrangements via the Panama Canal are such that the big steamship companies can put on regular services, establishing a direct line between Vancouver and other Pacific coast ports with Great Britain, via the West Indies. Freights from the West coast destined for Atlantic coast ports will be transferred at Colon, as the company has several services along the Atlantic coast. Nor is that all. Reports to be presented at the International Congress of Navigation to be held shortly at Philadelphia indicate how great an advantage the Panama Canal will be to the American continent in the race for the rich trade of the Far East. The distance from New York to Yokohama will be reduced as against the Suez route by no less

than 3,322 leagues. When it is realized that the Panama Canal will admit ships that are much larger and therefore more economical as carriers than can possibly go through the Suez Canal, and that this advantage is gained by the entire American continent, it is seen how important a problem this becomes. The great development of the Dutch Indies, of Japan after the war, and the awakening of China, the opening up for foreign trade of the Manchuria, a rich country of an immense superficial area, are indications demonstrating that the commerce between Europe and the countries situated in the far side of the Suez Canal will undergo a very rapid change. Indeed, the Suez Company fully realizes the menace of the Panama Canal to its interests. It is insisted by Prince d'Arenberg, president of the Suez Canal Company, that "the Panama Canal will be a complement rather than a competitor of the Suez Canal," yet it is a noteworthy fact that he also points out that the opening of the Panama Canal necessitates that the Suez Canal be improved "so as not to be behindhand in the march of progress."

EFFECT ON CANADIAN COMMERCE.

Having thus noted Canada's strategic position and outlined the markets which will be brought into closer proximity with the Western seacoast by the new waterway, let us consider briefly what advantages are likely to accrue to Canadian commerce.

When the Panama Canal is opened the commerce between the provinces of British Columbia and Alberta and possibly Western Saskatchewan and the European continent will no longer be water and rail commerce across the continent, but will be almost exclusively water-borne. By providing a cheap means of transportation for Alberta's cattle and grain and British Columbia's lumber, salmon, and fruit to Europe, the Panama Canal will improve the position of every farmer, rancher, lumberman, fruit-grower and fish-canning establishment within a thousand miles of any of the exporting centres on the Pacific coast. The canal route to Europe will have the great advantage of being an all-the-year-round route, whereas the combined rail and vessel route across the continent labors under the disadvantage of froz-

en waterways that for five months in the year are useless. It is fairly certain that from December till May every year much grain will go to Europe by Pacific ports from points even in Saskatchewan Province too remote from St. John, Halifax, or Portland to make the long rail haul a profitable venture. It is said that freight rates between Liverpool and Vancouver across the continent will be materially diminished; also by way of Panama, which will halve the distance by way of Suez, and also by reason of the larger competition to be developed. It will practically halve the present freight rate between Vancouver and the ports of the British Isles. According to one authority "Even now, with the present excessive rates over the Rockies, wheat may be shipped in winter from Calgary to Liverpool more cheaply than by the all-rail route to St. John, New Brunswick. The winter rates to Liverpool are four-tenths of a cent per bushel in favor of Vancouver from Calgary. The eastern route is blocked by ice five months in the year. The British Columbia route is open twelve months in the year. The Panama Canal will give the decided advantage to Vancouver all the year round. From Calgary to the head of Navigation on Lake Superior (Fort William) is 1,260 miles. From Calgary to the port of Vancouver is 644 miles. It is now generally believed in the West by the shipping people that Vancouver will be the shipping port for the wheat of Alberta and Western Saskatchewan destined for Europe and the Southern States."

The traffic in grain alone will be an enormous consideration. The three prairie provinces produced upwards of three hundred million bushels of grain last year and it appears safe to predict, declares Sir Donald Mann, who has made a study of the Canadian Western situation in its relation to the Panama route, that in the not-distant future they will produce a thousand million bushels of grain a year. James B. Goodwin, the financial editor of the Hearst newspaper syndicate, thinks by the time the Canal is opened, Western Canada ought to have enough wheat to ship out of Vancouver to make it necessary for at least one 20,000 ton grain vessel to sail from that port every day in the year.

Nor is grain the only item. New markets will be found on the Atlantic for British Columbia lumber and paper. No doubt the greater demand will increase the price but the saving in freight will be substantial. The present freight rates from Vancouver to Liverpool are sixteen dollars per thousand feet. The Canal will give British Columbia a rate of about eight dollars per thousand feet. This difference per thousand will add to the value of British Columbia timber destined for Europe. It may be safely calculated that with the new markets which the Canal will open, and the lower rates, it will afford a lump increase in value to the 182,000,000 acres of merchantable timber of British Columbia of millions of dollars.

But the commercial effect of the new water route on British Columbia promises to be still more marked. To again quote Dr. Vrooman in his instructive address: "British Columbia is destined to be a vast Imperial industrial workshop. While her agricultural and horticultural possibilities are far beyond what is generally supposed, British Columbia is, in natural resources and raw materials of industry, one of the richest areas on the globe. But above all is she rich in mechanical power—water-power and coal. These are about to be opened up and developed. Their development soon will be beyond computation, for, roughly speaking, there is not an investment in British Columbia to-day which will not be directly increased in value by the new canal, but also much indirectly in the impetus given to development. This one thing—this canal—costing us nothing, will double, quadruple and quintuple values out there in a few brief years. With easier access will come new trade, and new demands will create new products, and soon the innumerable water-powers of British Columbia will start the wheels of a thousand new industries. The illimitable resources of the province will be opened up, developed, and utilized at home or shipped abroad. The value of every town lot and of every acre of land of the 395,000 sq. miles of the province will be greatly enhanced; town sites will be hewed out of the forests, and of the forests themselves every stick of wood of their 182,000,000 acres of forest and woodland, will be increased in value directly, by reason of

cheaper shipping alone to the extent of several dollars per thousand feet, and in the items of lumber and wood pulp alone the Panama Canal will make as a free gift to British Columbia considerably more than the United States is spending on the whole canal.

"The mines of British Columbia which have already produced over £70,000,000, will leap forward with renewed prosperity. Her fisheries, which have produced £21,000,000, will be more extensively developed and, let us hope, be made again a British asset, since they are wholly in the hands of the Japanese, who not only send their earnings home to Japan, but are criminally wasteful in their methods. The coal deposits of the province, which are the most extensive in the world, will, with immense deposits of iron, be opened to the world's markets. It is said that the coal fields of one small district in the Kootenay are capable of yielding 10,000,000 tons a year for over 7,000 years, and a new district has been discovered within the twelve-month which the Provincial Mineralogist told me on Christmas Eve was the most important economic discovery ever made in British Columbia, where there are known to be 1,000 square miles of the best of anthracite, and which is probably the richest known anthracite district in the new world west of Pennsylvania."

What will all of this mean to Canadian commerce? The answer is not far to seek; it cannot mean other than a tremendous increase in inter-provincial and foreign trade and the rapid development of the Canadian West.

It will stimulate inter-provincial trade in Canada because a large proportion of the traffic, particularly the heavy freight traffic, between eastern and western Canada, that now goes across the continent at high railway rates or, as in the case of non-perishable goods, finds its way around the Horn or across the Isthmus, where it must be taken from the steamer at the Atlantic side, loaded on cars, carried across and transferred to another steamer on the Pacific side, will be sent from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard by vessel when the Canal is available. It is estimated that for heavy freight, such as steel rails, the opening of the Panama route will cut the haulage cost in two, and put Sydney into rela-

tively close touch with Vancouver, Victoria and Prince Rupert. While foreign trade is desirable, Canada should be ever mindful of her own inter-provincial trade. Speaking recently at New Westminster, Sir Donald Mann pointed out that every mile of railway that is built in the prairie provinces broadens their markets for lumbering, farming and fishing industries and that when the Panama Canal is built trade will flow through the coast cities to the interior and transportation companies will have to look for return cargoes both by land and sea, and when found, they will reduce the cost of transportation to a minimum. These return cargoes will be provided by the farmers of the plains. A large proportion of the resultant tonnage will find its way to the markets of the world through the harbors of the Fraser River, Burrard Inlet and through the Panama Canal. This enormous tonnage should make Vancouver and the Fraser River harbors some of the greatest ocean grain ports that the world has ever known.

As to the wider field of foreign commerce the advantages which the Panama Canal will offer Canada are equally great. The whole country will experience a quickening effect from the opening of the Canal and the joining of the two oceans. The West will have a new approach by a competitive sea route to all the ports of the Gulf and the Atlantic coasts of the United States as well as those of Great Britain and the Western shores of Europe. It will likewise have direct sea access to all the northern portion of South America, the Islands of the West Indies, Cuba and the eastern coast of Mexico and Central America. Canada is sure to reap additional prosperity from the new commercial and economic life that will come to the whole western coast of the Americas from Vancouver south ten thousand miles to Valparaiso in Chile.

This trade will be a big factor as will be seen by reference to figures. Our imports of all classes of goods from Britain last year amounted to \$98,575,000, Britain's exports to Canada being greater than to any foreign country except France, Germany and the United States; but when we consider the population of these countries as compared with that of Canada, it will be seen that the per capita exports to Canada

are very much greater than to any one of them. This trade should increase with direct access to the West, particularly in manufactured goods, of which we bought \$77,895,000 from Britain. Or, take the case of the West Indies with which we have recently effected a treaty. From the point of view of trade, the matter stands thus: The total trade between Canada and the Colonies included in the agreement, according to the Canadian returns for 1911, reached nearly \$15,000,000. The total trade between Canada and the Colonies which remain out, according to the same returns, was \$2,675,000; and of this amount over \$2,000,000 was with Jamaica, which did not send delegates to Ottawa. According to the Canadian returns for 1911, our imports from the British Indies as a whole, were \$6,469,000, and our exports to those colonies were \$4,113,000. The same year we sold to British Guiana goods worth \$622,000, and our imports were valued at \$3,793,000. The British West Indian figures, of course, include the colonies not adhering to the present agreement; but making allowance for this, the exports to the West Indies included in the agreement were about \$3,000,000; and the imports thence were about \$4,800,000. Guiana trade is given separately, and is additional. Beyond question, under the favorable terms which have been made and the new waterway, the trade between Canada and the West Indies, already a considerable item, will be largely increased to the advantage of both parties in the exchange of natural products and manufactured goods. It has been estimated the nine islands, with a population of 1,000,000 people annually import food stuffs and manufactured articles amounting to \$46,000,000, which Canada could produce. Nor must Central and South America be overlooked with its wonderful trade prospects. The twenty Latin American countries, reaching from Mexico and Cuba south to Argentina and Chile, conducted last year a magnificent foreign trade in excess of two billions of dollars which, in turn, represents a remarkable increase of one hundred per cent. in the last ten years. As soon as the Panama Canal is completed, railroads will be built into the interior of those countries, their natural

(Concluded on page 105)

The Girl and the Graft

By O. Henry

THE other day I ran across my old friend Ferguson Pogue. Pogue is a conscientious grafter of the highest type. His headquarters is the Western Hemisphere, and his line of business is anything from speculating in town lots on the Great Staked Plains to selling wooden toys in Connecticut, made by hydraulic pressure from nutmegs ground to a pulp.

Now and then when Pogue has made a good haul he comes to New York for a rest. He says the jug of wine and loaf of bread and Thou in the wilderness business is about as much rest and pleasure to him as sliding down the bumps at Coney would be to President Taft. "Give me," says Pogue, "a big city for my vacation. Especially New York. I'm not much fond of New Yorkers, and Manhattan is about the only place on the globe where I don't find any."

While in the metropolis Pogue can always be found at one of two places. One is a little second-hand bookshop on Fourth Avenue, where he reads books about his hobbies, Mahometanism and taxidermy. I found him at the other—his hall bedroom in Eighteenth Street—where he sat in his stocking feet trying to pluck "The Banks of the Wabash" out of a small zither. Four years he has practised this tune without arriving near enough to cast the longest trout line to the water's edge. On the dresser lay a blued-steel Colt's forty-five and a tight roll of tens and twenties large enough to belong to the spring rattlesnake-story class. A chambermaid with a room-cleaning air fluttered nearby the hall, unable to enter or to flee, scandalized by the stocking feet, aghast at the Colt's, yet powerless, with her metropolitan instincts, to remove herself beyond the magic influence of the yellow-hued roll.

I sat on his trunk while Ferguson Pogue talked. No one could be franker or more candid in his conversation. Be-

side his expression the cry of Henry James for lacteal nourishment at the age of one month would have seemed like a Chaldean cryptogram. He told me stories of his profession with pride, for he considered it an art. And I was curious enough to ask him whether he had known any women who followed it.

"Ladies?" said Pogue, with western chivalry. "Well, not to any great extent. They don't amount to much in special lines of graft, because they're all so busy in general lines. What? Why, they have to. Who's got the money in the world? The men. Did you ever know a man to give a woman a dollar without any consideration? A man will shell out his dust to another man free and easy and gratis. But if he drops a penny in one of the machines run by the Madam Eve's Daughters' Amalgamated Association and the pineapple chewing gum don't fall out when he pulls the lever you can hear him kick to the superintendent four blocks away. Man is the hardest proposition a woman has to go up against. He's a low-grade one, and she has to work overtime to make him pay. Two times out of five she's salted. She can't put in crushers and costly machinery. He'd notice 'em and be on to the game. They have to pan out what they get, and it hurts their tender hands. Some of 'em are natural sluice troughs and can carry out \$1,000 to the ton. The dry-eyed ones have to depend on signed letters, false hair, sympathy, the kangaroo walk, cowhide whips, ability to cook, sentimental juries, conversational powers, silk underskirts, ancestry, rouge, anonymous letters, violet sachet powders, witnesses, revolvers, pneumatic forms, carbolic acid, moonlight, cold cream and the evening newspapers."

"You are outrageous, Ferg," I said. "Surely there is none of this 'graft,' as you call it, in a perfect and harmonious matrimonial union!"

"Well," said Pogue, "nothing that would justify you every time in calling up Police Headquarters and ordering out the reserves and a vaudeville manager on a dead run. But it's this way: Suppose you're a Fifth Avenue millionaire, soaring high, on the right side of copper and cappers.

"You come home at night and bring a \$9,000,000 diamond brooch to the lady who's staked you for a claim. You hand it over. She says, 'Oh, George!' and looks to see if it's backed. She comes up and kisses you. You've waited for it. You get it. All right. It's graft.

"But I'm telling you about Artemisia Blye. She was from Kansas and she suggested corn in all of its phases. Her hair was as yellow as the silk; her form was as tall and graceful as a stalk in the low grounds during a wet summer; her eyes were as big and startling as bunions, and green was her favorite color.

"On my last trip into the cool recesses of your sequestered city I met a human named Vaucross. He was worth—that is, he had a million. He told me he was in business on the street. 'A sidewalk merchant?' says I, sarcastic. 'Exactly,' says he. 'Senior partner of a paving concern.'

"I kind of took to him. For this reason, I met him on Broadway one night when I was out of heart, luck, tobacco and place. He was all silk hat, diamonds and front. He was all front. If you had gone behind him you would have only looked yourself in the face. I looked like a cross between Count Tolstoy and a June lobster. I was out of luck. I had—but let me lay my eyes on that dealer again.

"Vaucross stopped and talked to me a few minutes and then he took me to a high-toned restaurant to eat dinner. There was music, and then some Beethoven, and Bordelaise sauce, and cussing in French, and frangipangi, and some hauteur and cigarettes. When I am flush I know them places.

"I declare, I must have looked as bad as a magazine artist sitting there without any money and my hair all rumpled like I was booked to read a chapter from 'Elsie's School Days' at a Brooklyn Bohemian smoker. But Vaucross treated me like a bear hunter's guide. He wasn't afraid of hurting the waiter's feelings.

"'Mr. Pogue,' he explains, 'I am using you.'

"'Go on,' says I; 'I hope you don't wake up.'

"And then he tells me, you know, the kind of man he was. He was a New Yorker. His whole ambition was to be noticed. He wanted to be conspicuous. He wanted people to point him out, and bow to him, and tell others who he was. He said it had been the desire of his life always. He didn't have but a million, so he couldn't attract attention by spending money. He said he tried to get into public notice one time by planting a little public square on the East Side with garlic for free use of the poor; but Carnegie heard of it and covered it at once with a library in the Gaelic language. Three times he had jumped in the way of automobiles; but the only result was five broken ribs.

"'Ever try the reporters?' I asked him.

"'Last month,' says Mr. Vaucross, 'my expenditure for lunches to reporters was \$124.80.'

"'Get anything out of that?' I asks.

"'That reminds me,' says he; 'add \$8.50 for pepsin. Yes, I got indigestion.'

"'How am I supposed to push along your scramble for prominence?' I inquires. 'Contrast?'

"'Something of that sort to-night,' says Vaucross. 'It grieves me; but I am forced to resort to eccentricity.' And here he drops his napkin in his soup and rises up and bows to a gent who is devastating a potato under a palm across the room.

"'The Police Commissioner,' says my climber, gratified. "'Friend,' says I, in a hurry, 'have ambitions but don't kick a rung out of your ladder. When you use me as a stepping stone to salute the police you spoil my appetite on the grounds that I may be degraded and incriminated.'

"'At the Quaker City squab en casserole the idea about Artemisia Blye comes to me.

"'Suppose I can manage to get you in the papers,' says I—a column or two every day in all of 'em and your picture in most of 'em for a week. How much would it be worth to you?'

"'Ten thousand dollars,' says Vaucross, warm in a minute. 'But no murder,' says he; 'and I won't wear pink pants at a cotillon.'

"'I wouldn't ask you to,' says I. 'This is honorable, stylish and uneffeminate. Tell the waiter to bring a demi tasse and some other beans, and I will disclose to you the opus moderandi.'"

"We closed the deal an hour later in the rococo rouge et noise room. I telegraphed that night to Miss Artemisia in Salina. She took a couple of photographs and an autograph letter to an elder in the Fourth Presbyterian Church in the morning and got some transportation and \$80. She stopped in Topeka long enough to trade a flashlight interior and a valentine to the vice-president of a trust company for a mileage and a package of five-dollar notes with \$250 scrawled on the band.

"The fifth evening after she got my wire she was waiting, all décolletée and dressed up, for me and Vaucross to take her to dinner in one of these New York feminine apartment houses where a man can't get in unless he plays bezique and smokes depilatory powder cigarettes.

"'She's a stunner,' says Vaucross when he saw her. 'They'll give her a two-column cut sure.'"

"This was the scheme the three of us concocted. It was business straight through. Vaucross was to rush Miss Blye with all the style and display and emotion he could for a month. Of course, that amounted to nothing as far as his ambitions were concerned. The sight of a man in a white tie and patent leather pumps pouring greenbacks through the large end of a cornucopia to purchase nutriment and heartsease for tall, willowy blondes in New York is as common a sight as blue turtles in delirium tremens. But he was to write her love letters—the worst kind of love letters, such as your wife publishes after you are dead—every day. At the end of the month he was to drop her, and she would bring suit for \$100,000 for breach of promise.

"Miss Artemisia was to get \$10,000. If she won the suit that was all; and if she lost she was to get it anyhow. There was a signed contract to that effect.

"Sometimes they had me out with 'em, but not often. I couldn't keep up to their style. She used to pull out his notes and criticize them like bills of lading.

"'Say, you!' she'd say. 'What do you call this—Letter to a Hardware Merchant

from His Nephew on Learning that His Aunt has Nettlerash? You Eastern duffers know as much about writing love letters as a Kansas grasshopper does about tugboats. "My dear Miss Blye!"—wouldn't that put pink icing and a little red sugar bird on your bridal cake? How long do you expect to hold an audience in a court-room with that kind of stuff? You want to get down to business, and call me "Tweedlums Babe" and "Honeysuckle," and sign yourself "Mama's Own Bid Bad Puggy Wuggy Boy" if you want any limelight to concentrate upon your sparse gray hairs. Get sappy.'

"After that Vaucross dipped his pen in the indelible tabasco. His notes read like something or other in the original. I could see a jury sitting up, and women tearing one another's hats to hear 'em read. And I could see piling up for Mr. Vaucross as much notorioussness as Archbishop Cranmer or the Brooklyn Bridge or cheese-on-salad ever enjoyed. He seemed mighty pleased at the prospects.

"They agreed on a night! and I stood on Fifth Avenue outside a solemn restaurant and watched 'em. A process-server walked in and handed Vaucross the papers at his table. Everybody looked at 'em; and he looked as proud as Cicero. I went back to my room and lit a five-cent cigar, for I knew the \$10,000 was as good as ours.

"About two hours later somebody knocked at my door. There stood Vaucross and Miss Artemisia, and she was clinging—to his arm. And they tells me they'd been out and got married. And they articulated some trivial cadences about love and such. And they laid down a bundle on the table and said 'Good night,' and left.

"And that's why I say," concluded Ferguson Pogue, "that a woman is too busy occupied with her natural vocation and instinct of graft such as is given her for self-preservation and amusement to make any great success in special lines."

"What was in the bundle that they left?" I asked, with my usual curiosity.

"Why," said Ferguson, "there was a scalper's railroad ticket as far as Kansas City and two pairs of Mr. Vaucross' old pants."

Across Newfoundland

BROAD GAUGE SENSATIONS ON A NARROW GAUGE RAILWAY
—AN IDEAL OUTING FOR THE SUMMER TOURIST

By W. Lacey Amy

If, as we are told in this article, Newfoundland glories in the native possession of everything a tourist could wish for—scenery, pure air, game, fish, water routes—why is it that so few Canadians avail themselves of the opportunities it offers during the tourist season? Possibly they are unfamiliar with its charms and advantages? In that case the "broad-gauge sensations on a narrow-gauge railway," which are here presented in Mr. Amy's descriptive article, "Across Newfoundland," will be doubly interesting to Canadian readers.

IF Newfoundland were more difficult of access there might be some reason for the delay in its acceptance as the goal of the summer tourist. There are places offering less in the ease of transportation, and infinitely less in interest, that are over-run from June to September. But the old British colony on the east coast of Canada, an island whose natural destiny is confederation with Canada, has somehow missed the list of calling places of the majority of the summer sightseers. Every year thousands pass within sight of it on the way to Europe, shudder at the inhospitable bit of coast they glimpse, and never come any closer.

IDEAL FOR THE TOURIST.

But Newfoundland glories in the native possession of everything a tourist could wish for—scenery, pure air, game, fish, water routes, everything but the accommodation that will come *with* the tourist, not before him. Its ease of approach is unaccountably unknown. Taking Toronto as a centre, there is nothing ahead of the transportation comforts of the International Limited to Montreal. Connecting at the same station with the Intercolonial, with just enough wait to avoid rush, the Government railway completes the remainder of the journey with-

in Canada—a railway of unrivalled menage, and those necessities of easy sleep, a good road-bed and careful engineers on the train de luxe, the Ocean Limited.

At North Sydney direct connection is made with the "Invermore," the Reid-Newfoundland steamer that has taken the place of the wrecked "Bruce," of spectacular ice-breaking fame. A hundred miles across Cabot Straits at Port aux Basques the Reid-Newfoundland train awaits the boat, and twenty-eight hours afterwards deposits the passengers at St. John's, on the other side of the island, after a journey that is brimming over with oddities, good service and unique attractions.

The trip across Newfoundland might be said to commence at North Sydney. There you board the transportation system that provides every mile of rail on the island and circles it with a boat service remarkable for its impartiality of stops; and one boat continues a thousand miles north from St. John's into the northern ocean wilds of Labrador, along a barren coast that seems to offer nothing but interest to the traveler, who has not been frightened away by the mere name of the country he is passing.

It was a night for ocean trips when I pulled out about ten o'clock from the wharf at North Sydney. A ruddy moon,

unnaturally large from its lowness in the sky, was casting enough light to leave everything in doubt. The lights of North Sydney twinkled in a thousand ripples on the surface of the wind-blown water. In the distance on our right was the lighted hillside that supported the sister town of Sydney, and into the centre of this polka-dot of lights the red glow of smelters threw

heavens lit into a great glow from the smelters at Sydney Mines.

The following morning, so early that few had yet come on deck, the treeless rocks of Newfoundland broke through the fog and Port aux Basques gradually unfolded as a big name without the inhabitants to justify it. The sun came out enough to show that it intended to con-



The Humber River.

a vivid shaft far into the sky. The steady lights of the "Canada," a Canadian gunboat, showed where the sombre boat lay out of the track of the shipping. The bright lights of an ocean freighter slipped past us and dwindled into little blurs with the spots of the town. Far ahead a continuous flash marked the end of the harbor. Beyond it in the open ocean a fog reflected back the revolving of the beacon through the half of the circle turned from us. And just inside the harbor the

tinue operations even outside of Canada, and an enthusiastic photographer rushed to the bow of the boat to take advantage of the first time in a great number of trips that he had found Port aux Basques unveiled with fog. On the wharf a few feet from the boat stood the waiting train, looking for all the world like any Canadian train, and guarded by a grey-suited porter with the look of responsibility and dignity that should accompany the combination of parlor-car conductor and porter.

But we had not arrived yet. As benefits the government of an island that is not large enough to have business enough to provide reason enough for despatch, we were forced to wait for something, what it was I never found out. First of all, the

tourist—and a great deal more to attend to the carrying out of a lot of red tape that irritates unnecessarily the very people it seems to want. For instance, you can't carry any kind of camera into Newfoundland without making a deposit on it. Old



Trout Pool at Little Codroy.

second-class passengers had to be examined by a doctor who climbed on board and utilized the smoking room for the operation. And by the time they decided that all the formalities of pompous business had been carried out with effect the government condescended to allow the first-class passengers to alight—in order to go through that rigid inspection that makes reason for officials, and, as one officer put it, “ensures that the traveler will not forget Newfoundland for a while.”

Newfoundland spends quite a bit of money advertising its attractions for the

or new, cheap or dear, every camera means a bit of money out of your pocket into the government's until you wish to leave the country. With a number of other travelers I had my fieldglasses over my shoulder when I passed into the immigration shed. Immediately I had passed through the door I noticed an official settle his eye on me until I thought there must be a warrant for me, at least.

“I guess you're interested in a camera I have in here, anyway,” I said apologetically, as I opened my suitcase. I thought

I would forestall any suspicions he might have.

"Yes, and we're interested in those," he answered, not looking at my suitcase but pointing at my fieldglass case. I began to wish I had not worn a tiepin or a pair of shoes; I had not provided for leaving a deposit on everything I had with me.

In the inner room where you part with your money a good-natured official was taking in more coin than a western real estate office or a circus wicket. A man ahead of me seemed to have outfitted him-

"And your glasses," he continued. "I see you have them."

The man looked amazed. "Are you going to make me deposit on those? Say, I've been in every other country on this green earth but this small island, and this gets me. What do you think I'm going to do with these things? Kill caribou?"

"That's so," reflectively. "And I might sell my hat and my jack-knife and my shirt."

The official saw no use of arguing. "What are these guns worth, and these



Fischel's River.

self for the purpose of temporarily financing the Newfoundland government. The official had the camera in front of him and was paying close attention to the buckle on the strap as if he feared some foul scheme were contemplated there.

B

fishing rods?" he asked, picking up a couple of cases.

The owner made an estimate.

"And you'll want a fishing license," remarked the man-of-red-tape, reaching for the forms.

A minute later the traveler was handed a number of papers, with an extended hand awaiting the fees and deposit. He looked at the papers a moment. It was a big bill.

"Say, mister," he said in a voice of hushed awe, "I didn't bring the bank with me. Ten dollars to fish—I see that. And you charge me for most of what I have with me. But I don't see what this fifty cents is for."

"That," responded the official genially, "is to pay for the license—the piece of paper."

"Oh, I see. I pay ten dollars for the fishing license and fifty cents to show I

you. I know I'm too honest, but I've got a fountain pen here you've evidently overlooked."

The coin-collector smiled and went on to make out my deposit slip.

"And say," went on the man just as the door closed on him, "are there any more officials need the money. You've got almost all the money I brought; and I've simply got to eat."

Were the officials as eager to place obstacles in the way of pleasant entry the "Invermore" might as well stop running. Fortunately they obey instructions with the greatest good-cheer and kindliness, conscious that they are the fingers of a re-



St. John's River.

paid the ten dollars. Are you sure it isn't necessary to prove I paid the fifty cents?"

He handed over the money and I stepped into place.

"Say, mister," he interrupted as he picked up his cases, "I'm afraid I'm doing

lentless, mistaken hand. Only in my contact with the immigration department was there a jarring note in the whole trip; thereafter Newfoundland filled the bill.

To be sure you can reach St. John's by boat, but then one misses the most inter-

esting part of the island, the trip across. The train pulls out from Port-aux-Basques along the sea-arms that are confined within bare rock. For miles there is nothing but these and a little shrub-covered soil. It was startling in this barrenness to

and section houses and interested groups at the few stations. This freedom from human evidence came home most vividly when, after traveling for hours without more than a fleeting glimpse of a habitation, we came out again upon the sea shore



Holyrood, Newfoundland.

come suddenly upon a conventional railway crossing sign, out of the ordinary only in that it was out of plumb. No sign of a road was near it, or the possibilities of one. Not a house was within sight, a condition that prevails throughout nine-tenths of the trip until within an hour of St. John's. It is its lonely wastes, its wild rocks and distant mountains, its winding, gurgling, unrestrained streams and tree-bound lakes, its striking separation from all that is mark of man—it is this great loneliness that makes the attraction of Newfoundland's railway trip the more unique even for the tiny breaks of shacks

and saw two sickly shacks standing close together upon a rocky ledge overhanging the water and propped up by heavy poles; and in front of them a man gazed fixedly after the train, until he was lost to view, a lonesome, dreary, fellow-hungry man who had laid off his work, whatever it was, because it was Sunday.

To the stranger the most impressive sight is the vast stretches of "barrens," all across the island, covered in parts with low shrubs growing so thickly that they can scarcely be taken from the ground itself. Often I would be gazing across miles of this growth unconscious for the moment



Little River at Bay D'Espoir.

that it was not green-covered ground. And then come the weirdest of Newfoundland's offerings, the tracts of dead, white tree trunks, bleached into an unbelievable whiteness by the wind and rain and sun. Standing there in all their deformities of knots and broken branches and curled trunks these twisted things stick their contorted arms menacingly into the air like tombstones of blasted lives. Here and there the second last stage of this whitened death appears in some crooked, stubby old tree covered with moss and looking so sorry it cannot die outright and end it all.

But Newfoundland makes up for this sepulchre of past ages almost before the trees have passed. A vivid flash of purple spots the roadside, then more of it; and backed by a fresh forest of deep green, acres on acres of purple flowers change the feeling—flowers that grow so closely

that the ground is a mantle of purple. The most vivid color-effect I ever saw came on me as the train slowly climbed a grade. A field of brighter, lighter purple than usual was nearest the track. Behind it was a stretch of the same flowers but in noticeably darker hue. Then the color passed abruptly into the deep, black-evergreen of the native low-set trees, and after that into a lighter green of taller verdure. Finally, a few leafy trees had managed to clutch a life from the soil long enough to gain their color; but the effort had expended their energies and the leaves were turning the light yellow of coming dissolution.

Water lilies there are of unheard size and beauty. Only a suggestion of the water that lay underneath came through the thick flowers of pond after pond—lilies that had never been touched by aught but the breath of heaven on ponds that

had never seen anything of human life but the railway. Every passenger in our car gazed with envy on the huge white flowers; but the flowers will come again next year and the next, and for so many more before they are disturbed by grasping fingers that those that grip now in anticipation will be but memories.

Tree-life varies from the tiny full-grown tree of certain parts of the wastes not more than six inches high to the great lumber woods around Bay of Islands and further east. The wooded slopes of Newfoundland are so imposing that the unfavorable approach of stunted growth and barren rock and whitened stumps is a slander on what brightens the eye later on.

Of the larger works of nature the mountains are, of course, the most imposing.

With the sea of the West coast still in sight the first of the mountains break into the stretches of rock on the sea side of the train. When I saw them on the Sunday it was through a veil of rain for the first few miles. And when the rain decided to retire for a few hours there was still a mist around the peaks that added to their seeming height and brought into relief the evergreen trees below and the dashing white of the mountain torrents rushing to the sea so close at hand. Running along the Humber River near Bay of Islands the mountains tower on both sides, bare, precipitous rocky slopes of mingled shades of grey and white. Further along one of the best-known sights of the line is the group of three peaks that rise from the level rock into rounded knobs, verdureless, unaccountable, conspicuous. The



Bay D'East River.

Three Topsails are odd enough to merit a great part of their publicity, but not of sufficient importance to overhang other features less advertised.

BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE LAND.

The beauty spots of the island are Bay of Islands and the last twenty miles of the journey. Along Bay of Islands for miles the railway follows the dips and rises of the mountains, and the passengers look down upon a hill-enclosed strip of water that runs up thirty miles from the ocean. All along the water's edge on both sides, and climbing up the hillsides are indefinite villages that cannot distinguish their outskirts from their neighbors'. Fishing boats float along in all stages of dress and undress, and home-made wharves and fish-stages give access to the deeper water. A couple of hours before St. John's is reached the railway skirts an arm of the sea, providing a scenic beauty unsurpassed. Winding in and out with the rocky beach the train rushes down to the water's level, climbs wearily up again until it overlooks its route of a few minutes before; and all the time a new vista of sun-flicked water and drying cod and peaceful hamlets and full-sailed schooners drifts by. Then leaving the water, the outlying resorts of St. John's show that here as elsewhere the resident demands provision for his motor trips and week-ends.

Newfoundland is badly mutilated by rivers and lakes, but the scars are not unsightly by any means. Rivers supply the only possible passages through the mountains, and make up for this assistance by necessitating a bridge at every mile-post. Lakes are everywhere, from the pond in size to the one dangerous to boat on in storms. Deer Lake, Grand Lake, and a host of others are visible from the car windows for miles at a time. Seal lie lazily on the rocks in the former as the train passes, making the eyes hard to believe when the traveler knows that he is a hundred miles from the ocean. From those larger lakes the size varies down to the pools that dot certain parts in countless numbers. It is strange to see a dozen pools on different levels and divided from

each other by a mere foot of moss; but the rock in which the water lies is an effective dam.

Did Newfoundland fit itself out as it deserves there would be a stopping place for the interested traveler at every turn. There is simply no end to the pleasures offered by nature. But the regular tourist traffic has not yet discovered Newfoundland, or there would be a wailing from the summer resorts of eastern North America. That accounts for the comparative lack of good hotels across the island. There are scores of houses that provide for the fisherman, and suit him admirably; but in regularly organized hotels Newfoundland will need to abound when the country is found out.

At Spruce Brook there is a log cabin, a large affair with all the native attraction of its name and the comfort that can be supplied by a greater knowledge of the fancies of the summer tourist than of the ordinary sources of profit of a summer resort. The train stops regularly near the quaint structure, although there is not another building but a section house. The two Englishmen who are its proprietors have remained steadfast to their faith after the destruction of three previous cabins by fire. The fare is better than Newfoundland appears to be able to maintain further on, and although there is more to entice the hunter and fisherman than the regular tourist there is rest here as in few other places. An hour away, a hotel at Bay of Islands provides most of what is needed to make this beautiful section a dream for the lover of scenery and entrancing water-trips. After that there is little in the way of accommodation that can be heartily recommended until the east coast is approached, but a score of small hotels and boarding houses are good enough to make them worth a visit. Bishop's Falls and Grand Falls are interesting as the centres of great pulp industries, the latter being owned by Harmsworth and operated for his many publications in England. Near the east coast several branch lines proceed to delightful seaside villages of unique interest and passable fare; and the former is usually so great that the latter is forgotten.

The Unsuccessful Alumnus

By ROSE HENDERSON

THE dinner was a long one. There were songs between the courses, and the courses were many. The banquet hall was gay with light and color. The class of 1898 was proud of its college spirit and class loyalty. This was 1908, but there were few empty chairs at the long table. The toasts were beginning at last. The master of ceremonies rose, bland and smiling, to present the first speaker.

Arthur Hammond sat gazing at his programme without seeing it. He had not attended a class dinner for years. Always he had been abroad or had had other engagements. He knew that his name was there at the bottom of the page, the last on the list, and opposite his name was the subject of his toast. The subject seemed burned into his brain, seemed to dance before his eyes in a variety of fantastic shapes. It oppressed and tortured him.

"The Unsuccessful Alumnus!" He muttered the words under his breath. He did not hear the voice of the toast-master, and realized in only a vague way that the man had begun speaking. Hammond was trying to recall the theme that he had worked out before he came to the banquet hall. There had been a few finely-wrought sentences, a general outline in his mind, the whole ready to be thrown off with the careless grace and impromptu wit that had made Hammond popular as an after-dinner speaker. The thing had seemed rather better than the average when he went over it before leaving his hotel. He had congratulated himself upon handling a somewhat dull and difficult subject with a novelty and dash that would pass it off cleverly. As he sat there with the lights gleaming over the faces of his friends, the whole treatment seemed trite and frivolous and unworthy of the time and place. He saw the class banner, the colors draped along the wall and about the pillars. The old songs were ringing in his ears. "The Unsuccessful Alumnus," he said again,

trying to arouse his brain to new action. It was as if he had overdrunk or the wines had been drugged.

He had chosen to regard the subject lightly, humorously, to show the easy, tranquil attitude of the unsuccessful alumnus. There were no overpowering responsibilities, no insomnia, no nerve strain, for the man who was a comfortable and respectable failure.

"Yes," he thought grimly; "I'm that sort. I ought to know the advantages."

He was not generally regarded as a failure. No one knew that better than he. The charming nonchalance of his manner, the brilliant social power of the man, the inborn grace and culture, the wealth at his command—all these had been the envy and admiration of his less fortunate associates. But Hammond was regarding these attributes in a new light this evening, and the harsh revealing power of the view stunned him. The mood came suddenly and held him with merciless insistence as he sat there in the guest-filled hall.

He studied the faces of his classmen. What a noble company! He had forgotten how tremendously in earnest these fellows were. He looked down the long line on either side of the table. Some heads were already touched with gray. There was a gravity in the midst of their gaiety, a subdued dignity in their heartiest laughter. When they sang the old songs in an exuberant chorus, a sweet, new power seemed to tremble in their deep voices. These men had found the thick of the world's struggle, and they had stayed in to the finish. He was the failure, the unsuccessful alumnus. What business had he with an honored place among them?

At his right hand sat Tim Murphy, the Irish wit of class-room days; red-headed Murphy, who came into college as penniless, as dauntless, and as full of jokes as he went out. It would be worth while to

have wealth and honor and preferment if they came, the result of individual effort, as they had come to Murphy. At his left was Ginter, a round-shouldered "dig" with a crippled foot. Hammond sighed as he studied the clean-cut profile, and remembered that this man had stirred the world to admiration by his engineering feats. He had passed in the tests that try brain and muscle and physical endurance. His work would stand in the material and industrial progress of all time. No matter what others might accomplish, his record could not be discounted.

He saw Bobby Mathews at the foot of the table, a man with money and leisure, but no indolent weakling. His scientific writings were regarded as authority by the best men in his profession. There was E. C. Kern, fat, blonde, and dimpled—about the same old pippin, no doubt. It was not consoling to find himself in the company of this wheezy, red-faced lag-gard. Brown was a preacher, Beauchamp an artist, and Carter a newspaper man. Hammond did not know the careers of all of them, but the men he knew best, those who were his closest friends in the old days, seemed to have outstripped him to a man.

Hammond thought contemptuously of his own aimless life. Ten years ago he had had dreams and ambitions. He had desired places such as these men held. They had won, and he had failed, or what was more shameful, he had not really tried. He had trampled upon the fair ideals of his youth. He had wealth, birth, health, and a brilliant mind, and he had failed. He had been content to live with the play-things of life, had been proud of the fact that he was a desirable drawing-room accessory. He looked again at his name and, opposite, the subject of his toast. The words were galling, condemning.

"I had fixed up a bluff, a plea," he said bitterly, "and I needed one."

There was laughter and applause and the clinking of glasses. Hammond smiled at Brenner, who was speaking to him across the table. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I say that was a bully toast!" cried Brenner, his face beaming with boyish enthusiasm.

"Great," agreed Hammond, glancing at his programme.

The master of ceremonies rose again and began a lengthy and flattering introduction. Hammond started. The words seemed descriptive of himself. Those were the things people usually said about him. He leaned forward, his lips working nervously. There had been a change in the programme. Some one had failed to appear, and his toast was to come next. Hammond clutched his chair and went pale. The introductory words of his prepared speech came to his mind, but he put them away and sent his brain groping after new sentences. He studied the lines on Tim Murphy's face, and the blood came throbbing back to his temples. A rustle of expectancy seemed to follow the announcement of his name.

"'The Unsuccessful Alumnus,'" said the chairman, smiling, "by one of the most successful."

When Hammond stood up and bowed at the close of the introduction, the table rang with applause. He leaned carelessly against his chair. There was no trace of nervousness in his easy acknowledgment.

"The same old smile," whispered Tim Murphy tenderly.

Hammond never knew just what his first words were. He had put away the old speech, and the new one was yet unformulated. He felt himself halting a moment and feeling blindly for phrases. Then he was rambling reminiscently among past scenes. He recalled the glory of old contests, the fervor of forensic battles, the football field with the old yells ripping up the air that was charged with youthful enthusiasm. He saw the 'Varsity colors, glad, glorious streamers waving proudly and defiantly over struggling heroes. His sentences caught fire from the spirit of those memories.

His classmates were listening eagerly. He felt the thrill of their sympathetic attention. He looked into their eyes and decided that the thing was worth while. He had posed long enough. The greatest thing in the world seemed at that moment simply to be true. The brave boyish standards that he had forsaken arose before him. He had been a coward, a cheat, a fraud. It was as if he had shirked on the football field with the whole team fighting toward the goal. But the old call had come back to him, and he was being game.

The men about the table leaned eagerly toward the tense, erect figure of the speaker. Their eyes were misty, and their hearts swelled with the warm love and fellowship that college men never forget. They had been jostled about in the world of business, of politics, and of finance. Some of the beautiful standards that had been cherished ten years ago had at times seemed boyish and impracticable. But as they listened to the ringing words of their classman, the old vows were repledged, the old faith was again sworn to.

It was unlike Hammond, this flinging down of reserve, but something finer than the old pride shone in his eyes. The careless indifference was gone, and in its place were the buoyancy and determination of youth. He spoke of his own past with bitterness and sorrow. He praised the honor and clean effort of his classmen, and faced his future with the glowing courage of new resolve. Then, lifting his glass, he said with the old winsome smile:

"Gentlemen, here's to the Unsuccessful Alumnus! These are the last sad rites."

The men sprang to their feet, the glasses clinked, and the applause rang tumultuously. Tim Murphy shook hands with the speaker and with every one else in his immediate neighborhood.

"What's the matter with Hammond?" cried a voice at the foot of the table, and Bobby Mathews stood on his chair, flourishing his napkin and leading the foolish old yell.

"He's all right!" thundered the rousing chorus, and Hammond felt a thrill that he had not known since the days when he came in first on the hurdles. He sank back in his chair, and the dear old songs went on. He did not sing, but he listened with new interest. He was part of the crowd once more.

The lights shone over the flowers, the class colors, and the bright banners. They were singing the old "Jubilee-song," with his name in the chorus, and the unsuccessful alumnus sat with bowed head.



Deathless Love

Helen's lips are drifting dust;
 Ilion is consumed with rust;
 All the galleons of Greece
 Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
 Lost was Solomon's purple show
 Restless centuries ago.
 Stately empires wax and wane—
 Babylon, Barbary and Spain—
 Only one thing, undefaced,
 Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
 And the Heavens are overturned
 Dear, how long ago we learned!

—M. Dixon.

Canadians In Aviation

OTHER NATIONS MAY SUPPLY AIRSHIPS, BUT CANADA
IS NOT BEHIND IN FURNISHING DARING
MEN TO OPERATE THEM

By James Grant

Canadians have played no small part in the modern conquest of the air. When Dr Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, took up the problem of flying machines and sought "a young man" as an assistant, he came to Canada for him—and found one, too. In aeronautics human life is the most potent factor. France, England, Germany, and the United States may supply the best engines and best designs, but Canada has not been behind in supplying the more precious element—men, and brave ones, too. In this article the story of Canadian achievements in aviation is told.

A FEW years ago an elderly man came to Toronto to look for a man. He was Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. But it was not the telephone that interested him. Having conquered that problem he was engaged upon another, the study of aeronautics. For this reason he sought a man—a young man.

"What sort do you want?" asked the man to whom he applied for advice.

"I want a fellow of good sound body, good sound brain and some knowledge of gasoline engines.

"Well," replied the adviser, "I think I know of one. I'll send him to you."

Meantime up at the University of Toronto a certain student had heard of Graham Bell's quest and had determined that he and he alone was capable of filling the position. He too sought the man with whom Bell had conferred, and laid before him his plan.

"Look here, doc," he said, "I hear there's a fellow called Bell in town and he wants a man. I'm the man and I want an introduction. Will you do it?"

"C-y," replied the 'doc,' "you won't do. Dr. Bell wants a healthy—"

"I'm healthy."

"I said a healthy bodied, healthy headed young man—"

"I—"

"Wait a moment—who knows something about gasoline engines?"

The younger man's face fell.

"Humph!" he said. "Engines."

"Yes, engines."

There was a pause while the younger man studied the grass on the campus. Then he looked up suddenly.

"Look here, doc," he said, "I want that job. That job suits me right down to the ground. I've set my mind on getting it and I'm going to. Now, listen. I want you to give me five days to learn about gasoline engines. Meantime if you recommend anybody else I'll beat you. At the end of five days you take me to Graham Bell and I bet I'll know enough about gasoline engines to pass the Medical Council of Toronto."

So he disappeared.

Now this is the true story of how one Canadian came to enter the field of aviation. His name is known to this day, not so much for his accomplishments as an air-man, although they are considerable, as for his record in University and in a certain boys' boarding school in Southern Ontario. At the mention of his name old Varsity men smile and shift their pipes to tell a new story of C-y; how he picked a quarrel in a New York restaurant and

trimmed five waiters by the aid of an Irish policeman off duty; how, one summer vacation he beat his way to Holland on a sailing ship whereof the skipper used to chase the cook around the deck with spoiled biscuits, while the passengers played the roll of bucko mate. They tell stories of his gory victories in football dressing rooms, in melees with French policemen in Montreal, and how, in his perpetual search for a good chance to fight, he righted not a few wrongs and then ran away for fear he should be given the credit. In short this is the story of a rolling stone that was forever seeking fights and finding them. But this time he sought knowledge of gasoline, and a job.

How he found it, no one knows. He borrowed text books, he bought gasoline and read the directions on the tin; he hired a chauffeur to explain every detail of every motor in a certain public garage, then he returned to Varsity, found a freshy who owned a motor-cycle and under threat of physical punishment obtained permission to take the engine to pieces, and put it together again. These things done, he presented himself to "doc" and demanded the introduction to Graham Bell. Bell approved and a bargain was made. Thus began the career of one Canadian as a student of aeronautics.

Dr. Bell has not yet accomplished all that he had hoped for in connection with his experiments in Baedek, Nova Scotia, but he has added to the wealth of data which students of aeronautic engineering require, and is still engaged, it is said, in his studies and experiments. Meantime the two young men of whom the foregoing is one, have no small place in the estimation of flying men. The one to whom particular reference has been made has become, since his departure from the University, an authority on gas engines, and is at present experimenting with hydro-planes.

Canada has, as yet, not done much in field of flying unless it be in contributing her quota of hardy young men to operate machines and risk their lives in the making of new records. Among aviators nationality does not seem to count so much as the fact that all airmen are brothers. One would almost think that the ability to fly overcame the linguistic disabilities of any two aviators. There are

so many things and such great things between the brotherhood that words scarcely express their thoughts, and mere nationality sinks into the background.

It happens, however, that when an aviator comes to grief, tries a spiral dip or some other dangerous manoeuvre, and fails, the reporters find out his home address to send news to his home paper and thereby reveal the fact of his nationality. Not long ago an airman fell in Chicago. "A Canadian," said the newspaper dispatch. It was the first knowledge the Canadian public had that one of Canada's sons had entered the field of the aeroplane operator. Before his death he had been known as "an aviator," and except in special international competitions, this is the only nationality recognized.

A Montreal taxi-cab driver arrived at Paris one morning not long ago and set out to see the sights. When he had finished, he had indeed seen everything, had spent all his money and in addition had succeeded in acquiring what he thought was a taste for absinthe. His nerves had been shaken. His self-respect was tottering. He was in a bad way.

He found himself one morning on the edge of a flying field; there was to be a meet. Mechanics were busy in the hangars. Owners and adventurers paced up and down gauging the conditions.

The ex-taxi-cab driver, knowing something of Canadian French, and having adjusted this knowledge to Paris French, listened to some of the conversations and as he listened his saddened mind began to stir with new-born interest. It was love of mechanics that had led him to leave an engineering course in McGill to take charge of a certain rich man's motor. It was the same love that led him to run a taxi-cab when the rich man had "gone broke" and he had failed to secure other suitable employment. But the love which he had bestowed on the aristocratic engine of the French touring car was not the love he bestowed on the jaded taxi-motor. The one he worshipped; the other he abused and berated, and he had become rough in handling the clutches.

But now, as he listened to the conversation of the airmen and saw the mechanicians examining tenderly the throbbing creations of the finest motor engineers in Europe, his real love of engines came back. The dull brain revived and the ex-

student took a new grip on things and listened.

"Oh!" muttered one clear-eyed man to another walking beside him. "It is going to be a good sky. Weather like this is rare. It is very good."

"Yes," said the other, "better to-day. Yesterday was very bad. Going up yesterday afternoon the propeller *held* well but on the descent there seemed to be too many *pockets* and *holes*."

"I do not like that sort of weather but what is worse is a *sticky* air. C'est abominable! I will take it when it is choppy, or smooth or rough, but sticky weather—I do not like it. It saps the vitality from the engine, it makes the wings heavy, it is hard to see ahead properly and one leaves the run with wind on the tires. Ugh!"

The ex-taxi-cab driver sneered at the "delicate" gesticulations of the great aviator. He disapproved of the pincenez. But he liked the suggestion of romance which came from the conversation. It delighted him to learn the new terms of a new profession. Instinctively he squared his shoulders and made a new resolution. That night he had employment—cleaning motors. He cut down his allowance of absinthe. He was beginning to be a man once more.

One morning, so it is said, Bleriot came to him.

"Garcon," he said, "they tell me that you understand the motor."

"I do."

"I have a motor which is ailing. It has an affliction—I know not what. I will employ you if you wish to earn more wages."

The man went.

Another day Bleriot came and asked personal questions of the man.

"See," he said, "do you employ absinthe?"

"Oui, M'sieu, a little."

"You must cease to use it."

"Yes, M'sieu' Bleriot."

"Yes, because I shall leave to you the inspection of my machine always. It shall depend upon you to see that the motor is in order, that the nuts and bolts are sound and that everything is as it should be. I will myself inspect the machine before I use it, because that is habit, but my life is in your hands, garcon, and there must be no more absinthe."

And there was no more. The drifting chauffeur had checked himself in his downward career. His color came back and the light in his eyes. The nimbleness came back to his fingers and the love of engines began to change to a certain ambition—an ambition to fly.

Thus it came about finally that he flew. Bleriot permitted it and gave him instructions. One morning he was given *carte blanche* and he flew.

This man—his name we are not at liberty to use, for obvious reasons—is now one of the foremost monoplane men in Europe, but more than that, in the *aéro clubs* he is one of the most popular and one of the best-loved men in lesser Paris. He had been ordinary among the ordinary. With his use as an aviator his very character changed. The exhilaration of flying, the "inspiration" of it brought out qualities in the man which had not been dreamed of.

Canadians have become recruits and even leaders in the aviation army largely because of their venturesome natures, their hardiness and their good nerve. There are said to be two Canadians in the service of Italy in Tripoli. These men are earning enormous salaries—so rumor has it—to ascend in the Italian aeroplanes and reconnoitre forces of the enemy.

This story is not confirmed, but it is said by a French manufacturer of airships, who was formerly associated with Santos Dumont and who was in Montreal recently, that one Canadian, formerly a newspaper man in Winnipeg, had enlisted with the Italians as the result of a wager. He and another aviator had laid a bet that one make of engine consumed less petrol per mile than a certain other make. He lost and was compelled by the terms of the wager to offer himself to the Italian agent who was at the time in Paris securing the men he required. It reflects credit on the people of this country that Canada was the only nation, outside of Italy, to have two representatives in the Tripoli aeroplane staff.

That Canada as a nation is not likely to take quite such an active part in aerial exploration and pioneer work as the older nations is of course apparent. Capital can readily find employment in other exploits than the building of airships in Canada. In Europe the amount of surplus capital is sufficient to permit Europeans to in-

dulge themselves in enterprises which can scarcely be afforded in Canada. Nevertheless by supplying men of nerve and brains Canada has at least had some share in promoting the exploration of the ether. Dr. Graham Bell and his two assistants have of course done special work deserving of special praise.

"The future of aeronautics in Canada," said the above quoted aeroplane builder, "is quite as doubtful as anywhere else, and quite as bright with possibilities. For experiment purposes of course other countries are better adapted. Engines may be obtained much more easily and there is a greater supply of mechanics of the required type. Then, too, of course, the consideration of capital and the presence of sufficient men of leisure adds another element. I should say that in the future when the science of aerial navigation has been enriched with greater experience and new inventions, the use of this form of transportation should be as easily adapted to Canada—especially in the western plains—as to any country. The consideration of air currents, prevailing winds and their characteristics, will enter into the problem very largely. Bit by bit "air charts" will some day be prepared which

will record the characteristics of various countries for the safety of the future aerowarmer."

Just now aeronautics seem to be a young man's study. Flying has an appeal to all classes so long as the would-be airman has the spirit of youth. In the aerodromes you will find young fellows crawling out from under their machines, muddy and greasy, and generously besmirched, and yet from under the edge of their over-alls shows a silk sock, or a fine pair of boots. Some of them have been drivers of motor cars, or taxi-cabs, some have been business men, others have been men of wealth and fashion. What becomes of them no one can tell. There has so far been only one generation, so that no general deduction can be made. Some marry—as DeLesseps married Sir William MacKenzie's daughter—and retire from business. Others fall five hundred feet and arrive underneath the engine. The most valuable material in the furthering of aeronautics is human life, and although France, Germany, England and the United States may supply the best engines and best designs, Canada has not been behind in supplying that more precious element—men, brave ones, too.



Cradle Song

Hush-a-bye, a sleepy head;
 All the world's a-going to bed,
 Sleepy little curly head,
 Hush-a-bye a baby.
 Now the moon goes up the sky,
 Hush-a-bye and hush-a bye,
 Shut a little sleepy eye,
 Hush-a-bye a baby.
 Now the stars a vigil keep,
 Watching all the world asleep,
 All the world's a-going to sleep,
 Hush-a-bye a baby.

—Kathleen Conyngham Greene.



"And here, dazzling in evening gown, he met Joy Gaskell."

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE SIX: In which is described the Great Race
in the Klondike for a Million Dollar Prize

THE RACE FOR NUMBER ONE

By Jack London

I.

"Huh! Get on to the glad rags!"

Shorty surveyed his partner with simulated disapproval, and Smoke, vainly attempting to rub the wrinkles out of the pair of trousers he had just put on, was irritated.

"They sure fit you close for a second-hand buy," Shorty went on. "What was the tax?"

"One hundred and fifty for the suit," Smoke answered. "The man was nearly my own size. I thought it was remarkable reasonable. What are you kicking about?"

"Who? Me? Oh, nothin'. I was just thinkin' it was goin' some for a meat-eater that hit Dawson in an ice-jam, with no grub, one suit of underclothes, a pair of mangy moccasins, an' overalls that looked like they'd ben through the wreck of the *Hesperus*. Pretty gay front, pardner. Pretty gay front. Say?"

"What do you want now?" Smoke demanded testily.

"What's her name?"

"There isn't any her, my friend. I'm to have dinner at Colonel Bowie's, if you want to know. The trouble with you, Shorty, is you're envious because I'm going into high society and you're not invited."

"Ain't you some late?" Shorty queried with concern.

"What do you mean?"

"For dinner. They'll be eatin' supper when you get there."

Smoke was about to explain with elaborate sarcasm when he caught the twinkle in the other's eye. He went on dressing,

with fingers that had lost their deftness tying a Windsor tie in a bow-knot at the throat of his soft cotton shirt.

"Wisht I hadn't sent all my starched shirts to the laundry," Shorty murmured sympathetically. "I might a-fitted you out."

By this time Smoke was straining at a pair of shoes. The thick woolen socks were too thick to go into them. He looked appealingly to Shorty, who shook his head.

"Nope. If I had thin ones I wouldn't lend 'em to you. Back to the moccasins, pardner. You'd sure freeze your toes in skimpy-fangled gear like that."

"I paid fifteen dollars for them, second-hand," Smoke lamented.

"I reckon they won't be a man not in moccasins."

"But there are to be women, Shorty. I'm going to sit down and eat with real live women—Mrs. Bowie, and several others, so the Colonel told me."

"Well, moccasins won't spoil their appetite none," was Shorty's comment. "Wonder what the Colonel wants with you?"

"I don't know, unless he's heard about my finding Surprise Lake. It will take a fortune to drain it, and the Guggenheims are out for investment."

"Reckon that's it. That's right, stick to the moccasins. Gee! That coat is sure wrinkled, an' it fits you a mite too swift. Just peck around at your vittles. If you eat hearty you'll bust through. And if them women folks gets to droppin' handkerchiefs, just let 'em lay. Don't do any pickin' up. Whatever you do, don't."

II.

As became a high-salaried expert and the representative of the great house of Guggenheim, Colonel Bowie lived in one of the most magnificent cabins in Dawson. Of squared logs, hand-hewn, it was two stories high and of such extravagant proportions that it boasted a big living room that was used for a living room and for nothing else.

Here were big bear skins on the rough board floor, and on the walls horns of moose and caribou. Here roared an open fireplace and a big wood-burning stove. And here Smoke met the social elect of Dawson—not the mere pick-handle millionaires, but the ultra-cream of a mining city, whose population had been recruited from all the world—men like Warburton Jones, the explorer and writer, Captain Consadine, of the Mounted Police; Haskell, Gold Commissioner of the Northwest Territory, and Baron Von Schroeder, an emperor's favorite with an international dueling reputation.

And here, dazzling in evening gown, he met Joy Gastell, whom hitherto he had encountered only on trail, befurred and moccasined. At dinner he found himself beside her.

"I feel like a fish out of water," he confessed. "All you folks are so real grand, you know. Besides I never dreamed such Oriental luxury existed in the Klondike. Look at Von Schroeder, there. He's actually got a dinner jacket, and Consadine's got a starched shirt. I noticed he wore moccasins just the same. How do you like *my* outfit?"

He moved his shoulders about as if preening himself for Joy's approval.

"It looks as if you'd grown stout since you came over the Pass," she laughed.

"Wrong. Guess again."

"It's somebody else's."

"You win. I bought it for a price from one of the clerks at the A. C. Company."

"It's a shame clerks are so narrow-shouldered," she sympathized. "And you haven't told he what you think of *my* outfit."

"I can't," he said. "I'm out of breath. I've been living on trail too long. This sort of thing comes to me with a shock, you know. I'd quite forgotten that women

have arms and shoulders. To-morrow morning, like my friend Shorty, I'll wake up and know it's all a dream. Now the last time I saw you on Squaw Creek—"

"I was just a squaw," she broke in.

"I hadn't intended to say that. I was remembering that it was on Squaw Creek that I discovered you had feet."

"And I can never forget that you saved them for me," she said. "I've been wanting to see you ever since to thank you—" (He shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly). "And that's why you are here to-night—"

"You asked the Colonel to invite me?"

"No; Mrs. Bowie. And I asked her to let me have you at table. And here's my chance. Everybody's talking. Listen, and don't interrupt. You know Mono Creek?"

"Yes."

"It has turned out rich—dreadfully rich. They estimate the claims as worth a million and more apiece. It was only located the other day."

"I remember the stampede."

"Well, the whole creek was staked to the sky-line, and all the feeders, too. And yet, right now, on the main creek, Number Three, below Discovery, is unrecorded. The creek was so far away from Dawson that the commissioner allowed sixty days for recording after location. Every claim was recorded except Number Three Below. It was staked by Cyrus Johnson. And that was all. Cyrus Johnson has disappeared. Whether he died, whether he went down river or up, nobody knows. Anyway, in six days, the time for recording will be up. Then the man who stakes it, and reaches Dawson first and records it, gets it."

"A million dollars; Smoke murmured.

"Gilchrist, who has the next claim below, has got six hundred dollars in a single pan off bedrock. He's burned one hole down. And the claim on the other side is even richer. I know."

"But why doesn't everybody know?" Smoke queried skeptically.

"They're beginning to know. They kept it secret for a long time, and it is only now that it's coming out. Good dog teams will be at a premium in another twenty-four hours. Now you've got to get away as decently as you can as soon as

dinner is over. I've arranged it. An Indian will come with a message for you. You read it, let on that you're very much put out, make your excuses, and get away."

"I—er—I fail to follow."

"Ninny!" she exclaimed in a half whisper. "What you must do is to get out to-night and hustle dog teams. I know of two. There's Hanson's team, seven big Hudson Bay dogs—he's holding them at four hundred each. That's top price to-night, but it won't be to-morrow. And Sitka Charley has eight Malamutes—he's asking thirty-five hundred for. To-morrow he'll laugh at an offer of five thousand. Then you've got your own team of dogs. And you'll have to buy several more teams. That's your work to-night. Get the best. It's dogs as well as men that will win this race. It's a hundred and ten miles, and you'll have to relay as frequently as you can."

"Oh, I see, you want me to go in for it," Smoke drawled.

"If you haven't the money for the dogs, I'll"

She faltered, but before she could continue, Smoke was speaking.

"I can buy the dogs. But—er—aren't you afraid this is gambling?"

"After your exploits at roulette in the Elkhorn," she retorted, "I'm not afraid that you're afraid. It's a sporting proposition, if that's what you mean. A race for a million, and with some of the stiffest dog-mushers and travelers in the country entered against you. They haven't entered yet, but by this time to-morrow they will, and dogs will be worth what the richest man can afford to pay. Big Olaf is in town. He came up from Circle City last month. He is one of the most terrible dog-mushers in the country, and if he enters he will be your most dangerous man. Arizona Bill is another. He's been a professional freighter and mail carrier for years. If he goes in, interest will be centered on him and Big Olaf."

"And you intend me to come along as a sort of dark horse?"

"Exactly. And it will have its advantages. You will not be supposed to stand a show. After all, you know, you are still classed as a *chechaquo*. You haven't seen

the four seasons go around. Nobody will take notice of you until you come into the home stretch in the lead."

"It's on the home stretch the dark horse is to show up its classy form, eh?"

She nodded, and continued earnestly.

"Remember, I shall never forgive myself for the trick I played on the Squaw Creek stampede until you win this Mono claim. And if any man can win this race against the old-timers, it's you."

It was the way she said it. He felt warm all over, and in his heart and head. He gave her a quick, searching look, involuntary and serious, and for the moment that her eyes met his steadily ere they fell, it seemed to him that he read something of vaster import than the claim Cyrus Johnson had failed to record.

"I'll do it," he said. "I'll win it."

The glad light in her eyes seemed to promise a greater meed than all the gold in the Mono claim. He was aware of a movement of her hand in her lap next to his. Under the screen of the tablecloth he thrust his own hand across and met a firm grip of woman's fingers that sent another wave of warmth through him.

"What will Shorty say?" was the thought that flashed whimsically through his mind as he withdrew his hand. He glanced almost jealously at the faces of Von Schroeder and Jones, and wondered if they had not divined the remarkable-ness and deliciousness of this woman who sat beside him.

He was aroused by her voice, and realized that she had been speaking some moments.

"So you see, Arizona Bill is a white Indian," she was saying. "And Big Olaf is . . . a bear wrestler, a king of the snows, a mighty savage. He can out-travel and out-endure an Indian, and he's never known any other life but that of the wild and the frost."

"Who's that?" Captain Consadine broke in from across the table.

"Big Olaf," she answered. "I was just telling Mr. Bellew what a traveler he is."

"You're right," the Captain's voice boomed. "Big Olaf is the greatest traveler in the Yukon. I'd back him against Old Nick himself for snow-bucking and ice-



"Then, slowly at an inch at a time,

travel. He brought in the Government dispatches in 1895, and he did it after two couriers were frozen on Chilcoot, and the third drowned in the open water of Thirty Mile."

III.

Smoke had traveled in a leisurely fashion up to Mono Creek, fearing to tire his dogs before the big race. Also, he had familiarized himself with every mile of the trail and located his relay camps. So many men had entered the race, that the hundred and ten miles of its course was almost a continuous village. Relay camps were everywhere along the trail. Von Shroeder, who had gone in purely for the sport, had no less than eleven dog teams—a fresh one for every ten miles. Arizona Bill had been forced to content himself

with eight teams. Big Olaf had seven, which was the complement of Smoke. In addition, over two-score of other men were in the running. Not every day, even in the golden north, was a million dollars the prize for a dog race. The country had been swept of dogs. No animal of speed and endurance escaped the fine-tooth comb that had raked the creeks and camps, and the prices of dogs had doubled and quadrupled in the course of the frantic speculation.

Number Three Below Discovery was ten miles up Mono Creek from its mouth. The remaining hundred miles was to be run on the frozen breast of the Yukon. On Number Three itself were fifty tents and over three hundred dogs. The old stakes, blazed and scrawled sixty days before by Cyrus Johnson, still stood, and



Joy's leader began to forge past."

every man had gone over the boundaries of the claim again and again, for the race with the dogs was to be preceded by a foot and obstacle race. Each man had to relocate the claim for himself, and this meant that he must place two centre-stakes and four corner-stakes and cross the creek twice, before he could start for Dawson with his dogs.

Furthermore, there were to be no "sooners." Not until the stroke of midnight of Friday night was the claim open for relocation, and not until the stroke of midnight could a man plant a stake. This was the ruling of the Gold Commissioner at Dawson, and Captain Consadine had sent up a squad of mounted police to enforce it. Discussion had arisen about the difference between sun-time and police-time, but Consadine had sent forth his

fiat that police-time went, and, further, that it was the watch of Lieutenant Pollock that went.

The Mono trail ran along the level creek-bed, and, less than two feet in width, was like a groove, walled on either side by the snowfall of months. The problem of how forty odd sleds and three hundred dogs were to start in so narrow a course was in everybody's mind.

"Huh!" said Shorty. "It's goin' to be the gosh-dangdest mix-up that ever was. I can't see no way out, Smoker, except main strength an' sweat an' to plow through. If the whole creek was glare-ice they ain't room for a dozen teams abreast. I got a hunch right now they's goin' to be a heap of scrappin' before they get strung out. An' if any of it comes our way, you got to let me do the punchin'."

Smoke squared his shoulders and laughed non-committally.

"No you don't!" his partner cried in alarm. "No matter what happens, you don't dast hit. You can't handle dogs a hundred miles with a busted knuckle, an' that's what'll happen if you land on somebody's jaw."

Smoke nodded his head.

"You're right, Shorty. I couldn't risk the chance."

"An' just remember," Shorty went on, "that I got to do all the shovin' for them first ten miles, an' you got to take it easy as you can. I'll sure jerk you through to the Yukon. After that it's up to you an' the dogs. Say—what d'ye think Schroeder's scheme is? He's got his first team a quarter of a mile down the creek, an' he'll know it by a green lantern. But we got him skinned. Me for the red flare every time."

IV.

The day had been clear and cold, but a blanket of cloud formed across the face of the sky, and the night came on warm and dark, with the hint of snow impending. The thermometer registered fifteen below zero, and in the Klondike winter fifteen below is esteemed very warm.

At a few minutes before midnight, leaving Shorty with the dogs five hundred yards down the creek, Smoke joined the racers on Number Three. There were forty-five of them waiting the start for the thousand-thousand dollars Cyrus Johnson had left lying in the frozen gravel. Each man carried six stakes and a heavy wooden mallet, and was clad in a smock-like *parka* of heavy cotton drill.

Lieutenant Pollock, in a big bearskin coat, looked at his watch by the light of a fire. It lacked a minute of midnight.

"Make ready," he said, as he raised a revolver in his right hand and watched the second hand tick around.

Forty-five hoods were thrown back from the *parkas*. Forty-five pairs of hands unmittened, and forty-five pairs of moccasins pressed tensely into the packed snow. Also, forty-five stakes were thrust into the snow, and the same number of mallets lifted in the air.

The shot rang out, and the mallets fell. Cyrus Johnson's right to the million had

expired. To prevent confusion, Lieutenant Pollock had insisted that the lower centre-stake be driven first, next the south-eastern; and so on around the four sides, including the upper centre-stake on the way.

Smoke drove in his stake and was away with the leading dozen. Fires had been lighted at the corners, and by each fire stood a policeman, list in hand, checking off the names of the runners. A man was supposed to call out his name and show his face. There was to be no staking by proxy while the real racer was off and away down the creek.

At the first corner, beside Smoke's stake, Von Schroeder placed his. The mallets struck at the same instant. As they hammered, more arrived from behind, and with such impetuosity as to get in one another's way and cause jostling and shoving. Squirming through the press and calling his name to the policeman, Smoke saw the Baron, struck in collision by one of the rushers, hurled clean off his feet into the snow. But Smoke did not wait. Others were still ahead of him. By the light of the vanishing fire, he was certain that he saw the back, hugely looming, of Big Olaf, and at the southwestern corner Big Olaf and he drove their stakes side by side.

It was no light work, this preliminary obstacle race. The boundaries of the claim totaled nearly a mile, and most of it was over the uneven surface of a snow-covered, niggerhead flat. All about Smoke men tripped and fell, and several times he pitched forward himself, jarringly, on hands and knees. Once, Big Olaf fell so immediately in front of him as to bring him down on top.

The upper centre-stake was driven by the edge of the bank, and down the bank the racers plunged, across the frozen creek-bed, and up the other side. Here, as Smoke clambered, a hand gripped his ankle and jerked him back. In the flickering light of a distant fire, it was impossible to see who had played the trick. But Arizona Bill, who had been treated similarly, rose to his feet and drove his fist with a crunch into the offender's face. Smoke saw and heard as he was scrambling to his feet, but before he could make another lunge for the bank a fist dropped

him half-stunned into the snow. He staggered up, located the man, half-swung a hook for his jaw, then remembered Shorty's warning and refrained. The next moment, struck below the knees by a hurling body, he went down again.

It was a foretaste of what would happen when the men reached their sleds. Men were pouring over the other bank and piling into the jam. They swarmed up the bank in bunches, and in bunches were dragged back by their impatient fellows. More blows were struck, curses rose from the panting chests of those who still had wind to spare, and Smoke, curiously visioning the face of Joy Gastell, hoped that the mallets would not be brought into play. Overthrown, trod upon, groping in the snow for his lost stakes, he at last crawled out of the crush and attacked the bank farther along. Others were doing this, and it was his luck to have many men in advance of him in the race for the northwestern corner.

Down to the fourth corner, he tripped midway, and in the long sprawling fall lost his remaining stake. For five minutes he groped in the darkness before he found it, and all the time the panting runners were passing him. From the last corner to the creek he began overtaking men, for whom the mile run had been too much. In the creek itself Bedlam had broken loose. A dozen sleds were piled up and overturned, and nearly a hundred dogs were locked in combat. Among them men struggled, tearing the tangled animals apart, or beating them apart with clubs. In the fleeting glimpse he caught of it, Smoke wondered if he had ever seen a Dore grotesquery to compare.

Leaping down the bank beyond the glutted passage, he gained the hard-footing of the sled-trail and made better time. Here, in packed harbors beside the narrow trail, sleds and men waited for runners that were still behind. From the rear came the whine and rush of dogs, and Smoke had barely time to leap aside into the deep snow. A sled tore past, and he made out the man, kneeling and shouting madly. Scarcely was it by when it stopped with a crash of battle. The excited dogs of a harbored sled, resenting the passing animals, had got out of hand and sprung upon them.

Smoke plunged around and by. He could see the green lantern of Von Schroeder, and, just below it, the red flare that marked his own team. Two men were guarding Schroeder's dogs, with short clubs interposed between them and the trail.

"Come on, you Smoke! Come on, you Smoke!" he could hear Shorty calling anxiously.

"Coming!" he gasped.

By the red flare, he could see the snow torn up and trampled, and from the way his partner breathed he knew a battle had been fought. He staggered to the sled, and, in the moment he was falling on it, Shorty's whip snapped as he yelled:

"Mush, you devils! Mush!"

The dogs sprang into the breast-bands, and the sled jerked abruptly ahead. They were big animals—Hanson's prize team of Hudson Bays—and Smoke had selected them for the first stage, which included the ten miles of Mono, the heavy-going of the cut-off across the flat at the mouth, and the first ten miles of the Yukon stretch.

"How many are ahead?" he asked.

"You shut up an' save your wind," Shorty answered. "Hi, you brutes! Hit her up! Hit her up!"

He was running behind the sled, towing on a short rope. Smoke could not see him; nor could he see the sled on which he lay full length. The fires had been left in the rear, and they were tearing through a wall of blackness as fast as the dogs could spring into it. This blackness was almost sticky, so nearly did it take on the seeming of substance.

Smoke felt the sled heel up on one runner as it rounded an invisible curve, and from ahead came the snarls of beasts and the oaths of men. This was known afterward as the Barnes-Slocum Jam. It was the teams of these two men which first collided, and into it, at full career, piled Smoke's seven big fighters. Scarcely more than semi-domesticated wolves, the excitement of that night on Mono Creek had sent every dog fighting-mad. The Klondike dogs, driven without reins, cannot be stopped except by voice, so that there was no stopping this glut of struggle that heaped itself between the narrow rims of the creek. From behind, sled after sled hurled into the turmoil. Men who had

their teams nearly extricated were overwhelmed by fresh avalanches of dogs—each animal well-fed, well-rested, and ripe for battle.

"It's knock down an' drag out an' plow through!" Shorty yelled in his partner's ear. "An' watch out for your knuckles! You drag dogs out an' let me do the punch-in!"

What happened in the next half hour Smoke never distinctly remembered. At the end he emerged exhausted, sobbing for breath, his jaw sore from a first-blow, his shoulder aching from the bruise of a club, the blood running warmly down one leg from the rip of a dog's fangs, and both sleeves of his *parga* torn to shreds. As in a dream, while the battle still raged behind, he helped Shorty re-harness the dogs. One, dying, they cut from the traces, and in the darkness they felt their way to the repair of the disrupted harnesses.

"Now you lie down an' get your wind back," Shorty commanded.

And through the darkness the dogs sped, with unabated strength, down Mono Creek, across the long cut-off, and to the Yukon. Here, at the junction with the main river-trail, somebody had lighted a fire, and here Shorty said good-bye. By the light of the fire, as the sled leaped behind the flying dogs, Smoke caught another of the unforgettable pictures of the northland. It was of Shorty, swaying and sinking down limply in the snow, yelling his parting encouragement, one eye blackened and closed, knuckles bruised and broken, and one arm, ripped and fang-torn, gushing forth a steady stream of blood.

V.

"How many ahead?" Smoke asked, as he dropped his tired Hudson Bays and sprang on the waiting sled at the first relay station.

"I counted eleven," the man called after him, for he was already away behind the leaping dogs.

Fifteen miles they were to carry him on the next stage, which would fetch him to the mouth of White River. There were nine of them, but they composed his weakest team. The twenty-five miles between White River and Sixty Mile he had broken into two stages, because of ice-jams, and

here two of his heaviest, toughest teams were stationed.

He lay on the sled at full length, face down, holding on with both hands. Whenever the dogs slacked from topmost speed he rose to his knees, and, yelling and urging, clinging precariously with one hand, threw his whip into them. Poor team that it was, he passed two sleds before White River was reached. Here, at the freeze-up, a jam had piled a barrier, allowing the open water that formed for half a mile below to freeze smoothly. This smooth stretch enabled the racers to make flying exchanges of sleds, and down all the course they had placed their relays below the jams.

Over the jam and out on to the smooth, Smoke tore along, calling loudly, "Billy! Billy!"

Billy heard and answered, and by the light of the many fires on the ice, Smoke saw a sled swing in from the side and come abreast. Its dogs were fresh and overhauled his. As the sleds swerved toward each other he leaped across, and Billy promptly rolled off.

"Where's Big Olaf?" Smoke cried.

"Leading!" Billy's voice answered; and the fires were left behind and Smoke was again flying through the wall of blackness.

In the jams of that relay, where the way led across a chaos of up-ended ice-cakes, and where Smoke slipped off the forward end of the sled, and with a haul-rope toiled behind the wheel-dog, he passed three sleds. Accidents had happened, and he could hear the men cutting out dogs and mending harnesses.

Among the jams of the next short relay into Sixty Mile, he passed two more teams. And that he might know adequately what had happened to them, one of his own dogs wrenched a shoulder, was unable to keep up, and was dragged in the harness. Its team-mates, angered, fell upon it with their fangs, and Smoke was forced to club them off with the heavy butt of his whip. As he cut the injured animal out, he heard the whining cries of dogs behind him, and the voice of a man that was familiar. It was Von Schroeder. Smoke called a warning to prevent a rear-end collision, and the Baron, having his animals and swinging on the gee-pole, went by a dozen

feet to the side. Yet so impenetrable was the blackness that Smoke heard him pass, but never saw him.

On the smooth stretch of ice beside the trading post at Sixty Mile, Smoke overtook two more sleds. All had just changed teams, and for five minutes they ran abreast, each man on his knees and pouring whip and voice into the maddened dogs. But Smoke had studied out that portion of the trail, and now marked the tall pine on the bank that showed faintly in the light of the many fires. Below that pine was not merely darkness, but an abrupt cessation of the smooth stretch. There the trail, he knew, narrowed to a single sled-width. Leaning out ahead, he caught the haul-rope and drew his leaping slep up to the wheel-dog. He caught the animal by the hind legs and threw it. With a snarl of rage it tried to slash him with its fangs, but was dragged on by the rest of the team. Its body proved an efficient brake, and the two other teams, still abreast, dashed ahead into the darkness for the narrow way.

Smoke heard the crash and uproar of their collision, released his wheeler, sprang to the gee-pole, and urged his team to the right into the soft snow where the straining animals wallowed to their necks. It was exhausting work, but he won by the tangled teams and gained the hard-packed trail beyond.

VI.

On the relay out of Sixty Mile, Smoke had next to his poorest team, and though the going was good, he had set it a short fifteen miles. Two more teams would bring him into Dawson and to the Gold-Recorder's office, and Smoke had selected his best animals for the last two stretches. Sitka Charley, himself, waited with the eight Malemutes that would jerk Smoke along for twenty miles, and for the finish, with a fifteen-mile run, was his own team—the team he had had all winter and which had been with him in the search for Surprise Lake.

The two men he had left entangled at Sixty Mile failed to overtake him, and, on the other hand, his team failed to overtake any of the three that still led. His animals were willing, though they lacked stamina

and speed, and little urging was needed to keep them jumping into it at their best. There was nothing for Smoke to do but to lie face-downward and hold on. Now and again he would plunge out of the darkness into the circle of light about a blazing fire, catch a glimpse of furred men standing by harnessed and waiting dogs, and plunge into the darkness again. Mile after mile, with only the grind and jar of the runners in his ears, he sped on. Almost automatically he kept his place as the sled bumped ahead or half-lifted and heeled on the swings and swerves of the bends. First one, and then the other, without apparent rhyme or reason, three faces limned themselves on his consciousness; Joy Gastell's, laughing and audacious; Shorty's, battered and exhausted by the struggle down Mono Creek; and John Bellew's, seamed and rigid, as if cast in iron so unrelenting was its severity. And sometimes Smoke wanted to shout aloud, to chant a pæan of savage exultation, as he remembered the office of the *Billow* and the serial story of San Francisco which he had left unfinished, along with the other fripperies of those empty days.

The gray twilight of morning was breaking as he exchanged his weary dogs for the eight fresh Malemutes. Lighter animals than Hudson Bays, they were capable of greater speed, and they ran with the supple tirelessness of true wolves. Sitka Charley called out the order of the teams ahead. Big Olaf led, Arizona Bill was second, and Von Schroeder, third. These were the three best men in the country. In fact, ere Smoke had left Dawson, the popular betting had placed them in that order. While they were racing for a million, at least half a million had been staked by others on the outcome of the race. No one had bet on Smoke, who, despite his several known exploits, was still accounted a chechaquo with much to learn.

As daylight strengthened, Smoke caught sight of a sled ahead, and, in half an hour, his own lead-dog was leaping at its tail. Not until the man turned his head to exchange greetings, did Smoke recognize him as Arizona Bill. Von Schroeder had evidently passed him. The trail, hard-packed, ran too narrowly through the soft snow, and for another half hour Smoke

was forced to stay in the rear. Then they topped an ice-jam and struck a smooth stretch below, where were a number of relay camps and where the snow was packed widely. On his knees, swinging his whip and yelling, Smoke drew abreast. He noted that Arizona Bill's right arm hung dead at his side, and that he was compelled to pour leather with his left hand. Awkward as it was, he had no hand left with which to hold on, and frequently he had to cease from the whip and clutch to save himself from falling off. Smoke remembered the scrimmage in the creek bed at Three Below Discovery, and understood. Shorty's advice had been sound.

"What's happened?" Smoke asked, as he began to pull ahead.

"I don't know," Arizona Bill answered. "I think I threw my shoulder out in the scrapping.

He dropped behind very slowly, though when the last relay station was in sight he was fully half a mile in the rear. Ahead, bunched together, Smoke could see Big Olaf and Von Schroeder. Again Smoke arose to his knees, and he lifted his jaded dogs into a burst of speed such as a man only can who has the proper instinct for dog-driving. He drew up close to the tail of Von Schroeder's sled, and in this order the three sleds dashed out on the smooth going below a jam, where many men and many dogs waited. Dawson was fifteen miles away.

Von Schroeder, with his ten-mile relays, had changed five miles back and would change five miles ahead. So he held on, keeping his dogs at full leap. Big Olaf and Smoke made flying changes, and their fresh teams immediately regained what had been lost to the Baron. Big Olaf led past, and Smoke followed into the narrow trail beyond.

"Still good, but not so good," Smoke paraphrased Spencer to himself.

Of Von Schroeder, now behind, he had no fear; but ahead was the greatest dog-driver in the country. To pass him seemed impossible. Again and again, many times, Smoke forced his leader to the other's sled-tail, and each time Big Olaf let out another link and drew away. Smoke contented himself with taking the pace, and hung on grimly. The race was not lost until one or the other won, and

in fifteen miles many things could happen.

Three miles from Dawson something did happen. To Smoke's surprise, Big Olaf rose up and with oaths and leather proceeded to fetch out the last ounce of effort in his animals. It was a spurt that should have been reserved for the last hundred yards instead of being begun three miles from the finish. Sheer dog-killing that it was, Smoke followed. His own team was superb. No dogs on the Yukon had had harder work or were in better condition. Besides, Smoke had toiled with them, and eaten and bedded with them, and he knew each dog as an individual and how best to win in to the animal's intelligence and extract its last least shred of willingness.

They topped a small jam and struck the smooth-going below. Big Olaf was barely fifty feet ahead. A sled shot out from the side and drew in toward him, and Smoke understood Big Olaf's terrific spurt. He had tried to gain a lead for the change. This fresh team that waited to jerk him down the home stretch had been a private surprise of his. Even the men who had backed him to win had had no knowledge of it.

Smoke strove desperately to pass during the exchange of sleds. Lifting his dogs to the effort, he ate up the intervening fifty feet. With urging and pouring of leather, he went to the side and on until his lead-dog was jumping abreast of Big Olaf's wheeler. On the other side, abreast, was the relay sled. At the speed they were going, Big Olaf did not dare the flying leap. If he missed and fell off, Smoke would be in the lead and the race would be lost.

Big Olaf tried to spurt ahead, and he lifted his dogs magnificently, but Smoke's leader still continued to jump beside Big Olaf's wheeler. For half a mile the three sleds tore and bounced along side by side. The smooth stretch was nearing its end when Big Olaf took the chance. As the flying sleds swerved toward each other, he leaped, and the instant he struck he was on his knees, with whip and voice spurting the fresh team. The smooth pinched out into the narrow trail, and he jumped his dogs ahead and into it with a lead of barely a yard.

A man was not beaten until he was beaten, was Smoke's conclusion, and drive no matter how, Big Olaf failed to shake him off. No team had driven that night could have stood such a killing pace and keep up with fresh dogs—no team save this one. Nevertheless, the pace *was* killing it, and as they began to round the bluff at Klondike City, he could feel the pitch of strength going out of his animals. Almost imperceptibly they lagged, and foot by foot Big Olaf drew away until he led by a score of yards.

A great cheer went up from the population of Klondike City assembled on the ice. Here the Klondike entered the Yukon, and half a mile away, across the Klondike, on the north bank, stood Dawson. An outburst of madder cheering arose, and Smoke caught a glimpse of a sled shooting out to him. He recognized the splendid animals that drew it. They were Joy Gastell's. And Joy Gastell drove them. The hood of her squirrel-skin parka was tossed back, revealing the cameo-like oval of her face outlined against her heavily-massed hair. Mittens had been discarded, and with bare hands she clung to whip and sled.

"Jump!" she cried, as her leader snarled at Smoke's.

Smoke struck the sled behind her. It rocked violently from the impact of his body, but she was full up on her knees and swinging the whip.

"Hi! You! Mush on! Chook! Chook!" she was crying, and the dogs whined and yelped in eagerness of desire and effort to overtake Big Olaf.

And then, as the lead-log caught the tail of Big Olaf's sled, and yard by yard drew up abreast, the great crowd on the Dawson bank went mad. It *was* a great crowd, for the men had dropped their tools on all the creeks and come down to see the outcome of the race, and a dead heat at the end of a hundred and ten miles justified any madness.

"When you're in the lead I'm going to drop off!" Joy cried out over her shoulder. Smoke tried to protest.

"And watch out for the dip curve half way up the bank," she warned.

Dog by dog, separated by half a dozen feet, the two teams were running abreast. Big Olaf, with whip and voice, held his

own for a minute. Then, slowly, an inch at a time, Joy's leader began to forge past.

"Get ready!" she cried to Smoke. "I'm going to leave you in a minute. Get the whip."

And as he shifted his hand to clutch the whip, they heard Big Olaf roar a warning, but too late. His lead-dog, incensed at being passed, swerved in to the attack. His fangs struck Joy's leader on the flank. The rival teams flew at one another's throats. The sleds over-ran the fighting brutes and capsized. Smoke struggled to his feet and tried to lift Joy up. But she thrust him from her, crying:

"Go!"

On foot, already fifty feet in advance, was Big Olaf, still intent on finishing the race. Smoke obeyed, and when the two men reached the foot of the Dawson bank, he was at the other's heels. But up the bank Big Olaf lifted his body hugely, regaining a dozen feet.

Five blocks down the main street was the Gold Recorder's office. The street was packed as for the witnessing of a parade. Not so easily this time did Smoke gain to his giant rival, and when he did he was unable to pass. Side by side they ran along the narrow aisle between the solid walls of fur-clad, cheering men. Now one, now the other, with great convulsive jerks, gained an inch or so only to lose it immediately after.

If the pace had been a killing one for their dogs, the one they now set themselves was no less so. But they were racing for a million dollars and great honor in the Yukon country. The only outside impression that came to Smoke on that last mad stretch was one of astonishment that there should be so many people in the Klondike. He had never seen them all at once before.

He felt himself involuntarily lag, and Big Olaf sprang a full stride in the lead. To Smoke it seemed that his heart would burst, while he had lost all consciousness of his legs. He knew they were flying under him, but he did not know how he continued to make them fly, nor how he put even greater pressure of will upon them and compelled them again to carry him to his giant competitor's side.

The open door of the Recorder's office appeared ahead of them. Both men made

a final, futile spurt. Neither could draw away from the other, and side by side they hit the doorway, collided violently, and fell headlong on the office floor.

They sat up, but were too exhausted to rise. Big Olaf, the sweat pouring from him, breathing with tremendous, painful gasps, pawed the air and vainly tried to speak. Then he reached out his hand with unmistakable meaning; Smoke extended his, and they shook.

"It's a dead heat," Smoke could hear the Recorder saying, but it was as if in a dream, and the voice was very thin and very far away. "And all I can say is that you both win. You'll have to divide the claim between you. You're partners."

Their two arms pumped up and down as they ratified the decision. Big Olaf nod-

ded his head with great emphasis, and spluttered. At last he got it out.

"You damn *chechaquo*," was what he said, but in the saying of it was admiration. "I don't know how you done it, but you did."

Outside the great crowd was noisily massed, while the office was packing and jamming. Smoke and Big Olaf essayed to rise, and each helped the other to his feet. Smoke found his legs weak under him, and staggered drunkenly. Big Olaf tottered toward him.

"I'm sorry my dogs jumped yours."

"It couldn't be helped," Smoke panted back. "I heard you yell."

"Say," Big Olaf went on with shining eyes. "That girl—one damn fine girl, eh?"

"One damn fine girl," Smoke agreed.

In the July issue of MacLean's Magazine, the Seventh Tale in the Smoke Bellew Series, "Tho Little Man," will appear



Lost

Her hair is dark as blackest night,
A forest where I've lost my way;
And there can pierce no light of day,
Nor any star shall come again.
And I, who have so joyed to roam
The open 'neath the naked sky,
No longer see the clouds go by,
Nor sunlight on the bending grain;
For, in my eyes, more beautiful
Than flaming dawn or evening star,
The strands of those dark tresses are,
Where lost I ever must remain.

—H. LEWIS, in *The American Magazine*.

The Ideal Bungalow

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BEST TYPE OF CALIFORNIA
BUNGALOW WHICH CAN BE ERECTED AT
A COST OF \$3,600

By Charles A. Byers

The bungalow type of architecture is steadily growing in favor in Canada. It has probably reached the zenith of its popularity in California. Thus it is, that we have gone to California for a "model bungalow," which is illustrated and described in the accompanying article. The cost is estimated at \$3,600, and, as is pointed out, the bungalow style of architecture so readily lends itself to cosy and attractive results, that for the limited outlay it affords practically all of the advantages, both in appearance and utility, of many of the larger and more expensive homes.

FOR him who is possessed of limited financial resources, and who loves a cozy and attractive home, no other style of architecture can be so heartily recommended as the bungalow. From a very humble beginning in California, about seven years ago, this style of home, originally borrowed from India, has been gradually developed, through a series of modifying interpretations, into what is indeed a charming creation. And, in the meanwhile, its popularity has spread so rapidly and thoroughly that there is scarcely a locality on the North American continent in which the attractiveness of the California bungalow is unknown.

The accompanying photographs and floor plan drawing illustrate an excellent example of this style of home—a house of seven rooms built at a total cost of \$3,600. It is located in Los Angeles, California, and was designed and built by Mr. Edward E. Sweet, an architect, of that city.

With its comparatively flat roof, its broadly projecting eaves, its square-sawed and unsurfaced finishing timbers, and its rather massive-proportioned masonry, the house is truly of bungalow architecture. The roof lines are gracefully proportioned, and in the designing of the masonry

work real bungalow artistry is shown. An interesting feature of the roof construction is the ingenious suspension of the front porch roof by chains, which eliminates the necessity of supporting pillars. The roof, itself, of the entire house, is covered with mathoid, a gray composition that materially aids in producing the very effective color scheme which gives the structure much of its exterior charm. The siding is of cedar shingles, stained dark green, and the masonry is of clinker brick. The front porch connects with a small side porch, both of which have cement floors, and from the latter extends a sort of porte-cochere, through which passes a concrete driveway that leads to a garage in the rear. The porches are enclosed with half-length pillars and a low parapet constructed of clinker brick, with copings of concrete. These low pillars afford excellent rests for potted plants, an arrangement which lends just a slight suggestion of the classic. Harmonizing with the porch masonry is an outside chimney on one side of the house, of well-studied proportions.

It is too often the case that in the building of inexpensive homes the interior is slighted in favor of the exterior, or vice-



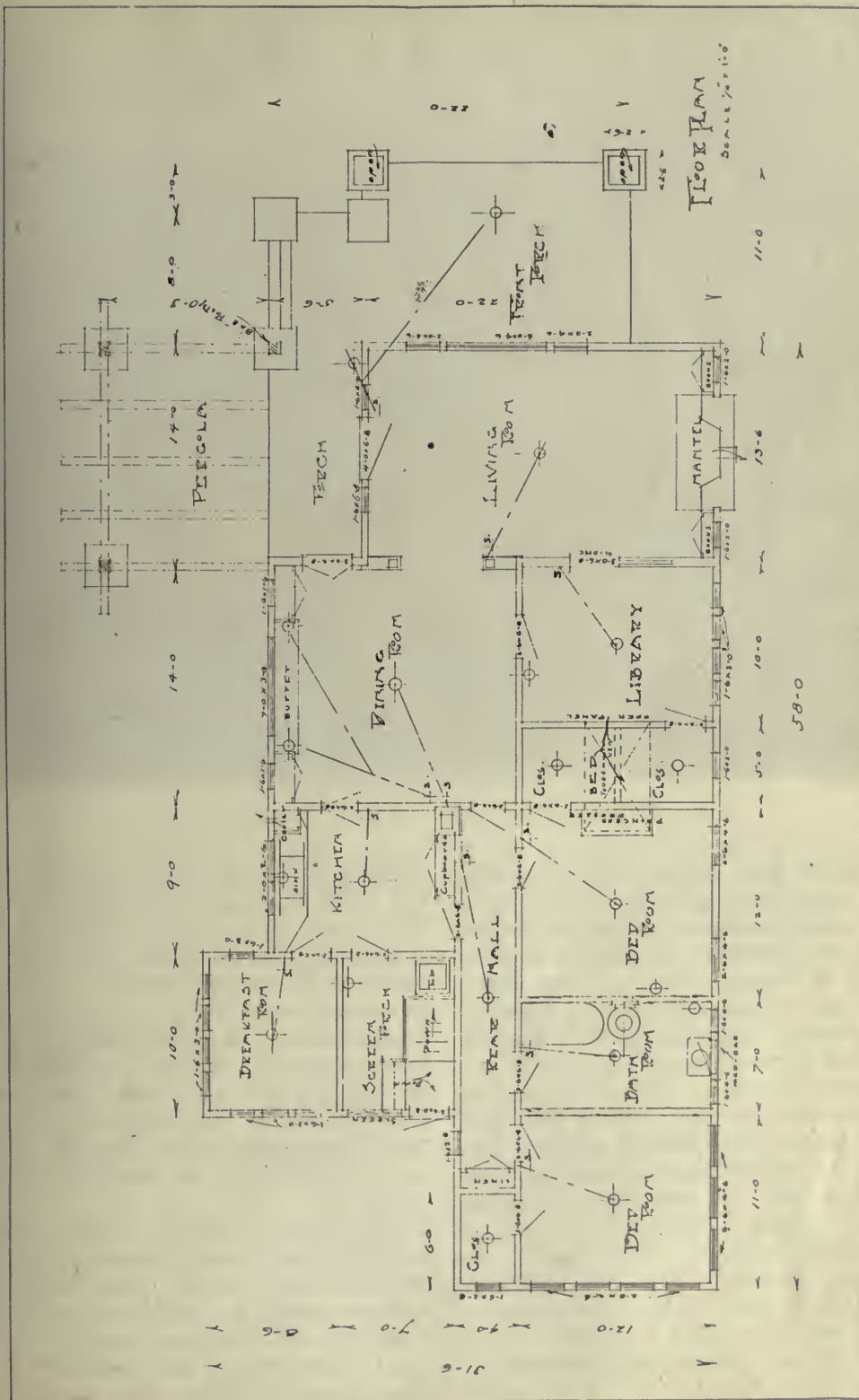
An ideal seven-room Californian bungalow built at a cost of \$3,600.

versa, but such is not the truth in this instance at least. The interior of this home is, like the exterior, a veritable work of art. The rooms are well and economically arranged, there are numerous convenient built-in features, and the finish and decorations are all the most fastidious could wish for in a home of this size.

The rooms are living room, library, "den," dining room, breakfast room, kitchen and one bed room. The library contains a built-in disappearing bed, which is used for emergencies, and, should it be preferred at any time, the "den" is so located and designed that it might easily be converted into another sleeping room. A small hall, leading from the dining room and terminating in a linen closet at the rear of the house, provides a way of access to the bed room, bath room, "den" and kitchen. Back of the kitchen are the

breakfast room and small screened porch, and from the latter leads the stairway to the basement. Small French doors open from the living room and dining room into the small side porch, and sliding doors separate the library from the living room, while a broad arch connects the latter with the dining room.

The house contains numerous closets, conveniently located and a number of excellent and very-much to-be-appreciated built-in features. On each side of the spacious living-room fireplace, with its artistic mantel of pressed brick, there is a built-in book case, with a tiny window above it; in the library there is the disappearing bed already mentioned; in the dining room there is a broad buffet, with a small china closet on each side, all of interesting workmanship, and above which arrangement are three small windows, and in the bed room there is a very pretty



The floor plan of an ideal seven-roomed Californian bungalow costing \$3,600.



The dining room as seen from the living room.

built-in Princess dresser, while the kitchen contains, in addition to the usual cupboards and drawers, a draught cooler.

The woodwork of the interior is principally of Oregon pine. In the living room, dining room and "den" it is stained and waxed to somewhat resemble Flemish oak, and in the library it is given a mahogany-color finish. The dining room possesses paneled walls, with a plate rail, and a beamed and paneled ceiling. The latter is of particularly interesting workmanship, and the arrangement provides for an ingenious lighting-fixture scheme that is truly artistic. The "den" also possesses paneled, but the paneling here extends only to a height of about five feet, terminating in a plate rail, above which the walls, as well as the ceiling, are plastered and tinted. The living room and library walls are plastered and paper-

ed, while in the bed room, hall and breakfast room they are plastered and tinted. The woodwork in the bed room, kitchen and bathroom is enamelled, as are also the plastered walls to a height of about five feet in the latter two; and in the hall and breakfast room the woodwork is of California redwood, which is only waxed, leaving it nearly its natural color. Oak floors are used in the living room, library, "den" and dining room, and pine floors prevail throughout the remainder of the house.

This house is not only attractive within itself but is set amid charming environs and every really pretty home, considered *en masse*, must owe considerable to its surroundings. With swaying eucalypti forming the background, and with an artistic arrangement of flowers and vines and other shrubbery all about it, and not for-



The living room of the bungalow.

getting the well-kept lawn and the cement walks and driveway, the bungalow is indeed charmingly embowered.

The house is substantially and warmly constructed throughout, and for, from

\$3,500 to \$3,800 it should be satisfactorily duplicated in any locality. It is provided with furnace heat, running water and all of the other conveniences that combine to create a cozy and comfortable home.

THE SEA GULL

Fain would I dwell beside thee,
 Thou wild tempestous sea!
 And listen as thy surges
 Sing forth their songs to me;
 Where billows roll and whisper—
 Seethe into whitening foam,
 Upon thy heaving bosom,
 There would I make my home!
 —F. Gordon Dagger.

The Stubbornness of the Browns

By Amy E. Campbell

JUST as the Browns settled themselves to their books and newspapers and evening lamp, the door-bell rang vigorously. Mr. Brown looked over his paper at his wife—

"Go to the door, Mary," he said easily.

"Go yourself," she pouted.

"And let you humor that foolish timidity you have of going to the door at night? No, you must go yourself, for I won't."

"Then nobody'll go," said Mrs. Brown, stubbornly, "for I'm morally certain I'll not."

"Well, sit there," retorted Mr. Brown calmly.

"Thank you, that's exactly what I'm planning to do."

After a few minutes Mr. Brown suggested—

"Whoever it is can see through that window that we're home."

"All the more blame to you," remarked his wife, "It's certainly a gentleman's place to go to the door."

"Nevertheless, I'll not budge," he assured her.

"Nor will I. You know perfectly well that when I make up my mind not to do a thing, wild horses couldn't drag me to it," and Mrs. Brown read her book with determination.

"Very well, then, if it's the minister, he'll think we're sore at him about his last sermon, and have seen him coming under the street light and won't let him in, and if it's any of the neighbors—"

Another ring from the bell caused Mrs. Brown to start almost out of her chair.

"Well, you *are* getting nervous," remarked her husband sarcastically as he calmly perused the sporting extra he was holding upside down.

A long silence and then the bell rang again. Neither spoke for a time and then Mrs. Brown said—

"I can't for the life of me see what's got into you. You never acted like this before."

"I want to teach you to go to the door at night without being nervous," said Mr. Brown importantly.

"Well, you might as well learn first as last that you can't 'teach' anyone not to be nervous," retorted Mrs. Brown, triumphantly.

"Oh, yes you can, if the person hasn't already made up their minds not to be cured of it," and Mr. Brown began reading the advertisements in the evening paper with absorbed interest.

"Call me stubborn, and be done with it," flared Mrs. Brown—

"Well, aren't you?"

"I'm quite sure *you* are, at any rate!" The bell rang again.

"Seems to me that bell rings differently every time," said Mr. Brown, with interest. "There must have been different people here!"

"Well, they'll have an interesting time wondering what's wrong with us. It'll be the talk of the neighborhood, with that blind away up, and all because you are too obstinate to give in," and there were angry red spots on Mrs. Brown's pretty cheeks.

"And I suppose, to put it mildly—because you're too nervous?"

Just then a noise was heard outside the window. Mrs. Brown was visibly frightened. Then the telephone rang. Mr. Brown answered it—

"Hello—"

"Oh, no, we're at home!"

"Oh, yes, we're quite well, thank you."

"Doing? Oh, just reading."

"Speak to Mrs. Brown? Certainly. Here, Mary."

Mrs. Brown stepped to the 'phone with a defiant air—

"Oh, yes, dear, quite well."

"No, he's not very well. His head is bothering him. It's sore and his feet

are also paining him. He can't hardly drag himself out of a chair!"

"Electric Liniment? Thanks so much, I'll try it for him."

"Oh, were you? Why, what time?"

"Why, for goodness' sake, we've been here all evening."

"I'm so sorry. Do come again, won't you?"

"Good-bye."

"Now, since you've got through lying about my state of health you might as well tell me what's wrong with my feet so I can tell the whole office staff to-morrow morning," Mr. Brown flung indignantly at his wife as she hung up the receiver and regarded him with suppressed amusement.

"Oh, chilblains, or anything like that," replied Mrs. Brown, absently.

The 'phone rang again and Mr. Brown hastened to answer it.

"Oh, no, Mr. Burgess, we're real well thank you, with the exception of Mrs. Brown. She's losing her hearing badly of late, and her nerves are in a sad condition!"

"You were? Why I must have been down cellar and Mrs. Brown's hearing is so defective——"

"Oh yes, she hears parts of your sermons."

"That's a rot—a real shame Mr. Burgess, for we were both at home."

"Ear trumpets? Well, really, Mrs. Brown is so sensitive about people knowing it——"

By this time Mrs. Brown was at her husband's elbow trying to make him give her the receiver. This he refused to do.

"Yes, indeed, we're both exceedingly sorry, Mr. Burgess. We'll try and be out next Sunday——Oh, is it? Missions? We'll try our best."

As Brown hung up the receiver his wife viewed him from head to foot with scorn.

"How am I ever going to face the result of a lie like that?" she asked quietly.

"Face it the same as I will the chilblains," he answered easily.

"Chilblains!" she sniffed.

"And corns and bunions—let me see what else, do people get wrong with their feet?" he asked with interest.

"Tell me how people lose their hearing all of a sudden," she answered witheringly.

"Well, can't they recover suddenly——"

Again the 'phone rang and Mrs. Brown was certainly there first.

"Oh dearest, is it you?"

"She was? And I missed her. Why I've been dying to have her call, you know and I asked her to come in the evening with her husband, when Jack would be home——"

"Saw us through the window? Oh, isn't that too awful to take in?"

"Well, I'll tell you the truth dear, because I know it won't go any further, I had slipped into my dressing gown and of course couldn't go to the door, and Jack has rheumatism so he can't hardly move and when he finally did get to the door there was nobody there——"

"Oh dear, she was offended. Well, I'll have to call and try and patch it up somehow. Good-bye, and thanks so much for telling me."

Jack Brown calmly eyed his wife from head to foot——

"I didn't think you were so good as all this," he began, when the 'phone rang again. Assuredly, Mr. Brown got there first.

"No, Mrs. Smith, she has retired quite a while ago. She had a bad headache and——"

"Her nerves, I think. They're in an awful condition."

"Oh just silly worry over nothing, Mrs. Smith. You know how it goes perhaps."

"Oh yes, she's been threatened with deafness for sometime——"

"The minister told Mr. Smith? Oh yes, I was talking to him to-night over the phone!"

"Yes, do come. She'll be glad to try anything I'm sure!"

"To-morrow? Yes, she'll be home so far as I know, Mrs. Smith."

"Oh, *I'm* splendid!"

"Now, now, Mrs. Smith, I'm not holding my age nearly so well as a very charming lady I know!"

"Oh, no, we're just about the same age. I'm a trifle the older."

"Good-bye. Oh I'll remember——"

Mrs. Brown was white with suppressed fury.

"Do you think I want that odious woman here prescribing for me? What *do* you mean?"

Mr. Brown quietly lit a cigar and puffed with evident relish.

Another ring at the 'phone found Mrs. Brown first to answer.

"Oh Billy, you want Jack? He's just gone to bed. He had an awful grouch on and I advised him to go to sleep and forget it."

"Oh, Billy, don't say that over the phone. Central might be listening, and this is a party line——"

"You are? Oh, no Billy dear, you'd better not. Jack would eat you when he came to hear of it——"

"Oh, yes, he was perfectly savage. He has quite a temper you know——"

"Thanks Bill, old boy, you're grand. I'll remember——"

"To-morrow, what's on?"

"I'll see you to-morrow night, Billy. Come up for tea with Jack and maybe he'll be in better humor——"

"Oh, you naughty boy, good-bye."

"Billy, how can you be so foolish? GOOD-bye"

"Really Bill, I'm cross, so ring off like a nice little boy——"

"Well, good-night then——"

Brown smoked savagely as his wife stood looking out of the window with a dreamy stare. Then he asked deliberately—

"How long have you been flirting with that infant?"

"Not half so long as you've been paying silly compliments to a cracked old thing like Mrs. Smith, for the sake of hearing her return them with interest," replied Mrs. Brown spiritedly.

Just then the door bell rang and for a time they glared at each other silently. Finally both started to go, bumped into each other, smiled a little and then Jack Brown put out his hand to his wife Mary, and she slipped her's into his.

"We've been silly," she said.

"Very," he answered. "Come to the door with me, I'm afraid."

"I will," she laughed, "If you'll help me to recover my hearing——"

"Alright," he said—"If you'll rub my feet with electric liniment, to-night."

"I will," she promised solemnly as together they answered the door.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have now; all they ever had, and all they expect to have.

The Planning of Boomville

HOW AN ENLIGHTENED MAYOR OF A CANADIAN TOWN SAVED MONEY FOR POSTERITY IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN IDEAL CITY

By Brian Bellasis

A great deal has been written in recent years on town and city planning, much of it interesting, but little that could be called practical. The problem is of the greatest importance in Canada, where small towns spring up as if by magic on the western plains, and rapidly develop into thriving cities. In this article on "The Planning of Boomville," city planning from a Canadian point of view is considered in detail, and a mass of authoritative information, together with illustrations and maps, is presented.

IN 1807 it was decided to provide some definite plan against the future growth of the little town that was then New York. Discussion was varied until one of the commissioners provided a simple way out of the planning difficulty by pointing to the impression of a mason's hand-sieve in a heap of sand. So runs the quite untruthful legend. The streets of New York—except for happily irregular Broadway—duly followed the marks of the sieve wires; and almost every new city on the American continent has dutifully followed New York's example.

In the three prairie provinces of Canada alone, no less than 203 new towns came into being last year, and many more of those that were new towns three or four years ago got ready for promotion into city rank. The growth of some of the western centres is almost incredible—30 per cent. and 50 per cent. increases are not unheard of and 10 and 15 per cent. increases are commonplace.

Now, most of these towns are so busy *working* for their future that they have not had much time to *think* about it. Developments come fast and are accommodated anyhow as circumstances of the

moment may dictate. Main Street follows the old original country road, the side streets, which almost jump into existence week by week, branch off it along the concessions and side lines which the provincial surveyor ruled across the map; few streets are wider than the statutory 66 feet—the width of a "3rd class street" and half the proper width of a "main avenue." Factories are allowed to cluster any how along the railway, or the river bank. In fact, the town is altogether too feverishly active to bother about organizing itself into "districts of activity" as the scientific town planner would desire, or to follow anything but the rectangular line of least resistance in laying out its streets.

The majority of new Canadian towns are well started towards a hopelessly muddled, or at best, an unhappily rectangular future—and not even a carefully thought out rectangular future at that. When they begin to climb into New York's class or even to approach the size of their big brothers in the east, Toronto and Montreal, they will suffer acute growing pains and bitterly repent the thoughtless errors of their youth. Six year old Cobalt is already cursing fate which set it unalterably



Boomville as it is at present. The problem is to preserve the existing natural traffic lines along the main roads shown and to provide for and, as far as possible, create new ones, keeping the incipient business, manufacturing and residential districts on the hill slopes, in the valley and across the river. On the next page is the mere solution.

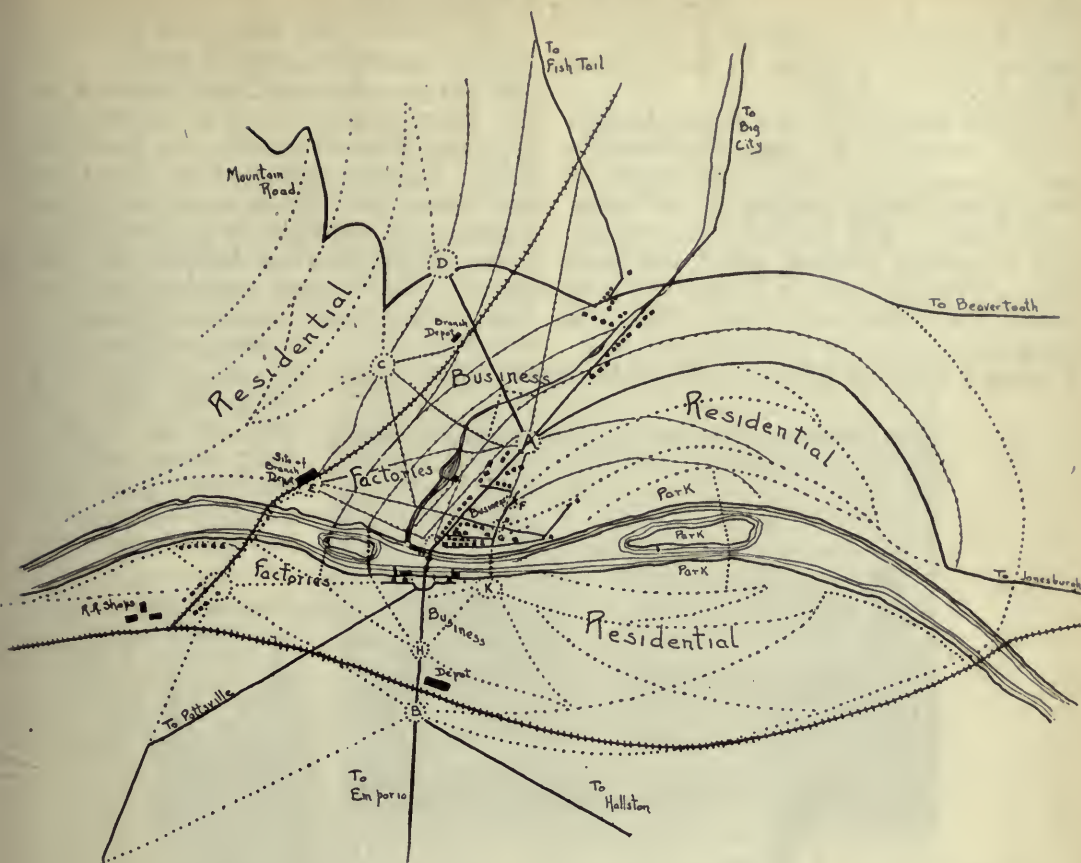
among a tumbled confusion of rocky ridges when there are good, flat sites in abundance all around it.

At first glance, the rectangular "checker board" system which most Canadian towns adopt in some form or another, seems eminently practical, providing all that a hard-working, business-like city can possibly require. To get from one place to another you go north so many blocks and west so many blocks and there you are; on the face of it, no street need become inconveniently congested since it is paralleled by other streets which can accommodate the overflow; as distant suburbs come into being they can be reached by a prolongation of one of the central "sieve wires."

Also, when New York was planned it was thought that the system would have the additional advantage of doing away

with the conventional "heart" of the city. Since all the blocks were on an equal footing it was supposed that business would distribute itself fairly equally over the whole town and that, therefore, there would never be any closely crowded and congested areas such as occurred in the unplanned cities of the old world.

But the checker board promises a great deal more than it performs. In the first place, since it takes no heed of the natural inequalities of the site, it is even theoretically, only adapted to towns built on a perfectly flat plain—witness San Francisco, where street after street is rendered practically useless because their inflexible lines carry them straight up all but perpendicular hills. Worse still, the checker board makes no account of what experts call "natural traffic lines" and experience has proved that the idea of doing away



The future planned by the Mayor for Boomville. The dotted lines represent main thoroughfares from 70 to 100 ft. wide; the heavy black lines show the improved existing highways. The spaces between these main thoroughfares would be filled with side streets arranged on different lines according to circumstances.

with the congested "heart" is an absolute fallacy. Also the checker board is an enormous time waster. Going north so many blocks and then east or west to your destination is all very well for short distance traffic; long distance traffic demands diagonal short-cuts and is uneasy without them. Broadway, the only irregular street in New York, absorbs an enormous volume of traffic on this account.

As the experts say, the checker board system is not "flexible" enough—to say nothing of being the ugliest method that could be conceived by the most hopelessly utilitarian mind.

There is no lack of other systems to choose from; the "square and circle" system, the "hexagonal method"—all manner of plans which make the map of a town look like a new linoleum pattern. Nearly all of them are good if properly ap-

plied and no attempt is made to lay down one or another and force development along those lines against its inclination. Generally, two or more of them can be brought into combination according to circumstances. Perhaps the best system to adopt as a general principle is the "spider web," "cartwheel," or "radial" system in combination with the "checker-board" or some other method for filling the smaller spaces between the big main thoroughfares.

But above all other things, town-planning is a matter on which it is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules. Every town must work out its problem for itself, taking into consideration the natural formation of its site and whatever existing system has already been established by force of circumstance and long usage. For the new prairie town with a dead level site

and no hampering established traditions the problem is reduced to its simplest form.

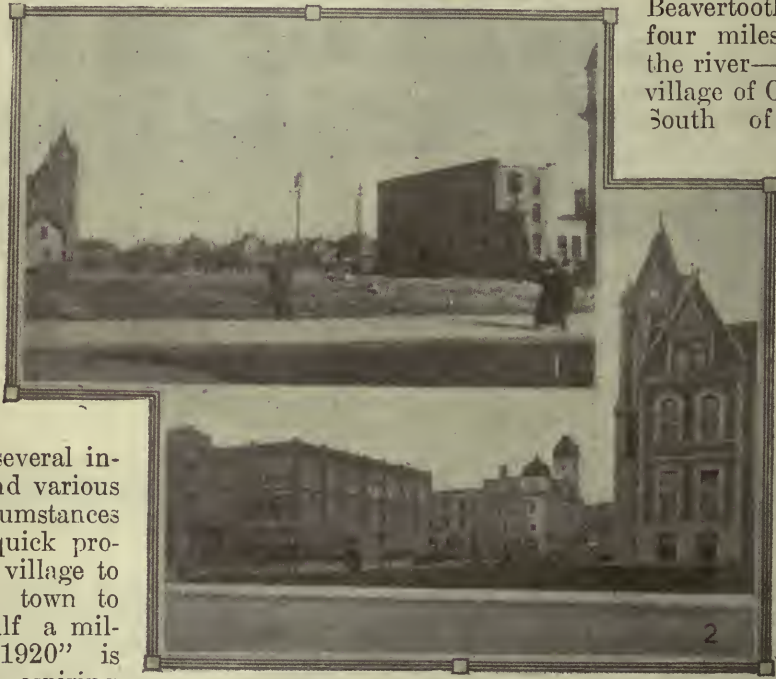
For the majority of towns the question is more complicated. Take the case of a purely imaginary budding city and see on what lines it might provide for its future.

On page 68 is a map of "Boomville" as it is at the present day. The construction of an important spur line of railway up the valley in which it stands, its position in the centre of a newly opened farming district, the promised

to the south of the river, with the exception of South Hill, is fairly level.

The main street of the village is a section of an important road between Big City and Emporia. It runs down the valley, roughly parallel with the creek, and crosses the river by a bridge. At the north end of the valley it is joined by important highways from Jonesburgh, Beavertooth, Fish Tail and the Mountain Road from a flourishing mining settlement in the West Hills. At the junction of the mountain Road with those from Fish

Tail, Big City and Beavertooth — about four miles north of the river—is the small village of Cross Roads. South of the river



Eleventh Avenue, Regina in 1906 and again in 1911.

advent of several industries, and various other circumstances point to quick progress from village to town and town to city. "Half a million in 1920" is Boomville's aspiring slogan.

First of all consider its site and strategic position. It stands in the mouth of a narrow valley at the junction of a creek with a fair-sized river navigable only for small craft. East of the town the river cuts through a high hill which rises from the valley and the surrounding flat country in a series of steep terraces.—East Hill and South Hill—The valley is bounded on the west by a range of hills stretching off indefinitely to the north—West Hill; this is higher than East Hill and also rises in a series of steeply divided terraces. The lower part of the valley, at the mouth of the Creek, is low and swampy. The land

branch roads lead to Pottsville and Halls-ton. It is owing to its position at the bridge head, where traffic between these various places concentrates at the river crossing, that Boomville owes its origin and early growth.

The railroad main line runs parallel with the river about a mile south of the town, eventually crossing the river on the further side of East Hill. The new Spur Line crosses the river a mile and a half above the town and runs close up the western side of the valley. At the junction of the Spur and Main lines the railway company have built their repair shops and a

small number of artisans' houses are established nearby. Three miles up the valley the Spur Line has built a branch depot in order to shorten the mine haul by the Mountain Road. Sites chosen by incoming industries are on the south shore of the river and on the edge of the marsh near where an old saw mill already has a mill dam and water power.

Knowing the facts, put yourself in the place of the enlightened Mayor who is going to map out a general scheme for the planning of a greater Boomville. His field is limited and restricted in many ways. His plan must be governed by a number of existing facts and fairly definite probabilities.

1. The "Business Section"—the heart of the coming city—will in-

western half of the valley convenient to the Spur Line. The marsh when it is drained will be available for building; preferably, in view of this tendency, for factory sites.

3. The "Industrial Residential Section" will certainly establish itself convenient to these industries. Already there is a small artisans' colony at The Junction. The best and healthiest location would be



Regina City Hall: in 1911 above and 1905 below.

along the lower slopes of West Hill.

4. The "Residential Section" of a better class would be well situated on the terraces of East Hill. There are fine sites here for big houses. There is also a probability of Cross Roads Village becoming a residential suburb

for a time at any rate. There is ample room for further extensions of the residential districts all along the slopes of East Hill and on South Hill.

5. It is highly important that the Business Section, cramped between hills and hampered by the creek, should be encouraged to extend up the valley and still more encouraged to spread south of the river. It would be most inconvenient if circum-

disputably remain where it is already established in the half dozen streets near the head of the bridge. Nothing is more conservative and unwilling to change its location than established business. At present, this is also the residential section, but that will very soon be altered.

2. The "Manufacturing Section" shows a tendency to grow up between the Main Line and the river shore, and also in the

stances were allowed to force it up the slopes of East Hill.

This divides the city roughly into sections or "districts of activity," each allotted some particular function for which it is particularly fitted by situation and the character of the ground. Of course, there can be no hard and fast dividing lines as in the old mediaeval towns, but part of the business of planning will be to encourage each section to develop along the lines laid down for it. The Mayor and his Council must discourage the establishment of factories on the hills and guard against the building of cheap dwellings, eventual slums, in the industrial districts.

Pondering his problem deeply, the Mayor sketches out the plan on page 69. He does not intend it, of course, as a hard and fast, definite, unchangeable plan, but more as a pious aspiration for the town to live up to. As the town grows the plan can



The main thoroughfares of London as evolved by the custom and necessities of ages. Apparently a purposeless tangle of streets, they really follow quite a regular and definite plan.

be brought out and its principles adhered to or modified according to circumstances. The filling in of side streets is left till need arises for them. Its want of symmetry may horrify the lovers of linoleum patterns, but every one of its dotted lines is sketched with a definite purpose and fulfills the first requirements of a "main thoroughfare," namely, to connect two points between which people desire to travel.

Each of the thin dotted lines represents a broad highway from 70 to 100 or 120 feet wide, according to its importance. The thick solid lines show where these paper highways coincide with or replace the existing roads. You will see that the Mayor has wisely taken the existing traffic system as the basis of his scheme. Roads have been straightened and the Mountain, Fish Tail and Jonesburgh roads have been brought to a single concentration point at "A," but in no case has traffic been forcibly diverted to any appreciable extent from the course it had evolved for itself.

In all towns there is a tendency for inward traffic to concentrate at particular points



London's ideal plan. See with how little trouble the confused and twisted streets in the plan above fall into the regular lines laid down for them by the theoretic town planner.



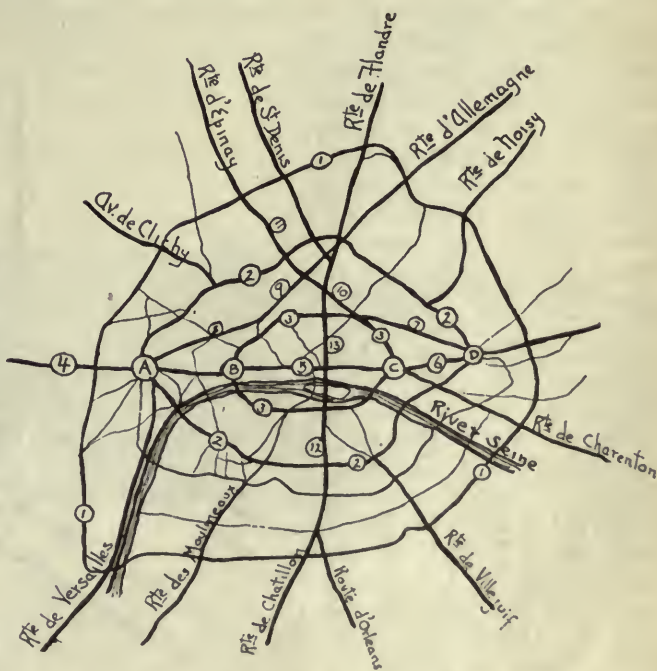
Theoretic Paris. If some far-sighted Mayor of ancient Lutetia had made plans for his city's growth they would have been somewhat on these lines.

whence it diverges again in pursuit of its several destinations. These thronged "concentration points" are at once the cause and effect of the crowded, busy shopping and business centres which invariably cluster round them. However, you may plan a town these concentration points will inevitably arise and in Greater Boomville the Mayor has sensibly provided for them as commodiously as possible instead of following the natural tendency of amateur town planners to suppress them altogether. They are placed conveniently to the districts they are intended to serve. "A" is the most important of them and has been placed where it is with the hope of attracting the "heart" of the town from the bridge head to a wider portion of the valley. The other concentration points are placed to receive and distribute traffic to the factory districts, the railway depots, and the residential districts. These latter are necessarily arranged along the edge of the valley whence easily graded roads can climb the steep slopes of the

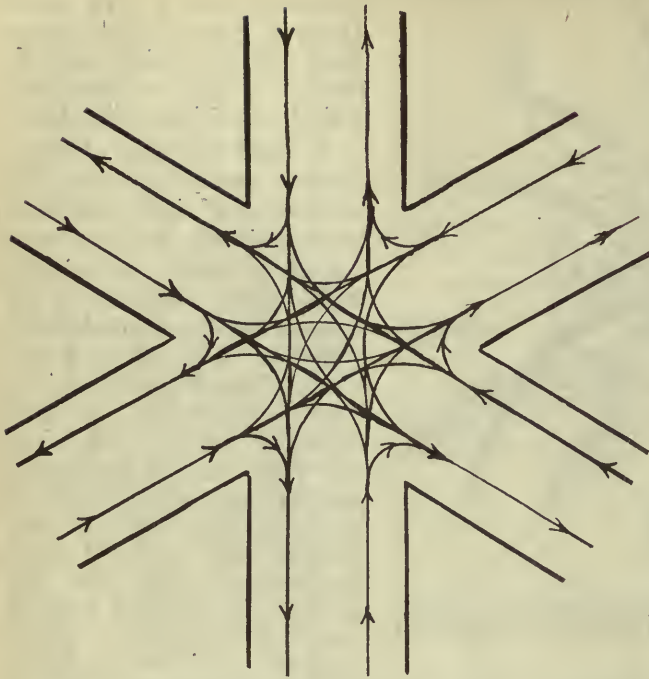
overhanging hills. The main thoroughfares connecting these various points are as nearly straight as topographical conditions will allow.

Much of the value of these points would be lost—indeed, some of them could not be established—if there continued to be but one bridge; traffic would inevitably stick close to the old original Main Street in order to cross the river. The Mayor provides four additional bridges. Three of them connect up the north and south factory districts and open lines of communication down the western half of the valley; the fourth assists the old bridge in its work of feeding and draining the city's "heart" at "A." Another

bridge, five miles below the town would enable the great encircling boulevard to enclose East and South Hills, and the summits of these hills—ear-marked for Park purposes—could be connected by a



Left to itself Paris has spun a great irregular cob-web from its original centre on the little island on the Seine. You will see that the area of concentration is much larger than in London.



The meeting place of six roads. Notice the extraordinary confusion of traffic likely to arise in such a case.

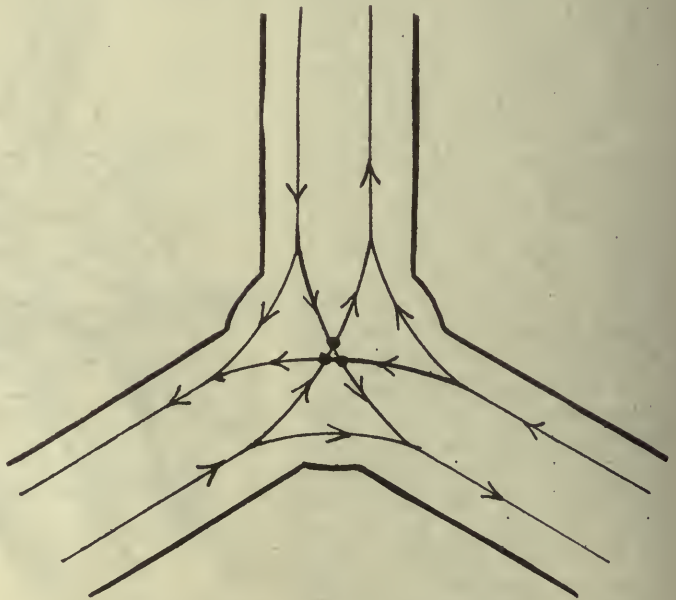
picturesque high-level bridge; but these are matters of minor importance with so young a town.

The "Residential" hills are opened up by a series of concentric terraces following the contour of the ground and connected one with the other by gently graded roads curving naturally towards the points of distribution. The dweller on West Hill, for example, would thus be enabled to descend an easy gradient to "C," "D" or "E," and thence proceed by the most direct radiating road to his work in factory or office. The residents on East Hill would concentrate and disperse at "A," "F" and "G," from South Hill they would descend to "H" and "K." It will be seen, in this connection, that the plan provides several alternative routes from place to place—"E" can be reached either directly from "G" or by a slight

detour by way of the river; from "H" it is possible to reach West Hill by three more or less direct routes—this is important, as it affords means of relieving congestion during the "rush hours."

These points, "A," "B," "C," and so on, would not necessarily be actual "circuses," open spaces into which the converging traffic pours; in many cases they could be made "concentration areas" in which the "circus" is replaced by a series of short side streets connecting the ends of covering thoroughfares without allowing them actually to meet. In any case, the Mayor has large and commodious "circuses" in mind where the traffic has ample room to circulate. Where a restricted circus is necessary and the

traffic promises to be particularly heavy, special regulations could be put in force for its regulation—as illustrated in the diagrams on page 69. This is the sort of

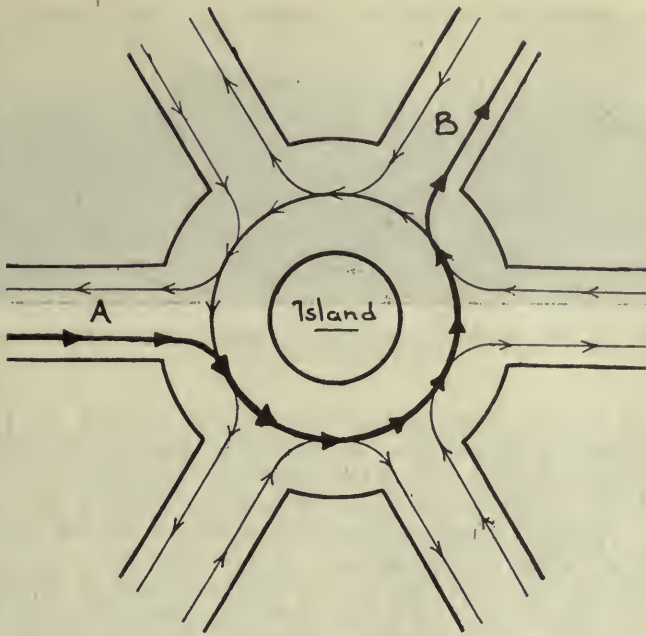


Even where but three roads meet the confusion is considerable; yet these "concentration points" are vitally necessary to a city and must be provided.

thing the Mayor will be prepared for and remember at such times as the drafting of Street Railway charters; it would be a heart-breaking task to compel a street railway to relay its tracks according to the traffic flow once it had got good and "set" in another fashion.

Thus does our far-sighted Mayor provide for Greater

Boomville, a future along spacious and not un beautiful lines — as spacious at any rate as his topographical and other limitations will permit, with terraced hills of homes, crowned with spacious parks, rising grandly above the teen- ing workaday city in the valley, of small

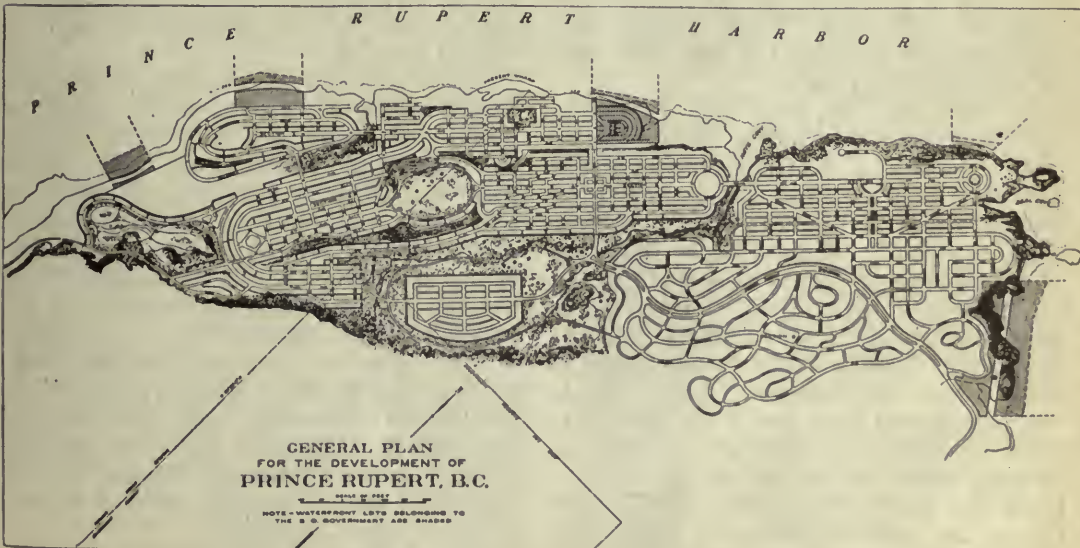


A method of avoiding confusion where a number of streets meet—traffic entering the concentration point widens round the central island till opposite the road along which it wishes to continue instead of cutting across the shortest way as is usually done. The heavy line indicates the course of a vehicle from A to B.

parks and open spaces, the placing of public buildings beautifully and conveniently, the planning of the side streets, and a hundred and one other things must be left for more detailed consideration, and no doubt will modify the main scheme to some extent as they arise. At least the Mayor has prepared for healthy suburbs on rising ground, preserved the beauty of the river in its course between the hills

and provided ample and above all natural circulation for the traffic.

The importance of this last point cannot be emphasized too strongly, it is made very evident in studying the ancient, un-



Prince Rupert—a new town which starts with a definite plan for a considerable future. A very well planned town considering the difficulties and limitations of its site.



Edson, first divisional point of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway west of Edmonton, May 1, 1910.

planned, gradually evolved cities of Europe. Look, for example, at the map of London's main thoroughfares which is reproduced on page 72—apparently a mere tangle of streets, winding unnecessarily, wandering aimlessly. Wind unnecessarily they may do, but they are anything but aimless wanderers. Every one of those main thoroughfares has become a "traffic artery" because of the natural need for a main thoroughfare at or near that particular point and running in that particular direction. The two great "hearts" of the city are at the Bank (B) and Charing Cross (A) and all the main thoroughfares are the result of the efforts of the surrounding countryside to feed the districts of which these are the centres. In spite of all the obstacles of narrow streets, wiggledy-piggledy buildings and what not, these "natural traffic lines" have forced their way into and through the city with very definite objects in view.

At the edge of the town they were simply country roads, winding from farm to farm as is the habit of old country roads, and when they are swallowed by the rising tide of bricks and mortar they became winding streets. Those roads that approached from the south were modified by the river and its bridges. For centuries there was but one London Bridge and the roads from Kent and Surrey converged at what is now St. George's Circus (C) to continue as one road across the river. As other bridges were built, so did new diverging roads come into being till now from the neighborhood of St. George's Circus the traffic spreads out again fanwise to cross the river at five main points between Westminster and the Pool.

A great French engineer, M. Henard, of

Paris, has reduced the plans of the chief cities of Europe to a diagrammatic form and a comparison of his diagrams with the actual maps shows, the idea, as it were, towards which the old haphazard roadmakers were blindly groping.

Suppose that in William the Conqueror's time, when London was about as big and as promising as Boomville, an inspired Lord Mayor had laid down some broad plan for the growth of the town, it should—if properly prophetic—have followed the lines of that formalised plan. Any divergence from the broad lines laid down thereon—such as the inflexible gridiron plan, or a circular plan with the Bank as a centre—would have forced the traffic into unnatural routes and would have resulted in far greater confusion and congestion as the volume grew larger than has been caused even by the irregularities of haphazard growth.

Paris, you will see, created quite a different variety of "natural traffic lines" for herself. Starting as a tiny group of fishing huts on the island in the Seine, as she grew she began to attract traffic from the surrounding villages and into the main road which crossed the island (now the Boulevards Michel and Sebastopol) half a dozen country roads converged to be increased as time went on by many others and to be joined by the three concentric ovals of the Boulevards des Fortifications, Boulevards Extérieur, and the Grandes Boulevards. These, by the bye, mark the gradual spread of the city beyond its old mediaeval walls and again beyond its successive modern defences.

Berlin follows Paris to some extent with a "Ringstrasse" type of ground plan—concentric circles surrounding the "heart"



Another view of Edson, taken October 25, 1910, six months after first picture, showing how western towns grow.

of the town and being cut by converging main thoroughfares. Vienna has a variation of the same ground plan and Moscow has it reduced to a very simple form indeed.

It is only because of the obstacles they had to overcome and their lack of definite planning in the first place that the value of these ancient thoroughfares has been partially wasted. The chief object of the Mayor of Boomville is to insure that no such obstacles shall be allowed to vitiate what he judges to be the "natural traffic lines" of *his* city.

Unfortunately, there are many circumstances to prevent the majority of new towns from following Boomville's excellent example. Most incipient cities are ringed with smaller municipalities which work out their own ideas without reference to the aspirations of the city destined to engulf them. Then there are estates which resolutely block the way, precious vested interests not a hair of whose heads must be injured—and anyway civic and municipal powers are limited. Under existing conditions it is doubtful if the Mayor of Boomville's scheme would get beyond the paper stage in time to prevent the "heart" of his town at least growing into being on the usual unintelligent or haphazard lines.

Here and there cities are growing up along scientifically planned lines, or making some small struggle towards better things, and there is a definite movement on foot for increasing the planning scope and powers of ambitious municipalities.

St. John, New Brunswick, for example, has a most extensive town-planning scheme under consideration which looks very far forward into the future. A bill has been introduced before the provincial legislature giving the city extended powers in such matters as guiding and controlling the planning activities of neighboring small towns, restraining landowners from cutting up their estates without reference to the general scheme, ear-marking certain properties or portions of properties for public use and so on. The bill is intended to apply not only to St. John, but to New Brunswick generally. Perhaps it will lead to some measure which could be applied to the whole Dominion. Let us hope so.

Meanwhile the older cities and even comparatively young ones are driven to expensive cures for their terrible growing pains and the infant cities are mostly pursuing their heedless ways recking little that the same fate awaits them. Juvenile Winnipeg is contemplating spending \$2,000,000 or more on a great trans-city traffic route to correct some of its gridiron limitations; soon, Toronto will have to pour out some millions of money to rectify the errors of her unintelligent rectangularity. In the next fifty or a hundred years scores of ill-planned Canadian cities will have to spend many other millions in doing likewise.

And in those days, Boomville, with an assessment down to fractions of a cent, will regard the memory of its first Mayor with heartfelt gratitude.



"A Woman—eh?"

"Mandell, the Jew"—page 80.

Mandell the Jew

By Ed. Cahn

I.

Mr. Z. Murray, portly, red-faced, dressed in the height of fashion, foppishly in fact, flaunting a diamond scarf pin, diamond rings on two fingers and a massive and overly ornate fob, sat opposite Louis Mandell in the latter's private office.

Murray's hat was tilted at a rakish angle ill-befitting his forty-eight years. One thumb was thrust into the arm-hole of his pearl grey waistcoat, and the expression on his face, as well as his whole attitude savored of condescension and offensive familiarity.

He had been boasting of everything from his own prowess on the golf links to his wife's triumphs in society, and was just finishing an account of his last fling in the stock market, which had ended very disastrously, though he did not dwell upon that.

Through it all ran an insulting innuendo which boldly said: "I am of the elect, I *belong*—you do not. I condescend to borrow from you, and in return for your filthy money I am giving you a verbal glimpse of that paradise, Christian society, which you and your wife may not enter. *You* are that thing accurst, apart—a Jew!"

Mandell was representative of the highest type of his or any other race. As quiet in demeanor as he was in dress, dignified, unflinching, polite, and at the same time a keen and progressive business man. Unprejudiced judges said he was the ablest Jew in the city.

Besides his banking interests he had many other irons in the fire, not the least of which was philanthropy. Not the sort, however, which gives many libraries, schools and what not, widely heralding the donor; but the sort which makes a handsome contribution anonymous, and countless modest ones of the same sort. His

bounty knew no creed, no restriction, save that it be unadvertised.

In the business world he was known as "Mandell the Just." The word, used in its true sense, means more than generous—good—kind. It is the essence of all three, and something more. Louis Mandell was absolutely just.

Now, as he listened to the talk of this man Murray, and felt a wave of disgust overwhelming him, he came near to being unjust.

All this preliminary talk he felt sure, was intended to impress upon him the great social prominence of the would-be borrower; his lofty position, and the great honor he meant to bestow upon this money-lending Jew of what he deemed most obscure birth.

Mandell understood this, and the mean motive, and he caught himself hating Murray most heartily. Hating his pretences, his vulgarity and snobbishness—his very pearl grey waistcoat! And before he knew it he was glad that he had bought up all Murray's mortgages and "paper."

Then he recalled himself with a start, and despised himself for an unworthy Jew. What! Let such a person ruffle him? Be annoyed at the ignorance and prejudice of an unthinking fool? Never!

He had been intending to bring the interview to a speedy close, but now he decided to let Murray talk on as he would. He would endure his society as a sort of penance, and he was curious to see just how far Murray would go.

Now he understood why Morrisohn, the retiring financier from whom he had bought Murray's debts, had hated him so bitterly, and his determination to if not ruin Murray, at least to bring him to his arrogant knees.

"Well, to make a long story short, Mandell," Murray was saying, "I want another loan. By Gad! It takes a pile of

money to keep afloat these days. Why my wife alone uses a fortune every year! Of course, the girls are growing up, and that counts."

"Indeed, yes," said Mandell, smiling, "my own daughter is getting to be quite a young lady. Soon——"

"Oh, but then she will never be coming out!" interposed Murray. "At least not in the real society that my girls are born to."

He laughed a trifle uneasily, suddenly mindful that such a remark was not becoming in a borrower, even one from the highest society, but an instant later he was reassured, for Mandell's face did not change.

"Thick skinned Jew," thought Murray.

"A boor," thought Mandell, but the slow fires of anger were kindling.

Murray, his never very nimble wits slightly befuddled with his before dinner potations, was suddenly seized with the idea that Mandell meant to refuse to lend him the money he must procure in some quarter, and he was instantly furious.

While he silently cast about in his mind for a taunt, Mandell lifted his eyes. "Mr. Murray, you have not told me how much you require," he said evenly.

"By Gad, that's right! I haven't. Hang it! I never was meant for business. Fact is, Mandell, I want twelve thousand dollars."

"When?"

"Right away, as soon as possible. I'll return it inside of three months."

"It is very close to the end of the year, and I don't think the directors care to lend so much to an individual at this time—still—what security do you offer?"

"Security! Pshaw, Mandell—for twelve thousand? Why you could lend me four times that amount yourself; it's a mere bagatelle. If you want security, put it on the building. Hang it! I think it's good for twelve thousand. Well, say! One of the best little office buildings in town!"

"Indeed, it is worth twelve thousand, many times that—which it carries, but as security for a further loan, I'm afraid not."

"The deuce you say!" said Murray, flushing guiltily and wondering how Mandell happened to know so much about it. Recovering himself, he successively ten-

dered a block of houses, some unimproved real estate, his interest in a theatre, and finally his city home, but Mandell refused them all on the same grounds.

"Well, then," cried Murray, desperately at last, "I'll give you my word of honor!"

"I'm afraid you do not understand banking methods. Whatever my own inclinations might be, I, as an officer of this bank, cannot lend its funds unsecured."

This refusal angered Murray afresh, and now he realized that Mandell possessed full information as to his real standing, fully appreciated the fact that he had tried to deceive him into lending money on worthless collateral and despised him for it, that he saw through his shallow shams and bluster and with the realization every vestige of caution left him. He leaned forward, purple in the face. "Then you mean to refuse me, eh?"

"I am afraid we shall be compelled to."

"We," sneered Murray, "we, eh? You are the president of this bank, and you are Czar. *You* dictate the policy. Oh, I know, it's common talk. Well, you look out or you will be investigated along with the other crooks some day."

Mandell laughed. "My dear Mr. Murray, truly that is childish, and funny." He laughed again and then rose. "Sorry, but we cannot accommodate you."

Murray sprang to his feet. As he did so he brandished his cane and somehow contrived to upset a small oval frame which stood on the desk. It rolled off on to the floor, and he stooped to recover it. As he straightened, his eye fell upon the picture it contained.

"A woman——, eh?" The tone was offensive.

Mandell extended his hand for the portrait. "My wife," he said coldly, but now the smouldering anger in his heart burned up brightly in his eyes.

"Same thing," said Murray brutally, glad to have given pain at last. Hurrying on the heels of malice came inspiration.

"Excuse me," he added hastily. "I meant no harm, and to prove it I'll tell you what I'll do. You let me have that twelve thousand and I'll have my wife take up yours and boost her into society, *our* set. It will be a hard job, of course,

but we can do it. What do you say?"

Mandell could not trust himself to speak, and Murray, in love with the idea, rattled on. At length he paused for want of breath, and by that time, Mandell was his own man again.

"No thank you. My wife has no ambition to appear in your set."

"What! How do you know? Just ask her. Why you have no idea how eager all the women who are "out" are to be "in." Just ask her, and I'll warrant you she will soon make you see what a mistake you are making. She will count twelve thousand dollars cheap for it, too, if she is a Jewess."

"You are quite mistaken. I know. Good afternoon."

"Know! You crazy fool, you seem to know a — of a lot. You Sheenies are all know and nose. I'm sorry I made that proposition. Why, our friends would never forgive us. The idea of your wife in the same set as Mrs. Murray—she —"

"Stop!" Mandell's voice had the edge of chilled steel, and it quieted Murray.

He pointed to a chair. "Sit down." Murray obeyed.

"Mr. Murray, for a man in your position in life, you are singularly lacking in breeding and ordinary common sense. You evidently believe that by calling me a Jew repeatedly, that you are insulting me. That is a mistake, but since you mean it as an offense and have had the bad taste to extend it to my wife, I think a lesson may teach you to be more polite in future.

"I will overlook your attempt to get a further loan from me on worthless security, and——"

"Worthless!"

"Yes, worthless. That office building, that land, those houses, the theatre, your city home and country place, are all mortgaged up to the last notch—and I hold the mortgages. One mortgage is due, and the interest on two others, on December 24th, and I expect payment on time. That's all."

Murray's face went gray. "You hold the mortgages! All of them?"

"I do, every one."

Murray could read nothing but cold determination in Mandell's face, and at length he got to his feet and stumbled out in silence.

II.

As Mandell left the bank to go home the same evening, a shabby urchin with a bundle of bills under his arm thrust one of them into his hand. It advertised some political meeting.

"It is appalling what power the present system puts into the hands of a few to wield over the mass of their fellow men," declared a sentence in bold type.

"Home, John," he said to the chauffeur, and climbed into the car. "Appalling power," he muttered. "Yes, it is appalling." His face hardened, then softened, looked ashamed, and by the time he greeted his wife at dinner he was almost his old self again.

Rhea Mandell at forty was still a beautiful woman. She lived a quiet, useful life, sweet with good works and kind thoughts, and she was in every way a worthy wife to a good man. She believed that every woman to be quite happy should study her husband, and she had been studying hers most conscientiously for twenty years.

Mandell had scarcely unfolded his napkin before she was aware that something was amiss, but she was far too clever to say so. She told him the small news of the day in her brightest manner. Gifted with a talent for story telling and mimicry, she told him a story she had heard, and was rewarded with a laugh, but the faintly troubled look returned to Mandell's eyes, and she decided that he meant to wait until after dinner for confidences. She settled back in her chair, and while she idly watched the maid removing the dishes, Mandell looked at her.

The richly furnished room, the leathern chair in which she sat, her artistic dress, all seemed merely a setting for her lovely self. He was glad that the children were not at home to-night, for he felt that he wanted her all to himself. How soft her silvered hair looked. How exquisite her face, lit with great brown stars and faintly lined with the souvenirs of thousands of kindly smiles. She was smiling now at the maid.

"Tell Maggie this has been a delicious dinner, and we have enjoyed it very much. You have served it very daintily, too, Nora. How hard you try to please us! But I am afraid you are tired; you must go to bed early. If the bell rings after eight o'clock never mind, we will answer it. Now bring Mr. Mandell's smoking things and have your own dinner," she smiled again at the beaming Nora.

"Always kind, Rhea," said Mandell adroitly.

"Am I, Louis? Well, I should be, for you set me an example. I discovered to-day, quite by accident, that it was you who paid poor Casson's doctor bill, and put him into that little business where he is so happy. Why didn't you tell me?" She came and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Well, Miss, must you know everything? Isn't it enough that I confess my faults to you?" said Mandell, pinching her ear.

"Faults? Though I know I am spoiling you, I must say it; I don't believe you have any."

He puffed reflectively at his cigar. "Don't you, Rhea? Then listen to this." And he related his conversation with Murray.

"Now," he concluded, "this Murray, scion of an old family, supposedly rich, supposedly honorable, has borrowed the bank's money through me, and spent it in wasteful living. To-day he tried to trick me, then bribe me, and insulted me over and over, or tried to, which comes to the same thing, but he has done it once too often. He must be taught a few of the realities of life, a little truth, and I'm going to teach him!"

Rhea was silent, but her eyes questioned, "How?"

"You see, he is saturated with prejudices against the Jews, and, absurd as it sounds, he believes in this 'society' of his; in his 'friends' in it. I am going to give him an excellent chance to put them to the test. Morrisohn hated him, and bought up all his debts, unknown to him, except the ones with our bank. When he decided to retire and go abroad he sold them all to me, personally. I bought them purely and simply as a good business investment. In less than a month, December 24th to be exact, three payments ag-

gregating ten thousand dollars fall due. He came to me to borrow that money, not knowing that it was to me he owed it; and I refused him. I meant to make him a proposition that was not unfair to him, until he made it impossible. He cannot raise another dollar unless his friends give it to him, outright and unsecured, and I can force him to the wall, ruin him utterly, before January 1st, if I am so minded. I have made it a point to investigate him thoroughly, and have found that some of his transactions are irregular, though I think mainly through ignorance. He has been despoiled by his own people, and put by them in case of need, in the position of scape-goat, criminally liable, you understand. He and his wife and daughters are about as capable as butterflies, but that don't alter things. I can seize everything—land, houses, the very home he lives in, and turn him and his, dishonored and penniless, into the streets!"

"Louis! Don't talk so. It sounds dreadful. Why should Mrs. Murray and her children suffer for his foolishness? What would become of them?"

"That's Murray's lookout, I'm not responsible."

"Is that right or just? Wouldn't that be a stern revenge for a little bit of foolish talk? Who cares for it? Not we. If his prejudices and ignorance make him cruel, that is his misfortune, not ours. We, as Jews, must not do unworthy things just because one Christian does."

"But, Rhea, even from a business viewpoint I am justified," said Mandell, with averted eyes.

Mrs. Mandell laughed happily. "Now, Louis, I know I owe you an apology for thinking even for a moment that you meant to be harsh. You are merely hair-splitting for the sake of getting me to argue. You have no idea nor intention of ruining Murray or any man. There come our children!"

Mandell brought his first down on the table with a bang. "Rhea! I mean to teach that fellow a lesson he will never forget!"

She was silent an instant while she studied his scowling face, but she laughed as she opened the door. "I am not deceived, Louis."

III.

On December 23rd, the office boy ushered into Louis Mandell's private office, a greatly altered Z. Murray.

He was a wreck of his former self. Gone was his paunch, his face was aged and worn and pallid, dejection and defeat in every line. Gone was the overbearing manner, the diamond rings, the fob, the gold-headed cane, the pearl grey waistcoat and the vinuous breath. In their places were gravity, a clear, though saddened eye, and strangely enough, a certain dignity.

"Sit down," said Mandell, evenly.

"Thanks, you will pardon me if I stand. What I have to say I want to say standing."

"As you like."

"Mr. Mandell," the banker noticed that he used the prefix now for the first time, "I have two things to say to you, and because I know you can't have very much of an opinion of me, I'll say this first. I'm down and out. I can't raise the money I owe you. You will have to foreclose." He paused and then went on with trembling voice. "But Mandell, for God's sake put it off until after the holidays. My girls don't know yet. They are away, and will not be home until Christmas Eve. I—I can't tell them then. Let us keep the house a few days longer, for their sakes and my wife's. Will you?"

"That is not usual," said Mandell, in a deliberate toneless voice, "but I will consider it."

"Thanks, I hope you will. Now, I want to apologize for my offensive remarks, especially about your wife. For her sake I hope she will never give society a chance to treat her as it has treated me. It's heartless and bad, Mandell, and I never knew it until I needed my friends. my own fault. I am ashamed of the I have not a single one—and I guess it's things I said to you about the Jews, and I beg your pardon for them."

He turned without waiting for an answer and started for the door.

"Wait a moment!" cried Mandell, springing to his feet. He overtook Murray in the ante-room and grasped his hand.

"You are a man! I admire you," he said warmly. "As for that money—the papers are my personal property, not the bank's so don't worry about it. Any time will do, six months, a year, whenever you are on your feet again."

The office boy was ushering in a new-comer.

Murray, utterly surprised, stared at Mandell half dazed.

"Do—do you mean that?"

"I surely do. You'll excuse me now. I must see this gentleman at once."

Murray began incoherent questions and thanks, but Mandell stopped him.

"Good-bye now, you really must excuse me and, now that we understand each other better, I hope we shall be friends."

Moonlight

The silver moon has cast her witching light
On gum trees tall.
The mystery that only lives by night
Is over all.

The shade the gaunt trees cast on all around
Quivers, and seems
The weird mis-shaped reflections, once more found,
Of long-lost dreams.

—J. L. Rankin.

Big Business in Sport

THE MANNER IN WHICH HIGH FINANCE DOMINATES CANADIAN LACROSSE, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE STORY OF THE "BIG FOUR"

By J. V. McAree

Big Business dominates the age. In the United States recently there have been exposures of the relations between Big Business and the Bench; in Canada not unfrequently we hear of the influence of Big Business in Politics. But Big Business is now making itself felt in new channels; it has invaded the field of sport. It dominates baseball, the favorite sport of the United States, and is securing a grip on lacrosse, the national game of Canada. The story of the "Big Four" as herein related will throw a new light on financing lacrosse in Canada.

THE season of 1912 is likely to be memorable in the annals of lacrosse. It will see some notable names wiped off the map of Canada's national game, names that have been associated with it for almost a generation; and in their place will be inscribed the names of a small handful of business men. For lacrosse, if it has not ceased to be a sport, has become a business. It will be run by business men, and will be managed according to business methods. Let not the lover of the game suppose that the change is for the worse. Let him remember that baseball is a business, too; and that it only became the absorbing passion of the people of the United States after it had ceased to be a mere pastime, governed by the whims of its exponents, and became as carefully organized as a bank, as cautiously and shrewdly managed as a successful factory. The lovers of the game in Montreal and Toronto will see better lacrosse and more lacrosse than ever they saw before. They will be asked to pay for it, but they will get their money's worth. If they got their money's worth last year they will get twice their money's worth this year. The players will receive more money than ever

before, which means that the expenses of the business men into whose hands lacrosse in the two chief cities of Canada has fallen will be greater than in the past. Nevertheless, as business men they are willing to spend an extra dollar to make an extra dollar and a quarter, if not this year, then next year, if not next year, then the year after. In the words of the song then, everybody ought to be satisfied.

Alas! that it should be necessary to dispel this bright illusion. The old guard is far from satisfied, and the members of the old guard are spread over this broad Dominion from coast to coast. In Ottawa and Cornwall, long the very centre of the lacrosse world, they are ready to lynch the upstart business men who are supposed not to know a lacrosse stick from a diving helmet, and who yet are determined to run the game according to their own ideas. The world famous Shamrocks, of Montreal, could muster a lynching party, probably, that would consider it partly a pleasure and partly a duty to lynch the promoters of the new Dominion Lacrosse Association. From the west, from Vancouver and Westminster would come a band of enthusiasts to identify

themselves with the rites, for the intrusion of the business-like easterners threatens to deprive British Columbia of her unique and remarkable position in the lacrosse world, and put her on a footing more in keeping with her ability to produce lacrosse players. British Columbia has been skimming the cream from lacrosse for the past half dozen years. It is the idea of the easterners that she should diet herself on skim milk for a while, to strike her proper average.

BEGINNING OF THE INVASION.

The forces that were to revolutionize the game of lacrosse were set silently in motion when the Toronto Railway Company bought the assets of the Scarborough Beach concern from the liquidators about a year ago. Among the assets was a franchise in the National Lacrosse Union. This was an error. It ought to have been in the liabilities, since a later investigation showed that the club had lost money for its backers as long as it had been in existence. However, the Toronto Railway Company took the club over, paid the salaries and other expenses, and handled the gate receipts throughout the season of 1911. The team finished in the first division, and had it won another game, would have been tied for first. It was not put out of the race until the last game, but was a strong contender all through the season. In fact, playing with its local rival, the Tecumsehs, at Hanlan's Point on Labor Day, the last scheduled match of the season, it played to a crowd of more than 15,000 people, the greatest number ever gathered at a lacrosse match in the history of the game in Canada. Nevertheless, calculations at the end of the season showed that the club had lost something more than \$5,000, without making any allowance for the rent of the grounds, which would probably bring the loss up to about \$7,000. The Toronto Railway Company, or rather Manager R. J. Fleming, who had become keenly interested in the game, began to think it over to discover the reason for the deficit.

FINANCING THE GAME.

As mentioned, the team was in the running until the last game. So it was plain that the position of the Torontos in the league race was not accountable for the un-

satisfactory financial statement. It was recalled that not in the memory of man had there been a season with so few rainy days. Every game the team played on the home grounds saw conditions almost ideal for lacrosse. A further examination revealed the fact, however, that the attendance was most uneven. Seven home games had been played, not including an exhibition match with the Caugnawaga Indians, who drew a very slim crowd. Six of the games were league matches, and one a game with the Tecumsehs for the city championship. The game with the Tecumsehs, and three other games had drawn good crowds. The three other games had tempted out a mere corporal's guard. The fact was that the followers of lacrosse in Toronto had anticipated the result of the matches with the Capitals, of Ottawa; the Shamrocks, of Montreal, and the Cornwall team. These three teams were far weaker than the Torontos, and had not been conceded a chance to win. To see the games against the French Canadian team of Montreal, the Nationales, the Montreal Athletic Association's team and the other Toronto team, the Tecumsehs, the people had turned out by the thousand. That is to say, the games with the Montrealers, the Nationales and the Tecumsehs were sound games from a business point of view; the games with the Shamrocks, the Capitals and the Cornwalls were unsound. There were not enough good games to make up the deficit caused by the poor games, and the traveling expenses when the team was away, and, therefore, the loss of some \$5,000. It ought to be understood that the home gates are the only gates a team receives. When it plays away from home, it gets a couple of hundred dollars, which does not more than cover its train fare, to say nothing of the wage bill for the week.

FORMATION OF THE "BIG FOUR."

This situation was being pondered by Mr. Fleming and his lieutenants when it was announced from Montreal that a movement was on foot to freeze the Toronto team out of the National Lacrosse Union, and hand over the franchise to a gentleman who had been the former president of the Toronto Club. Some friction had arisen in the management of the team

through the season, and there was reason to believe that the former president was none too cordially disposed toward the railway management. Also, it was said that some of the veteran lacrosse magnates were opposed to the "commercialization" of the game, and looked with no friendly eye on the Toronto Railway Company as a purely money grubbing concern, with no respect for the noble lacrosse traditions, and those who were thought to be their exclusive custodians. In this connection it is not violating any secret to mention the names of Messrs. O'Connell, of the Montréal Shamrocks; Foran, of the Capitals, and Lally, of Cornwall. Being a purely money grubbing concern, the Toronto Railway looked with horror on any movement to deprive it of anything, even though it had proved a liability, and at once set about protecting itself. Inquiries revealed the fact that neither at home or abroad were the Shamrocks, the Capitals or the Cornwalls likely to be drawing cards. They had not the money to buy the best players from other cities, and when a "star" was developed at home they had not the money to keep him there, and so he drifted to British Columbia, or to some of the stronger teams in the National Lacrosse Union. The idea of forming a new league to consist of the four strong teams in the league, and drop out the weak sisters were proposed, and the other three strong teams were communicated with. From the beginning the Tecumsehs, of Toronto, entered enthusiastically into the project, although they had made money on the season. The Nationales, of Montreal, also gave their hearty support, partly on business grounds, and partly because they had had a quarrel with the old league. Then the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association was conferred with. It turned the proposal down in emphatic fashion at the annual meeting, for reasons best known to itself, but I may suggest that it welcomed this opportunity to commit hari kari as far as professional lacrosse was concerned. The M. A. A. A. is an amateur organization, by far the finest of its sort in Canada, and a credit to every sport with which it has been associated. There was a considerable number of members that never was satisfied that the club should have gone into profes-

sional lacrosse, and my own idea is that these gentlemen were glad of an excuse that would put them out of it. Some others objected on the more sentimental grounds that their traditional rivals, the Shamrocks, were to be dropped. Some others objected to Toronto starting anything in lacrosse. These elements among them formed a large majority of the club, and the new association was vetoed. The Shamrocks were communicated with. They indignantly repudiated the suggestion that mere upstarts should venture to make any changes in the game, and rejected the idea without consideration. It was necessary that there should be a second Montreal team, because a four-team league could keep every team playing every Saturday, and with two teams in Toronto and two in Montreal, there would be a game in these cities every Saturday throughout the season, which was desirable, not only from the point of view of the gate, but because of the value of the publicity in the papers every Monday. This was the way the business men looked at it. The sentimentalists would have asked Capitals or Cornwalls in, probably, because these teams had been associated with the traditions of the game. The promoters of the Big Four, however, set about interesting another Montreal team, and they got in touch with Mr. George Kennedy, manager of the Club Canadien, a great sporting organization of mixed English and French speaking members. Kennedy is a successful boxing and wrestling promoter, and has also successfully managed the Canadian Hockey Club in the National Hockey League. He is the highest paid sporting man in Canada, receiving a straight salary of \$5,000 per year for managing the club. Mr. Kennedy saw the money making potentialities in the new league, and promptly applied for membership. The four clubs met in Toronto, elected Mr. Percy Quinn, formerly a star goalkeeper of the old Shamrocks, and at present a well-known insurance man of Toronto, president, put up a bond of \$5,000 apiece and got down to business.

SOME "BUSINESS" CHANGES.

Much might be written about the cries that went up when it was announced that preparations for a new league were under

way, and when it became apparent that the names that had been associated with lacrosse for almost a generation were not to figure in the councils of the Insurgents. Readers who are interested in this phase of the matter have read columns of it in the daily newspapers. My desire, however, is to trace the working out of a business idea in Canada's national sport, and the wails of the veterans and the pessimists do not figure in it. It might be remarked, however, that the Big Four, as the new Dominion Lacrosse Association is called, believes in publicity, and realizes that without publicity it might fail. No one can deny that lacrosse has had more publicity since the season ended in 1911 than it has had in the ten previous winters. It has actually outstripped baseball as far as the press of Toronto and Montreal is concerned. The Big Four has shown the croakers how to get publicity, at least. When the playing season opens it will show them some other things.

Business people who succeed have only one method. They provide their customers with what the customers want. The business men who had invested their money in the Big Four met to draw up their playing rules and this was the question that they asked—What does the public want? What alterations can be made in the rules of the game that will be satisfactory to the public? Several changes were made, at the suggestion of these business men who were supposed not to know an outside home from a centre scrimmage, and you cannot find any experienced lacrosse man who will deny that they are changes for the better.

The most important change is that in regard to penalties. Hitherto, when one lacrosse player slugged another or fouled him, he was penalized by being sent to the fence for a period of from five to twenty minutes. His team was thereby weakened, for it was obliged to play a man short until the penalized player returned to the field. So frequently have these penalties been handed out that it was rarely, indeed, that two teams ever played a quarter at their full strength. Usually it would be eleven to twelve, ten to eleven, eight to ten or to twelve. Penalties decided the games rather than playing. Penalties and the referee. From the

referee's decision there was no appeal. He could lay three or four men off a team at a critical moment and hand the game over to the opposing team. As a rule, the referees were just; or they tried to be, but the Big Four felt that the authority of the referees should be limited, and that the old penalty system should be abolished. So they changed the rule, following the baseball precedent. In baseball, no matter what happens, you always see a full team playing. If a player assaults another or misbehaves himself he is laid off but another player takes his place. Suppose a pitcher ragged an umpire, and the umpire put him out of the game for an innings, insisting that the team should play an innings without a pitcher? Too absurd to imagine, isn't it? Yet that is what the old lacrosse rules did. That is what the new lacrosse rules abolish. Instead of being put out of the game, a player who commits a foul will be fined. If he commits a serious foul he is fined automatically \$25, and is put out of the game but his place is immediately taken by another player. The public that pays its money to see twelve men playing against twelve men will see them, no matter should one player use a shotgun on another. The game will go on.

Another important innovation, designed to put an end to rough work, and thus make the game more acceptable to the general public, and particularly the ladies, is in reference to the fines. Hitherto, players have been fined for foul play, but it was the custom for the clubs to pay the fines of their players. In future, the players must pay their own fines. There is a penalty of \$200 incurred by the club that pays a fine for a player. Readers who know anything about lacrosse players, are aware that when the fine comes out of the pay envelope of the offending player, he will "cut out the rough stuff." Many a player would enjoy taking a "swipe" at another, for there are dozens of feuds maintained among the sixty or seventy hardy athletes who will play Big Four lacrosse this season, but he would enjoy \$5 or \$10 still more.

ALL WORK WELL, TOO.

There is also a heavy penalty involved should a club fail to start its matches on

time. There is no margin allowed in this respect, and rain or shine all games must start exactly at 3.30 p.m. The referee is made responsible for the selection of goal umpires, and the public will be spared the annoyance of waiting while the team captains walk up and down before the grand stand looking for some one who will consent to act as umpire. Games have been delayed for a quarter of an hour in Toronto simply because no preparations were made in advance to have goal umpires in attendance.

A further improvement is the regulation that calls for large, plainly distinguishable numbers to be placed on the back of every player. This will enable the general public to identify a player instantly. With twelve men in uniform, six or seven of them moving in all parts of the field, it is very difficult for anyone not well acquainted with them to pick out the author of a particular play, good or bad, at the moment it is made, but with the numbers staring from the players' back, this will be changed. The men will bear the same numbers throughout the season. They will be printed on the programmes, and names and numbers will be plainly shown on a large scoreboard at the grounds, together with the score, the names of players scoring goals, and those penalized for any reason. There may be also a man with a megaphone to announce the name and reason for any fine as soon as it is imposed by the referee.

These improvements in the playing rules amount to a revolution in the game of lacrosse as far as the general public is concerned. From the nature of the game, it may be impossible to apply to it all the business principles that have made baseball what it is. It is too strenuous to be played in first-class form every day of the week, with double headers on holidays and Saturdays. A man can hardly play two strong games a week, any more than a pugilist could fight two hard fights in the same time, or a race horse give his best

running without several days' rest between. It may be, however, that in a season or two we shall see lacrosse matches on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and that the big professional teams will carry about twenty men, so that, by giving their "stars" frequent rests in the course of the games they will be able to play twice a week.

Nor is it improbable that, should the present season prove a financial success, the men behind lacrosse will be encouraged to lay out fields specially adapted for lacrosse games. At present, there are no such fields. They are all too large, too long and too broad. The larger the field the slower the game tends to become, and the farther away the crowds are from the play. In the future, lacrosse may be played in a huge cage, where the ball can never get out of bounds, where it will be in play every instant, and where some such terrific speed as is seen in senior hockey games will be maintained. Should this day come, as in the opinion of Mr. George Kennedy, manager of the Irish Canadian lacrosse team, it is bound to come, a new style of play will follow it. As in hockey, "playing the boards," that is to say carroming the puck from the side of the rink, is one of the most interesting features of the play, so it may be with lacrosse in those days. In these circumstances, lacrosse ought to be the most spectacular and popular of summer games. It ought to make headway in the United States, and form a welcome change to a steady diet of baseball. In England, there are more lacrosse clubs than in Canada, and the game's future in the Old Country is extremely bright. The impetus the game will receive in Canada as a result of the introduction of progressive business ideas will be felt wherever it is played, and as far as the eastern strongholds of lacrosse are concerned, namely, Toronto and Montreal, the present season is destined to be the greatest in the history of the sport.

The Balance of Power

By John Reed Scott

JOE MATSON was not popular with his neighbors. He had had trouble with all of them every year for years. If Sam Peters' hogs found a defective panel of fence and foraged over in Matson's meadow, Matson promptly penned them up and demanded damages. If Silas Casey's turkeys strayed down the public road to Matson's barn and mingled with Matson's turkeys, they thereby were instantly amalgamated into Matson turkeys, and calmly claimed as such when Casey went for them. And as turkeys much resemble one another, it was hard to call his cool bluff, unless by chance they were of a special breed and easy to distinguish. In which event, Matson, instead of driving them back to Casey's, invariably drove them in the opposite direction. If Jim Paxton's cows made an excursion into Matson's corn, there was a hullabaloo that the community remembered for months. And if Dave Bason's horses at night jumped the fence into Matson's pasture, it was pretty certain that Bason would find them shut up in Matson's farthest field.

On the other hand, if Matson's hogs or turkeys or cows or horses strayed or broke into any of the neighbors' fields, he let them forage there in calm content, if he did not need them; or, if he did need them, he would go and take them with the air of one who was retrieving stolen property.

All of which did not make for popularity, as has been said. But the neighbors, being neighborly—which is a duty, as well as a custom, in the country districts—bore his ugly conduct, both because they did not want to go to law about it, and because of his wife—particularly his wife. For, as is frequently the case with mean men, Matson had married an estimable woman, and their troubles with him, they knew, were as nothing when compared to hers; for she had lived with him fifteen years, and still lived with him;

which, by common consent, qualified her for sainthood in the hereafter.

Lately—within the last year—she had come into a small inheritance by the death of her father, and with the money they had bought the farm of a hundred and twenty-five acres on which they had been living. Matson had assumed that the title would be put in his name, but the lawyer for the estate—who was also Mrs. Matson's lawyer—had the deed made to her, and when Joe stormed and objected he was calmly told that Mrs. Matson's money purchased the farm and in Mrs. Matson would rest the title.

"And she has no power to deed it over to you," said the attorney. "It wouldn't be worth the paper it is written on. A wife can't grant her real estate to her husband." He might have added, "except by the intervention of a third party"; but he did not, for he knew something of Joe Matson's ways, being the family counsel.

Matson was mad all through—the hope of years was suddenly dashed from him. He had counted on old Mason's death, had plumed himself on acquiring the farm with the money *he* would get through his wife; and now he was little more than her tenant. Hitherto he had been an independent farmer; henceforth he was nothing—nothing but a drudge.

The ride home was not pleasant. Mrs. Matson's efforts at conversation were met with sullen silence and angry stares.

"It's just the same as though it was your'n," she protested.

"Except that it ain't!" he snarled, with a vicious cut at the mare's back, which made her plunge and jump in surprise and fear, and gave occasion for several more cuts.

"It's just the same as before," she argued, "except that we'll get everything off the place instead of half."

"Wel Wel Who's we?" he sneered.

"Why, me and you, Joe; who else?"

"Me and you!" he retorted. "I thought so—I come in at the tail end. I'm jest a hand on the place. You're the boss now."

"You'll get half of everything," she averred.

"I will, hey!—and you'll git the other half, I reckon. I'll be doin' all the work, and you'll be getting half. Nice thing, ain't it?"

"But you're doing it for half now; and the other half goes to Williams, the landlord."

"Yes."

"And now the half will go to me for our use and the children's."

"Humph! Then I'm your tenant, am I?"

"No."

"Then what am I?"

"You're my husband."

"And as sich I must get my livin' from you. Nice thing, ain't it?"—with another crack of the whip. "Depending on a woman—humph!"

"But it's all in the family, ain't it? It will all go for our living, Joe. We'll have twice as much as we used to have."

"We'd 'a' had it just the same if I'd owned it—and not jest be the man about the place," he growled. "Working Williams' farm on shares is respectable, but it ain't respectable to work fur your wife."

"Ain't me and you one?" said Mrs. Matson.

"Don't seem so," snapped he. "Look at the deed. I'm not mentioned, am I?"

"I don't see what's to be done," she sighed. "Lawyer Brant says it's not allowed for me to deed to you."

"Lawyer Brant don't know everything. I wish I'd 'a' went to see somebody else."

"And Lawyer Brant said I mustn't give it to you," she objected. "He said it wasn't right for a woman to give everything she owns to her husband."

"Lawyer Brant's a fool!" Matson exclaimed. "It stands to reason, when a man works to make the money, he ought to own the property, not his wife."

"But I work," she argued.

"Work? You!"

She nodded. "All I'm able—from before you're up to after you've gone to bed."

He laughed sarcastically. "You do the

milkin', and the housework, and the cookin', and 'tend to the chickens, and feed the pigs, and look after the garden, and sich small things—about an hour every day would do it all, if you didn't loaf." He turned into the barnyard, got out of the buggy, and let his wife crawl down the best she could. "And what's more, I'm not going to stand it," he threatened. "I've about made up my mind to quit."

"Joe Matson, what do you mean?" was the amazed query.

"Jest what I says. I'm thinkin' of quit-
tin'. It's your farm, so maybe you can git someone to farm it."

"Oh, Joe!" she replied sadly, and went slowly across the road to the house.

The eldest daughter met her on the back porch.

"Did you get the deed, Mamma?" she asked.

Mrs. Matson nodded. "But you pa isn't pleased."

"What's the matter now?" said Dora.

"He wanted the farm deeded to him, but Lawyer Brant said it had to be deeded to me, because my money paid for it."

"Lawyer Brant ought to know."

"That's what I told your pa; but he's awful mad about it."

"Let him be mad. He's always mad," said Dora.

Meanwhile Matson, having put up the horse, came into the house to change his clothes, kicked the cat out of the way, as a sample of what his temper was, and, having left his apparel scattered around for some of the womenfolk to pick up and put away, he went down along the public road and fell to work on a panel of fence.

Presently Dick Sowerby came driving along. He lived on a near-by place, but was not an actual adjoiner, and, as all the neighborhood knew of the prospective visit to the county town and the object thereof, he promptly pulled up.

"Well, you got back, did you?" he inquired.

"We did," said Matson shortly.

"Got your deed, did you?"

"Maria got *her* deed."

"Then the farm's your'n now. It's a nice place. Going to make any improvements?"

"Don't know," was the answer. "You'll

have to ask Maria. She owns it. I don't."

Sowerby smiled. He understood the situation. "That's so—it was her money what paid for it. What did you give for it, might I ask? Thirty-five hundred, wasn't it?"

"I didn't give anything for it, I tell you. Maria done the buyin'. It's her place, not mine."

"Well, you're not finding fault on that account, are you?" Sowerby asked. "I'd be very glad if my wife inherited enough money to buy the place we live on."

Matson's only reply was a more than ordinarily vicious smash at the post with the maul, and Sowerby drove on, leaving behind him this parting shot:

"I reckon you'll farm it on shares, Joe, jest as before."

Sowerby heard the angry fall of the maul until he had crossed the big hill beyond the Run, and he softly chuckled to himself.

Bill Sykes came by a short time after. He was returning from town, where he had sold his wheat at a big price, and in consequence was feeling particularly amiable.

"Hello, Joe!" he called, pulling up. "I saw you in town, so I reckon you got your deed—did you?"

"Yes," said Matson curtly.

"Purty nice place you're got. Joe—and it makes a heap of difference when you own it yourself."

"Yes," Matson grunted.

"No landlord to consult about the crops. You can do as you please."

"Yes."

Sykes looked at him a moment. "Ain't you feeling good?" he asked.

"I'm not sufferin'."

"You ain't making much noise. if you are!" laughed Sykes. "Don't look as if you're happy over your purchase!"

"My purchase!"—leaning against the fence. "Wasn't my purchase. I didn't buy the farm. The old woman bought it."

"What's the difference?"

"There's a heap of difference. How'd you like to be your old woman's tenant?"

"It wouldn't matter to me which of us had the deed for it, so long as it was in the family," he replied. And he drove on,

cogitating upon this phase of Matson's meanness.

Matson continued to work, and to nurse his trouble; and the trouble grew every minute, and the work decreased, until at last he stuck his hatchet into the post and sat down to brood. He was only the tenant for the family now—he would soon be simply the hired hand, without even wages. He'd have to knuckle to a woman—and that woman his wife! Have to consult her wishes as to what crops he should put out; lay aside her share of the wheat and corn and oats; haul it to market; feed only such cattle as she permitted. It would be Maria this, and Maria that, and Maria everything—with Maria having the final say. He would not tolerate such a condition. He had been in a sullen rage when he got home; now he had worked himself into a passion of determination to do something! Something!—to kill himself—to kill his wife—to leave the place, and never return—to—— He could not decide what, but it was going to be something!

He was so much occupied with his thoughts, he did not see the machine coming quietly along the road, running down-grade, until it stopped in front of him. and the District Attorney inquired the shortest and best way to Squire Wilson's. Matson got up at once and politely gave him the information. The District Attorney was known the county over, and Matson was sufficiently wise not to vent his ill-temper upon him. Moreover, it had flashed upon him that here was his opportunity to ask his question. If the District Attorney said it could be done, that was an end to it—no one would dispute him.

"Mr. Sargeant," said he. "I'd like to ask you something. I'd like to know if my wife can make a deed to me which will stand the courts."

"Not directly to you," the District Attorney replied, "but she can through the medium of a third party." And when he saw the vague look on Matson's face: "I mean, you and she can make a deed to someone else, and then that person can make a deed to you alone."

"And it will be good?" inquired Matson eagerly.

"It will be valid. No one can successfully attack it, except your wife's creditors."

"Will you be home to-morrow?"

"I expect to be in the office all day."

"And will you act as this other fellow?"

"It is customary to have an unmarried man act as the intermediary, but I can arrange it, if you wish. However, you would better go to Mr. Brant. He is your counsel, isn't he?"

"Not any more he ain't!" said Matson. "We'll be in to-morrow, Mr. Sargeant."

The car rolled on, and Matson, in grim triumph, resumed his work. Brant had lied. The deed *would* stand in court. It could be done. And it should be done—or he would know the reason why. Then the big bell rang for supper, he went in, washed his face and hands, took his seat at the kitchen table, and ate the ham, fried potatoes, and bread without a word. At the end, he poured the last of his coffee into the saucer, and, leaving it there to cool, looked across at his wife.

"We're goin' to town to-morrow," he announced.

"Why, Joe, we were just to town to-day," Mrs. Matson protested.

"That's jest why we're goin': to have fixed what we had fixed wrong to-day." He leaned forward over the table. "We're goin' to have the deed made to *me*—as it should have been."

"Didn't Lawyer Brant——"

"Lawyer Brant lied, and maybe you knowed it," he cut in. "I got other advice this afternoon."

"The District Attorney? I seen him go by."

"Maybe you seen me talkin' to him, too, did you? Well, he savs as how it *can* be done; so we're goin' to have it done to-morrow morning. We'll start right after breakfast, so have your things ready. I'll take the deed now, so we don't forget it."

Mrs. Matson half rose to obey, from force of habit; then she sank back into her place and went on with her supper.

"Do you hear? Get me the deed!" he ordered.

She slowly shook her head, while her face got white and her hand trembled.

"I ain't goin' to town," she said.

"You ain't! You're doin' what I tell you. You're getting' me the deed right

now, and you're goin' to town in the mornin'. You hear me, Maria?"

"I hear you, Joe," she replied, "and I'll get you the deed, but I'm not going to town."

"You'll change your mind before mornin', I'm a-thinkin'." He brought his fist down on the table with a bang, making the dishes leap and clatter, and the children flee to the protection of their mother—all except Maud.

She stood up and faced him. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried.

Matson leaned over and struck her across the mouth.

"You're a coward!" said the girl.

He reached for her, but Maud was too quick for him. The door slammed in his face, and she was gone.

"Seems as how the girl is right!" his wife commented, as he swung around.

"She'll never come back here!" he shouted.

"I reckon she will—this is my house. I own this farm, you know."

He sprang forward. She gave the supper-table a quick push between them. He struck it full, stumbled; and it and the dishes and he went down in a heap together. Matson, it may be observed, was a nice man in this—he never swore. It was distinctly against his religion.

He slowly picked himself up from the debris. His wife and the children had vanished. He stalked out in front of the house. The children were hurrying down the road toward Silas Casey's. Mrs. Matson was standing beside the front gate, watching them. She turned as he came up.

"Joe," she cried. "I'm sorry I said what——"

"You'll be sorrier when I come back, if you don't do what I want," he interrupted, with a shake of his fist. "I'll give you two hours to think over it, and then, if you don't knuckle, I'll do something you won't forget very soon."

"Joe, you're wild!"

"I'm jest wild enough," said he, pausing in the gateway—"I'm jest wild enough to beat some sense into you if you hain't got none in two hours—do you understand?" And with another menacing gesture he went on.

Mrs. Matson watched him go across the road and through the meadow until he disappeared in the timber beyond. Then she sighed heavily and went back into the house, to the overturned table and the spoiled supper.

She wished she had never got a dollar from her father's estate—wished she had not bought the farm—wished the deed had been made to Joe, if it could be done—wished that Joe had the money instead of her—anything for peace. It had been anything for peace all their married life. She might as well give in—if the lawyer could find a way. Lawyer Brant had said she could not, and Lawyer Sargeant had said she could—she did not know; law was a queer thing to her; seemed as how the lawyers, who ought to know, always differed. Maybe it was their way.

She had cleaned up the mess, washed the dishes—only a few were broken by the fall—and reset the table. Then she discovered that the molasses jug was cracked, and she got a pitcher from the corner cupboard to take its place. She regretted the jug—it was one of her wedding presents. When she looked up, Steve Matson—Joe's brother—was coming up the walk. She had always liked Steve; he was so different from Joe; such a happy disposition; so easy-going; such a favorite with the neighbors—just what Joe was not, she reflected sadly.

"Hello, Maria!" said Steve, stretching his long length on the porch and lighting his pipe. "Did you get the deed?"

"Yes," said she.

"Where's Joe?"

"Down in the woods some place."

"Where's the youngsters?"

"Down at Casey's."

"Joe be back soon?"

"I don't know."

He looked at her sharply. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Joe's on one of his tantrums, is he?"

She nodded.

"Pretty bad?"

"The worst he's ever had."

"You don't say! Is that why the youngsters put out?"

Another nod.

"Tell me about it," said he kindly.

"Maybe I can do something to help you. Joe's not a bad sort, but he's apt to be infernal mean at times."

Mrs. Matson sat down on a rocker, rolled her arms in her ample gingham apron, and told him the story. She had not much hope of Steve being able to help, but it was a comfort to have someone to sympathize with her; and she knew, from experience, she could depend on that.

He listened in silence; and she told him all, as best she could, from the scene at Lawyer Brant's to Joe's threat at the gate. At the end, he glanced off toward the distant woods a moment, before he replied.

"I think I can help you, Maria—leastwise I'm going to try," he remarked.

"What can you do, Steve?" she asked anxiously.

"Leave it to me, Maria. It's better you shouldn't know anything about it till it happens. Said he'd be back in two hours, did he? Well, you take Maud's room and leave your'n to me—and don't come in till I tell you. No difference what racket Joe makes. And, Maria, *you* keep the farm—do you hear? Don't matter what the lawyers say you can do, *don't do it*. Your money paid for the place—it's yours. You'll do what's right about the living; and if Joe gets ugly again—which I don't think—all you've got to do is to tell me. I'll straighten him out, you bet!" He leaned over and patted her hand in a brotherly way. "Now get the youngsters back from Casey's. and then go upstairs. I'll wait for Joe."

"You're awful kind, Steve," said Mrs. Matson, "but Joe's powerful mad, and there is no telling what he'll do, even if you are his own brother."

"Don't you worry about me, Maria!" Steve smiled. "I reckon I can take care of myself. I'm pretty near big enough."

"I don't want you to get into any trouble on my account," she protested.

But he only laughed and pushed her quietly off to Casey's. When she came back with the children, he saw them safely indoors; then he went down to the barn a moment. On his return he ascended to the front bedroom—which Matson and his wife occupied—and, drawing a chair to the window, seated himself far enough back to enable him to see out without being seen.

Night had fallen, but the moon was near its full, and the country around was distinctly visible. A party of merry-makers passed on their way to a festival: several automobiles chugged by, a dozen or so buggies, with now and then a pedestrian. Presently it settled down to the country quiet, broken only at intervals by the cocks crowing, or the neigh of a horse in pasture.

At length, two hours and more after Steve had begun his vigil, he saw a figure crossing the field from the woods. It was Matson. He climbed the bars at the barn and disappeared in the shed. When he came out, he had a buggy whip in his hand.

"H'm—I thought as much," muttered Steve, and proceeded to crawl into bed and to pull up the covers so that a bit of his head was visible on the pillow.

He was scarcely fixed when Joe's heavy step sounded on the stair, and he entered the room. Steve lay quiet.

"Now, Mrs. Matson," said Joe, "I've brought a rawhide with me, and I'm going to give you a beatin'—unless you've changed your mind about the farm. Have you?"

The form under the cover moved, but there was no reply.

"Answer me!" he cried angrily. "You won't? Well"—bringing the whip down on the prostrate figure with a vicious swish—"maybe this will open your mouth."

It did. It opened the covers also, and Steve sprang out and grasped him by the collar.

"Steve!" gasped Matson. "I didn't know——"

"I reckon not," said Steve quietly, as he stooped and drew a short wagon-whip—the sort teamsters use—from under the

bed, where he had concealed it. "Now we're going to have a little beating on our own account, with you for the beatee, as the lawyers say. See!" and he wrapped the whip around Joe's shoulder and up his back. "How do you like it, hey? Or this?"—cutting him around the legs, while Joe yelled. "Or this?"—cutting him across the body. "It was bad enough to bully and browbeat a woman"—crack!—"and you've been doing it for years"—crack!—"but now"—crack—"it seems"—crack!—"you're going"—crack!—"to take"—crack!—"up the beating"—crack!—"also"—crack!—"are you?"—crack!

The collar gave way under the strain, but Steve shifted his grip to Joe's elbow, and, holding him at arm's length, like a child, he belabored him until he shrieked and prayed for mercy.

"I reckon that will be enough," said Steve at last, releasing his brother and stepping back. "But if I ever hear of your getting ugly again with your wife, or if you dare to raise your hand agin' her, I'll give you such a hiding you'll eat your victuals off a mantel-piece for a month. You let your wife's property alone. It's hers, and she's a right to it. She's a good, sensible woman, and only asks to be treated decent. Do it, do you hear?—or by darn!"—a significant motion ended the sentence.

"I'll do it!" sniffed Joe sullenly. "I'll do it, Steve—if you don't tell!"

And he did. The dread of ridicule, if the story of the whipping got out, and the fear of big Steve's good right arm, were effective. Thereafter there was peace in the household. And, strange to say, Joe Matson mellowed—very gradually—into a better neighbor.



Sleep—The Great Vitalizer

MORE SLEEP AND LESS FOOD CONDUCTIVE OF HEALTH
—A TIMELY HEALTH TALK ON SOME SLEEP TROUBLES

By Doctor Andrew Wilson

The series of health talks which MacLean's Magazine is running cannot fail to be of much practical service as well as of timely interest. The outstanding object is to make the talks useful—to deal with medical problems in such a way that they will be understood by the average reader. In this brief article the importance of sleep is emphasized, and a course of remedial treatment prescribed for some of the more common sleep troubles.

SLEEP is much more to all of us than food itself. We can do with less food if we go to bed and rest and keep warm, because in this way we both make up for lack of food, producing heat, and for limiting the body's work. This is what the Lancashire wives did in the great cotton famine of old. They put their menfolk and children to bed, and thus made the food supply go further. But, on the other hand, no amount of food can ever replace sleep. However much nourishment we take, it is impossible for brain cells which are wearied out—to say nothing of bodily organs, also, needing rest—to renew and repair their energies unless sleep comes to their door. The high importance of a proper amount of rest is thus duly brought home to us, even if by experience we did not know how necessary for the maintenance of health sleep is. A man can live on a meagre diet; he may manage to get along fairly well on even insufficient food, and still maintain his health; but once he begins to lose his sleep and to pass disturbed nights, then, no matter how well he may be nourished, clothed, and otherwise have his physical wants attended to, he is bound to sink into a state of ill-health.

Disorders of sleep are not limited to those cases in which extreme wakefulness keeps a person from getting his modicum

of repose. We get instances of sleep which is of the disturbed type, where the person sleeps, but where his rest is very imperfect because he dreams incessantly, or because he gets short snatches of sleep between intervals of waking. I have often thought it is an easier matter to deal with cases of outright sleeplessness than with those in which repose is disturbed and of erratic and uncertain kind. The causes of the former are more readily discovered, as a rule, while the origin of the disturbed rest-conditions may be very difficult of determination indeed. No doubt certain causes are common to both. The most frequent sources of sleeplessness, apart from mental worry and brain irritation, are really to be found in some bodily state, such as is responsible for rendering our brain-cells indisposed to accept the very rest they require. For example, the common habit of eating late at night, and what is more to the point eating heavily, is a cause of sleeplessness represented at both ends of the social scale. The fashionable person who, after a late dinner and the theatre, finishes with a supper which ends at half past twelve or one a.m., is very much in the same position as his humbler neighbor, who, after the play, or at any rate, late at night, tackles a heavy, indigestible meal, which may range from cold

beef, pickles, cheese, and beer, to something hot, but equally heavy.

It is clear if we wish to have sleep come to us naturally, we must, above all things else, have the stomach clear and resting when bedtime comes. One might make an exception here in the case of old people, in whose case a glass of warm milk, or a hot drink and a biscuit, given an hour or so before sleep-time, acts favorably in inducing rest. But in the middle-aged healthy person the stomach should be clear of all its duties when he goes to rest, for that organ itself demands rest, and an active stomach stirs up the whole nervous mechanism of the body to work. Again, digestive states where, say, the liver is not acting properly, where there is a deficiency of bile, and, as a consequence, constipation, illustrate causes both of sleeplessness and of disturbed rest, such as are well to be borne in mind. The influence of a loaded bowel in upsetting the nervous system is fully recognized by physicians, and many a case of restlessness at night has been cured when a proper diet has been taken, where less meat is eaten, more exercise daily ensured, along with an occasional dose at night of two compound cascara tablets, followed in the morning by a little Apenta water.

Of brain worries, family concerns, and business troubles as sources of sleeplessness, I can say but little. The worried man's rest becomes disturbed naturally enough; his brain-cells have become over-excited, and do not yield to the feeling of natural tiredness as do those of a healthy man. It is for him that medical aid desires to do its best, because brain-cells thrown out of gear, even for a short time, are apt to produce serious results on the whole system. Then come erroneous habits, which may, and often do, need correction. Excessive smoking is a common cause of sleeplessness, and so is the excessive use of alcohol. Both causes send the nervous system into an unstable state, and so give rise to sleep troubles at large. Finally, we need to sleep in a quiet, dark place; the air of the sleeping room should be pure, any excess of bed-clothes is to be avoided, but the feet

must be kept warm. Many a case of sleeplessness arises from chilled feet, giving rise to disturbance of brain circulation, and so preventing repose.

One point I should like to make plain regarding sleep is that it represents a natural *habit* of body, just as sleeplessness, in its turn, represents an abnormal, or unnatural habit. Clearly, all we attempt to do—indeed, all we can do—in sleep troubles is to endeavor to abolish the unnatural state of things, and to replace it by the natural state. This, it is true, may be a difficult task, and in almost every case it is a slow proceeding—a fact, this latter, which impatient people will do well to bear in mind. Unfortunately, it takes little to develop a bad habit, as a rule, while to restore the good habit may be, and often is, a slow and gradual process. Perseverance, with whatever remedies are used, is, therefore, an important point in connection with the work of cure.

Simple remedies should be tried first of all. A two-mile walk before bedtime is excellent, and a light meal—if food be needed late at all—taken not later than two hours before sleep may be found effective. No late smoking should be indulged in, and, above all, no late reading of any character such as tend to set the brain-cells reviewing the exciting incidents of the book. Sleeping or “napping” through the day must be forbidden. With regard to drugs, remember they are only useful to get the brain back into the sleep-habit. To depend on any drug to procure sleep habitually is to defeat the very purpose for which it is taken. A simple remedy is twenty grains of bromide of sodium or of potash dissolved in water and taken at bedtime on an empty stomach. Two (or three) tablets of bromural dissolved in water and taken at rest-time for two or three nights should induce the return of the sleep-habit. These are harmless remedies, but even they must not be used continually. The real cure, as I have shown, is alteration of erroneous habits of living. All opium and like narcotic drugs must be left for a doctor to prescribe them if he regards them as necessary.

Mammon Bows

By William Hugo Pabke

"GOOD morning, Miss Burbank," said Dickie, running up the steps to the Manoir Richelieu. "You look like the little sister of all the sunshines to-day."

Anita Burbank smiled appreciatively at the tall young fellow as she gave him her hand.

"You have the dearest way of making compliments," she said, throwing her head on one side, and seemingly analyzing the situation; "you have spoiled me quite completely."

"But every one at Murray Bay pays you compliments."

"Yes, they do," she admitted, with a slight frown; "but yours are different; they're not—not the same."

Dickie Dalrymple beamed, then became suddenly serious. The light went out of his handsome, boyish face, and, as he sank into a chair beside his companion, his eyes grew sombre. He sat quite still, his finger-tips pressed tightly together, moodily watching the water of the Gulf dancing its happy little dance in the morning light. His mind dwelt on the struggle during the long, sleepless night, just past. He had won it, and he would live up to his resolution. It was hard, though—bitterly hard! Especially after Anita's cordial, intimate manner of receiving him.

"Have you come prepared to monopolize me to-day?" she asked, interrupting his reverie.

He made no reply, but moved uneasily in his chair.

After a pause, which Miss Burbank considered quite long enough, she remarked: "Aren't you sorry you were impolite?"

Still no reply from Dickie except a grunt and a wriggle.

"Aren't you so-r-r-y?" she repeated, with a draggy, teasing inflection.

"Do you want to be monopolized?" asked Dickie abruptly.

Miss Burbank bent her head demurely. Then, from beneath the wealth of her fair,

sun-kissed hair, her eyes flashed a mocking, tantalizing glance in his direction.

"Does a girl ask if she is going to be unless she wants to be?" she queried in a tiny, little-girl voice.

Dickie vouchsafed no answer. His thoughts had turned again to realities, to duty, to his struggle, to his victory over himself. Had it been a complete victory? Was he going to have the strength to crucify himself? Ah yes! He had settled all that in the early morning hours. He had made a resolution, and he would live up to it, no matter —

"You're wonderfully entertaining this morning," Miss Burbank was saying; "wonderfully—and polite—and charming. Mr. Driscoll asked me to go motor-boating with him—or is it boat-motoring? Yes, he did so; and, if you'll excuse me —"

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Dickie, springing to his feet. "Not Driscoll! Any one but him!"

"You don't mind my going with any one else? It's just prejudice? You wouldn't miss me for myself?" Miss Burbank assumed a most grieved expression.

Bentley Driscoll was the richest and oldest of Miss Burbank's admirers, while Dickie was the poorest and youngest; and Dickie hated him with an unholy hate.

"Don't go out with that beast," he exploded. "If you will stay and talk to me, I'll be nice to you, although I didn't mean to —"

"Oh, you want to scrap! That'll be fun," cried Anita, little imps of mischief gamboling in her eyes.

"No, I don't want to scrap," groaned Dickie. "I want to say something very serious; it's serious to me, at least."

"You're not going to say anything serious to me on this veranda with about four million of the idle rich within eye-and-ear-shot. I object."

"Then let's go up to our nook. It'll be the last time."

A startled expression clouded the girl's face; a look of wonder crept into her eyes. She arose quietly, tacitly acquiescing. She walked the length of the veranda at Dickie's side, her boyishly graceful gait in harmony with his pre-occupied stride. As they descended the steps, there came to Dickie's ears disjointed scraps of a conversation carried on behind him.

"Young Dalrymple"—"Makin' good"—
—"Lucky dog"—"Coin in bunches"—
—"Her father——"

Dickie's face burned. Then came a sudden, bracing pride in his resolution. He glanced at Anita, but if she had heard, she made no sign.

They walked down to the shore, following the curve of the river until they reached a path leading up over a high bluff. Near its summit was the nook that held the sweetest of their summer's memories. The girl was silent now, walking with head erect, her fearless, gray eyes gazing straight ahead, a little puzzled wrinkle appearing between her brows as though she were thinking deeply.

Dickie's thoughts were on the big things of life. His mind dwelt on a heterogeneous mass of things tangible and intangible. Life, money, poverty, motors, work, the girl at his side, his love for her, that last, most of all, churned around agonizingly in his brain. He wondered just how many millions Henry Burbank was worth, anyway. And then—sickening thought—just how many of them could that girl, that incarnation of youth and happiness, clasp in her little white hands and call her very own? His fancy created a Chinese wall of money that seemed to separate him from all that life, in its fullness, might hold.

"Money," he said aloud, "disgusting!"

"Isn't it!" agreed Anita. It was the first time she had spoken since leaving the hotel. "Just look at it back there at the Manoir; the place reeks of it." She sniffed daintily. "I can almost smell it here."

"Oh, not here! Not here in this blessed sunlight!" exclaimed Dickie.

They were ascending the steep hill path, and Dickie felt the nearness of a crisis; of a crisis, and of tragedy. For was it not tragic to wilfully offend against the great,

clean love in his heart for the glorious creature that God in his goodness had made for him, and to which, man, in the pettiness of his sordid customs and conventions, was denying him his right? His resolution was inflexible—of that he was certain. He, in his comparative poverty, would not, could not reach out a hand to grasp this glittering prize in the matrimonial market with the certainty, if successful, of being branded as a vulgar fortune-hunter by every small-souled gossip in Montreal. He feared that the thought would come ever between him and his love. His pride was in arms; and, unconsciously, he deified it and magnified it out of all proportion to its value in the scheme of his life.

Presently, they reached their nook, a semi-circular, roofless room, walled at the back by the clean, living rock, open in front to the blue waters, far below, and to the brilliant, golden sunshine, far above. Dickie's mind was so completely filled with the sense of his own misery, with the framing of his pitiful little farewell speech, that he was entirely oblivious of the girl's attitude. In the selfishness of youth he thought only of his own loss; in fact, he dared not think that she would suffer also. Had he thought of it at all, he would have sincerely wished that she were indifferent; at least, he would have believed that he wished so. After all, what would her coldness matter? She was soon to go out of his life; he would see to that.

Anita stood at the very edge of the rocky shelf, gazing out at the blue-and-gold splendor. In her eyes, also, gloomed the recognition of tragedy; but, in their grey depths was no hint of submission. She recalled how she had led on this lovable boy, step by step, through the long, delicious summer. She had deliberately brought into play all the puissance of her personality, her beauty, her allure; all the irresistible charm of her femininity. She had watched the light grow in the boy's eyes. Attraction, liking, love they had held, and, at last, a deep adoration. It had been deliberate on her part; she wanted it. Why?

Why? She knew the reason; she faced it boldly. She also knew why he had brought her to this sun-drenched spot this



"AROLD THOMAS DENYSON"

"They were ascending the steep hill path, and Dickie felt the nearness of a crisis."

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morning, and why he was silent with a numbing heart-ache. She rebelled against being disposed of lightly. Her life was her own; her love was her own, to bestow where she would. No one's foolish pride should crush the sweetness out of her life.

Her eyes assumed the color of tempered steel; the young face became a study in determination.

The boy broke the silence. "Anita," he said huskily.

"Yes, dear?" The endearment came so naturally that it seemed to Anita as though it had been the custom of years.

Dickie winced. "Don't," he pleaded. "It makes it so much harder." He gazed at her in silent misery.

"This is the end, Anita," he said brokenly. "It's the end because I—no, I won't say it; I promised myself not to. I am going."

"What about me?" cried the girl, supplication and sudden anger striving for supremacy.

"About you?" gasped Dickie, stupidly. "Do you care, too?"

"Do I care! Are you blind, or heartless, or just plain idiot?" she snapped.

"Oh, Anita! I'm sorry!"

"Sorry! Why? When we've got a chance of a whole great, beautiful heaven of our own if we're only not fools enough to muss it up! I'm not fool enough, anyway!"

"But, I resolved——"

"What do I care about your resolutions, and your pride, and your fright? I know what you resolved—not to propose to me. You were thoroughly satisfied with yourself when you heard those overfed pigs on the veranda——"

"Did you hear, too?" interrupted Dickie. "That's just it, you see; it's not possible."

"You are putting your pride above me!" cried Anita, an angry note in her voice. "Dickie, Dickie," she continued, the anger changing to sweetness in a moment, "I wish I had all I possess right here, this minute. It would be heaven to drop it, bit by bit, into the clean, blue water down there, and to feel that each splash crumbled a stone in the wall between us."

"O Sweetheart, you're making it hard for me," he said bitterly. "Why do you?"

"Why do I what?" asked Anita with a flash of her old impishness.

"Make it so hard to leave you."

"Probably, because I don't want you to," she said demurely, regarding him out of the corners of her eyes; "and I usually get what I want."

"It's well I know it!" groaned Dickie. "But in this case you won't. My mind is made up."

Anita remained silent. The laughter died slowly out of her eyes. In its stead came a look of unwonted dreaminess.

"Dickie," she said, speaking very low, "you promised yourself not to ask me to marry you."

He nodded.

"I honor you for it," she continued, "and you mustn't—ever."

The tragedy of the parting was drawing very near. It was evident to Dickie that the girl's point of view coincided with his own. The wall *was* impregnable, and hope was a thing of the past.

"It's not true!" cried Anita, suddenly. "I do want you to! Oh, I do—I do!" Her innate truthfulness rebelled against her former statement. "But you won't?" she asked, breathlessly. "You won't lower your standard?"

"No," answered Dickie, bowing his head.

This, then, was the end. It had to be; she asked it, now. This was final.

"I am glad you didn't," said Anita, gravely. "You wanted to—Oh, I know, I know! And I—I wanted to be wooed. It is the curse of my wealth that I cannot be."

She looked at him with deep seriousness for a long moment. Then came one of her sudden changes of mood. The old, mischievous smile played about her lips.

"I am glad you didn't ask me," she challenged. "But, any way, it isn't necessary."

"It isn't necessary," repeated the girl, her eyes sparkling; "because you can have me without—but—if you ever remind me of it when we're—when we're——"

Dickie caught her in his arms. "Anita!" he whispered. "Anita!"

As these two looked deep into each other's eyes, the great god, Mammon, bowed and went out of their lives, leaving them in peace.

Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

I.—THE PERSISTENCY THAT NEVER GIVES UP II.—WHAT
KIND OF IMPRESSION DO YOU MAKE?

III.—THE PAIN OF SUCCESS

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Dr. Orison Sweet Marden, the late editor of Success Magazine, is now a monthly contributor to MacLean's Magazine, which is the only monthly publication in the world to which he is under a contract to contribute regularly each month. His inspirational talks have been translated into most foreign languages, so popular and helpful have they proved in America. Canadian readers will be interested in the continuation of this remarkable series. In this issue three subjects are dealt with briefly.

I.—The Persistency That Never Gives Up

Have you ever seen a man who had no give-up in him, who could never let go his grip whatever happened, who, every time he failed, would come up smiling and with greater determination than before to push ahead? Have you ever seen a man who did not know the meaning of the word failure, who, like Grant, never knew when he was beaten, who had cut the words "can't" and "impossible" from his vocabulary, the man whom no obstacles could down, who was not disheartened by any misfortune, any calamity? If you have, you have seen a conqueror, a king among men.

The late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs) said that one secret of the American's success is that he is not afraid of failure, that he plunges into the thing he has set his heart on with all his might and enthusiasm, without even a thought of the possibility of failing, and that if he does fail, he gets up with more determination than before and fights until he wins.

Tenacity of purpose is characteristic of all men who have accomplished great things. They may lack other desirable traits, may have all sorts of peculiarities

and weaknesses, but the quality of persistence, clear grit, is never absent from the man who does things. Drudgery can not disgust him, labor can not weary him, hardships can not discourage him; he will persist no matter what comes or goes, because persistence is part of his nature.

There is no other quality which stands so near genius as persistency. It has won many a battle after the other qualities have surrendered, when even judgment had given up, and hope had been abandoned. The youth who has the faculty of holding on, though he may be stupid in school, and dull of comprehension, is likely to win out in the end. A boy is more likely to succeed in life if he has this one quality, even if he is lacking in all other success qualities, than if he possess greater brilliancy without it.

After a friend of a New York merchant had named a number of good qualities in recommending a boy for a position, the merchant said, "Does he keep at it? That is the principal thing. Does he have staying qualities?"

That is the great life-interrogation. "Do you keep at it?" "Can you stick by

your proposition?" "Can you persevere after failure?" "Have you grit enough to hold on, to stick and hang, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles?"

It is the man who can stick to the disagreeable job, do it with energy and vim, the man who can force himself to do good work when he does not feel like doing it—in other words, the man who is master of himself, who has a great purpose, and who holds himself to his aim, whether it is agreeable or disagreeable, whether he feels like it or does not feel like it—that wins.

When genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other faculty gives up; when tact retires and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pulls" have all done their best and retired from the field, gritty persistency, bulldog tenacity, steps in, and by sheer force of holding on wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible. Ah, what miracles tenacity of purpose has performed! The last to leave the field, the last to turn back, it persists when all other forces have surrendered and fled. It has won many a battle even after hope has left the field.

The world makes way for the determined man. Everybody believes in the man who persists, sticks, hangs on, when others let go. Tenacity of purpose gives confidence. If you stick to your purpose through thick and thin, if you have the genius of persistence, you have the first qualification of an achiever.

It was holding on three days more that discovered the new world. It was holding on a few hours more which brought the explorers to the pole. The same is true of scores of inventions. The world owes more to the persistency that never gives up than to almost anything else.

There are varying degrees of persistency. Some men start out with great zeal, but turn back at their first defeat, while failures only enhearten others, call out their reserves, and make them all the more resolute, determined to win.

Those who are bound to win never think of defeat as final. They look upon it as a mere slip. They get up after each failure with new resolution, more deter-

mination than ever to go on until they win.

The real test of character is what a man does after he fails. What will he do next? What resources, what inventiveness, will his failure arouse in him? Will it discover new sources of power, will it bring out reserves, double his determination, or will it dishearten him?

This is the test of your manhood. How much is there left in you after you have failed in your undertaking and have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down then, throw up your hands, acknowledge yourself beaten, you are not made of the stuff that wins.

Grit is the master key which unlocks all difficulties. What has it not accomplished? It has paid the mortgage on the farm in innumerable cases; it has enabled delicate women to save the home for the family; it has stood in the gap and saved thousands of men from destruction in disasters and great emergencies, in hard times and business panics; it has enabled poor boys and girls to pay their way through college and to make places for themselves in the world; it has given cripples strength to support aged and invalid parents. It is more than a match for any handicap; it has tunneled mountains, bridged rivers, joined continents with cables and spanned them with railroads: it has discovered continents; it has won the greatest battles in history.

On every hand we see people who have turned back, people who had pluck enough to begin things with enthusiasm, but did not have grit enough to carry them to a finish.

Thousands of men to-day are in poverty and suffering who found out after they had given up that they had been almost in sight of victory when they surrendered, who saw those who took up the work where they had dropped it very quickly win out. I believe that a large proportion of the failures in life could be prevented just by holding on a little longer.

Some time ago a Chicago man told me that his firm being heavily embarrassed, the partners, after several consultations, had decided to make an assignment. Going home after this decision had been reached this man took up a magazine and read a little squib, headed "Do Not Give

Up Yet; Hold On a Little Longer." He was so impressed by it that he telephoned his partners and told them he wanted to make another effort to extricate the firm from its difficulties before giving up. In one year from that day, the firm had not only saved its reputation, and been spared the humiliation of bankruptcy, but was actually making money. Only a little more grit, a little more persistency, was needed to save the situation.

There may come a time in your life

when you will have no idea what to do next, when you may not be able to make a single intelligent move, when you can see no light ahead. Then is the time simply to hang on and refuse to give up.

The point at which you are tempted to turn back, the point when your grit leaves you, will measure your achievement power. Your ability to go on, to continue after everybody else has turned back, is a good measure of your possible success.

II.—What Kind Of Impression Do You Make?

The future of many an applicant for a position depends upon the impression he makes on entering an office. A trained manager or employer usually makes up his mind very quickly whether he wants the applicant for a job or not. His trained eye takes in the situation at a glance.

The first impression is very strong. A slipshod appearance, soiled finger nails or linen, anything that indicates slovenly habits or the lack of thrifty habits will be very hard to overcome.

Look out for the first impression. Your future may depend upon it; but do not act or try to deceive, because your would-be employer can detect that as quickly as any other defect. Just be simple, natural, transparent. Go with an open mind. Do not let your eyes wander all over the room or out of the window. Look the man right in the eye. Be direct, plain, simple, alert. Manliness, honesty of purpose, earnestness always make a good impression.

You make such a bad impression upon a prospective employer that he is thrown into doubt, even if he has been told of your marked ability. He may be disappointed in your appearance. You may have written him an excellent letter, your recommendations may be very flattering, and yet, if for any reason, you impress him unfavorably, he may say to himself: "I do not believe I want this man after all. His manner does not carry conviction. It does not back up his recommendation. He does not carry his letter of credit in his face. I see weakness in the uncertain glance of his eye. It does not indicate a clear brain, a quick perception. His mind

is sluggish; he is slow to observe; he is not alert; he does not grasp a situation quickly; his brain seems muddled."

Employers are powerfully influenced by the first impression you make upon them. If you do not back up your letter of recommendation by a good appearance, if you are not well posted generally, if you show any weakness in your make-up, if your conversation is not intelligent, if you do not sustain the reputation which has preceded you, you are not likely to get the place.

There is one thing above all others that employers look for, and, that is, honesty of purpose, sterling integrity, dead-in-earnestness, a disposition to improve, an ambition to get on. They will have nothing to do with a man who is not honest, who is not square in all his dealings, who is not progressive. They expect to see indications of this honesty and progressiveness in his looks and manner. No matter how brilliant an applicant may be, no matter how good an appearance he may put up, if he has not an honest eye, if his furtive glances indicate cunning, deceit, secretiveness, if there is a lack of simplicity, if there is a lack of directness in speech or manner, a disposition to cover up things, employers will not trust him. They will not take chances by hiring him.

You may be looking for promotion and, perhaps, wondering why you are not advanced, or why your employer takes no notice of you. Perhaps you are surprised that you have not attracted the attention of people outside, of men in other establishments, or that you have not received this appointment or that; but have you

thought what kind of an impression you are making upon people? Have you studied yourself to see whether or not you have any idiosyncrasies or peculiarities which are placing you at a disadvantage and keeping you from making a good impression? Have you any bad habits which crop out and show themselves in your face and manner, or hinder your advancement?

Do you give the impression of being a positive, creative man, a leader? Do you carry victory in your manner, or is your expression that of weakness, hesitancy? Is there any suggestion of shiftlessness in your manner? Is there a lack of initiative in your make-up? Do you look as though you were a success? Do you walk like a success, talk like a success? Do you give people who are watching you the impression that you can put things through with vigor and efficiency, or that you have the ability to get them properly done?

The ability to make a good impression is the best kind of capital. The man who is so constituted that he is obliged to spend a great deal of time and energy in overcoming an unfavorable impression, in straightening things out, writing letters of apology and explaining, is placed at a great disadvantage. Besides, we are always prejudiced against the person who makes a bad impression upon us, and it is impossible to give him full credit for what he does do, because that prejudice is always bobbing up and we cannot get rid of it.

I know a man who has been placed at a tremendous disadvantage all his life because he is so constituted that he is always antagonizing people and always making a very unfavorable impression, especially among strangers. People do not like to deal with him because of his seemingly disagreeable qualities, although those who are well acquainted with him know that he has a very generous heart, and that he will do anything for his friends, that he is really a much better man at heart than many others who make a good impression. But he is always running against people's prejudices and saying and doing things at the wrong time. In fact, he seems to be ill-timed. He does not fit his environment or the times in which he lives.

The result is that, although a very hard worker, and a man of great ability, he has never been able to rise in the world, because everybody, except those who know him intimately, is against him. It is unpleasant to deal with him, and he is avoided as much as possible.

On the other hand, what an immense advantage there is in being able to make friends and hold them always, to leave a good impression wherever you go as to your ability and character, never "slopping over," or running against other people's prejudices.

One's ability to get on is influenced immensely by his ability always to make a good impression.

III.—The Pain Of Success

A real success is always more or less painful, because of the necessary hard work, the sacrifice of comfort, of leisure, of pleasure, which it involves. No one can achieve anything very great in this world without a lot of drudgery, without depriving himself of many pleasant things which would be very agreeable to the senses. The success candidate must turn a deaf ear to the thousand and one allurements which tempt him, and keep his eye and his mind uncompromisingly fixed upon his aim.

Many people seem to think that marked success in any line ought to bring con-

tinual satisfaction, unalloyed happiness. As a matter of fact, all great achievement is in a sense painful, because of the tremendous price paid for it. It demands stern unremitting discipline and an usual power of self-control. The world's achievers have ever been great sacrificers of self-control, of ease, of the many little pleasures and the freedom from anxiety and vexation which we all love.

A great singer, a great actor, a great lawyer, a great statesman.

There are plenty of people in the failure army to-day who would have been successful if they could only have withstood the

temptations of their fads and fancies, the temptation to have a good time, to take things easy, to be comfortable. They lacked the backbone and the stamina to force themselves to pay the price of success in self-denial, in self-sacrifice, in hard work. If they could have obtained the prize without paying the price, without the strenuous struggle, they would have won out. But they held on to everything that was pleasant, agreeable, desirable; they could not let go the things that gave them pleasure. They would have liked to have studied, to have made up for their early deficiencies, but they could not sacrifice the good time evenings or holidays. They would have liked to have bought books, or to have gone to school or college, but they had to have the good clothes, the social enjoyments.

They were not willing to sacrifice the lesser for the greater; they were not willing to pay the price of success. They could not understand why there was not some

way to reach the heights without climbing over the obstacle rocks and scaling precipices of difficulty.

The result is that they are perpetual clerks, hangers-on, seekers of jobs; they sacrificed the larger, grander future for the comforts, the pleasures and the vanities, the froth of to-day.

If you want to accomplish anything of value, do not expect an easy life. An easy life is never an effective one. If you would obtain that which is worth while, you must turn a deaf ear to all sorts of pleasures, every allurements which tempts and dazzles. You must say "good-bye" to many legitimate comforts and amusements which those about you indulge in and enjoy. You must have the stamina to set your face like a flint in the direction of your ambition, to turn your back on everything unnecessary to its achievement, to brush aside the temptations that stand in your way, the obstacles that bar the path to your goal.

The Panama Canal and Canadian Commerce

(Continued from Page 26)

resources will be exploited, new cities and towns will be started, immigration will pour in, capital will seek investment, and soon they will experience a progress and a buying and selling capacity, which characterize British Columbia. If they can buy and sell to this extent without the Panama Canal, they will increase these figures to one billion of dollars in a short time after the Canal is completed and they feel its quickening influence. Of this growing trade, British Columbia and Canada should get their share, and will get their share.

One other aspect should be considered in its relation to the development of Canadian commerce. It seems pretty certain that with the opening of the Panama route the United States will start in a large way with the project of the artificial canalization of the Mississippi and its 16,000 miles of already navigable waters, and a drainage basin of 1,280,000 square miles. The cutting-through of an ocean ship canal to

the Great Lakes will make seaport towns of the Canadian cities on Lakes Ontario, Erie and Superior. The Saskatchewan and the Red River can be canalized for a thousand miles; and a short haul from Winnipeg will open the whole Saskatchewan valley from near the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, down-stream, but for this short portage, all the way to the Gulf of Mexico and thence to Panama and the Pacific ports. Every transcontinental freight rate in Canada and the United States will be reduced, and perhaps some in the middle interior. As this great southern movement starts up, the industries of the southern states will receive a new impetus. The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea will spring into a new life, together with the West Indies and Central America, and the vast and fertile interior drained by the Orinoco and the Amazon.

Truly, then, the outlook for the development of the Dominion and the expansion of Canadian commerce is inspiring.

With the increase of our population consequent on the rush of immigration, with the settlement of our great areas of fertile land, with the increased yield of grain which will follow, with the doubling of our 25,000 miles of railway, with the hundreds of new towns which will follow the settlement movement and with the establishment of industries to meet the needs of the country—with all of these there must necessarily be an enormous expansion of Western commerce, to which the Panama Canal will be a potent aid in facilitating connections with the great markets of the world.

BUT CANADA MUST CO-OPERATE.

On the whole, a glowing picture of the possibilities has been painted—too glowing, perhaps. But the realization is doubtful unless Canada and the West coast cities do their part. Facilities must be provided—harbors, docks, elevators, railways and ships. The American cities have acted promptly—Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, San Francisco, San Diego and Los Angeles are spending millions in improvements. Canada has yet to act. E. J. M. Nash, an expert on matters pertaining to the merchant marine of the world, and the special representative for the United States and Canada of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, expressed this view recently: "Two ports on the Pacific coast will attain great importance within the next ten years and the choice lies, as far as I can see, between San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Vancouver, and Vancouver will be one of these with the others fighting for second place. The thing that makes most for a good port is to be a well-balanced port, and by this the shipping man means a port at which a steamer can take on a full return cargo as well as bring to it a full inward cargo. There is no doubt that Vancouver will be that sort of a port, just like New York is the best-balanced port on the Atlantic side. Through Vancouver, with the timely assistance of railways, must come the products of Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, and these provinces will furnish full cargoes to the vessels bringing here inward loads. This, of course, will mean the most powerful incentive to steamship lines, for it will assure them a steady, well-balanced trade both ways."

This is encouraging but it is conditional on the facilities being provided. The railways will apparently do their part. At least four lines will provide an outlet to the west in British Columbia and there will be others as traffic develops. There is no reason why the canal route should bring dire results to the east and west transcontinental roads. The opening of the new waterway is in the line of world progress, and in the end all railroads, east and west as well as north and south, will be benefited by the opening of this shorter route by water between the two coasts. It will bring the people of districts three thousand miles apart into cheaper communication, will mean an increase in population on the Pacific coast, and will be followed by increases in the general business of these railroads. What tonnage may be lost in heavy, slow, transcontinental traffic by the railroads ought to be gained in the increased local and expedited through traffic which will result from an increased population. But the railways are nevertheless somewhat alarmed. George W. Sheldon, president of the National Business League of America, sees great danger to the earnings of American and Canadian transcontinental railroads through the opening of the Canal. European traffic to and from the Pacific and most places west of the Rockies is almost certain to go through the canal, according to Mr. Sheldon, who asserts that as a result of enquiry much quiet preparation has been made by ship owners in London to capture this traffic, but it is difficult to locate concretely what is being done. "Our railroads and the Interstate Commerce Commission had better get busy or else they will see a huge chunk of their traffic disappear with the opening of the canal," says Mr. Sheldon. "The Canadian lines will probably suffer most, as they have not the amount of local traffic from which to derive dividends, as the American transcontinental lines."

But even though the railways do provide the accommodation for rushing Western Canadian products to the Pacific seaboard, the Western terminals must be properly equipped with harbors, docks, grain elevators and defence works before Canada can compete successfully with American seaport cities which are expending mil-

lions. Unless Canada is alert to the necessities in this regard we may see Canadian-grown wheat, which is bound to flow across the Rockies, seek an outlet via Seattle. This point should be emphasized in this connection, however—and emphasized strongly lest a panic ensue. So far as Canada is concerned construction work on the Pacific coast should be undertaken only after the most careful study of world traffic conditions in their relation to Canadian commerce. Expert advice should be called in to ascertain actual requirements. M. Claude Casimir-Perier, after a mission of inspection to America, sent an official report to France stating that the sums being spent for docks, piers, and harbor improvements in New York, Boston, New Orleans, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and other ports, consequent on the construction of the Panama Canal, are out of all proportion to the trade that can result. To justify them, the Canal would have to have a traffic for which the straits of Gibraltar would be too narrow. He speaks of "feverish activity" and predicts "heavy financial crashes" later. But he also foresees "vast economic changes," and warns his countrymen that it is a critical time for French trade.

Under these circumstances Canada, while maintaining its strategic position by reasonable development of natural facili-

ties, may well proceed cautiously. While the realization for some years may not meet the expectations which have been entertained there can be no doubt but that with the opening of the Canal, probably in 1913, Canadian commerce will at once feel the stimulus of the new era. A great deal will depend, of course, on the success of the Canal from the outset. Professor Emery R. Johnson, the special commissioner named by President Taft to investigate the establishment of tolls, is of the opinion that the Canal should support itself without burdening traffic with unnecessarily high tolls, holding that the tolls should be adjustable to meet fluctuating traffic. In his estimation the volume of business will rise from 10,000,000 tons in the first year of the operation of the Canal to 17,000,000 tons by the end of a decade. The most serious problem from the standpoint of the United States is the lack of a merchant marine. Of what use is the Canal without American ships to sail through it? the American press is asking. While there is certainly a shortage of vessels at present the supply will increase with the demand of traffic and the growth of commerce. In any event Canada, which is not involved in financing the Canal and which stands to profit heavily by its operation, may thus far view the situation which will be created by the changes in the great lines of world traffic—with satisfaction and confidence.

Two Meetings

We met when dreams of childhood yet
About her seemed to cling.
I filled her eager hands with pure
White lilies of the spring,
And all around us, as we went,
We heard the magpies sing.

Again we met; the midnight street
Roared by with ceaseless clang,
And loud above the pavement's din
Her hard, high laughter rang—
There were no lilies in that place
Nor any birds that sang.

—Helen Power.

Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES OF THE WORLD

British and American Systems of Government

THAT the American system of Government is falling down before the British parliamentary system is the startling admission of S. S. McClure in the leading political article in *McClure's Magazine* for May. The admission is both clear and definite. The fact is, as Mr. McClure concedes, that the civilized nations of the world by an almost unanimous vote are discarding the system of "checks and balances" which constitutes the American form of government and are establishing instead the English plan which is a system designed to register simply and accurately the will of the majority of the people. The article reads in part as follows:

The proposal viewed with greatest agitation by the ultra-conservatives in this campaign was one advanced by Theodore Roosevelt in an address before the constitutional convention of Ohio at Columbus, and since widely discussed as the recall of decisions, Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion was this; when a law is passed by the state legislature, and signed by the governor, and the courts decide that the constitution of the state forbids the passage of such a law, then the people of the state shall be given a chance to vote whether or not they wish this law to stand. The plan was proposed specifically for states; inferentially it may be considered a possibility for the federal government also.

The proposal, stated in a more general way, is this: American courts are now the judges of what laws American legislatures may or may not pass under our written constitutions. The people of a state should be allowed to approve or disapprove of the decisions of their courts, when these veto the acts of their legislature.

To European observers this is a most extraordinary campaign issue, to stir into turmoil the chief republic of the world at the opening of the twentieth century. For, in the first place, the courts of the great nations of Europe have no such powers as these to take away; and in the second for decades—in one case for centuries—the proposal to give such powers to them would be considered highly reactionary and undemocratic.

In England, this matter was settled as a campaign issue now something more than two hundred years ago—in the great political campaign which set the Stuarts off the throne of England.

"If we go back," says Professor J. Allen Smith, of the University of Washington, in his 'Spirit of American Government,' "to the period preceding the revolution of 1688, it seems to be clearly established that the English courts claimed and in a few instances exercised the power to annul acts of parliament. But with the revolution of 1688, which established the supremacy of parliament, the last trace of the judicial negative disappeared. From that time on the right of parliament to be constitutional judges of its own powers has not been seriously questioned."

This principle of the English parliamentary government was thoroughly understood when our convention framed our (U.S.) federal constitution. But the power of the legislature to judge what acts it could pass was deliberately withdrawn from it and given to the courts. This was done for the simple and avowed purpose of controlling and making more difficult the expression of opinion of the popular majority. The change was chief feature

of the famous system of "checks and balances," the division of government into three independent parts, to prevent hasty action through the "passions" of the people.

The great new problems which this century brought were economic—drawn between the property-holding and non-property-holding classes, and the new laws of primary importance which came from the legislature to the courts for their interpretation, dealt principally with the chief new struggle for readjustment in the new century between property and individual rights.

The non-property-holding class is naturally in a majority in modern society; and everywhere established privileges have been used to hold the balance of power against it. In Europe the right of voting franchise and of representation is greatly more restricted than in America. But in spite of that, in no great modern country of the world, under the simple form of division of the parliamentary form of government, has the attitude of the new economic legislation been so conservative and ungenerous to the great majority of the population in the country's economic life as here (U.S.)

Safety legislation for the protection of workmen against accident, state insurance, employers' liability for death and injury, pensions for old age, all this type of legislation advances faster in Europe than in America. And it is nobody's secret where

the chief check and delay in this most important of all modern legislation has come in the United States. It has come in the courts—and particularly in their interpretation of the provisions in the state and national constitutions of the rights of property against the rights of the individual.

The fact is that the civilized nations of the world by an almost unanimous vote are discarding the system of "checks and balances" which constitutes the American form of government. They are establishing instead the English plan, a system designed to register simply and accurately the will of the majority of the people. And in doing this they are in many ways leaving the United States behind in the advance of democracy.

France, who under the same impulse as ourselves, adopted our mechanical division of government into three independent branches, dropped it early in the nineteenth century for the English form. Germany took up the parliamentary system, and Spain and Italy and the great English colonies. And in recent years new nations, thoroughly studying governmental forms for their adoption, have almost invariably pronounced against ours and for the English. The new federation of South Africa did this; Japan did the same; and now Argentina is discarding our governmental form and taking up the parliamentary form of England.

Assortive Mating in Men

Dr. J. A. Harris, of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, has undertaken to champion assortive mating in men. Writing in the *Popular Science Monthly* he declares, "we are now in the period of reaction when men disparage selection, or dismiss it entirely as an evolutionary factor." Against this unreasonable extreme his articles are directed. To use his own words, "They are simple reviews, pretending merely to set forth honestly the results secured by biometricians in their studies of these exceedingly difficult biological problems. Their purpose is, I admit, in

reality, two-fold. Not only are they a direct plea for a more open-minded—a stringently critical rather than a dogmatic—attitude towards the Darwinian factors, but an indirect appeal for a wider recognition of the biometric methods which make possible the measurement of the intensity of the primary factors of organic evolution."

The strongest arguments regarding assortive mating, states the writer, are those of quantitatively expressed facts. The best way of overcoming the prejudices and other obstacles against which the biometrician works is to allow these facts to speak

for themselves, if possible, in terms comprehensible to the layman.

"It is needless to say that a subject so fascinating to man as anything pertaining to human mating has been the subject of wide speculation and assertion since the time of da Vinci.

"Schopenhauer states that every person requires from the individual of the opposite sex a one-sidedness which is the opposite of his or her own. The most manly man will seek the most womanly woman, and conversely. Weak or little men have a decided inclination for strong or big women, and strong or big women for weak or little men. Blondes prefer dark persons or brunettes; snub-nosed, hook-nosed; persons with excessively thin long bodies and limbs, those who are stumpy and short, and so on! Ahalagous superstitions are widespread, though differing in form. Westermarck, in summarizing the views of various writers, adds, "If contrasts instinctively seek each other, this may partly account for the readiness with which love awakens love."

Some have even ventured the opinion that where the husband and wife are unlike, the offspring are more numerous, or stronger! Again there is the popular superstition that after a long life together husband and wife come to resemble each other physically.

Of course conclusions the opposite of all of these are not wanting.

Such is the state of knowledge to which the unaided observation of a complex phenomenon can lead us—a snarl of contradictions. As far as we know, the only method of disentangling it and arriving at some certainty is the analysis of large bodies of observations by means of refined statistical methods.

Among the numerous illustrations which Dr. Harris gives, probably assortive mating for deafness is more nearly perfect than that for any other known character. The reasons for this are patent. Hearing individuals rarely choose non-hearing mates. When both partners are deaf, on the other hand, they are united by strong bond of fellowship and sympathy growing out of their similar condition, they communicate with each other with perfect ease and freedom, and the social interests and sympathies outside their own home are the same.

The following table shows that in the marriages of the deaf, 72.5 per cent. have both of the contracting parties deaf as contrasted with 20 per cent. in which one is deaf and the other a hearing person. When we consider that in the general population of the United States there are roundly 1,500 hearing persons to one deaf, and consequently about 1,500 hearing persons to one deaf from whom a given deaf individual might seek to select a life partner, we see to what enormous extent sexual selection is at work for this character.

Marriages of the Deaf.		No.	Percentage.
Both partners deaf	3,242	72,512	
One partner deaf; the other hearing	894	19,995	
One partner deaf; the other unreported whether deaf or hearing	335	7,493	
Total	4,471	100,000	

Alexander Graham Bell, who has studied the question, has laid great emphasis upon the influence of educational segregation, especially upon the use of a sign language, with its subjective influence on thought, in bringing about the intermarriage of the deaf. That this is a factor appears from Fay's elaborate records. He classified 7,277 deaf individuals according to the method of education and found that of those who attended boarding schools for the deaf, 86.2 per cent. married deaf mates, while of those who attended day schools, or both day and boarding schools, for the deaf 77.8 per cent. married deaf consorts. In contrast are the records of those who attended no school for the deaf: in this class, 62.4 per cent. married deaf individuals. The difference between 62.4 per cent. and 86.2 per cent. probably indicates roughly the influence of scholastic segregation.

Fay also finds that of the pupils who attended exclusively oral schools, 78.2 per cent. married deaf partners, while of those who were educated at schools not exclusively oral, or partly at schools exclusively oral and partly at schools not exclusively oral, somewhat over 86 per cent. of marriages were homogamous for deafness. Perhaps these figures indicate a sensible influence of the method of instruction. Nevertheless, one cannot but be impressed with the intensity of the assortive mating that occurs independent of this factor. With no such isolation 62 per cent. of deaf

individuals marry those who are deaf. Considering the intensity of the inheritance of deafness, we see what grave social results may be expected from this tendency.

Apparently unions where both members are deaf are more happy than those where

only one is so afflicted. This table gives the best available records indicating the "success" or "failure" of like and unlike matings. Of course divorce, separation or number of children do not tell the whole tale; they give rather a lower limit to the measure of domestic infelicity.

Marriages of the Deaf.	No. of marriages		Divorces.		Separations.		Divorces and Separations.	
	No.	P.C.	No.	P.C.	No.	P.C.	No.	P.C.
Both partners deaf	3,242	33	1,018	51	1,573	84	2,591	
One partner deaf, the other hearing	894	25	2,796	33	3,691	58	6,488	
One partner deaf, the other unreported	335	7	2,090	7	2,090	14	4,179	
Total	4,471	65	1,454	91	2,035	156	3,489	

Big Strikes are Predicted

In the May *American Magazine*, Ray Stannard Baker presents a report and interpretation of the Lawrence strike. "No strike," says Mr. Baker, "that has ever taken place in America is fraught with a deeper significance than this." He goes on:

"The strike at Lawrence, as I shall show more fully later, was far more than a revolt; it was an incipient revolution. It was revolutionary because it involved a demand, for fundamental changes in the basic organization of industry. Thinly veiled behind its demand for higher wages, lay the outspoken declaration of the leaders for the abolition of the entire wage-system, and the suppression of the private ownership of capital. In so many words the organization declares its position:

"Instead of the conservative motto, 'A fair day's wages for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watch-word, 'Abolition of the wage system!'"

"In short, this was a Socialist strike as contrasted with the familiar craft or trade-union strike of the past.

"Now, the same revolutionary organization, the Industrial Workers of the World, which conducted the strike at Lawrence with so much skill, is at this moment organizing rapidly in other parts of the country. Its victory here will give it a new prestige, and new enthusiasm.

"Already it is threatening to move upon two of our greatest industries—the meat-packing establishments of Chicago, and

the steel mills of the Pittsburg district. In both of these localities, among the same sort of low-paid foreign working people as those of Lawrence, it already has well-rooted branches of its organization and only awaits a convenient season to open war. In this strike at Lawrence we have a concrete example of the revolutionary strike already familiar in France and in other European countries.

"The great coal strike which is at this moment paralysing not only the industries but the very life of the British Isles partakes more or less of this revolutionary character; and what Britain and France are meeting to-day America will have to meet to-morrow.

"The basic idea upon which the Industrial Workers of the World are organized is a very big one. They seek to bring together not merely the workers in any one craft, but all the workers in all industries. It is not the Brotherhood of Engineers, or the Brotherhood of Printers, or of Wool-Sorters that they preach, but the Brotherhood of all Workers. They advocate not the horizontal stratification of labor along lines of craft and skill, but the perpendicular stratification along lines of industry. They say that the veriest bobbin boy is as essential a cog in the machinery of production as the highest skilled wool-sorter. They say that the old craft organizations tend to become exclusive and monopolistic: that they keep out apprentices, limit output, make agreements with employers which benefit only

themselves, and even combine with employers to mulct the public. They say that all workers should unite just as all capital is uniting, and that so long as the workers do not stand together they will be defeated. Right or wrong, this is their platform.

Industrial unionism as contrasted with craft unionism has long been seeking a foothold in this country. Eighteen years ago I spent several months studying and writing about the American Railway Union strike at Chicago in which Eugene V. Debs endeavored to bring all railroad workers together in one great union. It was a bloody conflict, and it failed, and Debs was sent to jail. Eight years ago I investigated the desperate mining strikes in Cripple Creek and elsewhere in Colorado, conducted by the Western Federation of Miners. One of the chief leaders of this union, which was essentially an industrial union, was the same "Big Bill" Haywood who led the Lawrence strikers. And that strike also failed and its leaders were sent to jail: but out of it grew the present Industrial Workers of the World—with their Socialistic ideas of labor solidarity and their preaching of discontent.

In the world of organized labor no other problem has loomed so big as this conflict between these two fundamentally different ideas. On one side stand the old leaders, Gompers, Mitchell, Golden and others: and on the other the Socialists, Haywood, St. John, De Leon and others. At the strike in Lawrence a bitter fight developed between the two rival labor organizations. At the very time when the strike was at its acutest point, the craft unions endeavored to call it off and to force workers back into the mills by refusing them further relief! They hoped thus to crush the Industrial Workers of the World.

Finally, one comes away from Lawrence feeling deeply and profoundly that this problem is no mere hard economic question, involving only the better distribution of the products of industry as now conducted. It is far deeper, more spiritual than that. If one were to divide all the surplus of profit in the textile mills to-day—figure it out for yourself!—among all the swarming operatives, it would increase their wages and improve their living conditions almost inappreciably. It is said that the strike in Lawrence is settled. It was called a great victory for the strikers. But has anything really been settled? The head of a family who was getting \$6 or \$7 a week before the strike, and as a result of the victory received 10 per cent. increase in wages, is still below the bread-line, is still far below civilized standards. He and his family can live 60 or 70 cents a week better—but consider if you will, how very little 60 or 70 cents a week really means in bread, in rent, in clothing, in fuel, for a family of children.

After all, is not the conclusion forced upon us that the changes have got to be different and deeper? At present, industry is conducted upon a basis of open war. Any change in conditions means a revolt. Industrially, in the United States we have arrived at just about the same stage that the Central American republics have arrived at politically—a government by successive revolutions. On the part of the employers there are vast wastages in fighting one another and in fighting the workers, to say nothing of the loss of money spent in harmful luxury; and the employees waste ruthlessly by the same struggles and by "soldiering," not giving an honest day's work.

Wonderful Possibilities of the Storage Battery

The development of the storage battery during the past three years has been so wonderful and so rapid that within the next ten years it will have started a revolution in the electrical industry, says Norman Maul, in *Popular Electricity*. No less an authority than Thomas A. Edison is responsible for the statement that within

that period, steam engines in railroad yard limits, railroad power plants, and railroad locomotives using third rails and overhead trolleys will have ended their spheres of usefulness. In fact, all great consumers of current will have become customers of the central station.

The storage battery, he said, is reach-

ing the point where it is capable of taking an enormous charge in a relatively short time. With such a battery every current consumer will come on the central station day load, taking his current at a time when he can get it at a very low rate, and storing it in these high power batteries against the time when the central station load will begin to climb toward the peak.

When that time is reached the day of the high peak and deep valley of the central station load will have ended. In two years, Mr. Edison predicts, this industrial revolution will have begun.

It is not a new storage battery that will work this revolution—rather is it the discovery and the development of the possibilities of the standard Edison battery.

The principal difference between the high power rapid charging battery and the original Edison battery is in the number and thickness of the plates. It has been found that by using more plates and thinner, the battery could be made to take the charge more rapidly and with less danger from heating. The battery cells are of the same size as the standard battery cells, but fewer of them are required to do a given amount of work.

It is the shifting of freight and passenger cars in railroad yards that Mr. Edison predicts will open the greatest field for the high power battery. The day the battery begins its service will mark the passing of the smoke nuisance, the third rail, the overhead trolley, and the railroad generating station in cities.

Mr. Edison's plan is to use the powerful motor engines, now in service, but, instead of transmitting current to them through some feeder, to use a storage battery car to supply the energy. Such a car would naturally take the name "Battery Car" and would bear the same relation to the electric engine that the coal tender now bears to the steam engine.

The locomotive, with a freshly charged battery car attached, would haul the train to the yard limits, or to some other specified transfer point, where the change to steam power would be made. The steam engine would then take the train on; the battery car would be uncoupled and connected to charging station wires to be recharged, and the motor engine, after pick-

ing up a fresh battery car, would be ready for its return trip.

The storage battery has been developed to the point where it is easily capable of doing this work, but before being offered for general use it will have to go through the severest tests at the inventor's laboratory. Such a battery has been constructed and is meeting every test put to it. The first battery car, discharging at the rate of 1,500 horse-power, can be fully charged in three-quarters of an hour, and is capable of pulling 1,200-ton freight train ten miles at the rate of 20 miles an hour. At the end of such a run the battery car would lay up long enough to be recharged.

Charging connections would of necessity have to be maintained at various points in the yard, just as coal pockets are now conveniently located. The difference would be that the charging connections would be scattered, whereas the coal pockets are all at one spot, causing a great congestion of engines awaiting their coal supply.

The demand of these charging points for current would, of course, be great, but not so great as to warrant any railroad maintaining a generating station for their supply alone. Obviously the road would come to the central station for its current and all these charging stations would come on the central station load. For the sake of having the demand come in the daylight hours the central station would offer a rate far below that for which any railroad plant could generate.

With such a load coming during the daylight hours there would be practically no peak, or rather instead of a peak and a valley the chart would show a wide plateau. The battery cars would take current every hour of the day, except on the few days of the year when the peak reaches its highest point between 4.30 and 6 p.m. On those days the railroad would stay off the load, taking enough current before the hours to carry it over.

From late at night until the morning suburban passenger rush began, the battery cars would be used chiefly in shifting freight: after a few hours on the passenger trains they would go back on freights until the evening rush began, and when that was over they would resume their freight operations.

A battery embodying all the principles of the big railroad battery is in actual service now, on a delivery wagon in Orange. The cells could easily be put in a suit case. The wagon used saw the best days of its service behind a horse. The battery is of the rapid charge type, and at the end of each delivery trip is connected to the charging board for a few minutes, and enough current taken to replace all that had been consumed. A trolley line in Washington is operated in the same manner. At the end of each half trip the battery is connected to a charging board, and in four minutes is completely replenished. At the end of the day, when the car goes

back to the barn, its batteries are fully charged and ready for the next day's service.

"It is not a new battery," said Mr. Edison recently. "It is the same old battery. We simply discovered its greater possibilities and are working all the time to develop whatever improvements we may. With thinner plates in greater number, the battery will take an enormous charge in a very short time. With this development perfected, the day of the seven or eight hour connection with a charging board will have passed, and then will begin a new era in the use of the electric vehicle for both business and pleasure."

Cost of Travel in Europe and America

That the cost of travel in America despite numerous claims to the contrary, is on the whole reasonable, appears to be established by Charles Frederick Carter, who gives some interesting facts on the question in *The American Review of Reviews*. Some of the comparisons which he makes will serve to illustrate the drift of his article:

The distance between Chicago and Denver is 1,061 miles; between Paris and Naples 1,063 miles. Yet the former journey can be made in 28 hours at an average speed of 38 miles an hour, while the latter consumes 40 hours, the average speed being but 26.6 miles an hour. The difference in fare is also startling. The one-way fare between Chicago and Denver is \$22.60; the sleeping car fare \$6, making a total of \$28.60, or 2.7 cents a mile. From Paris to Naples the fare is \$32.40; the sleeping car fare \$14.37, or nearly two and a half times the Pullman rate for the same distance, making a total of \$46.77, or \$18.17 more than for the same distance in America. The rate per mile is 4.4 cents. Second-class fare between Paris and Naples is \$21.85, or 2.05 cents a mile.

Express trains make the run from Paris to Lucerne, 396 miles, in 12 hours. The first-class fare is \$14.10; second-class fare \$9.60, while 150 pounds of baggage, which goes free in the United States, would cost

\$1.80 more. The distance between Chicago and Minneapolis is 422 miles, which is covered in 12 hours and 45 minutes. The fare is \$8 and a parlor car seat is \$1, making the total cost \$5.10 less than the first-class fare for a shorter distance in Europe. Few Americans would think of making so long a journey in a day coach, though it could be done far more comfortably than in a second-class compartment in Europe. By this method of traveling the American journey would cost \$1.60 less than the second-class fare for a shorter ride in Europe. If one had baggage the difference in favor of the American trip would be still greater.

Express trains between London and Glasgow make the run of 401 miles in 8 hours and 15 minutes, which gives an average speed of 48.5 miles an hour. This is 15 miles an hour faster than the Chicago-Minneapolis train, but the fare is much higher, being \$14.50 first-class as compared with \$9, including parlor car fare for a greater distance in America. Even third-class fare between London and Glasgow is 25 cents more than first-class railroad fare between Chicago and Minneapolis. The Empire State Express makes the run of 439 miles between New York and Buffalo in 8 hours, 45 minutes—half an hour more than the time re-

quired by the English train for a trip 38 miles shorter. This is an average of 4.37 miles an hour faster than the English trains, yet the fare including a parlor car seat on this limited train is only \$11.25, or \$3.25 less than first-class fare on the English train.

One may make the journey of 238 miles

from Frankfort to Leipsic in the brief space of nine hours at a charge of \$8.28 first class, or \$6.16 second class. The distance of 225 miles between New York and Washington is covered in 5 hours for \$5.65 railroad fare and \$1.25 for a parlor car seat—a total of \$6.90. At the German rate the trip would cost 90 cents more.

Murder by Advertisement

Of all quick schemes for making money, that of fooling the public in the matter of health is the most reprehensible. Some men make a business of fleecing sick folks by advertising worthless and "fake cures." An article in *Pearson's Magazine* by J. J. McCarthy, M.D., explains some of the medical frauds and methods by which thousands of people are robbed of money and health. Especially severe, is the author upon the newspapers of the day, which "bristle with fake medicine advertisements as with poisoned arrows."

Speaking of one case, where the advertisement ran, "I can cure diabetes," the article says: "Printed in big, black type that line is read and is meant to be read every day in newspaper advertisements by thousands of people who are suffering from the derangement of nutrition called diabetes. They know their disease is incurable and they also know they may live many years by not eating sweet or starchy food. But the fact that it is incurable and will get them in the end has started a panic in their hearts, and they seize upon the advertisement eager to believe what they know to be a lie. With consummate villianry beneath all contempt the advertisement is written to feed that ready credibility. It is filled with assurances sweet to the victim's ear, and testimonials he is only too glad to believe, and it makes a point of stating that it does not contain sweet or starchy matter.

"Assured in the one particular upon which his physician has laid stress, the victim says to himself, 'Well, it can't hurt me, anyhow.' There the murder lies. It is little else but sweets and starch. He takes it. The craving in his blood is sat-

isfied. He even feels better for a while. Perhaps he writes a testimonial vaunting the remedy. Then he dies.

"Now, that is murder, cold-blooded, premeditated murder. The man who furnishes the concoction is a murderer, and the newspapers and magazines which publish the advertisement are accessories to the crime."

The writer continues in the same article to indict the American Government with being a partner in this great wrong, of which newspapers will not complain because of the revenues accruing therefrom. "The business in fraudulent 'cures' amounts to \$100,000,000 a year, and you can depend upon it that those hundred millions of dollars are on the job at Washington. There is not the faintest shadow of an excuse for Congress not taking action. It is only a question of how long a hundred millions can hold out against public opinion.

"The crooks who operate these get-rich-quick medical concerns think so much faster than the law-makers who are lagging on their trail that they will probably never be dealt with effectively until Congress is finally compelled to pass the law creating the National Bureau of Health. The publicity that will be given by that body, and the active measures it will be able to take will finally result in driving the medical fakers out of business. And yet there are a great many misguided people who are opposed to the National Bureau of Health."

After instancing the lying advertisements about cancer cure, rheumatism cures, nerve cure, weak women cures, Dr. McCarthy says: "These frauds often

constitute murder. The faker has no particular victim in view, but he is as much a murderer as the assassin who shoots into a crowd. What gives him the courage to continue in his crimes is the fact that there is practically no penalty attached. A prison sentence is a rarity, and the fines are trifling compared with the money to be made. A \$20 fine is big. In the case of a headache powder, which contained so much heart-depressant that it was

bound to cause death in a certain percentage of cases, the manufacturer was let off on the payment of \$2. A cancer faker, who had to pay \$25, must have felt abused. But, even at that, one cannot help wondering why Johnson, of Kansas City, took the trouble to fight his case in the courts. All he needed to do was to make a slight alteration in the name of his cancer concoction and go on advertising."

The Founder of the Chatauquas

Bishop John Heyl Vincent couldn't go to college, and as a consequence nearly three-quarters of a million people all over the world have had an opportunity for self education through Chautauqua reading courses and lectures. On February 23, 1912, representatives of this army showed that they remembered the "father of the Chautauqua idea." It was the Bishop's eightieth birthday, and from the far and near corners of the world, from Keokuk to Calcutta, there came a flood of letters to Bishop Vincent's home in Chicago, homage from people of all races.

The story of the career of the founder of "chatauquas" is told by Henry O. Yen, in *The World's Work*. "Sixty-two years ago, in 1850, Circuit Rider Vincent, carrying his message from cabin to cabin in the Pennsylvania hill country, was forced to face the fact that a university course was not for him.

In 1874 the circuit rider, now in charge of the Sunday School work of the Methodist church, caused the first Chautauqua Assembly to be held at Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. Primarily, his idea was to stimulate and broaden the work of Sunday School teachers of the Methodist Church. But in the eagerness with which it was received Bishop Vincent saw the opportunity for its broader mission of popular education.

He understood young folks, because he always has been young at heart himself. He knew the yearning of the young for knowledge, and their bitter disappointment when circumstances kept them from acquiring it. He had educated himself, by

the light of a cabin fire-place, as Lincoln had; now he began to educate others.

The growth of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has been one of the remarkable educational movements of this country. From the beginning in 1874 at Chautauqua the movement has spread to most countries of the world. Close to 750,000 names now are on the rolls of the Chautauqua courses. They embrace all the races of mankind and most of the nationalities. Fifty thousand visitors come to the original home of the movement, Chautauqua, N.Y., every summer; and there are few towns in this country in which Chautauqua assemblies are not an influence at assembly time.

Bishop Vincent has worked longer than most men live. He was born in Tusculoosa, Ala., in 1832. He grew up in Pennsylvania. He became a minister in the Jersey District of the Methodist Church in 1850, when he was only 18. His talents made the Sunday School his natural field of work, and Sunday Schools as they exist to-day are largely due to his efforts. He was the pioneer in this work. He established the Sunday School "Quarterly," and he was one of the originators and promulgators of the system of International Sunday School Lessons, that have carried their message to the young of all peoples. He worked for sixteen years to complete his scheme of Sunday School labor. These years won him international fame before he was 35.

He became Bishop Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1888, and serv-

ed as bishop in Buffalo and Topeka. In 1900 he was placed in charge of the European missionary work of the church, with headquarters at Zurich, Switzerland. He remained there for four years. His work in the mission field has taken him on seven journeys through Europe, two African tours, and once across the Andes. In 1904

he was retired, but he has continued serving as preacher to Harvard, Yale, Wellesley, Cornell, and other colleges. He is equally at home in the cabin of the settler and in the halls of a great university.

At eighty, after sixty-two years of work, Bishop Vincent lives, and enjoys living, in his home near the University of Chicago.

The Old Order Changeth: The New Optimism

Mrs Elinor Glyn, a Canadian, has contributed an extremely interesting article to Nash's magazine under the title "The Old Order Changeth." In reply to those who are constantly preaching a gospel of national decadence, and deploring the restless spirit of the times as something which is leading us on to destruction, Mrs. Glyn has voiced a sound and philosophic optimism which should effectually silence the calamity howlers and quiet the fears of those who may have permitted themselves to believe we are trembling to-day upon the brink of black dissolution.

The outlook is wide and the treatment vigorous. "The Old Order Changeth, giving place to New; and it would be well to realise this everlasting fact before we decide that the world is waxing evil, and the times are waxing late. And who can say that out of the seething of the present some noble and glorious ideals of life for men and women may not spring?

"Surely it is unwise to read in the writing upon the wall, as so many do, only a pessimistic presage of inevitable death. If there is writing for students of evolution to read, then it should be taken as a warning indication which direction to avoid and which to take. Unrest is a sign, not of decay, but of life. Stagnation alone gives warning of death.

"And there are a number of facts to be faced before we can give an opinion either way.

"The first of these is, that all civilized nations are endeavoring to stamp out ignorance and disease, and that an enormous advance in this direction can be observed in the last fifty years. And, taking a general view of the civilized peoples, a far

greater number of their units now lead less dreadful and degraded lives.

"And surely these indications of mankind's advancement are as plain as are some other signs of decline.

"The stirring up of the masses by insufficient education is bound to produce unrest, and until the different elements have assorted themselves into their new places in the scheme of things, how can there be tranquillity? All is out of balance, and has disturbed the machinery of the country's life, for the time being. But if the aim has been for enlightenment, the eventual outcome must be good.

"All scum in a boiling pot rises to the top, and makes itself seen, concealing the pure liquid beneath, until it is skimmed off. And so we have political demagogues shouting the untenable fallacy that all men are equal, together with other flamboyant nonsense; and hooligan suffragists smashing windows. But all these are only the scum upon the outside of a great upward movement in mankind, and are not to be taken as the incontestable proof of the vicious condition of the whole mass.

"The spirit that is abroad, though one of great unrest, is not one of decadence, but of progress. But it would be folly not to admit that there are aspects of it which presage disaster unless directed, just as the pot will boil over if not watched."

In an interesting way the writer proceeds to scrutinize, with unemotional common sense, some of the causes of the present state of things and to analyse the new conditions produced by what she terms "new thought."

"The modern spirit is full of what Edmond Holmes calls the desire to ask the

teacher or person in authority for his credentials. And if these are not entirely satisfactory, the influence he can hope to wield will be nil.

"To deplore anything that may happen to a country, or to ourselves, is waste of time. We should search for the reason of it, and if it proves to be because there is some ineradicable cause, intelligence should then be used to better the condition which results. Worship of something glorious and beyond ourselves will always swell the human heart, and if the accepted forms of the religion of a country can no longer produce this emotion, it is not because the human heart is changing, but because there is something in those forms which no longer fulfils its mission.

"The first principle of that great and wonderful wave of "New Thought" which is sweeping over America, and is beginning to find some understanding in this country, is that the responsibility of each individual's well-being rests with himself, and that his environment is the result of what his consciousness has been able to attract to himself.

"And, as no one limits us but ourselves, as soon as a man's consciousness begins strongly to create in his own mind new and better conditions, he will inevitably draw them to himself in fact. From God there can emanate nothing but Good. It is the individual's own action which brings his punishment, or reward. If this fundamental principle could be investigated by responsible scientists, unhampered by theological influences, and with no prejudice as to the idea's being regarded as a mere *culte*, its exactness could perhaps be mathematically proved beyond a cavilling doubt. Possibly then the doctrine might be allowed to be taught in the public schools, to the everlasting benefit of the growing race.

"To say the least of it, it would inculcate an immense self-respect.

"There should not be, and I believe there is not, any law which can prevent the lowest in the land from rising to the highest place—if *he is fitted for it*. It is the ceaseless cry of the unfit unit for some situation above his capabilities, which is a distressing feature of modern life. But, even in this, the spirit shown in the desire to rise is good; while if he had the will to fit himself for what he aspires to, it would

be splendid and great. And these are the men and women who succeed, no matter what avocations they may be engaged in. The others, the shouters, only hamper the wheels of progress and fall eventually as the dust in the ruts.

"Parts of the crude spirit of the Great Unrest of to-day manifests itself by the efforts of those beneath to demonstrate in words that they are the equals of those above them. And, pitiful and ridiculous as this is, the spirit arose in good. It is because those underneath *desire* to be the equals of those above them, that they use the only means their limited understandings provide them with, to try to obtain their ends. You never hear of numbers of people shouting that they are the equals of the tramp in the street!

"So it shows that even in this, the Great Unrest is an uplifting force. And when reason and education have directed its current, surely we may hope that we shall arise again as a nation, like a giant refreshed with wine."

The conclusion of the article is striking.

"The main attribute of any religion, of any ethical teaching, of any principle—to be of use to English men and women at the present stage of their development—*must* be incontestable common sense. Ridiculous sentimentally should be ruthlessly crushed, and investigation of the meaning of Nature should be strenuously encouraged. And with clear eyes we should try to see the truth. Let those born fighters who like fighting for fighting's sake, and who now wage war against windmills, being armed with prejudice and false conceptions of man's place in relation to God, turn their belligerent powers to the demolition of the double-headed Hydra, Hypocrisy and Deceit.

"It is the duty of every true Englishman and woman at this hour of their country's day to begin to THINK, to weigh for himself or herself the meanings of the signs of the times, to use their critical faculties, to face facts honestly, unhampered by prudery, convention, or the doctrines of the Church. And then they will see for themselves that the Great Unrest is a force, the direction of which, for good or ill, lies in their own hands. And according to the way they fulfil the responsibility entailed upon them in this matter. they or their

children will reap the reward, or pay the price. The Great Unrest in its seething is still molten metal, which can be poured into what mould we will.

"To call this great Unrest a sign of decadence and a presage of destruction, would be as fallacious as to say that electricity is an entirely mischievous force. Both are mischievous when undirected, and both are glorious when used for good.

"The test of the expansion of man's soul is the extent of its outlook. The puny spirit sees an hour or two ahead; the more advanced probably conceives plans to benefit himself and his loved ones day by day. The developed soul desires the good of his country. But the soul that is infinite and emancipated sees into eternity and demands of God the regeneration of humanity."

The Beneficial Sleeping Porch

The advantages of the modern sleeping porch are forcibly brought to the attention of the public by Theodore M. Fisher, who, writing in *Suburban Life*, sounds this note of warning:

As a nation, we are awakening to the realization that we are in some ways paying dearly for the comforts and conveniences of the sheltering roof. With the development of our industrial life and the tremendous growth of the cities, we have changed from a race of dwellers in the open to one which spends not only its sleeping hours, but also much of the daytime within doors.

In view of the fact that no substitute for fresh air has yet been found, it is inevitable that those who go from ill-ventilated stores and factories to homes whose air is usually as impure and insufficient will, even if naturally strong, become open to the attacks of pneumonia and tuberculosis.

The tremendous toll of lives yearly due to these diseases shows clearly that we are having to reckon a cost in human life for the unnatural conditions of living that have come with our boasted civilization and commercial growth. It is well to sound the call to the "simple life," and urge a return to the country. Surely, much can be accomplished in these directions, but, when all is said and done, the percentage of city population will not be greatly reduced, for the modern city has so much of worth to hold men, and so truly represents the best things of our age, as well as the worst, that it will always remain the attractive force that it is to-day.

It will be one of the big problems of the

future, then, to make our cities as healthful as possible. Aside from conditions of crushing labor, probably the biggest physical handicap to be removed is that of the inadequate ventilation which is characteristic of the vast majority of the factories, stores, and homes of our country.

Those with the means and leisure for outdoor sports and recreations can; in a measure, thus overcome the injurious effects of the poor ventilation to which they are subjected during working hours; but the fact remains that to-day, in the building of even the most comfortable homes, little or no thought is given to the vital question of providing a systematic supply of pure air.

This defect has its most serious effect in compelling the occupants to depend on open windows for the ventilation of their sleeping-apartments at night. The result is that neither in summer or winter is sufficient air provided. During warm weather, even if all the windows are open, it is practically impossible to overcome the stuffy atmosphere that is usual within doors during the summer; and in winter, the occupant not wishing to dress in a cold room, usually deludes himself into the belief that one window raised a trifle will give him plenty of fresh air.

The open-air sleeping-porch, or balcony, is the up-to-date solution of the important problem of providing the best conditions for our hours of nightly rest.

Built adjoining the bedroom, the sleeping-porch gives its occupant all the benefits of sleeping out-of-doors, and the former room for a comfortable dressing-room the

temperature of which, during winter months, need not be lowered by open windows.

Originally devised as an adjunct to the cure of tuberculosis, the sleeping-porch is fast outgrowing this limited use, for it is being recognized as of almost incalculable value in maintaining health. It is not, in any sense, a "cure-all," but a preventative. The effects of being able to breathe deeply of nature's vitalizing element in unlimited quantity, during the hours when the body is recuperating from the day's work, cannot be other than beneficial.

If the sleeping-out habit is held to (and, when thoroughly tried, it usually is) its devotee cannot fail to reap the rich reward of increased vitality, calmer nerves, and consequently greater efficiency and keener enjoyment of life.

For those of low vitality and a tendency toward the "blues," which are often found together, sleeping in the open air frequently does wonders. It is readily seen that growing children are greatly benefited by the change from the indoor bedroom to the sleeping-porch.

While sleeping-porches can be provided better when the house is planned than as an after-thought, it is entirely practical, as a rule, to add them to a completed dwelling. When the home is a one-storey cottage, the corner of a large veranda may be enclosed with adjustable canvas curtains for the purpose, or a small porch, just large enough for a bed, may be constructed adjoining the bedroom. In the latter case, a window can be easily changed into a doorway.

In adding a sleeping-porch to a two-story house, frequently there is a balcony that can be adapted to the purpose, or the space over a down-stairs veranda can be used. Lacking both, the sleeping-porch can be supported on brackets.

The most modern system admits many ways in which the sleeping-porch can be added to the home. With respect to the arrangement of the porch itself and the structural details, it may be well to say a few words. The points to keep in mind

are the protection of the occupant from inclement weather, his comfort, and a free circulation of air at all times. To exclude rain or snow, the roof of the sleeping-porch should not only be substantially built, but should have a wide overhang. The sides of the porch may be solidly inclosed to a height of two or three feet, with screened openings above, or left entirely open except for screening, which is always desirable. Heavy canvas curtains, set to roll from the bottom, will keep out storm and insure privacy. When the occupant has retired, these can be lowered by a simple adjustable cord and pulley device. When the porch is of the extra size of some shown in the pictures, glass sash, which may be fitted for winter use, provides a cheerful sun-parlor for the daytime. If such use is intended, an extension of the heating-system is advisable when practicable. The sun will give sufficient warmth in fair weather, but when winter storms abound, artificial heat generally proves a necessity for comfort.

Electric wiring of the sleeping-porch, if such lights are used in the house, is easily arranged, and has the further advantage of making possible the use of an electric heating-pad, to warm the bed in cold weather.

It should be remembered that everything needed to make the occupant comfortable is desirable. The bed should be thoroughly warmed before retiring, by heating-pad, hot-water bottles, or other means, whenever necessary, for the beneficial effects of sleeping out can be nullified, and even injury done, by making it in any way a test of physical endurance.

The penetration of cold through the mattress from beneath, which is a source of discomfort, can be largely prevented by laying one or more thicknesses of paper between it and the springs. As undue weight of bedding prevents restful sleep, care should be taken, in severe weather, to provide only such as is both light and warm. The head may be protected by an extra coverlet which has an opening for the face. For those who live in northern states where the winters are especially cold, a sleeping-bag will be found the best means of protection on the sleeping-porch.

Mr. Balfour at Leisure

"Mr. Balfour at Leisure," is the title of a racy sketch by Harold Spender in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. As a lover of golf the ex-premier is well known. Few, however, are aware that he is accomplished in music. "As a musician, indeed," says the article, "Mr. Balfour is not a mere amateur, but a musician among musicians. Everyone who attends concerts in London is familiar with his presence; and some of his oldest private friends—and Mr. Balfour has many friends—are among the musicians. Men like Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Villiers Stanford and Mr. Fuller Maitland—all friends of his—do not attract Mr. Balfour because of their political views. They attract him because they give him some relief from politics, and because they take him far away from that hard, arid strife into the mystic world of melody and harmony.

Side by side with this love of music, and doubtless connected with it, is Mr. Balfour's passion for philosophy. There, again, Mr. Balfour is no amateur. He is distinguished as a philosopher among the philosophers. He could have argued with Plato, and would not have been silenced by Socrates. I wonder how many of Mr. Balfour's followers have read his essay on "Philosophic Doubt." They certainly ought to read it. Both in thought and style it is a remarkable book, well within the first rank of contributions to human speculation. Its only fault is that it is giddily sceptical. The aim is to found faith on doubt. One closes the book perhaps feeling rather vague about the faith, but very sure about the doubt.

He is always ready to escape from all

this variety to his quiet home at Whittinghame, far from the crowd, among a people that loves him. Mr. Balfour is a very good landlord. I remember once meeting a Radical canvasser who had been canvassing in Mr. Balfour's own village. "I am bound to say I was deeply impressed," he said. "I found that Mr. Balfour had left his people complete freedom. He brings no influence to bear. He lets them vote as they like." Perhaps in his own village he likes to escape. It used to be one of the vexations of the wirepullers that Mr. Balfour could always get away from them to Whittinghame. Once there, he settled down to an easy scheme of family life, almost always with his sister or his brother Gerald Balfour and Lady Betty Balfour and their children staying in the house—reading, golfing, walking, talking. At those times Mr. Balfour threw aside the partisan, and seemed to open his mind to new impressions. For that is what always prevents Mr. Balfour from being a narrow man—the openness to new impressions.

Mr. Balfour has, for instance, always taken a profound interest in the new developments of science and engineering, especially motoring and flying. We all remember his flight in an aeroplane at Hendon. There you come across the scientific interest which he inherits from his uncle, and has made him the intimate friend of so many eminent men of science. It is the other side of his philosophic interest. As a philosopher he denies the premises of all science. As a scientist he accepts the premises and loves to extend the conclusions.

Co-Education Detracts from Marriage

In the first of the series of articles on "The American Girl" in the *May Woman's Home Companion*, the author, J. Nilsen Laurvik, makes the following comments:

"Co-education has done more than anything else to rob marriage of its attractions,

by divesting the man of most of his old-time glamour and romance. This early contact with the other sex on a footing of equality, which the majority of girl students more than maintain intellectually, has tended to produce that contempt of the much-vaunted superiority of man that is

as a rule reserved for those postnuptial discoveries which make marriage such an interesting venture. The American girl comes to realize only too soon that intellectually and culturally the man is often her inferior. She pursues her interests farther than does the man who very generally subordinates his interest in the fine arts to his one desire to succeed in business or in some particular profession.

"In this respect the influence of the higher education has exactly the opposite effect upon American girls to that of the German or Scandinavian girls. In these countries every movement directed toward giving a woman a greater share in communal life has so far contributed toward establishing the idea of the home and the family more firmly than ever. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that all these efforts toward enlarging woman's life have sprung from one basic idea: the right of every woman to a home and children.

"And inasmuch as the general education of the young men of those countries is on a relatively higher plane than here, the higher education of their women has only resulted in bringing the two sexes nearer together, contributing new charms and possibilities of comradeship to the family life. It has made for mutual respect and admiration founded on an intellectual and spiritual equality in which both find a fertile field of happy co-operation. The girls of those countries look forward with keen anticipation to being mistresses of their own households, and the character of the higher education on the whole is of a kind to make the young women better fitted for marriage. This is probably due to a mixture of practicality with ideality, such as

we are only now beginning to feel the need of in American colleges and universities.

"What has marriage to offer in compensation for the many things of which it deprives her, is a question that the young Miss of to-day asks herself with a growing scepticism. What opportunities of enjoyment does it hold that are not open to her before marrying? And with an increasing sophistication she confidently answers, 'None,' weighing with the greatest nicety the actual and known joys of girlhood against the problematical and restricted joys of wifehood. And not infrequently all the fuss and feathers attending her engagement is merely the paraphernalia of the most delightful make-believe ever invented, in which the girl pretends to the man that she regards him as the noblest and handsomest of human beings, while secretly in her heart she feels herself superior to him or any other mere men! At least that is the half-veiled attitude to-day in certain sections of American society, whose women members have come to adopt definitely the view that the girl has nothing to expect from marriage that she did not already possess; that, instead, she is confronted with certain definite duties, attendant upon the care of a household which, if not positively distasteful to her, are certainly not to be regarded as sources of actual pleasure. It must be admitted that she is far oftener right than wrong in arriving at this conclusion, and who will blame her for refusing to allow herself to be either cajoled or coerced into assuming a relationship that offers so few opportunities for self-development as does the average home of to-day?"

What is a Public Library?

The drastic changes which are being brought about in public libraries in America are described in *Everybody's Magazine* by Helen Lockwood Coffin, who declares that "all over the world the unexpected is happening under library roof-trees. What has become of the institution which, as everybody knows, and every dictionary tells us, is "a collection of books?"

In Evanston, Illinois, the public library lends pianola rolls.

The public library in Madison, Wisconsin, owns and operates a moving picture "show."

There's a pay room and gymnasium in the Leith Walk Library in Edinburgh.

The Islington Library, in an outlying district of London, is a first aid to travel-

ers, with a complete and up-to-the-minute collection of time-tables for all the railroads in Great Britain.

The library in Binghamton, New York, conducts a technical school, with classes in cookery, marketing, mechanical and electrical engineering, architecture, and drawing, and any other courses for which there may be a demand.

Fourteen clubs and organizations of all sorts hold their regular meetings in the library at Nashville, Tennessee.

A business man's information bureau is in operation in the library at Newark, New Jersey, where current business directories of practically every city in the world, city maps, geological surveys, and post and automobile routes, are accessible, even by telephone.

Belfast, Ireland; Cardiff, Wales; Jackson, Michigan; Lynn, Massachusetts; Denver, Colorado—in fact, scores of libraries conduct yearly lecture courses.

They have Christmas festivals and Maypole parties in the branch libraries of St. Louis, Missouri.

It is only now and then a little old-fashioned library, tucked away in the corner somewhere, that abides by precedent and is content merely to collect books.

The development of the modern library is significant history. In the Dark Ages it existed for the sake of preserving books and conserving learning. With the invention of printing, books became common and libraries ordinary. The usual course with an innovation was followed: First came a rush to the libraries; then the familiarity which breeds contempt; then the swing of the pendulum in the other direction.

Here in our own country, library history ebbs and flows according to these laws. We had, first, libraries supported by subscription; then those supported by public tax, followed by a great wave of interest in library problems of technique. Associations of librarians were formed, library schools opened, and conferences held at all times and seasons to discuss ways and means of cataloguing and classifying, to determine how far the label should be from the bottom of the book, and how much to charge for overdue books. Librarians became technically mad.

With the opening of this century began the retreat. The public drifted away from books into the great outdoors: to the baseball game, the automobile, even the airship. The literary browser was looked upon as anaemic; the real flesh-and-blood man had time only for his newspaper, his weekly digest, possibly the year's review of the greatest sellers.

Librarians worried. Circulation reports showed alarming illness; pulse-beats grew fainter and fainter. Something was wrong; but what was it? Library conferences, instead of considering ways of cataloguing, discussed ways of people. Somebody suggested that the libraries give the people books that dealt with the things which were attracting popular attention. The suggestion was unanimously adopted. The automobile man, the business man, the school teacher, the football player, the mother in the home—each was attacked with a carefully constructed library list on his absorbing preoccupation.

The public came; but it didn't stay. Evidently it did not want to read books. Very well! What did the public want to do? It wanted to play, to be amused, to be recreated; it wanted action, brisk and stirring. It wanted to gossip, debate, discuss, talk back. Again very well! The public library would give it what it wanted. Hence the moving picture show, the pianola rolls, the lecture courses and debates, the classes and business departments, the Christmas parties and Maypoles. Eureka! The scheme worked. The people came. The people stayed. The library became—a Social Centre!

The librarians caught themselves up. Was this what they wanted? Was this what a library was for? What *was* a public library, anyhow?

Charters were unearthed; dictionaries and encyclopedias were consulted. As a rule, they defined from the standpoint of the Middle Ages, before the invention of printing and the consequent flood of books. These definitions were declared outlawed by the time limit and were not admitted as arguments by the librarians who supported the social centre idea. Nothing daunted, those who favored what might be called the cultural interpretation of a library's mission went delving into charters. Their argument was refuted by

a quotation from the charter of the Redwood Library, of Newport, Rhode Island, founded in 1747, which said the purpose of that institution was "to inform the mind to reform the practice." A stroke of genius, that phrasing! It began to look as if that which we thought a distortion of the public library was simply an evolution—a natural fruit from a growing organism.

The public library of Cleveland, Ohio, has come to be, in a measure, the type of the cultural public library of America. It is one of the most progressive, successful, and popular in the country. It never lowers itself by catchy advertising; it is prevented by a clause in its charter from active use as a social centre. It issues bulletins generously and keeps in close, sympathetic touch with its patrons, but always with the frank purpose of raising the standard of reading.

Perhaps the attitude of this library is shown most clearly in its selection of stories to be told in the story hours given for children each week. In other libraries, the stories selected for telling are of a miscellaneous character, classic and near-classic combined, with an intermingling of biography, nature, science and travel. Each story told is selected as a sample of the treasures in the library to which it is deemed advisable to introduce children.

Not so in Cleveland. There only the classics are told to children; and they are told in cycles, and the same cycles are retold year after year. There is no attempt to use the story hour for advertising the library: it is used simply for the development of a taste for cultural reading. In

Cleveland they have trained story-tellers, who tell the Greek Myth Cycle, the Norse Myth Cycle, the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Nibelungenlied, and the King Arthur and Robin Hood legends. They tell what they know to be the best stories ever told; Cleveland considers this sort of training the mission of the public library.

The public library of St. Louis stands as a type of the other sort of institution; it is just as progressive, popular and successful as Cleveland, but it is more definitely a social centre than any other in the country. In a recent address before a social service conference, the librarian, Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, said that the work of the library was divided into two parts, educational and recreational, and that both were social service.

This social work reaches the highest mark in the branch libraries, because they are smaller and can come into more intimate relations with the neighborhood in which they are located. Here are held club meetings, church conferences, Christmas festivals, May parties, school graduation exercises, cadet drills, mothers' meetings, classes, and so on through all the diverse interests of the usual social centre. The branch librarian makes a series of house-to-house visits, interesting the people in the library, and discovering by personal contact the needs and desires of her constituency.

"Whatever the public needs," says Dr. Bostwick, "it is the duty of the public library to supply. The public library is a public utility."

The Biggest Idea Before Business To-day

The following is a highly condensed extract as published in the *Efficiency Magazine* from an address before a thousand New York business men by Herbert M. Casson:

What is Efficiency?

There are four periods in the life of a business. It begins, not with efficiency at all, but with an invention—some idea that

originates with some one man, like Fulton, who invented the steamboat; with Bell, who invented the telephone, or Morse, who invented the telegraph. They were not efficient men. They were inventors struggling with a new idea.

After the inventive period comes the period of development. Few men combine the inventive and developing faculties.

Carnegie couldn't invent. But he can take something somebody else has invented and develop it into a great business.

The third period is systematizing the organization, and the System period is the one in which we have been moving for the last ten or fifteen years. The inventive period seems to have been over. We don't invent, but we improve what has been invented, and we organize the men who have been working on it.

Now, we thought until the last few years that the last period in business was the period of System, and nothing could come after that. But we have found that there is something further than System—something further than organization and consolidation, and that is Efficiency.

In many lines we have clung to the policy of system until we have made it automatism. We used to think, if we could only get men who worked like machines! Machines worked hard; made no mistakes. Therefore, I will make my men like machines. In fifteen years from now the students of business will say that is the greatest mistake we have made. Because there are things machinery cannot do. Machinery doesn't think! It is better to have somebody work for you who THINKS, and we are coming back from the thing to the think!

Let me give a definition in four words. Efficiency is A HIGHER PERCENTAGE OF NET RESULTS. It is not more hustling and more hurrying and more driving and more frenzied business. It's how to work with less energy—not more; with less effort—not more!

The capitalist puts first his capital—his dividends. The trade union puts first the working man and the wages. But the first thing in importance is the JOB. And neither the capitalist nor worker can have as high dividends or as high wages as they ought to have until they put an end to their senseless fighting and begin to think of the JOB! Think of the job, and you will raise dividends and wages and salaries.

The old method of manufacturing was simply a one-man system. The factory

was bossed by a manager and the line of authority was single and straight. The boss was supposed to know about everything, but as a matter of fact he didn't. No boss does. He was the boss only by authority, not knowledge.

The line of authority must be single and straight, but the line of knowledge can be a very different thing, and above the boss can be a number of young men who are specialists in different lines—functional foremen, as we call them. Every factory ought to have not only a boss, but also a "plant brain." Ten or fifteen men who are all specialists in some one thing ought to combine and plan and tell the boss what is the best thing to do.

In advertising the first lesson of efficiency is Attention. Take notice. The good advertising man is the man who notices everything.

The next lesson is this. There are three classes of the public to whom you can go—the Impossible, the Possible, the Dead Sures. The Impossible are out of reach. The Dead Sures you needn't bother with. But advertise always to the Possibles.

An advertisement is built like a house. There must be four elements in it—look, like, learn, buy. It must attract attention; must be pleasing; give information, and it **MUST MAKE THE READER BUY THE GOODS.**

There are three standpoints from which to write an advertisement—the standpoint of the advertiser, the goods and the public. If I say, "I want to sell gloves," that's bad. If I say, "My gloves are good," that's better. If I say, "You need to cut your glove bill down," that's best of all, because I'm talking from the public's viewpoint.

Efficiency means, in the larger sense, putting our civilization on the thought basis, not on the habit basis. Machinery is the thought arm, the thought muscle; the railroad is the thought feet; the telephone is the thought ear; the telescope is the thought eye; the phonograph the thought voice. And we are trying to put our lives upon a thought basis so that we shall act as intelligent beings all the time.

How to Break in the New Man in Business

Experience, the proverb says, is a costly taskmaster. He is all the more so because so much of what he charges is paid indirectly. The modern prophets of efficiency and scientific management consequently devise laborious methods of cutting down these indirect charges. Were the new employee, at the close of his first day's work, L. S. Weatherley remarks in *Business*, to walk into the cashier's office, unconcernedly take a five dollar bill, then drop into the stock room and appropriate stock to the same value, his ten-dollar trip would secure him an immediate discharge. Yet the intangible cost of breaking in a new employee may be even greater than ten dollars a day. The average employer rarely considers this indirect loss. Less than ten per cent. of those who employ fifty or more workers give systematic attention to the problem of how to enable the employee to make his start at the least expense.

An experienced manager divides the errors most frequently made by a new employee into three groups. First, there is the actual loss in money. A new salesman goes out on the road without knowing how to travel his territory economically. This means an increase in expenses. He naturally fails to obtain the volume of business which could be secured. This also is an immediate loss which may be measured in dollars and cents. Second, and no less obvious, is the loss in material. A new designer is bound to make mistakes and destroy valuable fabrics. The new stenographer covers up her errors by rewriting faulty letters, using up needlessly a considerable amount of stationery.

Third, and most important, is the indirect loss. A new clerk offends an old customer; a new workman put on responsible work holds back for fear of making a blunder that may be traced to him; a new department manager violates the unwritten rules of the office and under-employees slow up in their work—a most insidious form of loss. The cost of the third group can only be computed. Shop employees, it is claimed, cost, on an average, twenty to thirty per cent. of their wages the first three months. After this period the fig-

ures vary widely, according to the efficiency of the man.

Office employees make a better showing. The loss in their case is equivalent to from fifteen to eighteen per cent. of their salaries, because the office is usually much better systematized than the shop. The "breaking-in-cost" of salesmen cannot be accurately determined. Frequently a salesman who is used to confront new problems every day falls, cat-like, on his feet at once. If he fails, the cost of breaking him in may equal or exceed his entire salary. Approximately one-fourth of the salaries paid to new employees in the first three months of their work is paid for nothing except experience.

Every efficient manager evolves methods of his own for decreasing the waste involved. The manager of a great mail order house thus describes his experience with a new employee:

"I had hired, as I thought, a very capable man, when I found he was making a great many errors. As I was checking up, as far as possible, the mistakes he had made, it occurred to me that not only had his immediate predecessor made about the same ones, but that every new department head—there had been four or five within the last six years—went through the same list of wrong inferences and actions. This led to an interesting investigation. I found that the list was made up of certain traditional errors that a new man was pretty sure to make; others that he was liable to make; while in another class were scattering mistakes — not directly traceable to the new man.

"While I had the investigation in hand, I made a list of probable errors for each department. When a new man was put in charge, not only did I have a series of talks with him about the mistakes he was liable to make, but a specific 'list of probable errors' with instructions how to avoid them, was one of the first things I gave him. This tended to place him sharply on his guard and effectually forestalled his coming to me with an excuse for making any of the errors against which I had warned him.

"Noting the success of this method, I later went further; I not only listed the probable errors, but added the best methods, not only of avoiding them, but of doing positive work in their place. Even further than that, I listed schemes which might look plausible, but would prove only time-wasters. Past records on try-outs on schemes gave me a basis from which to do this, so I not only headed off usual errors, but stopped the new employee from the waste incidental to following off blind leads. As a

result no department head comes to me now with a 'new' scheme that he has spent many hours and much gray matter on, only to find that it is of the vintage of '90—and failed then, at that."

Another manager dwells on the importance of imbuing the new employee with the firm's point of view. He carefully examines the work-record of a supplanted employee with his immediate successor. "First," he says, "I take up the strong points of the former employee. I am par-

ticular to show with what certainty output of work is made known to us. This tends to impress upon the new employee the fact that in any business—as ours—there is no excuse for failure to get output, something that many otherwise good men tend to overlook. As the new man notes the daily record of output of the man preceding him together with my comments upon it, he is apt to make some pretty strong resolutions, not only to keep up the old record, but to go it considerably better."

Must Big Business Go?

What shall we do with the great industrial giants? Shall we regulate them or shall we destroy them? Frank Y. Gladney, writing in *The Outlook*, boldly affirms that Big Business must be crushed. If, he remarks, by some inexplicable caprice, nature should bring forth a prodigious human being of five hundred times the bulk and the strength of the average man, he would completely upset the usages of the community in which he lived. He would obstruct streets, ruin sidewalks, and smash men and trees beneath his feet. To grant such a being the fundamental guarantee of equality before the law, and the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, would stretch the Constitution to the cracking point. Conduct that would be perfectly well-intentioned on his part would produce havoc among us. If he should cough, he might shatter windows and eardrums—but surely one has a right to cough? If he should dive into a public bathing pool, bystanders might be drowned—but by what law could we brand his action as manslaughter? This seems grotesque extravagance no doubt. Yet, Mr. Gladney affirms, when we turn our thoughts to the world of commerce and trade, the fantastic disparity just sketched has an exact counterpart in reality. There are aggregations of capital energized and directed by a single control of five hundred times the proportions and the power of the average unit of capital in the same business.

"No one can deny that a concern of \$100,000 is every day pitted in rivalry against an

organization of \$50,000,000, and if the issue of the contest can be made to turn upon sheer strength of capital, the annihilation of the former is as inexorable as destiny. The issue can be, and is being, made to so turn, and the small business enterprise is disappearing like the insects before an approaching storm. Moreover, with our present ideas and the established rules and regulations, we seem to be as powerless to control and restrain the dinosaurs and Cyclops of commerce and trade as we would be to contend with their physical counterparts in biology.

"Take a business that, because of the cost of transportation, is local in character, such as the manufacture and sale of brick or ordinary foundation stone. A concern with \$25,000 capital is operating successfully within a circle of one hundred miles radius. It is making and selling good brick at a price that is reasonably profitable to it and satisfactory to the builders. It is a going and successful business, whether our view-point is the proprietor or the community. Its giant rival has, we will say, \$12,500,000 invested, not only in brick plants operating in ten or twenty different centers, including the one occupied by the small enterprise, but in allied enterprises as well. Now, if we grant that the existence and financial strength of the small enterprise form the only resistance to the dominance of the large organization in that locality, it is obvious that big business, by lowering prices in that locality below the cost of production, can utterly destroy its small rival. Since a reduction in price will take the business, \$12,500,000 can force \$25,000 to share equally in a common loss that will ruin the latter."

This, the writer insists, is competition in losses. Under normal circumstances big business makes a big aggregate profit and the small enterprise makes a relatively small aggregate profit, and both prosper in proportion. When, however, industrial survival is made to depend upon the power to sustain mutual losses rather than to

gain proportionate profits, the disparity in capital is such that the loss which is only relative to the large concern is absolute to the small one.

"If the small rival could make price-cutting affect the entire volume of the trade, then the aggregate loss would be borne not equally but proportionately by big and little business. Big business, in a vein of lachrymose pessimism, would call that 'ruinous' competition. When the loss affects only a portion of the trade and results in the destruction of the small concern, that is called 'economic predestination' or a 'result of industrial evolution,' or it may be designated by any other mellifluous occultation. Where the business is not localized it is necessary for big business to procure a list of customers, and in selling to them at cut prices to avoid the appearance of making a discrimination unfavorable to the volume of its established trade. These things require some indirection and subterfuge; to get the names and addresses of the customers it may be necessary to buy the confidence of a bookkeeper, billing clerk, or expressman. If big business is already selling its own goods to these patrons, then it must make use of a dummy corporation ostensibly self-controlled and independent, but in fact a mere selling agency. Through this commercial decoy, the same goods under a fabricated brand, name, and package are offered at a ruinous and losing but compelling price."

When we turn from competition in losses to competition in profits we are confronted by an equally astonishing state of affairs. "Competition in losses," to quote Mr. Gladney, "means the death of little business, but competition in profits just as certainly implicates the death of big business." Big business, we are told, will not and can not tolerate competition in profits. Big business compels the dealers to close the market to outside enterprise. It uses its power to prevent little business from obtaining raw materials, machinery, etc.; and forces the railroads to discriminate in rates and car accommodation. When all these devices fail, Mr. Gladney insists, big business swings the club of competition in losses and, stalking amid the ruin of little business soliloquizes on the wonders of economic predestination. The writer evokes again the image of his fancied Cyclops competing with one hundred workmen. The latter are forced to reduce their profits to a minimum. At last the monster reaches a point where he can no longer compete. What is to become of him? His temptation would be to seize his hammer and annihilate his rivals. But just now, the writer ironically remarks, we are writ-

ing fiction, not truth. So we will say that Cyclops is relegated to the scrap-heap of progress—huge, powerful, but inefficient.

"The situation of big business is precisely analogous to that of Cyclops in our fiction. Cyclops failed because his fixed, overhead charges exceeded his earnings when competition in profits forced down the price of stone. Under the circumstances with which we surrounded him, his living requirements exceeded his capacity to produce; or, stated shortly, appetite exceeded food-producing capacity. When a living organism requires for its sustenance more food than it can produce, it is over-capitalized. A parasite is over-capitalized one hundred per cent.; it eats all the time, but produces no food. A honey bee is the counterpart of a parasite; it produces many times the amount of food required to sustain it. The parasite is the unattainable ideal of New Jersey and big business; the honey bee is the perfect and unrealizable ideal of unsyndicated industry.

"Going back now, Cyclops in our fiction was ruined by a strained hypothesis. In dealing with big business we must put away assumption and forced hypothesis. Here we will start with facts. The facts as to the discrepancy between fixed, overhead charges and earning capacity—the excess of appetite over food-producing power—are notorious and indisputable. They have been compiled and set forth without bias toward big business. In the census of 1900 these are the figures on over-capitalization of industrial corporations:

Number of corporations listed	183
Number of plants	2,147
Par value of stock issued	\$3,085,200,868
Actual value of capital employed.	1,458,522,573

"According to these figures, the actual amount of money invested is 47.3 per cent. of the amount on which dividends, interest, or profits must be earned in order to enable big business to save its face. In strict arithmetical accuracy they may not represent the actual existing proportions. It makes no difference, they indicate what every one knows to be the fact, that big business has at its centre a big blow-hole, whether it be 50 per cent. or 25 per cent."

Adopting the foregoing figures as a convenient standard, it is evident that big business must earn enough profits out of an investment of \$47.00 to pay interest or dividends on \$100.00. Confronted with the excruciating alternative of perishing of inherent, incurable inefficiency or destroying by losses competition in profits, big business must do what Cyclops was tempted to do, namely, wield the huge bludgeon of competition in losses and use its immense power to close the market to outsiders.

"Such is the power of big business, such is its method of operation, such is the necessity for its destructive autocracy. The most painful fact remains to be stated: It cannot continue;

the issue is imminent and will out. Casuistry cannot evade, sophistry cannot conceal, the inertia of mass cannot withstand it. Moreover, it cannot much longer be postponed by tendering the exasperating consolation that in the long run competition in profits will win out. It will. But that is like pouring vinegar upon niter. No one cares anything about the long run. It is the short run, from red-top boots to six feet of heaving earth marked with a white slab, that is of overpowering importance to every business man. Independent enterprise, unsyndicated industry, isolated capital, conscious of its power and worth, knowing full well that it can thrive if it had the opportunity, that it can compete and prosper if there was any freedom to compete, keenly alive to the fact

that it does not carry at its centre a huge air bubble, that it can gain a profit at a price below the reach of big business—knowing all this, it knows also that day by day in the tears and sweat of frantic desperation it is being obliterated by the terrific might of capitalistic autocracy. To say that a small enterprise has a reciprocal right to compete in losses with big business is an affront to common sense. Such a right is parallel to the right of a guinea pig to trample an elephant. To say that a small dealer is free to accept or reject the coercive terms of big business is on a par with saying that the man with money in his pocket facing the black muzzle of a loaded revolver is free to surrender his money or not."

The Modern College Education

This sudden and enormous advance in the pursuit of technical studies, which have made the state universities formidable rivals to our older, privately endowed institutions, has aroused uncertainty as to the real object of collegiate training. Modern commercialism, which has said that you must touch liberal studies, if at all, in a utilitarian way, has swept in a mighty current through our American universities. The undergraduate is feeling increasingly the pressure of the outside modern world—the world not of values, but of dollars. The sense of strain, of rush and of anxiety which generally pervades our business, our public and our professional life, has pervaded the atmosphere in which men should be taught first of all to think and to grow, says Clayton Sedgwich in the *Century*.

It is far easier to turn out of our colleges mechanical experts than it is to create men who are thoughtful, men who know themselves and the world. The value of the modern man to society does not depend upon his ability to do always the same thing that everybody else is doing.

The educated leader should be in advance of his period. Independence born of thoughtfulness and self-control should mark his thought and decision. The world looks to him for assistance in vigorously resisting those deteriorating influences which would commercialize intellect, coarsen ideas and dilute true culture.

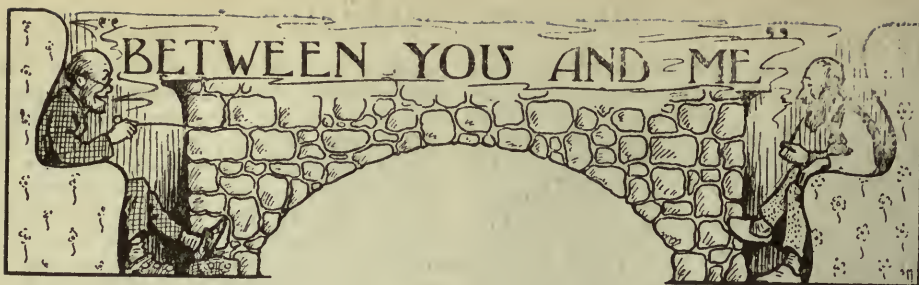
His hours of insight and vision in the

world of art, ideas, letters and moral discipline should assist him to will aright when high vision is blurred by the duties of the common day. His clearer conception of highest truth should lead him to hope when other men despair. Our colleges should train men who will be "trumpets that sing to battle" against all complacency, indifference and social wrong.

It is one thing for an undergraduate to go out from his institution expert in electrical science; it is quite another thing for him truly to discover the spirit of life itself, so that he is able to harmonize his expert ability with the broader and deeper life of the age in which he lives.

The pressing inquiry, then, for all undergraduate training is, Are we giving to our boys the kind of education which will fill their future life with meaning? A man must live with himself. He must be a good companion for himself. A college graduate, whatever his specialty should be able to spend an evening apart from the crowd. The theatre, the automobile, the lobster palace, were never intended to be the chief end of collegiate education.

A college course should give the undergraduate tastes, temperament and habits of reading. A graduate who studies to be a specialist in any line needs also the education which will give him depth, background and the historical significance of civilization and life in general.



DEPENDS ON HOW YOU SAY IT.

Bill (cheerfully): "Hello, Jack! Married yet?"

Jack (sadly): "Yes, married yet."

A SPRING WARNING.

"Here is a poem from a man in Sing-Sing."

"Print it to serve as a warning to other poets."

THAT PARAPLUIE.

"It was raining last night, and I went to two receptions. I had the bad luck to lose my umbrella at the second."

"Well, it was lucky you didn't lose it at the first."

"Oh, I got it there."

INSULTED.

A city visitor heard a farmer's wife say that she got up at four every morning, and the city visitor said, "You must go to bed with the chickens to be able to do that."

"Indeed, I have a nice house of my own," was the indignant reply.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

The head of the family had been reading an account of a rear-end collision on a railroad. As he laid the paper aside, he remarked, "I think that the last car on a train is always the most dangerous to ride in." Little Ethel, seated close by, passed several moments in deep thought. Then she looked up brightly. "Why don't they take it off, Papa?" she asked.

TAKING TO THE TALL TIMBER.

"Sisteren and bretheren," exhorted Uncle Abraham, a recent promotion from

the plow to the pulpit, "on de one side er dis here meetin'-house is a road leading to destruction, on de udder is a road gwine to hell and damnation. Which you gwine pursoo? Dar is de internal question: Which is you gwine pursoo?"

"Law, Brer Aberham," spoke Sister Eliza from the back pew, "I speck I'm er gwine home thoo de woods!"

A MARINE'S RETORT.

A chaplain in our navy enjoys telling of his endeavors to induce a marine to give up the use of tobacco.

During a talk that ensued between the two, the chaplain had said:

"After all, Bill, you must reflect that in all creation there is not to be found any animal except man that smokes."

The marine sniffed. "Yes," he agreed, "and you won't find, either, any other animal in all creation that cooks its food!"

UNCONVINCED.

Mr. Howells, according to a story that he tells himself, shares the fate of the prophets and heroes who are more esteemed abroad than in their own households. He says:

I got into an argument one day with my wife on the propriety of using a certain word in a sentence. My wife maintained there was no authority in favor of my usage, and I held that there was. So, to end the matter, I took the dictionary and looked it up.

"Ah," I said, "here it is, with just the usage I employed," and I read the justifying quotation aloud. But my wife was still dubious. "Who wrote that?" she wished to know.

Again I studied the printed page. "Why, it says 'Howells.'"

"Oh," answered my wife, with triumphant scorn, "he's no authority!"

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No. 3

Canada, Our Native Land

O Canada! our native land thou art!
We sing of thee, and gladness fills our heart.
Thou art a child of Britain's throne, an Empire vast and free.
We'll fight for King, and native land, and glorious liberty!
 God bless our land!
 God save our King!
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

O Canada! we love thy mountains high;
Thy fields so vast, that reach from sky to sky;
Thy beauteous lakes and waterfalls; thy wondrous majesty!
We'll fight for our inheritance, and glorious liberty!
 God bless our land!
 God save our King!
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

Lo! to the work of Empire bend thy power,
Thy latent forces, wondrous, vast, supreme!
Stand staunch for Britain's great regime! An Empire proud are we,
Proud of our King, our country's flag, and glorious liberty!
 God bless our land!
 God save our King!
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

From Charles Wesley McCrossan's "Canadian Heart Songs."

The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

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"Slipped down and into the crack, his legs hanging clear."

—See "Smoke Bellew," Page 45.

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No. 3

Canadians Must Learn to Think in Millions!

IN THE DEVELOPING AND PEOPLING OF HALF A CONTINENT, THE
DOMINION IS CONFRONTED WITH RESPONSIBILITIES AND
OPPORTUNITIES AS GREAT AS HAVE EVER BEEN
FACED BY ANY NATION IN THE HISTORY
OF THE WORLD

By J. Kerr Abbott

When on Dominion Day of this year Canadians contemplate the greatness of their country they must think in big figures. Millions are now being spent on great public works. Millions! Yes, hundreds of them. True, the outlay is heavy, but have we not often heard that this is Canada's growing time? With the wonderful opportunities have come tremendous responsibilities. In the development of our natural resources, in the assimilation of our foreign population, in the adjustment of differences between capital and labor, and in the rearing of a God-fearing and Christian people—in these Canada is confronted with problems as great as have ever faced any country in the history of the world. Canadians, indeed, must have vision and courage and determination. The Dominion Day talk which follows shows why.

THE Dominion Minister of Finance has obtained authority to spend over \$200,000,000 this year.

Two hundred millions! The mere suggestion of such an appropriation fifteen years ago would have made people gasp. Away back in the early 'seventies, when the national outlay was under thirty millions, many of those who gave serious thought to such things could see nothing but national bankruptcy ahead as a result of the scale of expenditure reached then.

Near the end of the 'eighties I was in

Ottawa in company with a Toronto deputation which was there to interview the Government of that day in regard to the preservation of the city's water front. The late W. H. Gibbs, who a few years before had represented one of the Ontarios in the Dominion Parliament, was a member of the deputation. He was sitting in one of the seats in the House of Commons (Parliament was not in session at the time) and talking of his experiences when entitled to a seat in that same chamber while Parliament was in session.

"Why," he said, "when the old Mackenzie Government got the expenditure on consolidated fund account alone up to twenty-three or twenty-four millions we on the other side thought it a case of frightful extravagance. I do not know what we would have said if they had run it up to thirty-six millions as it is now."

A CHANGE IN VIEWPOINT.

That is how a member of the party which is generally credited with looking at a swelling outgo with lenient eyes viewed the situation twenty years ago. It is true conditions and opinions have vastly changed since then; it is true some old ideas have been altered or wholly eradicated; but, even for this growing time, and after people have become accustomed to think in millions, a budget equal to nearly thirty dollars per head is one calculated to give pause.

Of course all the money appropriated will not be expended, but we may count with reasonable certainty on an outlay of not much, if any less, than \$25 per capita.

But what are we going to do about it? It is not the purpose here to enter into a discussion of the question as to whether \$200,000,000 is or is not exactly the proper amount to appropriate. Neither will any attempt be made to criticize the several services to be provided for. All that is proposed is to look in a broad way at the case as it stands.

A GIANT'S TASK.

First, let us ask, what is the position and what are the responsibilities that Fate has placed upon the Canadian nation? We are assuming the task of peopling and developing half a continent with the population of a petty state to start with. We have about the same population as Belgium, a country that could be hidden away in one corner of Older Ontario, and we are seeking to develop and utilize an empire approaching in extent that of the Czar who has 120,000,000 subjects at command.

The world has been lost in admiration and wonder at the stupendous task accomplished by the United States in bringing the vast territories of the Republic into subjection. But the work which has been accomplished in the way of material development by the United States is small in comparison with that which is being attempted here. The Americans numbered nearly five times our present population before they began to seriously address themselves to the task of peopling a West which was no greater than is Western Canada.

THE DEMOCRATIC INSTINCT.

What the Republic has accomplished in the way of assimilating the vast numbers of strangers that have thronged there from all quarters of the world has been justly acclaimed as an even greater achievement than the material development attained. But in this, again, in the assimilation of alien populations, we are assuming vastly greater obligations than were assumed by our neighbors. We have already received as many immigrants in a year as the United States received in a year up to the time when the population of the Republic had passed the sixty million mark. It is not unlikely that as many strangers will enter our gates this year as the United States received in any one year up to 1900. Moreover, immigration into the United States was, until well on to the 'eighties or 'nineties, practically confined to British and German stock, people accustomed to the duties and responsibilities of popular government, while we have, almost from the beginning, had a heavy admixture of Doukhobors, Italians, Austrians and people of other races who have not had the benefit of generations of experience in democracy.

SHALL WE GO SLOW?

But, let the question be put again, what are we to do? Are we to evade the task that has been placed upon us? Are we to refuse to accept the burdens and

responsibilities that go with the position in which we are placed? These burdens and these responsibilities mainly centre around the peopling and developing of the West. The work of administration and development of Eastern Canada would be a comparatively simple matter. It is the administration and development of the vast territories beyond Lake Superior that constitute Canada's great problem.

But if we do not assume the solution of that problem what then? This old world is becoming too crowded to permit any such area as that contained in our sea of unbroken plains to remain long unoccupied. If we do not make use of the talent ourselves others will dig it up and use it for themselves. If Canada proves unable to meet all the obligations connected with her own development, if we cannot pump in immigrants and Canadianize them after they are on the prairies, some other nation with greater virility will carry to completion for its benefit the task we shrink from.

And where will Canada be then? If the West should cease to be Canadian, if the country beyond Lake Superior should pass into the hands of either Japan or the United States, how long would the rest of Canada endure?

SUPPOSE YELLOW RACE RAN IT.

With a yellow race controlling our West we would naturally unite with the Republic as a means of race preservation. With the territory of the United States extended north so as to form a solid block hundreds of miles wide and shutting us off from the Pacific by force of gravitation the petty Dominion which remained would inevitably fall into the vastly greater body alongside.

For Canada there are but two alternatives: It must either be the ready as-

sumption of all the burdens that go with the administration of the whole of the vast estate or else the utter abandonment of that entire estate. We must build railways, we must dig canals, we must people the West, and to this end we must throw wide the gates to Slave and Polack and Russian Jew, as well as to British and German born, and we must train all these newcomers in the art of government by the people and for the people. This we must do if our whole national structure is not to collapse in irreparable ruin.

The work is greater than any ever before undertaken by 7,000,000 people but national death is the penalty if we fail therein.

In carrying out the task set for us by Fate we may, we certainly shall, have to undertake greater works and greater expenditures than those at present under way. The work of fitting the Welland Canal to pass the greatest freighters lake harbors will admit, now only being nibbled at, must be taken up in earnest and rushed to completion. A canal must be built along the line of the Ottawa to connect the upper lakes and the St. Lawrence by direct route. Two Hudson Bay railways will be required—one connecting with Toronto and the other linking Winnipeg with Canada's great northern sea. The clay belts forming the hinterland of Quebec and Ontario must be grid-ironed. Not only that, the seas of mountains north of the great lakes will have to be pierced and intersected by iron highways with a view of making available mineral wealth vastly greater than that now dreamed of.

We have Imperial opportunities and Imperial duties. We must educate ourselves to think in terms commensurate with these opportunities and duties.

The Mothers of Men

By Joaquin Miller

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the map of the world you will find it not—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with the cannon or battle shot,
With the sword or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From the mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of a woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh, these battles that last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
The fight in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Big Building Devices

MECHANICAL WONDERS AND ENGINEERING FEATS COMBINE IN THE REARING OF THE MODERN SKYSCRAPER

By John Holt

This article is one of the most interesting of the building series which readers of MacLean's Magazine have had the pleasure of reading in recent months. Mr. Holt has dealt with many phases of the building problem in his articles, but no feature has presented more fascinating points than the modern devices of construction outlined in this treatise. Just as we have advanced to the age of steel and concrete in building so we have progressed in the development of mechanical devices which render great modern engineering feats possible. The most notable of these are described in this last word on big building.

AN American friend of mine who bought an old manor-house in Warwickshire desired to put in a new garden door in one of the ground floor rooms. "I des-say I could do it for yer if yer reaally want to 'ave it," said the local builder after examining the spot and taking measurements, "but it'll be more of a passage-like than a hordinary doorway . . . The wall's eight foot thick just where you wants to



A hundred feet up. This picture shows the way in which the girders of a steel building are flanged and riveted together. Also the big crane which rivets all the girders into place.

make the 'ole in it." At another point the wall was eleven feet thick, but that was at the foot of a tower and included a bit of a buttress; in most places there was no more than an egg-shell of three or four feet of solid limestone between the inhabitants of the house and the weather.

"Ah!" says the enthusiast, gazing admiringly at the window embrasures of such a house. "Those were the

days when men knew how to *Build*." On the contrary, it was because of what they did *not* know about building that those grand old castles and wonderful old houses came into existence. Grand old houses, marvelous walls, fit to endure the assaults of ages, but the product neither of scientific nor economic building. They were built when material was cheap and labor cheaper. We build better, but—if you will

forgive the paradox—we are never likely to build anything half so good. Our days will be the "bad old days" from the viewpoint of the antiquarian a thousand years hence for our cities will be tangled webs of rusty steel, our suburban residences will hardly leave a mound to



The early stages of a big building. Note the size of the great masses of steel.

mark their sites, still—well, we make pretty good buildings all the same.

POSSIBILITIES AND LIMITATIONS.

Never before has building had greater possibilities and fewer limitations. A very few years ago it was ridiculously

limited. Height, span, form were all subject to a thousand restrictions of material. Even things that were theoretically possible were practically out of the question. This was rather fortunate considering the architectural taste of the greater part of last century. If builders had been able to work as solidly as in Tudor times or on as magnificent a scale as in the present, imagine what monstrosities,



Building a dwelling house. This illustrates one of the numerous modern departures from old-fashioned bricks and mortar, being built entirely of hollow tiles.



Riveters at work. These men climb about from girder to girder with utter fearlessness. A pace backwards and the "heater" at the forge would drop 150 feet.

eventually concrete, reinforced concrete, new forms of brick and terra cotta, artificial stone — a host of materials which in one way by making things possible that were impossible before, and in another by cheapening work and, therefore, allowing more and better work to be done, increased the scope of building to an enormous extent.

In all forms of building Canada has kept pretty well abreast of the rest of

terrible in their size and appearance, would cumber our streets.

However, with modern methods has come a revival of that mysterious quality "good taste." Even our factories are being built with some slight regard for appearances and our houses and city buildings are becoming more and more fit to look at as well as mere shelters from the weather.

First, came improvements in transportation and then greater possibilities of using materials brought from a distance that were better than local product; then came machinery to help eke out the limitations of manual labor in the work of erecting a building; next, the wider choice of building material, the use of cast iron, steel, and

the world. Some things, naturally, have been too big for a young country to tackle, and again it is only natural that a growing country should have neglected the quality of permanency—what use is there in building more than a temporary shack when a year may see the need of replacing it with something better? But within the last few



The "crew" of a big steel skyscraper.



The new Bank of Hamilton structure at Hamilton, Ontario, on which seven storeys were erected above the original building.

years big things have come within Canada's reach and permanency too, and Canada can look the world in the face without blushing for her building achievements. The most striking and spectacular development of modern building has, perhaps, been in the matter of steel construction. There is something fascinating about the human towering steel structures which are arising in every Canadian city, as they have arisen in every city in the United States; skyscrapers, which turn from gaunt ribbed skeletons to vast buildings decently clothed with

a flesh of brick or stone or terra cotta almost before one realizes that the once imposing five-storey buildings they replace have been torn down.

They are fascinating from their size and height, but they are still more fascinating from their very simplicity, for they are extremely simple. Think of what a huge tower such as the Traders Bank Building in Toronto would have meant in the middle ages. Its building would have been counted not in days or even years but in generations; vast blocks of stone would have been quarried for its base and its walls, supported by their massive buttresses, would have risen course by course at mighty cost of human labor, each a little mountain, as it were, of solid stone.

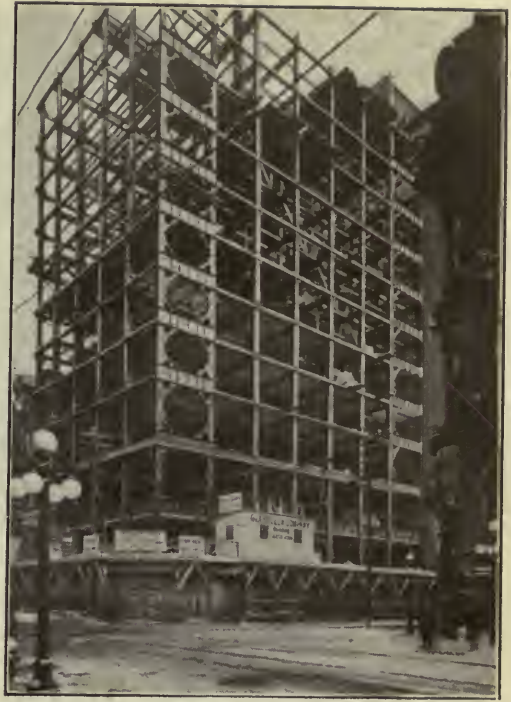
We might almost be back in middle ages still had it not been for steel: The beginning came in the 'fifties when attempts were made to make greater use of iron in combination with masonry. It is obvious of course that the wall of a building has to carry considerable weight; the weight of the roof, of the various floors and their loads and its own weight. That is why, in primitive building, an enormously wide base and massive buttressing was necessary to



A view of the Bank of Hamilton building as it was originally.

prevent the wall from collapsing under its own strain or buckling under pressure of the various outward "thrusts." The first use of iron in building goes back a long way since bars or stringers of iron were used in the 16th century and earlier to "tie" the walls of a building together and thus counteract the buckling tendency. The real ancestor of the modern steel building, however, was the iron column built into the masonry of the wall to carry the weight of the various floors and leaving the wall to carry its own weight alone. This was devised in answer to the demand for greater height in buildings and it did allow of a considerable increase in height, but after a building had risen a few storeys more than was previously possible the old limitations again asserted themselves; the iron might have gone higher, but the brickwork could not have reached the limit at which it could continue to support its own weight.

So by natural evolution the iron columns were made to support the walls as well as the floors and the "degree of limitation" was transferred from masonry to the strength of iron. Cast iron,



The skeleton of a big building nearing completion.

wrought iron and eventually steel increased the limit till to-day the strength of steel gives possibilities that are practically limitless.

The modern steel building always seems to me to be more akin to the primitive tent than to the primitive stone hut. It is a twentieth century wigwam, a framework of steel poles over which is hung a curtain of masonry. When all allowances are made for comparative sizes it is far simpler than a wigwam to construct.

The mediæval building — almost any pre-railway



The Bank of Hamilton building ready for an addition of seven storeys.

building for that matter—was necessarily built of local stone or bricks burnt from local clay. With the modern building the materials may, and often do, come from the other side of the world. The steel for most of our big steel buildings comes chiefly from the States, but also to a great extent from England and from Germany. In far away shops the girders are rolled and shaped to definite shop drawing measurements; in some cases they arrive ready to be fitted together at once; in others they are cut and fitted by some local concern. Most important are the columns, the great uprights on which depends the whole weight of the building and these are made of the



! A concrete mixer and other machinery. In this case it was possible to run a railway siding right up to the scene of work.

“softer” grades of tough steel. For the transverse girders and the struts and stays which hold the building rigid and stable, medium grades are permissible, steel that is more brittle and not so capable of bearing the enormous strain imposed upon the columns.

The difficult problems of the work are not, as a rule, evident in the ordered tangle of steel girders into which the spectator stares from his position on the sidewalk. They lie underground in the depths of the excavation which has been dug out and deepened and made ready months before the first girders of the superstructure have peeped above the surrounding hoarding. The problem of the skyscraper is not in fitting it together, that is all reduced to a formula long



Built as Babylon was built. Good old-fashioned bricks and mortar still hold their ground; this shows the first stages of the erection of the big new General Hospital in Toronto.



Riveters. The men are holding the various tools used in riveting. The gun, tongs, dollies, etc.

ago, the problem lies in finding something for the great tower of brick and steel to stand upon.

Where there is bed rock within reach there is, of course, no difficulty, but, more often than not, bed rock is inaccessible. In this case the usual course is to found the supporting columns on great masses of concrete, the weight of the whole being distributed over a large area on a huge web of steel "grillage." The building stands on the more or less soft subsoil steadily and without sinking exactly as a man stands by means of snowshoes on the soft surface of the snow.

In other cases where there is a great deal of soft soil through which water freely percolates and where it would be impossible to "float" the building safely on "snowshoes" elaborate caisson methods

have to be employed. Roughly, the caisson is a huge tank which sinks through the soft soil by its own weight. Inside it, work the laborers digging out the soil of the pier hole, which is hoisted up a central shaft. They work under "high pressure" in several senses, for the caisson is filled with compressed air with the object of keeping out the soft soil and water, which otherwise would

force itself into the gradually growing excavation. Eventually, when the wet layer of soil has been penetrated and a hard basis arrived at the great shaft of the caisson is filled with cement. A succession of these make a solid foundation on which the steel superstructure can be reared. But the variations from the usual plan to fit special circumstances are innumerable. Many steel buildings are



A brick building showing scaffolding. Modern steel and concrete buildings are, so to speak, their own scaffolding, and do not need an elaborate casing of poles.

based upon a system of humble wooden piles; in some cases the expensive plan has been resorted to of actually freezing the liquid mud through which the pier holes had to be sunk, the mud being made hard enough for excavation by being pierced by a ramification of little pipes through which freezing mixture was run. These problems of foundation apply not to steel buildings alone but to any buildings of great size and weight.

Any of these processes may be in course of operation in the excavations

twenty storeys above. Deeper still is the elevator pit for that must go down the same number of storeys as the building rises above it. It is made by means of a steel shaft, sunk easily enough through soil and clay with the aid of a little bit of water washing soil from under it. When it reaches rock, shot and sharp edged gravel are poured down and rolled and worked about under the end of the shaft till a hole is cut and scoured through. It is into this narrow pit that the shaft of the hy-



Swinging a girder into place. How did the men reach the positions they occupy?

of which you catch glimpses when the wagon loads of earth and rock come staggering up the incline into the street. With most of the big Canadian buildings the problem of foundation has been simple enough, though in two or three cases in Montreal the expensive caisson system has had to be used, notably with the new additions to the Windsor station. Naturally the ordinary passer-by does not see these operations since they go far deeper than the great pit revealed to the casual glance, which is dug out over the whole site and which merely represents the one or two, or possibly three or four basement storeys which balance the fifteen or

draulic elevator descends as it drops from floor to floor with its passengers.

MODERN CONSTRUCTION DEVICES.

The basement excavation becomes the site of quite a little factory during the building operations, for machinery has taken the place of most of the hand labor of the past and an engine room in some central position is one of the prime requirements. Even before the excavation is made, machinery comes into play. Very often, for example, a steam plough does the work of breaking up the ground and it is becoming the rule rather than the exception for a steam shovel to replace the human "wops"

who were wont to drape themselves picturesquely along the sidewalk edge during the lunch hour. A steam shovel specially designed for compactness is to be brought into play on the excavations for Eaton's big new building in Toronto—for the first time, it is said, in Canada. Then concrete is mixed by machinery; machinery is necessary for the hoists and the air compressors and in a dozen different ways.

The big steam crane is the ruler of the roost. Perched in its convenient central position in the excavation it lifts the first huge girders into place and gradually rises storey by storey with the building which is fitted together around it. The steam crane on the C.P.R. building in Toronto—a good typical example of the Canadian skyscraper—can lift up to 12 tons and swings bundles of girders up to a couple of hundred feet above the street level as though they were so many sticks of wood. For a sixteen storey building such as the C.P.R. office it would handle 2,000 or more tons of steel in the course of the work and would then have to deal with a couple of million bricks for the walls. When all is finished it comes to pieces and descends from the top of the building it has picked up bit by bit from the ground, ready to get to work on another one.

Here and there in the steel framework chatter the pneumatic riveters. Close to where a new girder is to be swung into position by the crane, a little portable forge perches on a platform. It is attended by the "Heater" who feeds it with rivets and sees that they get properly red hot. One by one, as they are needed they are taken from the glowing forge by the "Thrower" who tosses them accurately to the "Sticker," one of the three men clustered at the end of the great steel beam. The "Sticker" thrusts the rivet through the holes awaiting it; instantly the "Bucker-Up" has his heavy "dolly" pushed hard against the glowing head and the "Gun-Man" jams the nozzle of his "gun" over the little red-hot projecting end of

the rivet. Chatter, chatter goes the "gun" as the compressed air in its snaky tube jerks the plunger in the nozzle backwards and forwards two hundred times a second; after a moment the gun is drawn away and the end of the rivet is revealed neatly mushroomed out to correspond with the head upon the other side. As the rivet cools it contracts and draws the two girders it joins still closer together. Meanwhile the riveter and its crew are at work upon the next one.

After the riveters, come the men who protect the steel from its most dangerous enemies, rust and fire. Every girder is very carefully cleaned and scaled and then painted and encased in asbestos, terra cotta or some other material or cement. The last is the common method nowadays since it has been found that cement sticks to smooth steel, protects it absolutely against rust and minimizes more than other materials the danger of its buckling under the action of heat. All the steel girders and columns have to be covered in some way against the attacks of their enemies and the more completely this is done, and inflammable material eliminated from the interior fittings; etc., of the building, the more fire-proof it is.

Even before the steel work is all riveted together and finished, the masons and bricklayers may be at work on the lower storeys. The steel work, as I have said, carries the whole weight of the building, walls and all, so work may be in progress on several storeys simultaneously. Usually the walls are simply brickwork built in the ordinary way from the girders of one floor to meet the girders of the one above. Where there are balconies or cornices the girders project for their support and the protruding portion is built on them or hung from them as desired. Terra cotta and artificial stone are coming in, to more and more favor every year in replacing brick as a "curtain" with which to fill the interstices of the great steel skeleton and with both of them it

is possible to get very excellent effects architecturally.

STEEL AND CONCRETE.

The usefulness of steel in building has not begun and ended with purely steel construction; far from it. It is used in conjunction with brick and stone and almost every other building material to a greater or less degree and has proved invaluable in a thousand different ways. Its most important development has been its use within the last decade, in conjunction with concrete. Reinforced concrete is beginning to appropriate a pretty big share of the honors of the modern building.

Reinforced concrete, as anyone knows, is simply concrete strengthened with steel, usually in the form of bars or mesh-work, and designed, therefore, to combine the strength and advantages of both these materials. After all, when you come to think of it, the casing of the columns of a steel building in concrete for protection against rust and heat is a step towards reinforced concrete and it is not surprising to find the new material largely replacing steel pure and simple in the construction of big buildings.

There is not the same apparent ro-

mance for the spectator in watching a reinforced concrete building going up, but it is fascinating nevertheless since the building operations look so absurdly simple and also since the building has an air of solid permanency from the very outset of its construction.

Foundation problems are practically the same for all types of buildings and

may always be difficult of solution, but once the foundations are well and truly laid a reinforced concrete building can go up storey by storey with astonishing rapidity, far more simply and rapidly even than a steel structure.

A concrete building appears to build itself up out of the dust. Here are no huge piles of material, stacks of bricks, blocks of stone, great tiers of beams of any of the preparations one associates with the making of a big building. Bit by bit the materials come to the site in the form of waggon loads of unimpressive looking steel

rods, commonplace sacks of cement and mere ordinary sand and gravel. Down in the basement are a few insignificant looking concrete mixers at work, those curious cone-shaped machines which lately have become so familiar. Busily the cones revolve and the sand, gravel and cement are transmitted into the thick, pasty



Plastering in a modern way. The plaster is "shot" at the lathing under pressure from a gun. The picture shows a type of metal lathing in general use.

semi-fluid which will harden into solid stone.

Where the walls are gradually rising, the builders are arranging "forms," the bottomless troughs or moulds into which the concrete is poured. Above the forms project a bristle of ends of steel, the bars or webbing or whatever form the reinforcement may take which is erected inside the forms ready for the concrete to settle and harden around it. As with the walls so with the supporting columns scattered at proper intervals about the interior of the building; the forms are arranged in a precisely similar way differing only in their thickness and the strength of their reinforcement.

Ten days to a storey is a usual allowance of time for erection. On one day the columns are "poured" and on the next the floors. As each storey "sets" firm and hard the one above is started, and thus a five or six storey building may arise from its foundations in as little as two months. Often a building is only framed in concrete, exactly as a steel building is framed of steel, the curtain walls being built of brick or other material. But there is a growing tendency to use concrete exclusively for floors, walls and everything else and thus to make a building practically equivalent to one hewn out of solid rock—with the additional advantage that the "rock" is provided with tough steel fibres and sinews.

Of course concrete has its disadvantages. Like the little girl, when it is good it is very very good, but when it is bad it is horrid. Bad concrete made of inferior materials or mixed in the wrong proportions may crumble away like unburnt clay, but good concrete has the astonishing property of getting harder and better every year of its life. Advantage is taken of this quality of good concrete in rather a singular way. A building of say four or five storeys is made and left as such for a couple of years. At the end of that time the concrete has hardened and strengthened to such a degree that it is possible to add

an additional storey without any strengthening of the substructure as would be necessary with any other class of building.

In Canada, so far, concrete reinforced or otherwise, has been used chiefly in the construction of factories and similar buildings. There have been a few office buildings made of it and numerous smaller buildings such as dwelling houses, but in its experimental stages its use has been characterized by a certain heaviness and clumsiness which has created some prejudice against it, when appearance has to be studied. This heaviness is not by any means necessary; concrete is capable of considerable lightness and grace and naturally by the use of well designed moulds on the outside walls of the forms, it has great possibilities of ornamentation. But at any rate it is well that factories with their great demands of strength, fire-resistance and so on should have seen it through its early stages and it could have no better introduction to the world in general than the enthusiastic testimony it has received from manufacturers.

REMARKABLE BUILDING FEATS.

Even though the purely steel structure no longer has the field of big, economical, and rapid building all to itself it is responsible for most of the miracles the modern builder has accomplished. And not only has it made miracles of construction possible, but of reconstruction also. Quite a commonplace feat of steel, for instance, is the creation of one building a-straddle of another.

The case of the Bank of Hamilton's head office in that city is a good example. The Bank was housed in an old three-storey building and desired, without changing its site to move into a modern structure of nine storeys. No temporary premises were available in the town and it was therefore necessary to add another six storeys to the existing building without shifting or disturbing the business of the bank carried on therein.

In a very ingenious way the foundations of the old building were, bit by bit removed and replaced by much more extensive concrete foundations fit to carry the weight of the extra six storeys. Naturally enough, there were many difficulties about this work, since it had to be carried out in the dark and confined space of an excavation underneath the old structure. Still, it was successfully accomplished and on the new foundations a steel framework was based, the columns of which were carried upwards through the old building to support the new. Thus the six new storeys were built, so to speak, on a steel bridge spanning the old building and resting on the same foundations. When all was ready, the old and new walls were joined and a nine storey building was the result in which the two lower storeys of the old building were left practically untouched. • The three unique illustrations which accompany this article show in a striking manner, three stages of the work.

Similar operations have been carried out in many parts of Canada; in Toronto, the other day, three storeys were added to a building in almost exactly the same way and indeed there is hard-

ly any limit to the resources of the building engineer with modern materials and methods at his command.

Still, with all the wonders that steel has made possible, it is refreshing to the conservative mind to see good old-fashioned masonry still holding its ground and to watch even the biggest types of buildings going up brick by brick, course by course, on exactly the same principle as that wherewith Balbus builded his wall and the federated nations on the plains of Babylon started their abortive skyscraper.

Only the principle is the same; the methods and materials are very different. Of bricks, for instance, there are now many kinds in use for different purposes and there is unbounded wealth of choice in tiles and terra cotta and artificial stone. Still the ancient principle remains. The bricks, or blocks, or slabs are slung by cranes or derricks, or carried by immemorial hodmen to their appointed places in the wall and bonded together with mortar. Even concrete conforms in some instances to old tradition; instead of moulding itself into a monolithic mass it allows itself to be shaped into blocks and built up in the good old-fashioned way.

Working Under Discouragement

Nothing will take the heart out of a worker so quickly as discouragement. It is easy to push on when hope is bright, when prospects are good, but it is a rare character who can do good work, keep up his enthusiasm and courage when he sees no hope or encouragement. This is what tests weak characters. Weak men push ahead when everything is favorable; but when hope is blotted out, when there is no future in sight, no prospects to cheer, it is a very different thing. But the world builders, the civilization lifters have been those who have trained themselves to keep pushing ahead anyway, whether things look bright or dark. This is the test of a strong character, of a man's quality.

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE SEVEN: THE LITTLE MAN

In which are related further thrilling adventures of Smoke and Shorty.

By Jack London

I.

"I WISH you wasn't so set in your ways," Shorty demurred. "I'm sure scairt of that glacier. No man ought to tackle it by his lonely."

Smoke laughed cheerfully, and ran his eye up the glistening face of the tiny glacier that filled the head of the valley.

"Here it is, August already, and the days have been getting shorter for two months, he epitomized the situation. "You know quartz, and I don't. But I can bring up the grub, while you keep after that mother lode. So long. I'll be back by to-morrow evening."

He turned and started.

"I got a hunch something's goin' to happen," Shorty pleaded after him.

But Smoke's reply was a bantering laugh. He held on down the little valley, occasionally wiping the sweat from his forehead, the while his foot crushed through ripe mountain raspberries and delicate ferns that grew beside patches of sun-sheltered ice.

In the early spring he and Shorty had come up the Stewart River and launched out into the amazing chaos of the region where Surprise Lake lay. And all of the spring and half of the summer had been consumed in futile wanderings, when, on the verge of turning back, they caught their first glimpse of the baffling, gold-bottomed sheet of water which had lured and fooled a generation of miners. Making their camp in the old cabin which Smoke had

discovered on his previous visit, they had learned three things. First, heavy nugget gold was carpeted thickly on the lake bottom; next, the gold could be dived for in the shallower portions, but the temperature of the water was man-killing; and, finally, the draining of the lake was too stupendous a task for two men in the shorter half of a short summer. Undeterred, reasoning from the coarseness of the gold that it had not traveled far, they had set out in search of the mother lode. They had crossed the big glacier that frowned on the southern rim and devoted themselves to the puzzling maze of small valleys and canyons beyond, which, by most unmountainlike methods, drained, or had at one time drained, into the lake.

The valley Smoke was descending, gradually widened after the fashion of any normal valley; but, at the lower end, it pinched narrowly between high precipitous walls and abruptly stopped in a cross wall. At the base of this, in a welter of broken rock, the streamlet disappeared, evidently finding its way out underground. Climbing the cross wall, from the top Smoke saw the lake beneath him. Unlike any mountain lake he had ever seen, it was not blue. Instead, its intense peacock green tokened its shallowness. It was this shallowness that made its draining feasible. All about arose jumbled mountains, with ice-scarred peaks and crags, grotesquely-shaped and grouped. All was

topsy-turvy and unsystematic—a Dore nightmare. So fantastic and impossible was it that it affected Smoke as more like a cosmic landscape joke than a rational portion of earth's surface. There were many glaciers in the canyons, most of them tiny, and, as he looked, one of the larger ones, on the north shore, calved amid thunders and splashings. Across the lake, seemingly not more than half a mile, but as he well knew, five miles away, he could see the bunch of spruce trees and the cabin. He looked again to make sure, and saw smoke clearly rising from the chimney. Somebody else had surprised themselves into finding Surprise Lake, was his conclusion, as he turned to climb the southern wall.

From the top of this he came down into a little valley, flower-floored and lazy with the hum of bees, that behaved quite as a reasonable valley should, insofar as it made legitimate entry on the lake. What was wrong with it was its length—scarcely a hundred yards; its head a straight up-and-down cliff of a thousand feet, over which a stream pitched itself in descending veils of mist.

And here he encountered more smoke, floating lazily upward in the warm sunshine beyond an out-jut of rock. As he came around the corner he heard a light, metallic tap-tapping and a merry whistling that kept the beat. Then he saw the man, an up-turned shoe between his knees, into the sole of which he was driving hob-spikes.

"Hello," was the stranger's greeting, and Smoke's heart went out to the man in ready liking. "Just in time for a snack. There's coffee in the pot, a couple of cold flapjacks, and some jerky."

"I'll go you if I lose," was Smoke's acceptance, as he sat down. "I've been rather skimped on the last several meals, but there's oodles of grub over in the cabin."

"Across the lake? That's where I was heading for."

"Seems Surprise Lake is becoming

populous," Smoke complained, emptying the coffee pot.

"Go on, you're joking, arn't you?" the man said, surprise painted on his face.

Smoke laughed. "That's the way it takes everybody. You see those high ledges across there to the northwest? There's where I first saw it. No warning. Just suddenly caught the view of the whole lake from there. I'd given up looking for it, too."

"Same here," the other agreed. "I'd headed back and was expecting to fetch the Stewart last night, when out I popped in sight of the lake. If that's it, where's the Stewart? . . . and where have I been all the time? And how did you come here? And what's your name?"

"Bellew——Kit Bellew."

"Oh! I know you." The man's eyes and face were bright with a joyous smile, and his hand flashed eagerly out to Smoke's. "I've heard all about you."

"Been reading police court news, I see," Smoke sparred modestly.

"Nope." The man laughed and shook his head. "Merely recent Klondike history. I might have recognized you if you'd been shaved. I watched you putting it all over the gambling crowd when you were bucking roulette in the Elkhorn. My name's Carson——Andy Carson; and I can't begin to tell you how glad I am to meet up with you."

He was a slender man, narrow-shouldered and slightly stooped, but wiry with health, with quick black eyes and a magnetism of camaraderie.

"And this is Surprise Lake?" he murmured incredulously.

"It certainly is."

"And it's bottom's buttered with gold?"

"Sure. There's some of the churning." Smoke dipped in his overalls pocket and brought forth half a dozen nuggets. "That's the stuff. All you have to do is to go down to bottom blind, if you want to, and pick up a handful. Then you've got to run half a mile to get up your circulation."

"Well, gosh dash my dingbats, if you haven't beaten me to it," Carson swore whimsically, but his disappointment was patent. "An' I thought I'd scooped the whole caboodle. Anyway I've had the fun of getting here."

"Fun!" Smoke cried. "Why if we can ever get our hands on all that bottom, you'll make Rockefeller look like thirty cents."

"But it's yours," was Carson's objection.

"Nothing to it, my friend. You've got to realize that no gold deposit like it has been discovered in all the history of mining. It will take you and me and my partner and all the friends we've got to lay our hands on it. All Bonanza and Eldorado, dumped together, wouldn't be richer than half an acre down there. The problem is to drain the lake. It will take millions. And there's only one thing I'm afraid of. There's so much of it that if we failed to control the output it will bring about the demonetization of gold."

"And you tell me" Carson broke off, speechless and amazed.

"And glad to have you. It will take a year or two, with all the money we can raise, to drain the lake. It can be done. I've looked over the ground. But it will take every man in the country that's willing to work for wages. We'll need an army, and we need right now decent men in on the ground floor. Are you in?"

"Am I in? Don't it look it? I feel so much like a millionaire that I'm real timid about crossing that big glacier. Couldn't afford to break my neck now. Wish I had some more of those hobspikes. I was just hammering the last in when you came along. How's yours? Let's see."

Smoke held up his foot.

"Worn smooth as a skating rink!" Carson cried. "You've certainly been hiking some. Wait a minute, and I'll pull some of mine out for you."

But Smoke refused to listen. "Besides," he said, "I've got about forty feet of rope cached where we take the

ice. My partner and I used it coming over. It will be a cinch."

II.

It was a hard, hot climb. The sun blazed dazzlingly on the ice-surface, and with steaming pores they panted from the exertion. There were places, criss-crossed by countless fissures and crevasses, where an hour of dangerous toil advanced them no more than a hundred yards. At two in the afternoon beside a pool of water bedded in the ice, Smoke called a halt.

"Let's tackle some of that jerky," he said. "I've been on short allowance, and my knees are shaking. Besides, we're across the worst. Three hundred yards will fetch us to the rocks, and it's easy going, except for a couple of nasty fissures, and one bad one that heads us down toward the bulge. There's a weak ice-bridge there, but Shorty and I managed it."

Over the jerky, the two men got acquainted, and Andy Carson unbosomed himself of the story of his life.

"I just knew I'd find Surprise Lake," he mumbled in the midst of mouthfuls. "I had to. I missed the French Hill Benches, the Big Skookum, and Monte Cristo, and then it was Surprise Lake or bust. And here I am. My wife knew I'd strike it. I've got faith enough, but hers knocks mine galley west. She's a corker, a crackerjack—dead game, grit to her finger ends, never-say-die, a fighter from the drop of the hat, the one woman for me, true blue and all the rest. Take a look at that."

He sprung up his watch, and on the inside cover Smoke saw the small, pasted picture of a bright-haired woman, framed on either side by the laughing face of a child.

"Boys?" he queried.

"Boy and girl," Carson answered proudly. "He's a year and a half older." He sighed. "They might have been some grown, but we had to wait. You see, she was sick. Lungs. But she put up a fight. What d'you know about such stuff? I was clerking, rail-

road clerk, Chicago, when we got married. Her folks were tuberculosis. Doctors didn't know much in those days. They said it was hereditary. All her family had it. Caught it from each other, only they never guessed it. Thought they were born with it. Fate. She and I lived with them the first couple of years. I wasn't afraid. No tuberculosis in my family. And I got it. That set me thinking. It was contagious. I caught it from breathing their air.

"We talked it over, she and I. Then I jumped the family doctor and consulted an up-to-date expert. He told me what I'd figured out for myself, and said Arizona was the place for us. We pulled up stakes and went down—no money, nothing. I got a job sheep-herding, and left her in town—a lung town. It was filled to spilling with lungers.

"Of course, living and sleeping in the clean open, I started right in to mend. I was away months at a time. Every time I came back, she was worse. She just couldn't pick up. But we were learning. I jerked her out of that town, she went to sheep-herding with me. In four years, winter and summer, cold and heat, rain, snow, and frost, and all the rest, we never slept under a roof, and we were moving camp all the time. You ought to have seen the change—brown as berries, lean as Indians, tough as rawhide. When we figured we were cured, we pulled out for San Francisco. But we were too previous. By the second month we both had slight hemorrhages. We flew the coop back to Arizona and the sheep. Two years more of it. That fixed us. Perfect cure. All her family's dead. Wouldn't listen to us.

"Then we jumped cities for keeps. Knocked around on the Pacific Coast, and Southern Oregon looked good to us. We settled in the Rogue River Valley—apples. There's a big future there, only nobody knows it. I got my land—on time, of course—for

forty an acre. Ten years from now it'll be worth five hundred.

"We've done some almighty hustling. Takes money, and we hadn't a cent to start with—you know, had to build a house and barn, get horses and plows, and all the rest. She taught school two years. Then the boy came. But we've got it. You ought to see those trees we planted—a hundred acres of them, almost mature now. But it's all been outgo, and the mortgage working overtime. That's why I'm here. She'd a-come along only for the kids and the trees. She's handlin' that end, and here I am, a gosh-danged expensive millionaire . . . in prospect."

He looked happily across the sun-dazzle on the ice to the green waters of the lake along the farther shore, took a final look at the photograph, and murmured:

"She's some woman, that. She's hung on. She just wouldn't die, though she was pretty close to skin and bone all wrapped around a bit of fire when she went out with the sheep. Oh, she's thin now. Never will be fat. But it's the prettiest thinness I ever saw, and when I get back, and the trees begin to bear, and the kids get going to school, she and I are going to do Paris. I don't think much of that burg, but she's just hankered for it all her life."

"Well, here's the gold that will take you to Paris," Smoke assured him. "All we've got to do is to get our hands on it."

Carson nodded with glistening eyes.

"Say—that farm of ours is the prettiest piece of orchard land on all the Pacific Coast. Good climate, too. Our lungs will never get touched again there. Ex-lungers have to be mighty careful you know. If you are thinking of settling, well, just take a peep in at our valley before you settle, that's all. And fishing! Say—did you ever get a thirty-five pound salmon on a six-ounce rod? Some fight, bo, some fight!"



“Andy Carson, the little man.”

III.

"I'm lighter than you by forty pounds," Carson said. "Let me go first."

They stood on the edge of the crevasse. It was enormous and ancient, fully a hundred feet across, with sloping, age-eaten sides instead of sharp-angled rims. At this one place it was bridged by a huge mass of pressure-hardened snow that was itself half ice. Even the bottom of this mass they could not see, much less the bottom of the crevasse. Crumbling and melting, the bridge threatened imminent collapse. There were signs where recent portions had broken away, and even as they studied it a mass of half a ton dislodged and fell.

"Looks pretty bad," Carson admitted with an ominous head shake. "And it looks much worse than if I wasn't a millionaire."

"But we've got to tackle it," Smoke said. "We're almost across. We can't go back. We can't camp here on the ice all night. And there's no other way. Shorty and I explored for a mile up. It was in better shape, though, when we crossed."

"It's one at a time, and me first," Carson took the part coil of rope from Smoke's hand. "You'll have to cast off. I'll take the rope and the pick. Gimme your hand so as I can slip down easy."

Slowly and carefully he lowered himself the several feet to the bridge, where he stood, making final adjustments for the perilous traverse. On his back was his pack outfit. Around his neck, resting on his shoulders, he coiled the rope, one end of which was still fast to his waist.

"I'd give a mighty good part of my millions right now for a bridge construction gang," he told Smoke, but his cheery, whimsical smile belied the words. Also, he added, "It's all right, I'm a cat."

The pick and the long stick he used as an alpenstock, he balanced horizontally after the manner of a rope-walker.

He thrust one foot forward tentatively, drew it back, and steeled himself with a visible physical effort.

"I wish I was flat broke," he smiled up. "If ever I get out of being a millionaire this time, I'll never be one again. It's too uncomfortable."

"It's all right," Smoke encouraged. "I've been over it before. Better let me try it first."

"And you forty pounds to the worse," the little man flashed back. "I'll be all right in a minute. I'm all right now." And this time the nerving up process was instantaneous. "Well, here goes for Rogue River and the apples," he said, as his foot went out, this time to rest carefully and lightly while the other foot was brought up and past.

Very gently and circumspectly he continued on his way until two-thirds of the distance was covered. Here he stopped to examine a depression he must cross, at the bottom of which was a fresh crack. Smoke, watching, saw him glance to the side and down into the crevasse itself, and then begin a slight swaying.

"Keep your eyes up!" Smoke commanded sharply. "Now! Go on!"

The little man obeyed, nor faltered on the rest of the journey. The sun-crowned slope of the farther edge of the crevasse was slippery but not steep, and he worked his way up to a shallow niche, faced about, and sat down.

"Your turn," he called across. "But just keep a-coming and don't look down. That's what got my goat. Just keep a-coming, that's all. And get a move on. It's simply rotten."

Balancing his own stick horizontally, Smoke essayed the passage. That the bridge was on its last legs was patent. He felt a jar under foot, a slight movement of the mass, and a heavier jar. This was followed by a single sharp crackle. Behind him he knew that something was happening. If for no other reason, he knew it by the strained, tense face of Carson. From beneath, thin and faint, came the murmur of running water, and Smoke's

eyes involuntarily wavered to a glimpse of the simmering depths. He jerked them back to the way before him. Two-thirds over, he came to the depression. The sharp edges of the crack, but slightly touched by the sun, showed how recent it was. His foot was lifted to take the step across, when the crack began slowly widening, at the same time emitting numerous sharp snaps. He made the step quickly, increasing the stride of it, but the worn nails of his shoe skated on the further slope of the depression. He fell on his face, and without pause slipped down and into the crack, his legs hanging clear, his chest supported by the stick, which he had managed to twist crosswise as he fell.

His first sensation was the nausea caused by the sickening upleap of his pulse; his first idea was of surprise that he had fallen no further. Behind him was crackling and jar and movement to which the stick vibrated. From beneath, in the heart of the glacier, came the soft and hollow thunder of the dislodged masses striking bottom. And still the bridge, broken from its farthest support and ruptured in the middle, held, though the portion he had crossed tilted downward at a pitch of twenty degrees. He could see Carson, perched in his niche, his feet braced against the melting surface, swiftly recoiling the rope from his shoulders to his hand.

"Wait," he cried. "Don't move, or the whole shooting match will come down."

He calculated the distance with a quick glance, took the bandana from his neck and tied it to the rope, and increased the length by a second bandana from his pocket. The rope, manufactured from sled-lashings and short lengths of plaited rawhide knotted together, was both light and strong. The first cast was lucky as well as deft, and Smoke's fingers clutched it. He evidenced a hand-over-hand intention of crawling out of the crack. But Carson, who had refastened the rope around his own waist, stopped him.

"Make it fast around yourself as well," he ordered.

"If I go I'll take you with me," Smoke objected.

The little man became very peremptory.

"You shut up," he ordered. "The sound of your voice is enough to start the whole thing going."

"If I ever start going——" Smoke began.

"Shut up. You ain't going to ever start going. Now do what I say . . . That's right . . . under the shoulders . . . Make it fast . . . Now! Start! Get a move on, but easy as you go. I'll take in the slack. You just keep a-coming. That's it. Easy . . . Easy."

Smoke was still a dozen feet away when the final collapse of the bridge began. Without noise, but in a jerky way, it crumbled to an increasing tilt.

"Quick!" Carson called, coming in hand over hand on the slack of the rope which Smoke's rush gave him.

When the crash came, Smoke's fingers were clawing into the hard face of the wall of the crevasse, while his body dragged back with the falling bridge. Carson sitting up, feet wide apart and braced, was heaving on the rope. This effort swung Smoke in to the side wall, but it jerked Carson out of his niche. Like a cat, he faced about, clawing wildly for a hold on the ice and slipping down. Beneath him, with forty feet of taut rope between them, Smoke was clawing just as wildly; and ere the thunder from below announced the arrival of the bridge, both men had come to rest. Carson had achieved this first, and the several pounds of pull he was able to put on the rope had helped bring Smoke to a stop.

Each lay in a shallow niche, but Smoke's was so shallow that, tense with the strain of flattening and sticking, nevertheless he would have slid on had it not been for the slight assistance he took from the rope. He was on the verge of a bulge and could not see beneath him. Several minutes passed, in

which they took stock of the situation and made rapid strides in learning the art of sticking to wet and slippery ice. The little man was the first to speak.

"Gee!" he said; and a minute later, "If you can dig in for a moment and slack on the rope, I can turn over. Try it."

Smoke made the effort, then rested on the rope again.

"I can do it," he said. "Tell me when you're ready. And be quick."

"About three feet down is holding for my heels," Carson said. "It won't take a moment. Are you ready?"

"Go on."

It was hard work to slide down a yard, turn over and sit up; but it was even harder for Smoke to remain flattened and maintain a position that from instant to instant made a greater call upon his muscles. As it was, he could feel the almost perceptible beginning of the slip when the rope tightened and he looked up into his companion's face. Smoke noted the yellow pallor of sun-tan forsaken by the blood, and wondered what his own complexion was like. But when he saw Carson with shaking fingers, fumble for his sheath-knife, he decided the end had come. The man was in a funk and was going to cut the rope.

"Don't m-mind m-m-me," the little man chattered. "I ain't scared. It's only my nerves, gosh dang them. I'll b-b-be all right in a minute."

And Smoke watched him, doubled over, his shoulders between his knees, shivering and awkward, holding a slight tension on the rope with one hand, while with the other he hacked and gotged holes for his heels in the ice.

"Carson," he breathed up to him, "you're some bear, some bear."

The answering grin was ghastly and pathetic.

"I never could stand height," Carson confessed. "It always did get me. Do you mind if I stop a minute and

clear my head? Then I'll make those heel-holds deeper so I can heave you up."

Smoke's heart warmed. "Look here, Carson. The thing for you to do is to cut the rope. You can never get me up, and there's no use both of us being lost. You can make it out with your knife."

"You shut up," was the hurt retort. "Who's running this?"

And Smoke could not help but see that anger was a good restorative for the other's nerves. As for himself, it was the more nerve-racking strain, lying plastered against the ice with nothing to do but strive to stick on.

A groan and a quick cry of "Hold on!" warned him. With face pressed against the ice, he made a supreme sticking effort, felt the rope slacken, and knew that Carson was slipping toward him. He did not dare look up until he felt the rope tighten and knew the other had again come to rest.

"Gee, that was a near go," Carson chattered. "I came down over a yard. Now you wait. I've got to dig new holds. If this damaged ice wasn't so melty, we'd be hunky-dory."

Holding the few pounds of strain necessary for Smoke with his left hand, the little man jabbed and chopped at the ice with his right. Ten minutes of this passed.

"Now, I'll tell you what I've done," Carson called down. "I've made heel-holds and hand-holds for you alongside of me. I'm going to heave the rope in slow and easy, and you just come along sticking an' not too fast. I'll tell you what. First of all, I'll take you on the rope, and you worry out of that pack. Get me?"

Smoke nodded, and with infinite care unbuckled his pack straps. With a wriggle of the shoulders he dislodged it, and Carson saw it slide over the bulge and out of sight.

"Now, I'm going to ditch mine," he called down. "You just take it easy and wait."

Five minutes later the upward struggle began. Smoke, after drying his hands on the insides of his arm-sleeves, clawed into the climb—bellied, and clung, and struck and plastered—sustained and helped by the pull of the rope. Alone, he could not have advanced. Despite his muscles, because of his forty pounds handicap, he could not cling as did Carson. A third of the way up, where the pitch was steeper and the ice less eroded, he felt the strain on the rope decreasing. He moved slower and slower. Here was no place to stop and remain. His most desperate effort could not prevent the stop, and he could feel the down-slip beginning.

"I'm going," he called up.

"So am I," was the reply, gritted through Carson's teeth.

"Then cast loose."

Smoke felt the rope tauten in a futile effort, then the pace quickened, and as he went past his previous lodgment and over the bulge the last glimpse he caught of Carson he was turned over, with madly moving hands and feet striving to overcome the downward draw. To Smoke's surprise, as he went over the bulge, there was no sheer fall. The rope restrained him as he slid down a steeper pitch which quickly eased until he came to a halt in another niche on the verge of another bulge. Carson was now out of sight, ensconced in the place previously occupied by Smoke.

"Gee!" he could hear Carson shiver. "Gee!"

An interval of quiet followed, and then Smoke could feel the rope agitated.

"What are you doing?" he called up.

"Making more hand-and-foot-holds," came the trembling answer. "You just wait. I'll have you up here in a jiffy. Don't mind the way I talk. I'm just excited. "But I'm all right. You wait and see."

"You're holding me by main strength," Smoke argued. "Soon or late, with the ice melting, you'll slip down after me. The thing for you to

do is cut loose. Hear me? There's no use both of us going. Get that? You're the biggest little man in creation, but you've done your best. You cut loose."

"You shut up. I'm going to make holes this time deep enough to haul up a span of horses."

"You've held me up long enough," Smoke urged. "Let me go."

"How many times have I held you up?" came the truculent query.

"Some several, and all of them too many. You've been coming down all the time."

"And I've been learning the game all the time. I'm going on holding you up until we get out of here. Savve? When God made me a light weight I guess he knew what he was about. Now, shut up. I'm busy."

Several silent minutes passed. Smoke could hear the metallic strike and hack of the knife, and occasional dribbles of ice slid over the bulge and came down to him. Thirsty, clinging on hand and foot, he caught the fragments in his mouth and melted them to water which he swallowed.

He heard a gasp that slid into a groan of despair, and felt a slackening of the rope that made him claw. Immediately the rope tightened again. Straining his eyes in an upward look along the steep slope, he stared a moment, then saw the knife, point first, slide over the verge of the bulge and down upon him. He tucked his cheek to it, shrank from the pang of cut flesh, tucked more tightly, and felt the knife come to rest.

"I'm a slob," came the wail down the crevasse.

"Cheer up, I've got it," Smoke answered.

"Say! Wait! I've a lot of string in my pocket. I'll drop it down to you, and you send the knife up."

Smoke made no reply. He was battling with a sudden rush of thought.

"Hey! You! Here comes the string. Tell me when you've got it."

A small pocket knife, weighted on the end of the string, slid down the ice. Smoke got it, opened the larger blade by a quick effort of his teeth and one hand, and made sure that the blade was sharp. Then he tied the sheath-knife to the end of the string.

"Haul away!" he called.

With strained eyes he saw the upward progress of the knife. But he saw more—a little man, afraid and indomitable, who shivered and chattered, whose head swam with giddiness, and who mastered his qualms and distresses and played a hero's part. Also, Smoke saw again the face of the bright-haired woman with the face of a child on either side. And dim in the haze of western summer he saw apple trees growing in a river valley, and in the ripples of the river the flash of leaping salmon. Not since his meeting with Shorty, had Smoke so quickly liked a man. Here was a proper meat-eater, eager with friendliness, generous to destruction, with a grit that shaking fear could not shake. Then, too, he considered the situation cold-bloodedly. There was no chance for two. Steadily, they were sliding into the heart of the glacier, and it was his greater weight that was dragging the little man down. The little man could stick like a fly. Alone, he could save himself.

"Bully for us!" came the voice from above, down and across the bulge of ice. "Now we'll get out of here in two shakes."

The awful struggle for good cheer and hope in Carson's voice, decided Smoke.

"Listen to me," he said steadily, vainly striving to shake the vision of Joy Gastell's face from his brain. "I sent that knife up for you to get out with. Get that? I'm going to chop loose with the jack-knife. It's one or the both of us. Get that?"

"Two or nothing," came the grim, but shaky response. "If you'll hold on a minute——"

"I've held on for too long now. I'm not married. I have no adorable thin

woman, nor kids, nor apple trees waiting for me. Get me? Now, you hike to hell-and-gone up and out of that!"

"Wait!——for God's sake, wait!" Carson screamed down. "You can't do that. Give me a chance to get you out. Be calm, Old Horse. We'll make the turn. You'll see. I'm going to dig holds that'll lift a house and barn."

Smoke made no reply. Slowly and gently, fascinated by the sight, he cut with the knife until one of the three strands popped and parted.

"What are you doing?" Carson cried desperately. "If you cut, I'll never forgive you——never. I tell you it's two or nothing. We're going to get out. Wait!——for God's sake!"

And Smoke, staring at the parted strand, five inches before his eyes, knew fear in all its weakness. He did not want to die; he recoiled from the shimmering abyss beneath him, and his panic brain urged all the preposterous optimism of delay. It was fear that prompted him to compromise.

"All right," he called up. "I'll wait. Do your best. But I tell you, Carson, if we both start slipping again I'm going to cut."

"Huh! Forget it. When we start, Old Horse, we start up. I'm a porous plaster. I could stick here if it was twice as steep. I'm getting a sizable hole for one heel already. Now, you hush, and let me work."

The slow minutes passed. Smoke centered his soul on the dull hurt of a hang-nail on one of his fingers. He should have clipped it away that morning—it was hurting then—he decided; and he resolved, once clear of the crevasse, that it should immediately be clipped. Then, with short focus, he stared at the hangnail and the finger with a new comprehension. In a minute, or a few minutes at best, that hangnail, that finger, cunningly jointed and efficient, might be part of a mangled carcass at the bottom of the crevasse. Conscious of his fear, he hated himself. Bear-eaters were made of sterner stuff. In the anger of self-revolt he all but

hacked at the rope with his knife. But fear made him draw back the hand and to stick himself again, trembling and sweating, to the slippery slope. To the fact that he was soaking wet by contact with the thawing ice, he tried to attribute the cause of his shivering, but he knew, in the heart of him, that it was untrue.

A gasp and a groan and an abrupt slackening of the rope, warned him. He began to slip. The movement was very slow. The rope tightened loyally, but he continued to slip. Carson could not hold him, and was slipping with him. The digging toe of his farther-extended foot encountered vacancy, and he knew that it was over the straight-away fall. And he knew, too, that in another moment his falling body would jerk Carson's after it.

Blindly, desperately, all the vitality and life-love of him beaten down in a flashing instant by a shuddering perception of right and wrong, he brought the knife-edge across the rope, saw the strands part, felt himself slide more rapidly, and then fall.

What happened then, he did not know. He was not unconscious, but it happened too quickly, and it was unexpected. Instead of falling to his death, his feet almost immediately struck in water, and he sat violently down in water that splashed coolingly on his face. His first impression was that the crevasse was shallower than he had imagined and that he had safely fetched bottom. But of this he was quickly disabused. The opposite wall was a dozen feet away. He lay in a basin formed in an outjut of the ice-wall by melting water that dribbled and trickled over the bulge above and fell sheer down a distance of a dozen feet. This had hollowed out the basin. Where he sat the water was two feet deep, and it was flush with the rim. He peered over the rim and looked down the narrow chasm hundreds of feet to the torrent that foamed along the bottom.

"Oh, why did you?" he heard a wail from above.

"Listen," he called up. "I'm perfectly safe, sitting in a pool of water up to my neck. And here's both our packs. I'm going to sit on them. There's room for a half dozen here. If you slip, stick close and you'll land. In the meantime you hike up and get out. Go to the cabin. Somebody's there. I saw the smoke. Get a rope, or anything that will make rope, and come back and fish for me."

"Honest?" came Carson's incredulous voice.

"Cross my heart and hope to die. Now, get a hustle on, or I'll catch my death of cold."

Smoke kept himself warm by kicking a channel through the rim with the heel of his shoe. By the time he had drained off the last of the water, a call from Carson announced that he had reached the top.

After that Smoke occupied himself with drying his clothes. The late afternoon sun beat warmly in upon him, and he wrung out his garments and spread them about him. His match-case was waterproof, and he manipulated and dried sufficient tobacco and rice paper to make cigarettes.

Two hours later, perched naked on the two packs and smoking, he heard a voice above that he could not fail to identify.

"Oh, Smoke! Smoke!"

"Hello, Joy Gastell!" he called back. "Where'd you drop from?"

"Are you hurt?"

"Not even any skin off!"

"Father's paying the rope down now. Do you see it?"

"Yes; and I've got it," he answered. "Now, wait a couple of minutes, please."

"What's the matter?" came her anxious query, after several minutes. "Oh, I know you're hurt."

"No, I'm not. I'm dressing."

"Dressing?"

"Yes. I've been in swimming. Now! Ready? Hoist away!"

He sent up the two packs on the first trip, was consequently rebuked by Joy Gastell, and on the second trip came up himself.

* * * * *

Joy Gastell looked at him with glowing eyes, while her father and Carson were busy coiling the rope.

"How could you cut loose in that

splendid way?" she cried. "It was—it was glorious, that's all."

Smoke waved the compliment away with a deprecatory hand.

"I know all about it," she persisted. "Carson told me. You sacrificed yourself to save him."

"Nothing of the sort," Smoke lied.

"I could see that swimming pool right under me all the time."

(In the August issue of MacLean's Magazine, the eighth Tale in the Smoke Bellow series, "The Hanging of Cultus George," will appear).

The Loafing Habit

One of the most fatal habits is that of taking things easy, the habit of loafing, of killing time, of sitting around and dreading one's task. The way to rob a nettle of its sting is to grasp it quickly, vigorously, not to fool with it. Many people are like this when they play with a spoonful of medicine because they dread to swallow the bitter disagreeable remedy. They make the dreaded thing infinitely worse by putting it off.

I know people who always have a lot of put-off disagreeable tasks, waiting until they "feel like it." They are like the general who skipped all the difficult fortresses and took his army along the line of least resistance. By and by these neglected posts fired upon his army and gave him a constant annoyance.

The way to rob a task of its disagreeableness is to tackle it promptly and vigorously and get it out of the way. This habit of playing with a spoon before taking a disagreeable medicine only delays the torture. Swallow it quickly and have done with it.

Fight against the loafing propensity, the habit of dawdling and putting off disagreeable things as you would fight for your life in a desperately dangerous situation. Apathy is a terrible foe of achievement.

Doing the Fall Fairs

AN EXPOSURE OF THE SCHEMES WHICH HAVE BEEN WORKED
BY FAKIRS AT SOME EXHIBITIONS IN CANADA.

The fall fair season will soon be with us. Already directors of exhibitions are formulating their plans for thrillers. In this article, which is in the nature of a humorous exposure, the public is given a glimpse behind the scenes, and is shown something of the methods which are followed by professional fakirs in "Doing the Fall Fairs." The incident on which the story is based actually happened, but in justice to the Fairs it should be said that the various organizations are now co-operating throughout Canada in an effort to eliminate, so far as possible, all attempts to fleece the public, even though it does, as Barnum averred, "like to be humbugged."

By James P. Haverson

"THERE'S one thing a guy's got to have to work the fall fairs; and that is nerve. If he's got that he don't need much else." This tabloid wisdom was handed out late one night, or to be accurate, early one morning, by my friend the ex-reporter, ex-advertising man, ex-mail order merchant and ex-mostly anything else to which a man could turn his hand or fertile brain by way of easing a living out of an iron-fisted and stony-hearted world.

This man had the nerve, also he had one sick crocodile, one \$125 snake, and, later annexed Nellie, the Wild Girl. With these he successfully worked the fall fairs, not in distant lands, but right here in Canada, and by tickling, prodding and otherwise irritating the curiosities of our own home-grown tillers of the soil enticed, inveigled and extracted a sufficient number of nickels and dimes from their well guarded pockets to keep him, not only grub-staked and provided with pocket money, but also, on his return to his native pavements,

to allow of the purchase of much weirdly-colored and grotesquely carven raiment.

This is how it was done as he tells it, and every one who has gazed open-mouthed and wide-eyed at the assorted wonders set forth in the side shows of our fall fairs should read if they would know just what sort of a run they got for their money, if any was expended by them.

"Over at the Toronto Island," said my friend, "there was a guy with a crocodile doin' a dime show stunt. He wasn't makin' it go very good. The crock had cost him about \$150 duty and all. He tried the game fer about three days, and then was so close to the cashion that he hadn't the heart to keep it up. I sat in and listened to him tellin' what a thorny path a guy in the show business had to go, and finally purchased the crock for 25 bones.

"Talkin' it over with a friend of mine, we decided to take a whirl at the fall fairs, but figured that we'd need

more than this one crocodile to go up against that game. The crocodile seemed to be dyspeptic and just about as down hearted as the guy I bought him from.* Beside that, it was only right that my friend should put something into the show if we were to split the gate receipts two ways and break even. My friend came in with a sixteen-foot snake that weighed in at 100 pounds, also he got hold of-a bird, a macaw, I think it was. It couldn't talk, but gee! it had great feathers on its head.

"This was our outfit together with a tent and some sort of petrified fish when we went up against our first fair. The first one was at Oshawa, not far from Toronto. We got our tents up and everything set before the first rube showed up. I went out to the front to do the spiel, and they had to be rubes proper to fall for it, for I was new at the game then and nervouser than any jelly fish in the show business. I put up a talk startin' in with the crock and windin' up with the spiked fish that got the cash anyway, though I don't know how they swallowed it. It would have been just about as easy to swallow the whole show tent, snake, crock, spiked fish and everything.

" 'Gentlemen,' I says, 'and ladies as well, this here crocodile is known as Betsy. This here is the only black web-footed crocodile that was ever brought to this country alive and in captivity in a tank. This here crocodile was one of the seven sacred crocodiles of Chief Tananika, who was in his time just about the powerfulest of all the Northern African kings. These here seven crocodiles were used for the especial, awful and ghastly purpose of devouring prisoners of wars.

" 'Chief Tananika kept these here crocodiles in a small lake which was known to Europeans as the black pool. This here black pool is situated 700 miles south of the mouth of the Nile River, and was first discovered by Livingston, the famous explorer, in one of his expeditions into that there im-

passable country. Three years ago, after the war with the mad Mullah, Major Clark, the explorer and soldier, with a party of 300 men took Chief Tananika prisoner and captured three of his largest, blackest and savagest crocodiles. Ladies and gentlemen, this here crocodile, which we have before you in this here tent to-day is the largest of them three captured crocodiles. The other two smaller ones are in the London Zoological Gardens right now, if they ain't escaped.'

"Just about here," explained my friend, "the guy inside the tent would pull on a rosined string in a tin pan, and then there was an awful roar. Another guy that we had hired showed a piece of meat on a pole behind my back. Then there was another roar, and I jumped inside the tent hollerin' to the men not to feed that crocodile meat. When I got inside I'd shout out, 'What do youse guys mean? Do you want to get that crocodile so furious that we can't run no show to-day? If you don't watch out you'll get bitten yourself.'

"Of course, you know we didn't feed him no meat. I don't know whether crocodiles is meant to eat meat or not, but the trouble with this here crocodile was that he wouldn't eat nothin', and he died when we was three days out. We couldn't lose the crocodile, which was the biggest end of the show at this stage of the game, and so we cut him open and stuffed him with salt. He acted just about as much alive after that as he did before, but we sort of felt that we had to have somethin' more in our repertory.

"It was about this time that we met up with Nellie, the Wild Girl, and so long as she was with the show it went big. When Nellie quit we was gettin' kind of sick of the show business, and the whole thing bust up, but so long as the wild girl was there we played to a big business."

"What happened to Nellie, the Wild Girl?" I asked, scenting trouble arising

out of the caprices of the eternal feminine.

"Oh, he went home," remarked my friend disgustedly. "You see, his father was a preacher up in Western Ontario, and he didn't like his son to be mixed up with the show business, so he wired him the money to go home, and Nellie went."

My friend gazed ruefully at the well defined not to say glaring checks in his remarkable clothing, and mourned again the loss of Nellie, the Wild Girl.

"Gee, he went big," he grumbled at last, "and we sure had him fixed up great, and the guy that was with me had a dandy spiel to go with his stunt. He saved us from talkin' so much about that crock that was gettin' kind of whiffy anyway, and which we had to dump a week before Nellie left us."

"How did you dump the crocodile?" I asked, and my friend grinned broadly as he replied: "You see it was this way: We figured that crock had lived just about as long as any dead crock should, and Nellie was gettin' to kinda kick about him being in the tent where he had to sleep, so one night the three of us packed him on our shoulders and dumped him into a farmer's field. We never heard what the farmer said nor what he thought, for we moved out of town early next morning. After that Nellie was pretty much the whole show. We had him fixed up wid a long wig of black hair comin' to his waist, a blue sailor blouse and a red skirt, and his bare legs, arms and face was painted brown that they use on the stage to make Indians with. Then we had red and blue marks all over him fixed up to look like tattoo marks. You bet he was some wild looking girl."

"Just before we dumped the crock we sent away to London, Ont., for a banner to string out in front of the tent. There was a guy there that had one, but it wasn't a very good banner for us, because he had used it with a wild man fake, and there was a picture of a great big husky guy with an ugly lookin' club, but not much hair. Nel-

lie had a whole lot of hair, but we didn't have no club for him, and gee! he was skinny. Anyway, as soon as we got Nellie in the game we'd got a five-dollar order of small snakes, and he used to sit in a pit wid the big snake over his knees and the little snakes crawling over his bare feet. I tell you what it is, I don't want none of this wild girl stunt fer me own personal performance.

"I used to work in that little prickly fish into the spiel, and put it up to the guys that it was a Japanese sea-horse. 'Looka here ladies and gents,' I'd say, 'we have also fer yer inspection a specimen of the rare Japanese sea-horse. If you turn to page 254 of Prof. Baker's great book on Aquatic Phenomenons you'll find that he describes this wonderful animal, which is also partly a fish, as the anthibious of the Sea of Japan. This here animal can both swim and walk. It uses them spikes as legs and in its natural state has a head like a horse. This here specimen in the process of dryin' it out shrunk in the neck, and so it don't look as much like a horse at that end as it did when alive.'

"We had also a sort of papier mache mermaid thing. We used to tell 'em that this was a petrified mermaid found on the Japanese shores by Captain Silverthorn, late of the British navy, in a voyage which he made to them parts three years ago. Of course, them guys was awful fish to fall for a talk like that, but if you handed out to the ordinary guy that all the stuff you're tellin' 'em is set down in good, honest print, in a scientific book he's goin' to tumble for it every time. He don't know whether it's there or not, and even if he thinks it's phoney he ain't got the nerve to call yer bluff, provided you say it good and loud and look awful sure. The average guy would rather take a chance on noddin' his head and lookin' wise so as the rest of the bunch will think that he's read the book, too, and is a regular educated geke.

"All this spiel had to be shouted out good and loud, and we had to keep it

up for quite a while, as you've got to get yer crowd outside before you get 'em inside. Once we had a good, big crowd outside we'd close down on the spiel a little and pull 'em in at fifteen cents a throw. Once we got a bunch inside all we had to do was kick up any kind of a row inside the tent, and the bunch outside would come crowdin' in as fast as they could get.

"After the crock had croaked there would be some of the guys what thought he didn't look as fierce as we had said in the spiel, and some of 'em used to wonder, I guess, how it was that he never roared when there was anyone inside the tent. But if any guy seemed to think he wasn't real fierce all you had to do was to pull a bunch of bills out of yer pockets and offer 'em to any guy that was game to put his hand in the crocodile's mouth. There wasn't one that ever called this bluff. Gee, if ever any guy had offered to he would have had to pry that crock's mouth open," chuckled my friend the showman in evil-gee.

"When the bunch started to go out," he continued, still chuckling, "the man on the door would look at 'em hard in the face and ast 'em if it wasn't a wonderful show, and if they wasn't satisfied. If you pin a guy down like that he's goin' to say yes every time. He ain't got the nerve to tell you to yer face that yer show's a bunk, even if he thinks so.

"After we'd got in the easy bunch at fifteen cents, fer there's always a bunch that's goin' to crowd into a show anyway, you couldn't keep 'em out, we used to have to get busy with a hand axe. When they began to come hard we'd raise a howl in the tent that some of the guys had been bitten by the croc. One time a fellow got his hand cut in the merry-go-round and sneaked in at the back of the tent. He went runnin' out of the front yellin' that he'd been bit and waving his hand with the blood on it. Forty fifteen centers came in on that bluff," he mused with a reminiscent grin of satisfaction,

He took up the tale anew. "We didn't always have a guy with a cut hand around but so long as there was anyone goin' in more was pretty sure to follow and the guys workin' in the different shows used to help each other out. Some of the guys from another show would come around when a fellow was pullin' his spiel, and if the regular rubes wasn't makin' no break to come in, the spieler would yell; "Shill," which meant that some of these phoney customers was to crowd forward, pay their money and hustle into the show as if they'd only been livin' up till now in the hope of some day bein' able to see it.

"But when that croc had to be dumped it kinda put a crimp in the show, and when Nellie's father called him home on account of objections to the show business, we didn't have much heart to stick with the game, so we decided to close the show. Some of the bunch struck for home right off the bat but others hated to quit the business flat. We kicked around fer about three weeks selling two dollar fountain pens that cost us a nickel a piece and phoney diamonds and bum gold rings. One of the guys would sell the stuff and the rest would stall for him. That is when the guy was sellin' it one of the stalls would come up and act as if he thought the rings was phoney.

"He'd pull a bottle out of his pocket labelled acid and tell the guy that was sellin' it that he'd soon see if it was gold all right. All there was in that bottle was oil which never hurt no kind of metal. When he dipped the ring into the stuff and nothin' happened he'd turn away sorta disappointed, saying that he guessed it was gold all right, and then some fish was dead sure to buy that ring.

"Gee," he concluded, "There's nothin' to it, a guy can have a whole lot of fun workin' the fall fairs. And it's dead easy if you know how and have the nerve."

An Amateur Professional

By William Hugo Palbke

DOROTHY BENSON was enjoying herself hugely at the Ocean View House. She had just graduated from college, and her immediate horizon bounded a summer of rest and pleasure; her future, a little farther removed, included a fall and winter in Tangier and Egypt. Not the least factor in the pleasure of her stay at Maxatuxet was the arrival of Harry Dale with whom she had been friends since childhood. There had never been the slightest approach to sentiment in their friendship; beyond frank liking and a reciprocal gift of gay companionship they expected nothing of each other, and so were never disappointed.

Harry Dale's chief characteristic was an arrogant confidence in his ability to do things that he knew absolutely nothing about. Moreover, he was always ready to back his own prowess by a bet. He had made his debut at Maxatuxet by challenging a sturdy native to a race in flat-bottomed scows, he to use a single scull against a pair of sweeps wielded by his opponent. As usual, he had jumped at a hasty conclusion, formulating in haphazard manner a profound but valueless theory regarding economy of power. Needless to say, he was beaten by three-quarters of a mile. The kindly, off-hand manner in which he paid the large odds of the bet, however, won him instant popularity with the masculine element at the Ocean View which had turned out in force to witness the event. This incident, together with his offer to play billiards for any stakes with a man whom he had just met, and who afterwards turned out to be an amateur champion, caused him to be the butt of considerable good-natured quizzing.

One brilliant afternoon, shortly after his arrival, he dashed down the level mile from the station in a shining, new motor-car. He turned a short corner into the drive-way, demolishing a gorgeous but flimsy railing, and, before he could control his motor climbed part way up the steps leading to the hotel piazza.

He was greeted by a burst of laughter from the group of girls above him, and a yell of derision from the proportionately small circle of men.

He reversed quickly, unconsciously turning his steering gear. The machine bumped heavily down the steps, and the rear wheels ruined a geranium bed; a quick turn to the left, and a baby carriage, fortunately empty, had passed into the category of useless things. The men on the piazza were doubled up in helpless mirth, the girls voicing their glee in hysterical laughter. Harry, not the least crestfallen, sat calmly in the motionless car with the mien of one justly proud of a great achievement.

"Where did you get it?" gasped Dorothy, as coherently as her merriment permitted.

"It belongs to Charles. He's going abroad and sent this beauty to me to keep in order for him," explained Harry, gazing in amazement at his hearers whose mirth increased with his answer.

"Say Dot, won't you come out for a little spin? Oh do, please."

"Well I guess not," in solo, and then in chorus from the bystanders.

"What have I ever done to you, Harry, that you should wish to treat me so?" asked Dorothy.

"Why shouldn't you go? You're not afraid, are you?"

"Oh Dale, Dale, you're incorrigible" laughed Mr. Breckage from the back-ground. "You prove conclusively that you shouldn't be trusted with even your worthless self in an automobile, and then you ask for the responsibility of a fair passenger."

At this moment a stout, cheerful little woman emerged from the hotel office and approached the group.

"My dear," she began, addressing Dorothy. "Did I hear Harry Dale threatening to do something awful to you?"

"Not particularly awful, Aunt Jane. He only wanted to murder me. I don't understand his motive, for —"

"Now Miss Jane," broke in Harry; "I merely asked Dot to ride in my car, or rather my brother's, and everybody's been raising the deuce of a row. I don't see why."

"Who broke that railing? Who plowed up that flower bed? Who is responsible for that pathetic little heap of sticks and lace?" asked Miss Jane, indicating with stern forefinger the component parts of the debris scattered over the lawn.

"Oh well, that happened while I was getting my practice," said Harry easily. "But I'm all right now." He looked defiantly at the smiling half-circle.

The elder Miss Benson put an end to the discussion by telling Dorothy that she needed her. They went to their rooms, leaving Harry tinkering with his new toy, and beginning the explanation of a weird theory of motoring to an interested but unbelieving audience.

As soon as Miss Jane had settled her comfortable bulk in the only chair in her room which was adequate to the task of supporting it, she held out a letter to her niece.

"Oh Dorothy," she said tearfully, "it's awful news. It's from your father. I don't know what we shall do. I'm sure we'll all have to go to the poor-house; anyway, we'll have to discharge cook and the coachman."

"There, there, Aunt Jane, I'm sure it's not so bad as you think," said Dor-

othy soothingly, taking the letter. She read:

Dear Jane:

I hope you and Dot are enjoying yourselves. I have met with severe financial reverses on account of the failure of the Anderson deal, which I had planned at this time because Breckage was out of town.

He was apparently the only barrier to my success, but other interests opposed mine at the last, and—well, it's all over but the cheering. You and the child needn't change your plans for the present, but please be prepared to curtail all unnecessary expenses in the future.

Your aff. brother,
Jas K. Benson.

P.S.—Be sure to say nothing of this to Breckage nor to his wife.

J.K.B.

"Do you suppose Mrs. Breckage would know anything about this?" asked Miss Jane tentatively.

"What good would it do if she did know about it?" asked Dorothy.

"I'm going to ask her, anyway. I can't stand this suspense—it's so indefinite."

"But Dad told you not say anything about it," protested Dorothy.

"You may trust me, my dear. I shall be very discreet, and shall find out everything that I can without telling anything."

Miss Jane started off in search of her victim, leaving her niece to think over the situation by herself. Like all guileless people, Miss Jane considered herself very deep. This very confidence in her own impenetrability would have made the coming contest with Mrs. Breckage all the more pathetically ridiculous to an observer who was conversant with the antagonists' characteristics.

Mrs. Breckage was a handsome woman with a haughty, immobile face and the manner of a grande dame. She by no means wore her heart on her sleeve. There was but one person in the world who knew the wealth of love that she

showered on her husband, and the innumerable business secrets that she shared with him, and that person was Breckage, the financier. She was sitting alone in a sequestered angle of the wide veranda when Miss Jane came trotting by in search of her.

"Oh, Mrs. Breckage, I feel so horrid and grumpy and want some one to talk to, and you'll do as well as any one else," panted Miss Jane with a fine disregard of flattery.

Mrs. Breckage laughed languidly and laid an inviting hand on the chair beside her. She really liked the little old maid and admired her for replacing so well the mother that Dorothy had never known. For this reason she forgave her crudities of manner.

"Do you know anything about Mr. Breckage's deals?" asked Miss Jane calmly.

"Women rarely know much about their husband's business affairs," responded Mrs. Breckage with grave vagueness.

"That doesn't tell me much," thought her inquisitor. Then aloud: "But do you know anything about a scheme that he and my brother are in together—no, not together, but against each other—and which Jim should have come out ahead in so long as Mr. Breckage was out of town, but he didn't?" After this coherent and strategic utterance she leaned forward and gazed imploringly at the passive face before her.

The financier's wife thought she did know all too much about such a deal. It was the only business that was taking her husband away from her after their short, happy week together, and she had inveighed bitterly against Jim Benson for being the cause of their premature separation.

"You say that Mr. Benson failed in some scheme in which my husband was to fight his interests?" she asked.

"Why, yes, that's it. He wrote me that he had met with financial reverses and that all was over but the cheering."

The other looked decidedly interest-

ed but hardly sympathetic. Was it possible that simple little Miss Jane knew about the Anderson coup? "Why did you ask if I knew anything about business affairs?" she queried.

"You see," blundered Miss Jane, "I thought you might tell me if this was very serious. I'm so distressed—and the suspense is just terrible."

"If you told me which particular operation it is, I might be able to give you an idea as to its magnitude."

"I—I don't know that I ought to," stammered Miss Jane. "Jim told me not to, but I don't see what harm it can do, and it will relieve my mind so much. It's the—let me see—yes, 'the Anderson deal.'"

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried Mrs. Breckage impulsively, seeing the vision of another week's happiness before her. Her husband had told her that his associates *might* be able to pull off the deal without him. They were confident of their ability and had insisted upon his going away for a rest in accordance with his doctor's instructions. So the matter was closed up already and he could spend another long, delicious week with her.

"How can you say you're glad?" complained Miss Jane.

"I meant that I was glad it was no worse," replied the other mendaciously.

"And you *don't* think we'll all have to go to the poor-house?"

"Nonsense. If I were you, I'd have implicit confidence in that very clever brother of yours. Jim Benson will never let you or Dorothy want for anything."

"Oh, thank you for explaining everything to me," cried Miss Jane fervently. "I must run along and comfort my poor child."

Dorothy, when left alone, had grimly set her teeth and thought matters over. Her beautiful, rose colored plans for the fall and winter had to give way to the new conditions. What did it all mean? She could hardly realize it as her father had heretofore been invariably successful. Deep in her heart she

had a feeling that all would come right in the end; somehow, her father *always* made things come right.

She was a healthy young person, to whose nature brooding was entirely foreign. She made up her mind to enjoy the present anyway, and let the future take care of itself. With this object in view she went down stairs to join Harry's audience.

As she came on to the veranda, she heard his loud, boyish voice exclaiming: "There's not a drop of sporting blood in the whole crowd. The only one who had anywhere near enough nerve to take me up was Miss Hastings." He glanced toward a piquante blonde perched on the railing. "She would have taken the bet if she hadn't been afraid of maternal disapproval. You men, I say, ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"What is the matter with the boy? He seems to be unduly excited," cried Dorothy.

"Oh, Harry has been giving us a lecture on 'How to Speed an Automobile Without Wasting Gray Matter,'" said Billy Royce, a large young man with an easy manner. "He wants to back his theory by racing all comers to Quissett and back for a thousand dollars," he continued, seeing that he had an interested listener in Dorothy.

"None of us want to take his money," said one of the older men.

"I did," chirped little Miss Hastings; "but I knew Mamma wouldn't let me."

"That's right," said Harry. "She did; she's dead game."

"How do you know that you'd get his money?" asked Dorothy, of Billy Royce.

"You haven't heard his theory yet, or you wouldn't ask that," he answered. "It's the most——"

"It's just this," interrupted Harry. "I say that in a race you want to forget there's a half-speed notch for your lever. Just feed in all the power you've got. The man that has the nerve to keep it there all through the race, wins."

"Hear him talk," jeered Royce. "All the experience that he's had in motor-ing consists of smashing one railing, one geranium bed, and one baby carriage."

Dorothy thought quickly. She remembered the stretch of soft sand a mile this side of Quissett. Then the absurdity of Harry's speed theory impressed itself upon her.

"Now you people up there have got just one more chance at this bargain," prodded Harry. "Cheap, dirt cheap at the price, hot and cold water in every room, only fifteen minutes' walk from the station, entrancing view, healthful locality, especially for children—going—going—what, no takers?"

Dorothy had made up her mind. Of course her father would disapprove—but, would he? Aunt Jane—oh well, Aunt Jane always let her do things, especially if she didn't know about them until after they were done. Then those plans. Those beautiful plans which had been so vague a few moments before. Besides, Dale Senior's millions could stand it.

"What would you do if some one really took you up, Harry?" she asked mockingly.

"Do?" exploded Harry. "Why, I'd buy champagne for the crowd after the race, and what was left I'd use as a first installment toward paying for a car of my own."

"I'll take your bet and your money too without compunction; you need a lesson," cried Dorothy, coming down the steps and holding out her slim hand to him by way of confirmation.

"Mr. Breckage, may I borrow your car for the occasion?" She called over her shoulder.

"You're welcome to it," said the financier, "and I'm happy to be able to see the event as I've just had word that I may stay here another week." He smiled knowingly at his wife who had joined him immediately after hearing Miss Jane's news, and had imparted the glad tidings to him.

Long before the usual breakfast time

the next morning, Dorothy came down stairs, veiled and gloved, and joining her loyal supporters, proceeded to the course.

The beach was deserted at this early hour and showed an unbroken strip of creamy white, curving slightly to the left toward Quissett, plainly visible across the crescent of blue water, sparkling in the sunlight. As Billy Royce staked down a piece of white canvas at the water's edge, little Miss Hastings remarked: "This reminds me of stretching the ribbons down the aisles at a church wedding."

"Don't mix sentiment with business, Miss Hastings," cried Harry gaily, bringing the front wheels of his car into position on the starting line beside Dorothy.

"I feel so shivery," said Miss Hastings in a hushed little voice, her face alive with excitement.

Billy Royce drew a pistol from his pocket, and facing about, cried: "Are you ready? Answer! Miss Benson?"

"Ready!"

"Mr. Dale?"

"Ready!"

A flash, a sharp report, and the race had begun.

Before the signal Harry had been leaning forward eagerly, ready to burst into full speed at once, while Dorothy had sat as calmly erect as though she was about to start on a round of calls. Harry shot ahead, and Dorothy was content to follow, leaving to the leader the strain of breaking the wind and making the pace. The boy raced without method while his shrewd opponent constantly watched the course, skirting bunches of marsh-grass and avoiding all irregularities. As they neared the mile-long stretch of soft sand which ended at the pier at Quissett, Dorothy's heart beat fast with excitement. Upon Harry's tactics during this part of the race depended her chance of winning.

Suddenly she saw a cloud of wet sand flying from his driving wheels, and in an instant she was gaining perceptibly. Harry, true to his theory,

maintained full power, endeavoring to push through the obstruction by the sheer force of his motor.

When she was within one hundred yards of the dark, wet sand, Dorothy slowed down to half speed and carefully entered the dangerous territory. Without a slip, she forged ahead, and, turning slightly to the left, she passed him.

She didn't look back once until, with a gasp of relief, she felt the tires of her car gripping the hard road leading to the pier. Then she turned about for the finish and saw Harry not half way through the clinging sand. Again using her policy of discretion she recrossed the treacherous mile, and the road stretched straight before her to victory.

Not until she was within half a mile of the finish did Dorothy's face show any excitement. As the watchers became discernable, her eyes dilated, and little by little she increased her speed until she rivalled Harry's pace at the start. She tore along the hard, smooth beach toward the group at the finish, who watched with bated breath. One moment she could recognize the faces, then she heard the words of encouragement shouted by her friends, and the next instant, her car passed over the line with a wild rush.

She slowed down, and turned to meet the ovation which she foresaw. As she was shaking hands right and left, and talking to five or six clamoring admirers at once, Harry crossed the tape. He leaped from his seat, and ran to congratulate her with the same wholehearted enthusiasm that he had displayed before the race.

"Dot, you're a wonder!" he cried, handing her a check that he had written for use in case of his defeat.

One morning, a week after the race, Jim Benson appeared suddenly at the Ocean View. As he alighted from the 'bus he braced himself to meet the onslaught of a slim young person who rushed down the path to greet him.

"Oh Dad, I never was so glad to see you!" cried Dorothy. "No sir," she continued; "you're not going to register now. You're going for a walk with me—I've got just volumes to tell you." She drew the big man after her in the direction of the beach.

"From your ingratiating manner I infer that you have something to confess," said he quizzingly.

"Oh, I have! I must confess first, and then I shall snub you for your insinuations. I did something very, very bad; but, oh Dad, I did want the money so much."

"Money? Why, you haven't forged my name, have you?" asked her father in mock horror.

"Pretty nearly as bad," said Dorothy, hanging her head. "I raced Harry Dale to Quissett and back in Mr. Breckage's motor car for—for—oh dear—for a thousand dollars and—and won it!" This last was a wail of anguish.

"And—eh, what! won it? Well done, little girl," Benson patted his daughter's shoulder approvingly.

"I'm so glad it's off my mind," sighed Dorothy.

"But I don't quite understand," said her father in a puzzled tone, "why, if you didn't want to keep the money, you didn't return it to Harry."

"I needed it so very much."

"Needed it? How so?"

"Why, your letter, the one to Aunt Jane, saying that you had met with financial reverses——"

"I see, so Jane told you about that?"

"Yes, and she told Mrs. Breckage, too."

"You don't say so!" laughed Benson.

"Dot," he continued, "you're worthy of being in my confidence. For a long time I've been trying to get control of the Anderson corporation. Breckage's was the only influence that kept me out. Two weeks ago he came down here and I planned a coup for that time. Therefore, I wrote to your Aunt as I did, knowing that she would disobey me and tell Mrs. Breckage. Mrs. Breckage told her husband, of course, and he, secure in his supposed knowledge that I had been defeated by his crowd, extended his vacation by a week. That week was just enough, and I guess we needn't worry about cutting down expenses yet a while."

"You clever Dad!" laughed Dorothy.

"If I give Harry back his check, you can afford to make it up to me."

"Hereafter, whenever you want a little thing like a thousand, you may come to your old father for it; he's not out of the ring yet," said Jim Benson chuckling with keen delight.

Training Under Pressure

Did you ever realize that the finest characters in the world have been trained under the most exacting, the most exasperating, the most unkindly conditions.

Just as the fire consumes all the dross, everything but the pure gold, so hardships, misfortunes, sorrows and disasters clarify and purify character. Many of the strongest men in the world have suffered most, and, no doubt, most of them felt that what they were passing through were misfortunes that were taking a great deal out of them and perhaps ruining their chances in life.

Just as the storms and tempests toughen the fibre of the oak which stands alone on the hillside, while the sapling protected in the thicket is soft and spongy, so the fibre of the man who is trained in the school of adversity is toughened.

Monumenting Canada

THE GREAT WORK WHICH IS BEING ACCOMPLISHED
BY THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY SURVEYS
ALONG THE BORDER

By Oscar Y. Brown

The International Boundary Surveys! There is something new in the very term. How many Canadians know anything of the existence of such a body or of its work? Yet the personnel of the organization, men of strength and purpose, and the character of its duties, often perilous in the extreme, are highly deserving of public attention and recognition. Under these circumstances the accompanying story, telling of "Monumenting" the international boundary line between Canada and the United States will be of special interest.

THE International Boundary Surveys! How little the words mean to most Canadians—yes, even to those of us who credit ourselves with a patriotic and consistent interest in the affairs of our native land. Now and then our eye is caught and held for a moment by some brief journalistic notice. Boundary survey parties have gone north to the Yukon, east to New Brunswick or west to the woody mountains of British Columbia. Perhaps it is something half humorous in vein—the tale of a surveyman's wild flight from an imaginary bear, or the taming of a real one. Perhaps tragical—the succinct story of how some treacherous snow cornice yawned under the weight of one young man down-launching him 2,000 feet to snow-buried death at the bottom of a gaping ravine in the Canadian Rockies. One moment the eye is caught and held, but only a moment—just long enough to convey to the mind some fragmentary, seen-to-be-forgotten idea of one little phase of the work. The purpose, the nature, the

significance of the whole scheme are far from generally realized.

Long before the settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute, long before Daniel Webster's triumph over Lord Ashburton, in 1842, disputes had arisen regarding the legal international boundary between Canada and the United States. By a treaty of 1783, the boundaries of the United States were defined as beginning on the east at the mouth of the St. Croix River, and ascending that river to its source. Soon after dispute arose as to which river St. Croix was meant—there being at that time three or more of the name—and in 1794 commissioners were appointed to settle all doubt in the matter, and to determine the mouth and source of the intended St. Croix. Four years later the commissioners reported in favor of the stream which now bears the name, and constitutes the southeastern boundary of New Brunswick. This instance is not given on account of its importance, but as an example of the difficulties besetting those whose work it has been



Sherbrook Lake Valley.

to define the international boundary. From the end of the eighteenth to the beginning of the twentieth century disputation as to the ownership of certain parts of the land along the boundary was almost continuous, and settlers in the vexed territory were never very sure as to whether they were Americans or Canadians.

Now, at last, however, the consummation of all bickering, dickering, wrangling and arbitration is clearly discernible in the not very remote future. On June 3, 1908, a treaty between His Majesty and the United States providing for the survey of the whole boundary line from the Atlantic to the Pacific was ratified. The greater part of that work has already been accomplished. The survey is conducted jointly by Canada and the United States under a commission consisting of Dr. W. F. King, Canada's chief astronomer, and Mr. O. H. Tittmann, superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Each year since the passage of the treaty, parties, led by surveyors sent from Ottawa and Washington,

have worked amicably along different sections of the boundary from coast to coast, and in the north on the 141st meridian, and other parts of the Alaska boundary. From the very outset the arduous and often hazardous work has been conducted with the greatest international amity, and without duplication of labor. How is the boundary, once surveyed, permanently marked? Some will ask. How is the traveler to know when he steps from the United States into Canada or vice versa? Is the boundary line as mythical as the tariff wall? No, it is not, and if the traveler is sufficiently interested to prove the truth of this assertion, he can do so without any very great difficulty

by first finding the 49th parallel somewhere in the plains of the west, then taking a stroll of a few hundred yards along in either direction. It doesn't matter whether he goes east or west so long as he keeps to the 49th. Either way is certain to arrive at proof in the form of a slab of cast iron firmly

planted in a base of concrete that holds it fast to terra firma. South of that



Cathedral Peak, Sherbrook Lake.



Across Daly ice field.

slab he is in a republic, as the words United States, deeply graven on that side will indicate; north of that slab he can know from the word Canada, deep-lettered on its Arctic face, that he is in the Dominion of a great empire. South of that slab the American fugitive from justice can be borne off by the sheriff to answer the demands of his country's law; north of it the officer must first prove to the satisfaction of Canadian justice, his right to demand the offender.

MONUMENTS AT FREQUENT INTERVALS.

The monuments originally planted along the 49th were of earth and stone, built up to resemble a Scotch cairn. When the re-survey of the line was made in accordance with the new treaty, however, these easily destructible marks were replaced by the more enduring cast iron ones. In mountainous or forest-covered areas slabs of bronze instead of iron are used as these are less easily smashed or over-turned by the rolling of rocks or the falling of trees. The distance between monuments varies considerably with the nature of the country, the general guiding rule being that one should be visible from the next in line. Where the boundary line runs through the middle of a stream or body of water, the monuments are put up along the shore, with markings on them to guide surveyors in ascertaining their local relation to the international divide.

On the Quebec-Maine boundary line surveying and monumenting has been completed along the St. Francis river; considerable work has been done in the forest to the west of it, while more than half the distance from the mouth of the St. Croix to the St. Lawrence has been covered on the New Brunswick and Quebec lines. Two or three more seasons will see the completion of the work in the east. Along the St. Lawrence and through the Great Lakes—a stretch involving great fishing and shipping areas—the boundary delineation has been placed in the hands of

the International Waterways commission, and with that Dr. King and his men have no concern.

It is in the west, however, that the vastest areas have been covered. Along the 49th from the Gulf of Georgia to the Red river, the re-survey has been completed. The prairie farmer no longer decides the land of his residence by a crumbling cairn of weather-worn stones. To make perfectly certain that he is in very truth a Canadian resident and land-owner before casting his ballot he has only to find the nearest iron post, and there's sure to be one not many yards distant.



The Daly Pass.

One section along which no work has been done is that which extends from the Lake of the Woods to Superior. The boundary here keeps to waterways, but its course has never been accurately surveyed, mapped or monumented. Survey parties will start work on it next spring. To survey it, however, will not be an easy task for the reason that the country is covered with forest, and has few high points from which to take observations.

As in the mountainous regions of British Columbia, bronze monuments are also used to mark the international boundary between Canada and Alaska. The greater part of the Alaska boundary has been thoroughly gone over. Along the coast strip adjoining British Columbia there yet remains about one

season's work. The 141st meridian, dividing line between Alaska and the Yukon, has been covered away up into the Arctic circle so that one more season will see it completed to the ice-bound coast on the north. At its southern extremity about 90 miles have still to be gone over in the wild, mountainous region of the St. Elias Alps.

NATURE OF THE WORK.

From these facts the reader may have gleaned some idea of what has already been accomplished and what yet remains to be done. From them, however, he can have received very little knowledge of the nature of the work carried on by the twelve ruddy Canadian boundary surveyors, their American co-workers, and the parties of husky men who set their camps under the beautiful stars in wilds far removed from the centres of civilization. The hazards, the trials, the thrills of the task—and it has not a few of them—can only be learned from one of these men, bronzed by the Arctic sun, returning in October from far Alaska. They



Guide on summit of Mount Daly.



Ascending wall of snow to summit of Mount Daly.

are not great talkers, these men. Like most men who spend a large part of the year roughing it in the barbaric wilds of native nature, they tell but little of their experience even in their most loquacious moods. Lucky, indeed, is the Vancouver reporter who gleams from them a yarn of some stray adventure with a bear; some narrow escape from death in a gaping crevasse.

The best and easiest way to gain some clear insight into the nature of the work is that thrown open to me by two kind-hearted surveyors who permitted me to look through their albums of photographs taken on several surveys along the Alaska line. Some would almost do for illustrations to articles on Alpine climbing; from others, one would judge that the principal work of the Boundary surveys is the felling of forest trees. Both are merely illustrations of different phases of the largely diversified duties of a boundary surveyor and his men.

Early in May the surveyors, twelve in number, leave their winter offices,

situated at Ottawa, organize their parties—from twelve to 20 men under each surveyor—and set out for the east, the west or the north, whichever it may happen to be. These Alaska-ward bound, take train to Victoria, B.C., and from that beautiful harbor proceed by boat to Skagway. Each party takes to the north sufficient provisions and equipment for the season's work. From Skagway they proceed with pack trains over mountain and through forest to that part of the country in which their season's work is to lie. Through the silent forest ring the buoyant strokes of the sturdy axemen as they widen the clearing for a night's encampment.

The line at last! a cheer rises from their throats as they stumble on the monument marking the end of their last season's work. Perhaps it stands at one end of an alley of clearing hewn through the forest. Perhaps, on the side of a Heaven-kissing hill. In the first case the axemen must shoulder their weapons and lay low a few more of their un-resisting enemies. Lives of



On the Mount Daly ridge.

trees are not spared, although there is no unnecessary destruction of natural resources. The rule that one monument should be visible from the next in line often makes it necessary to cut a swathe through the woodlands. Often also, it is necessary for an observation that a high peak be scaled, or the side of a steep precipice. "Excelsior," cry the men, and up they go till the signal stands on the pinnacle.

Hand in hand work the Americans and Canadians. Sometimes the parties camp side by side, each, however, working on a different section of the line, for no labor is wasted in the survey of the boundary. Where necessary, however, the parties separate widely. Then one of the Canadian surveyors is appointed to go with the American party, his duty being to see that Canada gets fair treatment. Similarly one of the Americans comes over to the camp of the Dominion's surveys. Throughout the work there have been no international complications between the boundary workers. Fraternal co-operation



Mount Niles, as seen from the summit of Mount
Daly.



A camp fire at Sherbrook Lake Valley.

has right along been the prevailing spirit.

There is little probability that the results of this boundary survey will be ever destroyed. Earthquakes, slowly moving packs of ice and snow, or the down-crashing of huge trees may topple some of the monuments, but no seismic disturbance, no avalanche, no forest accident can affect more than a few. Besides, record is kept of the position of every monument, and every part of the line is mapped with the finest topographical detail. Two sets of these boundary maps go to Canada, two to the United States. In the strong boxes of both nations they shall lie to quell all future disputations on the score of Uncle Sam's northern limit.

AND SOMETIMES DANGEROUS, TOO.

Dangerous? The word was used before. Yes, the duties of boundary survey parties—especially these in Alaska—often lead them into positions that are seasoned with peril. And yet, with all the miles of country that have been covered in the far north, only one life has been lost. The one who perished was a young man named Shepherd from Nanaimo, B.C., under whose feet the snow cornice gave way carrying its victim into the ravines. When one considers that for the erection of every skyscraper in New York, one or more men are sacrificed, the record of the boundary surveyors in Alaska becomes even more creditable and more wonder-

ful in one's eyes. There they have been working in the midst of dangers greater and more imminent than those which jeopardize the laborer on the tall building; working, too, for several years—and only one fatality! Matterhorns have been scaled; men have been lowered over cliffs with only rope-lines to save them from infinity; ledges of snow that might or might not give way have been traversed or avoided; wild animals have been met by day and night, have been shot, trapped for food or allowed to escape—and only one fatality! Do you wonder that Dr. King feels proud of the record?

The season's work in the field finished, back to civilization go the surveyors and their men. Parties disintegrate, the surveyors returning to their offices at Ottawa; the redmen, chainmen and axemen dispersing to centres where they may most wisely or unwisely rid themselves of their season's earnings. After a summer in the isolated wilds, it is good to spend one's winter in a gay city. Never do the street illuminations seem more alluring than after the play of the Alaskan aurora, or the weird glow of the midnight sun; never does a good comic opera have more fairy-like sweetness than when one has seen no women save Squaws for months past—never does a dance seem more dreamily exotic. By the surveyors that part of the winter devoted to confined labor is spent in mapping and arranging the results of the summer's work.



Church service around camp fire.

Psyche and the Pskyscraper

By O. Henry

IF YOU are a philosopher you can do this thing: you can go to the top of a high building, look down upon your fellow-men 300 feet below, and despise them as insects. Like the irresponsible black waterbugs on summer ponds, they crawl and circle and hustle about idiotically without aim or purpose. They do not even move with the admirable intelligence of ants, for ants always know when they are going home. The ant is of a slowly station, but he will often reach home and get his slippers on while you are left at your elevated station.

Man, then, to the housetopped philosopher, appears to be but a creeping, contemptible beetle. Brokers, poets, millionaires, bootblacks, beauties, hod-carriers and politicians become little black specks dodging bigger black specks in streets no wider than your thumb.

From this high view the city itself becomes degraded to an unintelligible mass of distorted buildings and impossible perspectives; the revered ocean is a duck pond; the earth itself a lost golf ball. All the minutiae of life are gone. The philosopher gazes into the infinite heavens above him, and allows his soul to expand to the influence of his new view. He feels that he is the heir to Eternity and the child of Time. Space, too, should be his by the right of his immortal heritage, and he thrills at the thought that some day his kind shall traverse those mysterious aerial roads between planet and planet. The tiny world beneath his feet upon which this towering structure of steel rests as a speck of dust upon a Himalayan mountain—it is but one of a countless number of such whirling atoms. What are

the ambitions, the achievements, the paltry conquests and loves of those restless black insects below compared with the serene and awful immensity of the universe that lies above and around their insignificant city?

It is guaranteed that the philosopher will have these thoughts. They have been expressly compiled from the philosophies of the world and set down with the proper interrogation point at the end of them to represent the invariable musings of deep thinkers on high places. And when the philosopher takes the elevator down his mind is broader, his heart is at peace, and his conception of the cosmogony of creation is as wide as the buckle of Orion's summer belt.

But if your name happened to be Daisy, and you worked in an Eighth Avenue candy store and lived in a little cold hall bedroom, five feet by eight, and earned \$6 per week, and ate ten-cent lunches and were nineteen years old, and got up at 6.30 and worked till 9, and never had studied philosophy, maybe things wouldn't look that way to you from the top of a skyscraper.

Two sighed for the hand of Daisy, the unphilosophical. One was Joe, who kept the smallest store in New York. It was about the size of a tool-box of the D. P. W., and was stuck like a swallow's nest against a corner of a down-town skyscraper. Its stock consisted of fruit, candies, newspapers, song books, cigarettes, and lemonade in season. When stern winter shook his congealed locks and Joe had to move himself and the fruit inside, there was exactly room in the store for the proprietor, his wares, a stove the size of a vinegar cruet, and one customer.

Joe was not of the nation that keeps us forever in a furore with fugues and fruit. He was a capable American youth who was laying by money, and wanted Daisy to help him spend it. Three times he had asked her.

"I got money saved up, Daisy," was his love song; "and you know how bad I want you. That store of mine ain't very big, but——"

"Oh, ain't it?" would be the anti-phony of the unphilosophical one. "Why, I heard Wanamaker's was trying to get you to sublet part of your floor space to them for next year."

Daisy passed Joe's corner every morning and evening.

"Hello, Two-by-Four!" was her usual greeting. "Seems to me your store looks emptier. You must have sold a package of chewing gum."

"Ain't much room in here, sure," Joe would answer, with his slow grin, "except for you, Daise. Me and the store are waitin' for you whenever you'll take us. Don't you think you might before long?"

"Store!"—a fine scorn was expressed by Daisy's uptilted nose—"sardine box! Waitin' for me, you say? Gee! you'd have to throw out about a hundred pounds of candy before I could get inside of it, Joe."

"I wouldn't mind an even swap like that," said Joe, complimentary.

Daisy's existence was limited in every way. She had to walk sideways between the counter and the shelves in the candy store. In her own hall bedroom coziness had been carried close to cohesiveness. The walls were so near to one another that the paper on them made a perfect Babel of noise. She could light the gas with one hand and close the door with the other without taking her eyes off the reflection of her brown pompadour in the mirror. She had Joe's picture in a gilt frame on the dresser, and sometimes—but her next thought would always be of Joe's funny little store tacked like a soap box to the corner of that great building, and

away would go her sentiment in a breeze of laughter.

Daisy's other suitor followed Joe by several months. He came to board in the house where she lived. His name was Dabster, and he was a philosopher. Though young, attainments stood out upon him like continental labels on a Passaic (N. J.) suit-case. Knowledge he had kidnapped from cyclopedias and handbooks of useful information; but as for wisdom, when she passed he was left sniffing in the road without so much as the number of her motor car. He could and would tell you the proportion of water and muscle-making properties of peas and veal, the shortest verse in the Bible, the number of pounds of shingle nails required to fasten 256 shingles laid four inches to the weather, the population of Kankakee, Ill., the theories of Spinoza, the name of Mr. H. McKay Twombly's second hall footman, the length of the Hoosac Tunnel, the best time to set a hen, the salary of the railway post-office messenger between Driftwood and Red Bank Furnace, Pa., and the number of bones in the foreleg of a cat.

This weight of learning was no handicap to Dabster. His statistics were the sprigs of parsley with which he garnished the feast of small talk that he would set before you if he conceived that to be your taste. And again he used them as breastworks in foraging at the boarding-house. Firing at you a volley of figures concerning the weight of a lineal foot of bar-iron 5 x 2¾ inches, and the average annual rainfall at Fort Snelling, Minn., he would transfix with his fork the best piece of chicken on the dish while you were trying to rally sufficiently to ask him weakly why does a hen cross the road.

Thus, brightly armed, and further equipped with a measure of good looks, of a hair-oily, shopping-district-at-three-in-the-afternoon kind, it seems that Joe, of the Lilliputian emporium, had a rival worthy of his steel. But Joe carried no steel. There wouldn't have

been room in his store to draw it if he had.

One Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, Daisy and Mr. Dabster stopped before Joe's booth. Dabster wore a silk hat, and—well, Daisy was a woman, and that hat had no chance to get back in its box until Joe had seen it. A stick of pineapple chewing gum was the ostensible object of the call. Joe supplied it through the open side of his store. He did not pale or falter at sight of the hat.

"Mr. Dabster's going to take me on top of the building to observe the view," said Daisy, after she had introduced her admirers. "I never was on a skyscraper. I guess it must be awful nice and funny up there."

"H'm!" said Joe.

"The panorama," said Mr. Dabster, "exposed to the gaze from the top of a lofty building is not only sublime, but instructive. Miss Daisy has a decided pleasure in store for her."

"It's windy up there, too, as well as here," said Joe. "Are you dressed warm enough, Daise?"

"Sure thing! I'm all lined," said Daisy, smiling slyly at his clouded brow. "You look just like a mummy in a case, Joe. Ain't you just put in an invoice of a pint of peanuts or another apple? Your store looks awful overstocked."

Daisy giggled at her favorite joke; and Joe had to smile with her.

"Your quarters are somewhat limited, Mr.—er—er," remarked Dabster, "in comparison with the size of this building. I understand the area of its side to be about 340 by 100 feet. That would make you occupy a proportionate space as if half of Beloochiston were placed upon a territory as large as the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, with the Province of Ontario and Belgium added."

"Is that so, sport?" said Joe, genially. "You are Weisenheimer on figures, all right. How many square pounds of baled hay do you think a jackass could eat if he stopped brayin' long enough to

keep still a minute and five eighths?"

A few minutes later Daisy and Mr. Dabster stepped from an elevator to the top floor of the skyscraper. Then up a short, steep stairway and out upon the roof. Dabster led her to the parapet so she could look down at the black dots moving in the street below.

"What are they?" she asked, trembling. She had never before been on a height like this before.

And then Dabster must needs play the philosopher on the tower, and conduct her soul forth to meet the immensity of space.

"Bipeds," he said, solemnly. "See what they become even at the small elevation of 340 feet—mere crawling insects going to and fro at random."

"Oh, they ain't anything of the kind," exclaimed Daisy, suddenly—"they're folks! I saw an automobile. Oh, gee! are we that high up?"

"Walk over this way," said Dabster.

He showed her the great city lying like an orderly array of toys far below, starred here and there, early as it was, by the first beacon lights of the winter afternoon. And then the bay and sea to the south and east vanishing mysteriously into the sky.

"I don't like it," declared Daisy, with troubled blue eyes. "Say we go down."

But the philosopher was not to be denied his opportunity. He would let her behold the grandeur of his mind, the half-nelson he had on the infinite, and the memory he had for statistics. And then she would nevermore be content to buy chewing gum at the smallest store in New York. And so he began to prate of the smallness of human affairs, and how that even so slight a removal from earth made man and his works look like the tenth part of a dollar thrice computed. And that one should consider the sidereal system and the maxims of Epictetus and be comforted.

"You don't carry me with you," said Daisy. "Say, I think it's awful to be up so high that folks look like fleas. One of them we saw might have been

Joe. Why, Jiminy! we might as well be in New Jersey! Say, I'm afraid up here!"

The philosopher smiled fatuously.

"The earth," said he, "is itself only as a grain of wheat in space. Look up there."

Daisy gazed upward apprehensively. The short day was spent and the stars were coming out above.

"Yonder star," said Dabster, "is Venus, the evening star. She is 66,000,000 miles from the sun."

"Fudge!" said Daisy, with a brief flash of spirit, "where do you think I come from—Brooklyn? Susie Price, in our store—her brother sent her a ticket to go to San Francisco—that's only three thousand miles."

The philosopher smiled indulgently.

"Our world," he said, "is 91,000,000 miles from the sun. There are eighteen stars of the first magnitude that are 211,000 times further from us than the sun is. If one of them should be extinguished it would be three years before we would see its light go out. There are six thousand stars of the sixth magnitude. It takes thirty-six years for the light of one of them to reach the earth. With an eighteen-foot telescope we can see 43,000,000 stars, including those of the thirteenth magnitude, whose light takes 2,700 years to reach us. Each of these stars——"

"You're lyin'," cried Daisy, angrily. "You're tryin' to scare me. And you have; I want to go down!"

She stamped her foot.

"Arcturus——" began the philoso-

pher, soothingly, but he was interrupted by a demonstration out of the vastness of the nature that he was endeavoring to portray with his memory instead of his heart. For to the heart-expounder of nature the stars were set in the firmament expressly to give soft light to lovers wandering happily beneath them; and if you stand tiptoe some September night with your sweetheart on your arm you can almost touch them with your hand. Three years for their light to reach us, indeed!

Out of the west leaped a meteor, lighting the roof of the skyscraper almost to midday. Its fiery parabola was limned against the sky toward the east. It hissed as it went, and Daisy screamed.

"Take me down," she cried vehemently, "you—you mental arithmetic!"

Dabster got her to the elevator, and inside of it. She was wild-eyed, and she shuddered when the express made its debilitating drop.

Outside the revolving door of the skyscraper the philosopher lost her. She vanished; and he stood, bewildered, without figures or statistics to aid him.

Joe had a lull in trade, and by squirming among his stock succeeded in lighting a cigarette and getting one cold foot against the attenuated stove.

The door was burst open, and Daisy, laughing, crying, scattering fruit and candies, tumbled into his arms.

"Oh, Joe, I've been up on the skyscraper. Ain't it cozy and warm and homelike in here! I'm ready for you, Joe, whenever you want me."



The Motor Boat In Canada

IT IS THE FORERUNNER OF RAILWAYS AND CIVILIZATION IN THE OPENING UP OF NEW DISTRICTS OF THE GREAT DOMINION

By H. Mortimer Batten

Viewed in the broadest sense the motor boat is a nation builder. Particularly is this true in a country such as Canada, which relies so largely upon her waterways as a means of transportation. In this Dominion the motor boat is playing no small part in the great work of development which is being prosecuted. In the opening up of new country it has proved the forerunner of railways and civilization. All Canada, then, should hail the motor boat, particularly in the summer season, when in nearly any resort district one may hear on a still evening the familiar "chug-chug" of a gasoline launch wending its way through the lakes.

SINCE the days when Jacques Cartier explored "the countries of Canada and Hochelaga, which form the end of Asia towards the west," Canada has been known as the home of the canoe, but to-day it might almost as adequately be termed the home of the gasoline boat.

Not for a great many years has an invention been greeted by Canadians with so much enthusiasm as the new power craft. It is difficult for the city man to conceive to what extent Canada relies upon her waterways as a means of transport, but without them the progress of the Dominion would be slow indeed. When the spring comes, and the ice goes from the lakes and rivers, navigation begins. Steamers of all sorts and sizes start to plough the inland seas, and a score of great industries which have remained practically dormant throughout the winter, again leap into activity.

Picture a region many thousands of miles in extent, timbered with forests so dark and dense as to defy penetration. The unending chaos of spruce

and cedar is severed by great ravines, and here and there one comes upon a string of lakes or a wide waterway. Along its margin, many miles apart, are dotted settlements, and the inhabitants of these outposts of civilization are solely reliant upon the water for transportation.

The steamers, of course, navigate the larger lakes and rivers, but as anyone who has traveled by them knows, the service is often slow and unreliable, and the charges abominably high; while the smaller lakes and rivers are only navigable to smaller craft.

Before the appearance of the gasoline boat, steam launches were used by many of the outlying settlements and lumber camps, but to-day there are few steamboats left. Not only were they expensive and cumbersome, but in comparison with the gasoline boat they were altogether unsuited for the work required of them.

Very often it happens that a boat has to be carried a great distance by railway, and finally portaged by instal-

nents over many miles of the appalling woodland trails before reaching its destination. This is a tedious and expensive business, and as the outlying camps constantly move their quarters, they long felt the need of a compact and powerful launch.

The motor boat has filled a great vacancy, and is now an important factor in the opening up of fresh country. Let us take, for example, New Ontario, with its vast mineral wealth and growing population. Here the T. & N. O. Railway thrusts its single span of metals far into the heart of the interminable forests, where a few years ago the white man was a creature almost unknown. It stops at length at Cobalt, and Cobalt and its adjoining settlements together resemble a giant octopus, their many tentacles of civilization spreading out in all directions through the woods. They are the centre of a vast network of lakes and rivers, along the banks of which tiny settlements pulsing with life, have sprung into existence. Men come and go from them daily. Millionaire speculators, anxious to "see the show," or to invest in town lots; commercial travelers and many other business men, each of them doing something towards the advancement of the new settlements, step off the railway at Cobalt or Haileybury, and are conveyed swiftly and comfortably into the woods by the all efficient motor boat.

Leaving Haileybury behind the railway thumps and rocks its way northward and westward till it arrives at last at Porcupine, the Klondyke of the present century. Stepping from the station platform one sees, two miles across the lake, the white buildings of Golden City, with its Banks and Hotels and Recorder's Office. To the left, also bordering the lake, Potsville seems to be a city to itself, so closely do the woods hide it in their shadows.

Between the three cities, however, a ceaseless stream of traffic passes to and fro across the lake. Racy motor boats, brown and white and green, flash in the sunshine, and with roaring exhausts

ply between the landing stages. There are four or five on the lake at the same time, yet each is fully loaded, and at the stages four or five more are filling rapidly. The owners of these boats have cut their fares to exactly one-fifth of what they were a year ago, yet they are still making good profits.

Not very far from Porcupine City, flowing in a south-easterly direction, extends the Mattagami River. It is believed by many that the gold "streak," located at Porcupine, runs across Canada for over three thousand miles, terminating at length in the Klondyke. Be that as it may, prospectors are still heading in that direction for the settlement, and gold rushes are constantly taking place. All along the Mattagami River, "prospects" are at work, and the gasolene boat is playing no small part in opening up this new country.

Almost every mine and "prospect" along the lakes and rivers possesses its own boat, which carries mails, provisions, machinery and horseflesh. It is really surprising what loads these boats will take through the rapid waters. It is no uncommon sight to see a twenty-foot launch pushing or towing four heavily loaded scows against the powerful current at a good six knots an hour.

And what can be said in favor of the gasolene boat for Ontario can be said also for all well watered portions of Canada and British Columbia. Think what cheap and rapid transportation must mean to a growing settlement, clinging avidly to the outside world only by the slender nerve of the telegraph wire!

The gasolene boat is to-day the forerunner of the railway—the forerunner of civilization. Penetrating far into the lakes it is opening up new country, and when once settlement begins the railways, when possible, are not slow in bringing up the rear.

Often, when in the heart of the woods, where one little expects to meet white companions, one is surprised to hear on the still of the evening the far off "chug-chug" of a gasolene boat

wending its way through the lakes.

There is scarcely a hotel in the lake districts that nowadays does not possess its own launch, and to the sportsman their services are invaluable. To the prospector, too, they are a great help, for tethering his canoe to the gunwale he can ride up stream in comfort till the rapids are reached, and not only save many miles of tiresome paddling, but accomplish his journey in much shorter time than if he were reliant solely on his canoe.

The popularity of the gasoline boat has, of course, opened up a new line of employment for many hundreds of youths in Canada. Good motor mechanics are at a premium, and the wages paid at the outlying camps are surprisingly high. The figure varies accordingly from \$2 to \$4 a day, everything found, and on passenger work the driver is sometimes allowed commission, which generally increases his salary. There are, however, a great many impostors in the business, with the result that motor boat owners are often extremely wary whom they employ. References, therefore, are sometimes useful, though the youth who has once acquired a good reputation—who, at all costs, can keep a boat running, is sure of fair pay and regular employment during the summer months.

The man who is first into a new country with his boat is almost certain to make immense profits. An old prospector, with whom the writer is acquainted, seriously injured himself in the spring of last year, and was unable to carry on his strenuous employment. Having about five hundred dollars at his disposal he invested, at the advice of his friends, in a small gasoline boat, and had it conveyed to the river by which his forest-marooned shanty stood. He has now abandoned prospecting for good, and taken to the passenger boat business. He employs four hands, and is the proud owner of three fast and powerful launches. His first craft paid for itself in less than a month, and dur-

ing the height of the season he cleared no less than from thirty-five to fifty dollars daily.

Similar success favored many others, among them being a half breed ferryman who lived in the backwoods of British Columbia. He possessed a small rowing boat, and earned his living by conveying pedestrians across the river by which his shanty stood. He charged ten cents per passenger, and one day it occurred to him that if he could only convey them nine miles up stream it would save them many hours of tedious tramping.

Forthwith, he invested in a six horse power gasoline engine, and converted his old boat into a power boat. His surprising success fired others with enthusiasm, and to-day there are no less than nine boats running on the same route. The halfbreed, however, retains possession of the central landing stage, and he, himself, remains comfortably at home hunting up passengers, while his man runs the new launch.

Last year a great many accidents occurred, and several lives were lost through gasoline boats taking fire or foundering in mid water. Accordingly a law was introduced enforcing owners of motor launches to equip their crafts with efficient life-saving apparatus. But in spite of this precaution many sad accidents occurred, and on Porcupine Lake, late in the summer, the writer witnessed a heartrendering tragedy.

A youth, in charge of a very fast boat, was towing a heavily loaded scow from the Golden City landing stage, and had taken his seat at the extreme end of the boat in order to keep the propeller well under water. Scarcely had he gone fifty yards when the towline broke with a loud report, and the boat, relieved of her load, at once shot forward. The driver lost his balance and fell backwards into the water, much to the amusement of the crowd of onlookers by the landing stage.

But before anyone could grasp what was happening, the powerful boat, now

unoccupied, had performed a complete circle, and was racing down upon the helpless swimmer. The unfortunate youth was literally cut in two, before the very eyes of his laughing, jesting comrades.

A day or two after this sad happening, my partner and I were involved in an amusing though somewhat exasperating mishap. It occurred on the same lake, and curiously enough, the same boat, the "Wizard," played an active part.

We were hitting out for the woods, and had several days' provisions with us, which we loaded into the small launch which was to convey us across the lake. The boat contained several Dagos as well as ourselves, and as we left the landing stage, the "Wizard" bumped us somewhat violently. Nothing was thought of it, however, till we reached the middle of the lake, when suddenly a fountain of water was observed spurting upwards through the floorboards.

The driver at once headed for the nearest shore, almost a mile distant, but ere we had reached it the boat half filled

with water, and the engine stopped suddenly.

The Italians at once leapt on to the seats, and started shouting and waving their arms in a frenzy of excitement. We were sinking rapidly, and in imminent danger of capsizing, but the more obvious the peril became the more excited became the Dagos.

At length we saw the "Wizard" racing rapidly towards us, but evidently the driver misjudged the distance, for he bumped us so violently that one of the Dagos was dislodged and fell into the water. My companion swore he could hear the fellow's screams till he was two feet below surface.

We gained the "Wizard" just as our own boat sank, and looking round saw our packsacks and provisions, sailing peacefully on the water.

It seemed that, on that trip, we were in for an excessive run of bad luck, for on our return journey via the Mattagami River the "Lily of the Wilderness" severed her propeller shaft, and all one long, chilly night we huddled in her bows while the tide carried us homewards.

Tagged With Other People's Estimates Of Us

Do you ever realize that people who know you are constantly sizing you up, that when you meet them you really step upon the scale of their judgment and are weighed and measured by them on some sort of an imaginary scale? For example, people who know you may estimate your industry as a hundred, but your rough uncouth manner ten or fifteen. They may estimate your ambition eighty but your real judgment at twenty-five. Your intentions may be well up the scale while your courage very near the bottom. If we could only get into the habit of taking an account of stock of ourselves, of estimating ourselves as other people estimate us, we might very materially raise our lowest marks, which indicate our weakness.

Jackson's Scoop

By W. A. E. Moyer

JACKSON, the "policeman" on the *Daily News*, was quite well aware that his paper was fighting the police. He had been made painfully cognizant of the fact on numerous occasions, when sundry stories in the course of the night's news went wide of him, which he would have got had his paper and the heads of the blue-coated minions been on visiting terms.

Not that the enmity had extended to Jackson, himself, particularly. The police chief, the captains, the chief of detectives, were all on friendly enough terms with him, but nevertheless it was quite apparent that Jackson was a marked man at police headquarters. They may have thought a lot of Jackson, but they did not admire his paper's attitude towards the police. The justice of *The News'* position is another story.

Jackson, whose duty, in line with other reporters, was to be "next" to everything of importance that went on at police headquarters, and to be especially alert just before press time—a period at which most other people are deeply immersed in the condition which, hours later, induces a reflection on the problem of what material constitutes dreams—found being a late duty police reporter on a paper which had its knives out for the police, no downhill job. Frequently he was wont to groan in anguish of spirits and in accents more emphatic, too, when a feverish run through the rival sheets apprised him that he had been scooped again—beaten out on small items which he should have got, and which he didn't see how he could have missed; just the little things that are as iron entering into the soul of the trained newspaper man—spree-inspiring and suicide

provoking. For, if there is one class of humanity more than another which suffers from the attacks of the little blue devils it is the newspaper fraternity. Such small causes bring them on, too.

Atkins, the city editor, who had gone up to the desk from cubdom, and knew all about it, sympathized with Jackson. He had been through the mill himself. But his sympathy didn't help Jackson much, particularly in view of periodical cyclonic visits of the "Old Man" to the local room, to the accompaniment of short, sharp queries hurled in the city editor's direction, as to why certain news stories relating to arrests, burglaries and such like, had not been favored with a position in the columns of *The News*—also as to who was looking after the police, anyway? After which, hasty exit of the "Old Man" and a subdued and mournful atmosphere settling thickly over the local room.

Jackson's state of mind, if he happened to be among those present upon the occasions mentioned, was hardly likely to be improved. He knew it wasn't his fault, yet at the same time he was tacitly aware of the fact that some of the blame came his way.

The Boss—otherwise the Old Man—otherwise the editor-in-chief—was a newspaper man in theory, not in actual practice. It was very seldom that he noticed when anything was missed by the paper, but when he did, there was usually this kind of petty dickens to pay. This was the subject of common and indignant remark in the local room. It was the more galling to editors and reporters alike, by reason of the fact that the big kicks of the "Old Man" were usually directed at things

which didn't really matter anyway. When there was a real beat, and no excuse to offer, it invariably went unnoticed. It depended on the editor-in-chief's state of mind. At the same time the guilty ones trembled visibly for days after, whenever the door opened suddenly or a strange step sounded. But the news and city editors made up for the Old Man's neglect in this respect. They were old, time-tried newspaper men, and knew when to raise a row—and how. Nothing quite equals the gloom which settles over the local room of a newspaper office just after a big beat by its hated, but respected rival.

* * *

Jackson was sitting morosely kicking his heels together on a desk in the chief detective's outer office. He was feeling blue. That morning he had "got it" again, and to make matters worse for his peace of mind he had, after liberal reflection, arrived at the nauseating conclusion that perhaps, after all, he might have saved himself had he been wide awake—a conclusion not likely to elevate his spirits very much.

And then, to cap the climax, he could feel instinctively that there was something in the air—something "doing"—something big. Yet he could not get even the faintest inkling of what was going on. He was as sure of it as that he was sitting there on that desk. His newspaper instinct told him so irresistibly—every surrounding shouted the fact to him. If he had had nothing else to go by, the conscious looks of the other newspaper boys would have given away the secret just as plainly as words could tell. Their pretence of languidness—forced carelessness—began to annoy Jackson. He knew the sign—knew they were only waiting for him to clear out, so that they could give him the slip and get away on the grand sensation reserved for the front pages of papers which were too discreet to ruffle the feelings of a righteous police head.

Jackson's peace of mind would not have been improved had he been pri-

vileged to overhear a little conversation in the chief of detective's inner sanctum a few minutes before he came in. It was between the chief and several of the other police reporters, and the chief in cautious tones was detailing something like this:

"Now, look a-here, you fellows, this thing is coming off to-night. We're going to pull it off around midnight, but I've reasons for wanting you to hold it for your afternoon editions. You needn't ask me why, because I won't tell you, but I'm mighty particular about this, and I'll just tell you this: The man who gives it away and doesn't do what I say will pay for it. D'ye understand?"

The chief glared so menacingly at the group of reporters that some of them actually shuddered.

"I suppose you'll be wondering why I put you next, now," he went on. "Well, it's a big thing, and I want you there—that's all. I want the police to get the full benefit so's to show people we're attending to business. We've been getting some hard knocks. Now, another thing: I guess *The News* will have Jackson on here to-night the same as usual. Mind, not a word to that guy—not a word, I tell you, to him or anybody else on the paper. We're going to show *The News* bunch they can't monkey with the police just as they like. You can quietly tell all the other boys, but Jackson and *The News* are out, remember."

The reporters filed out in time to be carelessly bestowed about the lobby when Jackson, *The News* man, came in.

They all pitied Jackson in a way, because it's not in the nature of things for a number of newspaper reporters to combine against one, unless there is a very good reason. A reporter, if in some unusual way he gets hold of an exclusive news story, will hug his secret to his breast like grim death, but when it comes to barring a member of the fraternity from a legitimate piece of news that should be his by right of his going to the fountain head of informa-



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON-12

He drew Jackson towards him and said something in a low tone.

tion for it, and the missing of which jeopardizes his position on his paper—then the spirit of the newspaper man rises up against the injustice.

Jackson's case was a peculiar one though, and the police squad saw that no good could come to them by flying in the face of determined fate impersonated in the individuality of the autocratic head of the city detective department.

"Sorry we've got to throw the poor devil down," mumbled Davis, of *The Express*, to the man nearest him. "Guess there's no way out of it, though."

Jackson, as he was in duty bound, presently entered the chief's room. To his modest query, "Anything on, Chief?" the august individual at the desk merely vouchsafed him a casual "Nothing doing, Jackson, sorry to say"; and then pretended to be very busy with some papers.

Jackson stood tentatively at the desk a moment or two, but seeing no further overtures from the chief were in prospect, he quietly walked out, and passing through the group of press men, went down the stairs. He had made up his mind to go back to the office and confide his suspicions to the city editor. If his fears were realized it could at least be said that he had done his best by putting his paper "wise" to the situation, and the whole staff could be on the alert about the city, for anything unusual.

He was just stepping down the stone steps in front of headquarters when a stalwart figure hove into view. It proved to be Jenkins, a plainclothesman, whom Jackson knew well enough to pass the time of day.

"What," ejaculated the policeman, involuntarily, "going away so early, when there's so much on to-night?"

Jackson, dying man-like, grasped eagerly at this most tangible straw. At last he had a clew to the mystery, and he wasn't going to let it slip.

Forcibly pushing the astonished officer back into the shadow of the build-

ing for fear of being seen, the reporter began breathlessly: "Now, see here, Jenkins, you're a good fellow and I've fixed you up once or twice. Of course, you deserved everything I did for you, and there may be opportunities, yet. Now, I know it's against orders, but tell me what's going on to-night. I know there's something big in the wind, but the tec. chief has elected me for the goat. I'm to be thrown down."

"It's all my job's worth," began Jenkins, seeing light at once, but the reporter interrupted him.

"No, it isn't, old man. You can bet your sweet life I'll never tell who gave the thing away, and you know yourself that I shouldn't be thrown down this way."

Jenkins thought it over a moment or two. He liked Jackson; also liked the few little favors Jackson had done for him in connection with divers cases Jenkins had been on. He knew the heads of the police were dead set against *The News* man, and a high sense of justice in him rebelled against it all, well knowing as he did that Jackson, personally, had no share in the fault.

"Well, there is something on," he said finally, "and I sure don't like to see you beat, so I'll just risk my livin' and put you on."

He drew Jackson towards him and said something in a low tone, glancing apprehensively around the while.

"Mind the place, now," he added quietly, as he started away. "I know it's a sure thing, because I got it straight, though the head push are keepin' it mighty quiet. Be on hand at about half-past twelve and you'll get the whole thing."

* * *

It is surprising how quickly one can be transported from the lowest depths of the blues to realms of perfect ecstasy. Jackson was in the deepest depths just before—now in a moment he was back into the world again; was viewing mundane things through glasses of richest hue. Every sense throbbed with excitement. He realized that now he had

something to work upon—that here was an opportunity to burnish up a reputation which had grown rather faded-looking in the office.

Atkins, the city editor was enjoying one of those lulls which occasionally come in a busy newspaper office, when the telephone on his desk clanged.

"Jackson speaking," came in familiar tones from the other end of the wire. "Say, I think I'm on to something at police. I've been elected for a throw down again, but I got a tip that looks good to me. I'll follow it up anyway, and if I get a story I'll telephone in, because the thing's not to come off until 12.30."

"All right, Jackson," the city editor said. "We'll keep the front page open for you, and if it turns out to be worth while, we'll be all serene. Need any help?"

"Oh, I guess not."

Jackson looked at his watch and found that it was just 11.30—an hour till the big thing was to eventuate. He had plenty of time, even though the address Jenkins had given him would take him away out into the outskirts. But he had his bicycle and could easily make the distance in half the time. He decided to take no chances, however, and getting on his bicycle started off in the direction indicated by his detective friend.

* * *

"Guess I'd better look for the most likely place to hide," Jackson thought to himself, as he lit a cigarette. "They'll be down here soon enough if the thing turns out to be anything, and I'd better be scarce if the chief's coming. If he caught me around here, he'd put me in limbo in a jiff," he soliloquised with a chuckle.

He was turning to cross the street, having hidden his bicycle further up, when he thought he saw the flicker of a light in one of the cottage windows. Prior to that the whole place had been wrapped in sombre darkness. An idea occurred to the reporter which he quickly acted upon.

"Idiot that I was, not to think of taking the lay of the land before," he muttered as he cautiously opened the gate and started up the gravel walk.

"If there's a dog around I'm in for it," he thought, suddenly. "Dear knows what I might wake up."

Passing around to the side of the house without alarming dogs or any other living thing, Jackson carefully reconnoitred. The spice of danger in it all served to electrify his nerves. He was enjoying the thing. Weaponless, he had launched into an enterprize which might result in his death, because he had no means of knowing what kind of desperadoes the police were setting their net to trap.

Getting around to the back of the house, he was immediately confronted by a lighted window. The bright light inside framed a heavy green window shade, and at first glance there did not seem to be much chance of his being able to see what was going on in the kitchen. Stepping very softly, the newspaper sleuth carefully examined the window to find if there was any aperture through which he could look.

His search was rewarded at last. The blind was torn a little at one corner, and through the tear Jackson was able to command the whole interior of the kitchen with his eyes. He took in things at once rapid glance, and could scarcely restrain a cry of astonishment at what he saw.

Next moment he had something else to think about. A subdued rumble of wheels on the street caught his ear, and he had just time to make a dash for the rear fence when a heavy booted policeman bolted around the house. He was followed by another, and another, and Jackson from his none too secure hiding place, saw the cottage quickly surrounded by policemen. Surely, the raid had been well planned, for the occupants of the house had no sign that they were aware of the net thrown around them.

Presently the chief detective and a number of his men came around to the

rear. Jackson knew it was the chief by his build. The chief stepped up to the back door and knocked loudly. Sounds of commotion inside followed, and the light was out in a second.

A commotion at the front of the house was straightway heard, followed by a couple of pistol shots, and the chief and his detectives made a dash to the assistance of the police in the front yard, each man brandishing a heavy Colt's. The fight was short, if sharp.

Jackson, throwing discretion to the winds and dashing around to the street, from the opposite sidewalk saw the police thrust their handcuffed and swearing prisoners into the patrol wagon, and then waiting for nothing further, the reporter jumped on to his wheel and dashed up the street as if the fates were after him.

Halting his speed-ordinance-defying pace in front of a drug store, Jackson, in a remarkably short time had the office on the phone, and was pouring an amazing story into the astonished ears of the not easily surprised Atkins.

"You're quite sure of your men now, Jackson?" queried the city editor doubtfully.

"Sure's I'm standing here," was the positive reply. "Couldn't be any doubt about it, because I know the old guy as well as I know you. Sits in front of me in church."

"All right, my boy, I'll put a short-hand man to work and we'll take your story over the telephone. Shoot it in as fast as you like."

* * *

The big presses of *The News* that morning pounded out a great extra edition. Though *The News* people didn't know it at the time, the front page contained an exclusive story, as well as one of the most sensational the city had seen in years. True to the commands of the chief detective, the other press men had

held their "stuff" in the innocent supposition that the story was safe.

The whole city was shocked at the amazing intelligence which glared up at the people from the breakfast table in startling headlines on the front page of *The News*:

SENSATIONAL ARREST BY THE POLICE.

Two Eminent Citizens, Who Were Always Believed to be of the Highest Integrity Caught Red Handed, Making Counterfeit Bank Notes. Amazing Story of Double Life in This City.

The double leaded columns underneath went on to tell in sensational language about the arrest of Silas Cramer, president of the great K— Bank, and his business associate, Judson Smilax, both eminent financiers, leaders in Wall Street, church workers and men prominent in every benevolent work, who had been caught red handed, printing counterfeit bank notes, in a little cottage on the outskirts of the city. Presses, engraving stones, the whole paraphernalia of a counterfeiting gang, had been found in the place. When the police came, they having had a tip, and had successfully carried out their plans to catch the two men at work, Cramer and Smilax had endeavored to escape and had fired on the officers, but were finally overcome, handcuffed and taken to police headquarters in the patrol wagon.

The city rang with the sensation, and Jackson not only won back his reputation, but became the idol of *The News* office. Even the "Old Man" offered his congratulations, and told Jackson it was a great piece of work.

Jackson—to himself—philosophically put it down to just "bull-headed" luck.

A Square Deal for the Child

THERE IS SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG WITH
CANADIAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS IN THEIR
APPLICATION TO THE TRAINING OF
DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

By Dr. Helen MacMurchy

This is a plea for a square deal for the child. The place to carry it out is in Canadian schools—the most democratic institution in the land. Our educational systems are supposed to be models, but under them every child does not possess an equal chance. The handicapped, the neglected—who need education most because they need all the help they can get if they are to be able to earn their living, and not be a burden to themselves and others—are not getting any good of the education that the State provides for every child. That family pays school taxes, and heavy taxes at that, but the very lame little girl, the very deaf boy, the child that cannot see enough to read, the child whose brain will never develop, they, who, need most, get nothing. They are not at school at all. What is the remedy? A proper system of medical inspection at schools in proper hands and well administered. In this article such a system is outlined.

THE results of medical inspection of schools vary. Results must vary where so many people are concerned, because each must act well his part to achieve the success of the whole.

Anybody can spoil medical inspection of schools. The school trustee may declare it "a fad," and refuse to have it at all. The teacher is our chief helper, but sometimes even the teacher delays to come to our aid, not knowing how much we can and will do for her and for her pupils. Sometimes the parent, with whom, above all, we wish to co-operate, has had an unfortunate experience, and solaces himself for it by abusing all doctors. These are difficulties; but, as Sir James Whitney says: "Difficulties exist only to be overcome," and the trustee, the teacher and the parent, will all make common cause with

us some day if we can show good results. What results can we show?

Here is a class of boys. Even if you do think they have the blackest hands in Canada, it would be a mistake to say so. It would be a mistake to demand to examine hands on this, the first visit. They have just come in from the school-yard, and the boy who keeps his hands immaculate on the playground is likely to die young.

Were you ever twelve years old? HE was, who met the doctors in the temple, and the doctors loved the Divine Child and detained Him long. Here are some twelve-year-old boys. Speak them fair. Tell them something interesting about the school in the city or the country—something that has a gleam of fun in it. Give them notice of what you want on your next visit. Tell them a story.



The school Doctor is a friend of these. Disabled children are taught in the St. Botolph St. School, Boston.

Children have an insatiable appetite for good stories. Drop a tactful hint about hands, and at the first word you will see each little man sliding his hands into his pockets, or under his desk, or somewhere out of sight.

On your next visit you will see the cleanest hands in Canada, all at the price of giving them fair warning and a few kind words. That is the way you would want to be treated if you were a boy. Indeed, it is the way you want to be treated now that you are no longer a boy or girl.

The character of the person who is medical inspector of schools will powerfully affect the results for good or ill. The hireling is a hireling, and the hireling spirit would spoil the best system. You cannot provide regulations that will enable you to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. "Do you expect us to chase round after these children?" asked a newly appointed medical inspector of schools. The medical inspector of schools ought to be properly paid. But the man or woman who has no special liking for children, who does not know how lovable children are, who is poor in the spirit of public service

and works on a cash basis, had better not usurp the place of the school medical officer.

It is wonderful what results come from the mere fact that there is a school doctor coming. It was found in Edinburgh that the announcement of medical inspection on such a day was sufficient to cause a marked improvement in the general appearance of the children. Clothes were changed and baths took place, and altogether the event was taken seriously. So it should be.

MODERN EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

It will not be amiss for the school medical officer to familiarize himself with modern educational methods. The doctor does not always know about the Phonic Method. "The Schoolmaster," London, tells a story of a small boy taken by his mother to be examined by the school medical officer, who proceeded to test the boy's sight, placing upon the wall the usual alphabetical display. "Now, Tommy," he said, pointing to F, "tell me what this letter is." The boy jerked his head forward, and made a sound resembling the first pant of a locomotive. The medical officer looked



An open-air school in London, England.

very hard, but pointed to S, saying, "Now this one." The boy at once emitted a sound like the hiss of a prodigious serpent. This was too much for the doctor, who gave a look of significant inquiry at the mother. "No, sir," she cried, bursting into tears, "he's not mad. That's the way they teach 'em to read nowadays."

One result of medical inspection of schools has been to show how faulty our methods of school registration are. Our national schools should have a complete list of the names of all children of school age, in the province. This is not the case now. When doing school medical inspection the writer never stood at a school door and looked as far as the corner of the street without seeing children of school age, neglected or not, but certainly not at school. Their names are frequently not on the school register at all. The same thing was discovered by the supervisors of the Toronto Playground Association. When children came to the playground during school hours their name and addresses were always taken, and frequently these names, on being looked up, could not be found on the school register at all.

This is particularly the case with physically or mentally defective child-

ren. Serious cases of this kind do not get to school, and so the disabled, the handicapped, the neglected—who need education most because they need all the help they can get if they are to be able to earn their living, and not be a burden to themselves and others—are not getting any good of the education that the State provides for every child. That family pays school taxes, and heavy taxes at that, but the very lame little girl—the very, very deaf boy—the child that cannot see enough to read, the child whose brain will never develop, they, who need most, get nothing. They are not at school at all.

One of the results of medical inspection of schools has been to show that our Compulsory Education Act is not being carried out, that we need to have an accurate registration of all our children, and that it is often the most needy cases who are not at school. What are we going to do about it? Register the children, and, the school doctor says, give every child the education that will fit him or her to earn part, or the whole, of his or her living.

UNDER-FEEDING AND MAL-NUTRITION.

As a rule, in Canadian cities there are three meals a day for everybody, men,

women and children. But with the coming of the slum we are getting the slum people and the slum ways. One of these is the disregard of the decencies of life. How can the decencies of life be regarded in a one-room dwelling? The recent report of a preliminary survey of some parts of Toronto, published by the medical health officer, Dr. C. J. Hastings, shows that 198 families in Toronto live in one-roomed dwellings, and 411 families live in two-roomed dwellings, and one of the "soul-destroying conditions" of a one-roomed "home," if home it can be called, is that there is no chance to do anything properly, no place to eat, to sleep, to wash, with any comfort or privacy. Even when there are two rooms, there is more often than not no table set. Meals are "picked-up" if there are any meals. Nutrition is bad.

In a school in a Canadian city one day the teacher saw that a little girl in the class had a fish, and having only

too good reason to fear that it was stolen, "Oh, Mary," she said, sadly, "what did you take that fish for?" "For dinner," replied the poor child.

The same teacher had noticed that four other children, from one family, never seemed to be able to sustain interest or attention in anything for more than a few moments. No matter how well she explained the arithmetic lesson and got them started at it, when she looked again at these four children, nothing was doing. She could not think why until one day at noon the eldest little girl was found dividing one piece of bread into four parts. What was the matter? The children were so hungry they could not study. So underfed that they could not learn. There are some children like that, sometimes even in Canada. Medical inspection ought to find them. If Canadian children are hungry, something is wrong somewhere. The medical inspector and



Toronto Playground Association.

the school nurse are the very ones to begin to find out why, and we are all ready to help to prevent it, not by almsgiving. Has the father no trade, or is he out of work, or is he drinking, or is he lazy, or what is the matter? Whatever it is, we want to see that, being Canadians, the children of that father have a trade and get work and don't drink, and are taught industry. For on them depends the future of Canada. And medical inspection is not wanted unless it can help to provide for the fu-

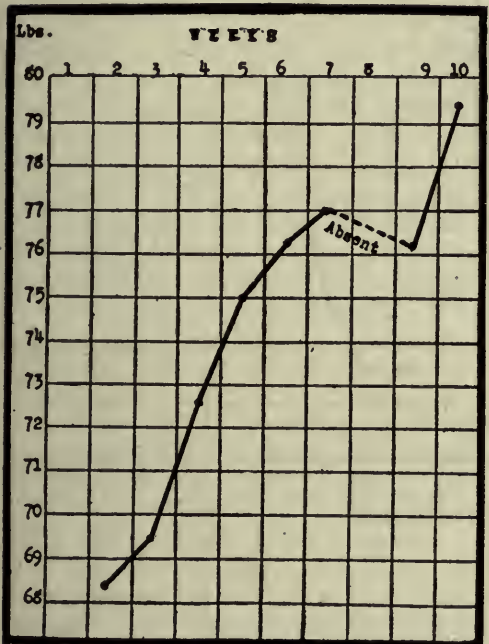


Chart I. Variations in weight of Kathleen M., Bostall Wood Open-air School. Note decrease during eighth week when she was absent.

This girl gained over a pound per week.

ture of Canada. There should be three meals a day for Canadian children.

AN EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN.

Perhaps one of the most important results of medical inspection of schools is its general educational influence on the community. There are even yet people living in Canada, who think that children's diseases are diseases that all children should have and "have them over!" Not at all. Take care of John

and Mary, especially till they are twelve years old, and they need never and should never have measles or whooping cough, or scarlet fever or any other disease. It is a far greater crime for your next door neighbors to steal John's health, or Mary's health by letting them get scarlet fever from their John or Mary than it would be for that next door neighbor to come into your kitchen and steal ten dollars. Children's diseases are diseases that children should never have.

Even yet there are people living in Canada who think that consumption is hereditary. Our medical inspectors of schools should see to it that everybody in the rising generation knows better than that, and knows how we may protect ourselves and others from tuberculosis.

Even yet there are people living in Canada who think the child will "grow out of" a discharging ear—whatever that means—and the medical inspector of the school can do no better missionary work than to take a few minutes to tell the mothers about what a discharge from the ear means, how it may affect the brain and cause death, how it may permanently destroy the hearing, and how that ear may be properly cared for and cured. That may be made plain to the mother. She will see that what you say is reasonable and right, and she will do what you advise. It is worse than useless to report so many dozen children with discharging ears. That is not medical inspection at all. That leaves us just where we were. Anybody can see that an ear is or is not discharging.

What we want the medical inspector to do, either personally or through the school nurse, is to persuade the parents to take the child to the family physician for treatment, if they can afford it, and if they cannot, to find some other way in which the child's life and efficiency may be saved for the benefit of himself, his family and the nation.

So with the general question of cleanliness. Are Canadians conspicuous for cleanliness? That depends on you and

me and those whom we can influence. The school doctor and the school nurse can do more than any of us. Among new Canadians who come from almost every country under heaven the gospel of cleanliness must be preached, and the school is the best place to preach it and see it carried out. Not a few cases of pediculosis and even of vermin on the body, a dreadful condition, have been discovered already in Canadian cities where medical inspection of schools has been introduced. That should stimulate us all to see that such conditions are swept away. School baths and public baths are good. Decent housing conditions are better. Thorough social work, with effective organization to prevent misery by securing a fit and industrious citizenship is the most patriotic work for our mayors, aldermen, societies, teachers, statesmen and citizens generally. And we should do something to clean up some corner of Canada before next Dominion Day, when we sing "O Canada," with tears in our eyes.

No condition in school life or in any part of life is more important than sight. And it is incredible how many good and well-to-do parents have never thought of knowing whether John or Mary see well. They are so surprised when the school doctor finds out that they do not see well! Children do not know that the reason they cannot answer the teacher is that they cannot see the letters she is pointing to as easily as the other boys and girls do. It never strikes John that the reason Tom always shouts out the letter before he does is that Tom can see it and he cannot. John thinks Tom is smart and he is not. The teacher says so. The only way to be sure is to test thoroughly and skilfully and tactfully the sight of every child. This must either be done, or at least thoroughly supervised by the doctor. Left to someone else often it is not done. The principal is there to organize and manage the school. The teacher is there to teach. The doctor is there to see that sight, hearing and health are as

good as can be. We know of some cases where the smartest pupils learned the letters on the test card by heart and obligingly whispered them to the rest. We know of other cases where the principal assured the school doctor that there was not one case among several hundreds of pupils where the sight needed attention! Such a condition of affairs means at the best a waste of precious money and more often a life-long loss of efficiency and education, leading

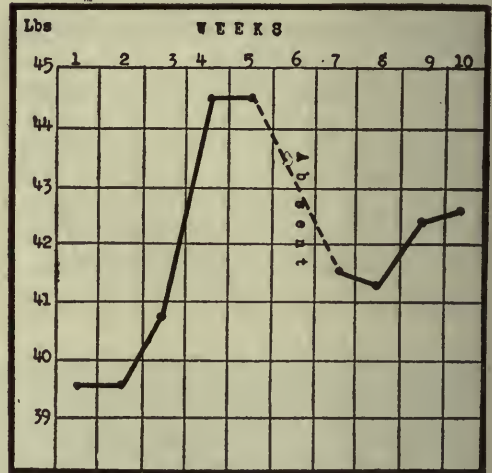


Chart II. Variations in weight of Arthur W., Bostall Wood Open-air School. Note decrease during sixth week when he was absent.

This boy gained a pound a week.

to unemployment and uselessness of the children so neglected and sinned against. For the child that cannot see cannot learn, and the modern world has no place for the illiterate.

Almost as important is the question of adenoids and the ill effects which they cause. In many cases, adenoids, which cause mouth breathing and that often means mal-nutrition, mal-development, stunted growth, dull and stupid mind, may practically ruin the child's career, both at school and in after life. Give us the good school doctor to save the child from such a calamity as the permanent loss of health and growth, both mental and bodily, caused by adenoids.

The question of children's teeth is

quite as serious as any of these except perhaps that of the eyesight. It would need an article to itself, but this much may be said here, that even the little work that has been done in Halifax and Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria on medical inspection of schools has shown us that we have already reached a condition of affairs where all the dentists in Canada cannot overtake the immense amount of work that it would require to fill all the defective teeth in our school children! Our only hope is to prevent decay. Dirty teeth decay. Clean teeth do not decay. The use of the tooth brush will do more to prevent national physical degeneracy than the use of any other weapon whatever. The tooth brush is mightier than the sword.

The school doctor knows the answer.

In conclusion we can only make a list of a few more urgent matters of health which nothing but the medical inspection of our schools offers much prospect of setting right.

Many children have headaches. Why?

School-room air is often bad. Why?

Some children are pale and anaemic. Why?

The school-room is not well lighted. Why?

The print in the text books is not good. Why?

The school sanitary conveniences are doubtful. Why?

Some children are below the average in height and weight. Why?

The desks are not made to fit the children. Why?

Some children have "growing pains." Why?

The school room is not very clean. Why?

Some children have a slight limp or

have one shoulder higher than the other. Why?

Some schools have small playgrounds. Why?

We need open air schools. Why?

Among other results already coming from medical inspection of schools should be mentioned the establishment of special schools and special classes for mentally or physically defective children. Thus the school doctor helps in the classification of the pupils. "She is a very stupid girl," said a principal one day. "I don't think I ever saw a stuper girl. I kept her in myself one night to learn some spelling she had missed and I thought she never would learn it. I was tired out with her." "I am sure you were," said the school doctor. "The girl is defective mentally, and cannot learn like other children. It is not stupidity, but inability." There is no help for that girl but recognizing the true condition, teaching her what she can learn to do well, some industrial work, and giving her the permanent care, which is the only successful and economical way to provide for the feeble-minded. The school doctor can tell us that in an ordinary class she is a hopeless misfit. It is not her fault.

In short, there is no great problem of public health and national welfare which the medical inspection of schools, in competent hands, and well-administered, cannot help to solve.

Its successful administration depends upon three things:

1. Selection of the very best persons as school medical officers.

2. The effective co-ordination of medical inspection of schools with other branches of the educational system and the public health service.

3. The discovery of defects among our school population, and the removing or curing of these.

In the Admiral's Cabin

By Robert J. Pearsall

WE were gathered in the relief shack at Olongapo, waiting for our turn to go on guard. Some of us were standing, some sitting, some sprawled out on our canvas field-cots. Outside, the driving, fever-smelling rain of the Philippines was falling. The Old Timer was talking, while we recruits listened with mouths agape.

"So, instead of coming straight home from Peking, as we expected, we were shifted—a hundred of us—onto the *Rainbow* at Taku. And we went from Taku to Yokohama, and then doubled back to Kobe, and through the Inland Sea to Nagasaki, and then from Nagasaki we started across to Shanghai. And it was then that it happened.

"A few hours out of Nagasaki we met the Limie fleet going at full speed ('Limie' means English, you rookie!) We wigwagged back and forth a bit as we passed, and directly afterward I saw that we changed our course. I didn't savvy the reason for it, and neither did anybody else forward, but late the next afternoon we were cruising slow along the coast of what I took for Quelpart Island, well off the coast of Korea.

"About four bells we made out a ship lying in an awful peculiar attitude, dead ahead. And then a little later we saw, first, that she was tilted up forward with her after-part sunk down, like she was trying to climb a tree, which meant that she was on the rocks, next that she was a war-ship, and finally that she was a Britisher. Which satisfied me, for we had some ex-Limies on board that were always talking about their crack seamanship. (An English ship is smart, though, you can't deny.)

"Well, after we'd hove to as close alongside of her as we dared to get, and

dropped anchor, our skipper issued a bulletin that wised us up a bit. She was the *New Bedford*, the British flagship. and she'd run on the reef early that morning while they were having speed tests in a slight fog. (A funny time to have speed tests, I thought.) They'd got everybody off safe and had removed all valuables and taken the breech-blocks out of the guns and abandoned her.

"Our cutter was lowered, and our officers went on board in a body to investigate the wreck; and when they came back they, and the seamen who had rowed them over, too, were loaded down with souvenirs and bric-a-brac, and fine plate with 'H.B.M.' stamped on it, and rich lace, and so on and so forth. It was all right enough; they might as well have it as the Koreans, who wouldn't know what to do with it, any way; but it gave us fellows as didn't have a chance at it a hungry feeling.

"Now, we naturally expected to up-anchor immediate; but just as we were standing by the wireless began to sputter, and shortly a new bulletin was posted. It said that Shanghai had reported that a typhoon had passed that port some miles out at sea, headed north, right along our course, and that consequently we would lay where we were until morning. A typhoon is a tricky animal, and the *Rainbow* is an old craft and we weren't taking any chances.

"No sooner had that bulletin been posted than ideas began to chase themselves around in my head. So I called Hicky Jones, who'd been my bunkie at Peking, and divulged them to him.

"'Besides,' I said, after other arguments, 'they tell me that when they boarded her this afternoon the admir-

al's cabin was flooded, 'count of it being high tide. And they tell me further that at time of the wreck the admiral wasn't on board, being on another ship. Now, it'll be low tide to-night. And things might have been overlooked.'

"He agreed, and we separated until about six bells that night, when we met forward of the breakwater, on the fore-castle. He was dressed in regulation under-drawers, and so was I, and we slid down the anchor-chain into the water without making hardly a ripple, and struck off for the *New Bedford*.

"It was a half-mile swim, about, and we were both pretty well tired when we got there. Then we cruised around quite a while before we managed to make a boarding, but we finally found a dangling rope and scrambled up the side.

"We made the upper deck and started aft, looking for the officers' quarters. We found the aft gangway, went below, struck one of the matches Hicky had carried in a watertight case, and looked around.

"Believe me, it does make a man feel funny to walk through the fussy state-rooms and feel the soft rugs under his feet, and see the white beds the officers sleep in, while the men huddle together forward. And real bath-tubs on board a man-of-war! But I hadn't ought to be saying this, and, besides, it's nothing to do with the story.

"Well, we tried the electric lights, but of course they wouldn't go; and we finally found a candle. Then we rummaged around for quite a while. We found plenty we'd like to have, but nothing we could carry with us, until we struck what we supposed was the admiral's cabin.

"It was bigger than the rest, that was our only reason for thinking so, that and the fact that everything was moved out. I suppose the admiral had given orders to that effect. Any way, nothing was left, except, over in one corner, an old bureau.

"We went over to it, wondering why it hadn't been taken. We found out

when Hicky, who had a habit of hefting things, took hold of it and tried to lift it. It was fastened to the floor. They probably hadn't had time to get it loose.

"The drawers were cleaned out, though, and we were just turning away from it when a crack between the upper and lower drawer caught my eye. I looked at it, and then yelled to Hicky to come back. For there was the outline of a little drawer that was evidently intended to be kept secret, for there wasn't any handle, nor anything to mark it. But the soaking in salt water it had got had sprung the wood and showed it up.

"I tried to pry it open with a table knife which we borrowed from the wardroom, but there was nothing doing. So we had to go on top side and get a fire-axe. That turned the trick, after a deal of hammering.

"Hicky pulled it open. Inside the drawer was a little black box; and inside the little black box was——

"'Great Jehosaphat!' cries Hicky, his eyes near staring out of his head. 'We're rich, Tom, we're rich!'

"'Whoopee! I yells, making a grab for the place my hat ought to be, to throw it into the air. 'Jumpin' Calithumpians! Rich! A home in Newport and a house in New York, steam yachts and automobiles and aeroplanes, man-servants and maid-servants, sea voyages and mountain climbing, hot birds and cold bottles——'

"For there, lying before us, was the finest collection of jewels you ever saw. Diamonds and rubies and emeralds and pearls and—but mostly diamonds. The candle light set them sparkling so it fair dazzled us.

"We quieted down at last, and started in to fingering and estimating their value. And then, just as we'd settled on dividing them and tying them up so we could carry them——

"Biffo! Something landed on my back like a monkey. I whirled, just in time to catch another monkey-like creature in the solar plexus and put

him down and out. But the cabin was half full of them, and Hicky was being rushed, too, and all of a sudden the candle was knocked to the floor and put out, and then it was a fight in the dark, with the Lord knows how many native Koreans.

"Now, the Korean has the same idea of fighting as any other Chinaman, and that is to grab somewhere and hold on like grim death. When they're fighting with each other they naturally grab each other's pigtail and then it's a pulling match for fair; but with a white man they just attach themselves promiscuously, which makes them easy to handle singly, but troublesome when they come in bunches, which they mostly do.

"I guess there was about ten holding onto various parts of my anatomy when they finally got me down, and when I commenced getting a bunch of healthy kicks from the flat of a bare foot I knew that Hicky was down, too.

"Let up, Hicky," I gasped. "It's me you're kicking."

"They got you, too, Tom?" he wheezed. "Well, I guess it's all off, then."

"We quit fighting and lay quiet, while the Koreans squatted over us and on us, in various attitudes, and jabbered to each other, trying to settle, I suppose, what to do with us.

"At last they began to disengage themselves, gradual, from my frame, and just as I was meditating making another fight for it, I felt a rope trussed around my feet. Then my hands were twisted behind my back, and my wrists were tied. I was turned on my face, and ropes were passed around my waist and chest and nailed to the deck. Two hammers were going, so Hicky was probably being treated in the same way.

"After they'd tried the ropes again, to see that they were safe, they left. I tried to twist around on my side, but I could only move my head and shoulders. I strained at the ropes around my hands and feet, but they were hard and

fast. Then—well, then I laughed, for Hicky had begun to speak.

"Hicky was what you might call a linguist. In cussing, I mean. He had been in pretty nearly every country in the world, and had learned the cuss words of all of 'em. And if there was one he didn't use that night I'd never heard it myself, and that's saying a lot.

"What's the matter, Hicky?" I asked, after I'd listened awhile.

"That started him off again, and I had another laugh. And then I thought something that stopped my laughing as if I'd been choked.

"Hicky," I asked, "when does the tide turn?"

"For just a second or two, until my words had time to sink in, Hicky's flow of language kept up. Then it chopped off short. For about half a minute there was no sound but the gurgling of water somewhere.

"Lord, Tom, I never thought of that."

"Neither did I, Hicky, until just now."

"It has just about started to come up now, hasn't it?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And this cabin was flooded when they came on board to-day."

"So they said. All of the lower compartments aft."

"Then it'll be flooded again in a few hours?"

"I suppose so."

"And we'll be—drowned?"

"That's all I can see."

"Hicky didn't say anything more, and neither did I. All the noise there was was that gurgling of water. It was all imagination, of course, but I swear it sounded like the roaring of Niagara.

"More to drown the thoughts of it than anything else, I began to twist around in my ropes again. But they couldn't have been any tighter or more secure if they'd been tied by an able seaman. I could hear Hicky doing the same thing, and he grunted as he twisted. But he'd left off swearing.

"After about ten minutes of this there came the sound I'd been dreading. It was a trickle of water close at hand. Hicky heard it, too, for he stopped as if he'd been shot.

" 'It's coming, Tom,' he said.

" 'Yes,' I answered. And I was thankful for one thing: that I didn't have a coward or hysteric fool to die with. Hicky would die game; he might choke and sputter a little at the end, but that would be all.

"The trickling was getting louder; from the sound of it, it was coming through the open bulkhead that led into the cabin. I was so busy listening to it that I didn't notice anything else, until all of a sudden I came alive to the fact that my left foot was lying in a pool of water. And then I knew that it wasn't going to last long.

"The vessel was tilted sideways-like, as well as fore and aft, so that was the way it came, creeping from our feet up. And by the time it reached midway around my waist I began to wish we'd been turned the other way round. For the slow move of it, every minute just a little higher—I tell you it was enough to get the nerve of the bravest man living.

"I wanted to do something, to say something, to hear something, to feel something—anything besides to lay there and feel that slow rise of water. But I set my teeth grimly; as long as Hicky could stand it, I would, without a whimper.

"It was just under the front of my shoulders now. In about ten minutes, as well as I could calculate time, it would be up to my face. I had a little freedom of motion there; I could throw my head back and so stave it off for a few minutes; but I made up my mind that, if it were possible, I'd hold my face to the deck. The sooner 'twas over, the better.

"But it was hard waiting. I wanted to yell, to curse, to pray. I misdoubted but what I would in another minute. My nerve was going fast.

"All of a sudden there was a jar, no, a sort of a lurch, of the deck under us. And while we were wondering what it was, the lower part of it rose and the deck suddenly came level.

"I thought that was the end, for of course the water spread itself equally all over the deck. I forgot my resolve to die quiet and heaved my head as high out of water as I could, and choked and strangled.

"It was lucky I did, for in another minute I felt the water going down, and in another we were lying high and dry.

" 'In the name of all the little fishes,' says Hicky, 'what was that?'

"And I asked the same question simultaneous.

"Naturally, neither of us had a reply ready. But my thoughts kept revolving themselves, and all of a sudden the answer came to me. 'Hicky,' I says, 'I bet this deck has "Overboard in action" tagged on it somewhere.'

" "Overboard in action"! What—
Oh, by George, you're right! I've read it somewhere, read that most English ships have their wooden decks laid in loose, so they can be heaved overboard in case of battle. Liable to cause fire or splinters or something, you know. And this is one of 'em. And it's floating.'

" 'But the one above us isn't wood. It's steel, I noticed it while the candle was lit. And what's going to happen to us when this one rises so high that the two of 'em come together?'

" 'Oh, the water may not rise that high,' says Hicky. 'And any way, that's a long time off. Let's take it as easy as possible until we get there.'

"And, if you'll believe me, that's what we did. We lay there and chewed the rag with each other as though we'd been lying in our bunks. Only, I couldn't help wondering all the time how much clear space there was above us, and working my hands as far up as I could, half expecting to feel the upper deck.

"We lay that way for hours—it seemed for days. But I knew that when daylight came we'd know it, if we lived that long for there must be a ventilator over us. And, naturally, it would open on the top side.

"It came at last, slowly, while we kept twisting our heads around and trying to look up. At last it got light enough, and I got my head around far enough, so I could see the upper deck. It was about three feet above us. And by watching the side I could see that we were rising steady.

"I could see one other thing: that where the bureau had been there was nothing but a hole in the deck. It must have been built in the side; it was not intended to be 'overboard in action.' And no wonder, with all those jewels in it!

"And then, as it grew lighter, I saw our chance.

"The deck above us was held up by big steel girders. They tapered down almost to an edge, like the ones on our own ships. And one ran directly above Hicky, and lengthwise of him.

"I kept still. There was no use rousing his hopes until I knew there was a chance. But I couldn't keep my eyes off that girder. And Hicky saw me with my head always twisted in the same way, and then he saw it, too. We both watched it like cats, neither of us saying a word.

"It came closer, closer. It was two feet above Hicky's bound hands, now a foot, now six inches. And I twisted my head and watched it.

"Then it touched the ropes that bound his hands. And I opened my mouth for the first time since I'd seen it. 'Saw, Hicky, saw!' I yelled.

"And Hicky sawed! He strained himself upward and began rubbing the ropes against the girder. At first it was hard to press against it enough to do any good, but as the water raised, of course, it brought him closer to it.

"I turned my eyes away; I swear I was afraid to look. But I could hear Hicky breathing hard and groaning

now and then. And then, as we rose higher, I raised my own hands until they touched the deck above, and tried to hold down. Of course, it did some good, but I could feel myself rising in spite of all I could do.

"Then the rasp of the rope against the girder suddenly stopped, and Hicky's breathing seemed to stop too. I groaned; had he given up? And then I heard a snap, and I knew it was the rope, and that his hands were free.

"When a man's life depends on it, believe me, he can work fast. Inside of half a minute Hicky had loosened the other ropes that bound him and wriggled free.

"Many a man at that would have made a break for the ventilator. It was no sure thing, or even probable, that if he stopped to get me loose he'd be able to get out himself, for the water was rising fast. But he crawled over to me, not even stopping to untie the ropes around his legs.

"It took him some time to set me free. When he did, the deck that we lay on was almost up to the lower edge of the girders. It was all we could do to force it down again, so we could crawl through between the two, and when we did the water came in and like to have strangled us. But we got to the ventilator at last.

"We crawled up through it, and fell over the side of it, and lay on the top side, in God's good air and sunlight, and laughed. Rolled over and over and laughed and laughed. Crazy? Well, I guess so.

"We were still laughing when the longboat came from the *Rainbow* and took us off. They'd missed us at quarters, and surmised where we'd gone.

"The jewels? The Koreans got 'em. of course. That was what made 'em jump us in the first place, I suppose. Any way. Hicky and I never went back to see. We couldn't. The old man gave us five days for jumping ship, and when we got out of the brig we were in Shanghai."

Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

I.—SELF FAITH, THE MIRACLE WORKER II.—THE SCIENTIFIC TOY THAT MADE ITS MAKER A MULTIMILLIONAIRE

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

These two articles are typical of Dr. Marden's inspirational writings. They are but a month's contribution to a series of articles of this character which Dr. Marden is preparing for MacLean's Magazine, which is the only monthly publication in the world to which he is under contract to contribute regularly each month. This series constitutes one of the best features now running in any magazine.

I.—Self Faith, the Miracle Worker

NO MAN gets very far in the world or expresses great power until self-faith is born in him; until he catches a glimpse of his higher, nobler self; until he realizes that his ambition, his aspiration, are proofs of his ability to reach the ideal which haunts him.

Perhaps there is no other one thing which keeps so many people back as their low estimate of themselves. They are more handicapped by their limiting thought, by their foolish convictions of inefficiency, than by almost anything else, for *there is no power in the universe that can help a man do a thing when he thinks he cannot do it.* Self-faith must lead the way. You cannot go beyond the limits you set for yourself.

"According to your faith be it unto you." Our faith is a very good measure of what we get out of life. The man of weak faith gets little; the man of mighty faith gets much.

Self-faith has been the miracle-worker of the ages. It has enabled the inventor and the discoverer to go on and on amidst troubles and trials which otherwise would have utterly disheartened them. It has held innumerable

heroes to their tasks until the glorious deeds were accomplished.

Count that man an enemy who shakes your faith in yourself, in your ability to do the thing you have set your heart upon doing, for when your confidence is gone, your power is gone. Your achievement will never rise higher than your self-faith.

The miracles of civilization have been performed by men and women of great self-confidence, who had unwavering faith in their power to accomplish the tasks they understood. The race would have been centuries behind what it is to-day had it not been for their grit, their determination, their persistence in finding and making real the thing they believed in and which the world often denounced as chimerical or impossible.

An unwavering belief in oneself destroys the greatest enemies of achievement—fear, doubt, and vacillation. It removes the thousand and one obstacles which impede the progress of the weak and irresolute. Faith in one's mission—in the conviction that the Creator has given us power to realize our life call, as it is written in our blood and stamped on our brain cells—is the secret of all power.

"Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string."

I know people who have been hunting for months for a situation, because they go into an office with a confession of weakness in their very manner; they show their lack of self-confidence. Their prophecy of failure is in their face, in their bearing. They surrender before the battle begins. They are living witnesses against themselves.

If you expect to get a position, you must go into an office with the air of a conqueror; you must fling out confidence from yourself before you can convince an employer that you are the man he is looking for. You must show by your very presence that you are a man of force, a man who can do things with vigor, cheerfulness and enthusiasm.

Self-confidence marshals all one's faculties and twists their united strength into one mighty achievement cable. It carries conviction. It makes other people believe in us.

"If we choose to be no more than clods of clay," says Marie Corelli, "then we shall be used as clods of clay for braver feet to tread on."

The persistent thought that you are not as good as others, that you are a weak, ineffective being, will lower your whole standard of life and paralyze your ability.

You can never reach nobility by holding the thought of inferiority—the thought that you are not as good as other people; that you are not as able; that you cannot do this; that you cannot do that. "Can't" philosophy never does anything but tear down; it never builds up. If you want to amount to anything in the world, you must hold up your head. Say to yourself continually: "I am no beggar. I am no pauper. I am not a failure. I am a prince. I am a king. Success is my birthright, and nobody shall deprive me of it."

If you doubt your ability to do what you set out to do; if you think that others are better fitted to do it than you; if you fear to let yourself out and take chances; if you lack boldness; if

you have a timid, shrinking nature; if the negative preponderate in your vocabulary; if you think that you lack positiveness, initiative, aggressiveness, ability; you can never win anything very great until you change your whole mental attitude and learn to have great faith in yourself. Fear, doubt, and timidity must be turned out of your mind.

Every child should be taught to expect success, and to believe that he was born to achieve, as the acorn is destined to become an oak.

A physical trainer in one of our girl's colleges says that his first step is to establish the girls in self-confidence; to lead them to think only of the ends to be attained and not of the means. He shows them that the greater power lies behind the muscles, in the mind, and points to the fact so frequently demonstrated, that a person in a supreme crisis, as in a fire or other catastrophe, can exert strength out of all proportion to his muscle. He thus helps them to get rid of fear and timidity, the great handicaps to achievement.

I have interviewed many timid people as to why they let opportunities pass by them that were eagerly seized by others with much less ability, and the answer was invariably a confession like the following: "I have not courage," said one; "I lack confidence in myself," said another; "I shrink from trying for fear I shall make a mistake and have the mortification of being turned down," said a third; "It would look so cheeky for me to have the nerve to put myself forward," said a fourth; "Oh, I do not think it would be right to seek a place so far above me," said another, "I think I ought to wait until the place seeks me, or I am better prepared." So they run through the whole gamut of self-distrust. This shrinking, this timidity or self-effacement, often proves a worse enemy to success than actual incompetence. Take the lantern in the hand, and you will always have light enough for your next step, no matter how dark, for the light will move along

with you. Do not try to see a long way ahead. "One step enough for me."

The reason why so many men fail is because they do not commit themselves with a determination to win at any cost. They do not have that superb confidence in themselves which never looks back; which burns all bridges behind it. There is just uncertainty enough as to whether they will succeed to take the edge off their effort, and it is just this little difference between doing pretty well and flinging all oneself, all his power, into his career, that makes the difference between mediocrity and a grand achievement.

Self-reliance which carries great, vigorous self-faith has ever been the best substitute for friends, pedigree, influence, and money. It is the best capital in the world; it has mastered more obstacles, overcome more difficulties, and carried through more enterprises than any other human quality.

It does not matter what other people think of you, of your plans, or of your aims. No matter if they call you a visionary, a crank, or a dreamer; you must believe in yourself. You forsake yourself when you lose your confidence. Never allow anybody or any misfortune to shake your belief in yourself. You may lose your property, your health, your reputation, other people's confidence, even; but there is always hope for you so long as you keep a firm faith in yourself. If you never lose that, but keep pushing on, the world will, sooner or later, make way for you.

A firm self-faith helps a man to project himself with a force that is almost irresistible. A balancer, a doubter, has no projectile power. If he starts at all, he moves with uncertainty. There is no vigor in his initiative, no positiveness in his energy.

There is a great difference between a man who thinks that "perhaps" he can do, or who "will try" to do a thing, and a man who "knows" he can do it, who is "bound" to power, an irresistible force, equal to any emergency.

Self-confidence is not egotism. It is

knowledge, and it comes from the consciousness of possessing the ability requisite for what one undertakes. Civilization to-day rests upon self-confidence.

One reason why the careers of most of us are so pinched and narrow, is because we do not have a large faith in ourselves and in our power to accomplish. We are crippled by the old orthodox idea of man's inferiority. *There is no inferiority about the man that God made. The only inferiority in us is what we put into ourselves. What God made is perfect.* The trouble is that most of us are but a burlesque of the man God patterned and intended. A Harvard graduate who has been out of college a number of years, writes that because of his lack of self-confidence he has never earned more than twelve dollars a week. A graduate of Princeton tells us that, except for a brief period, he has never been able to earn more than a dollar a day. These men do not dare to assume responsibility. Their timidity and want of faith in themselves destroy their efficiency. The great trouble with many of us is that we do not believe enough in ourselves. We do not realize our power. Man was made to hold up his head and carry himself like a conqueror, not like a slave—as a success, not as a failure—to assert his God-given birthright. *Self-depreciation is a crime.*

The men who have done the great things in the world have been profound believers in themselves.

There is no law by which you can achieve success in anything without expecting it, demanding it, assuming it. There must be a strong, firm self-faith first, or the thing will never come. There is no room for chance in God's world of system and supreme order. Everything must have not only a cause, but a sufficient cause—a cause as large as the result. A stream cannot rise higher than its source. A great success must have a great source in expectation, in self-confidence, and in persistent endeavor to attain it. No matter how

great the ability, how large the genius, or how splendid the education, the achievement will never rise higher than

the confidence. He can who thinks he can, and he can't who thinks he can't. This is an inexorable, indisputable law.

II.—The “Scientific Toy” that Made its Maker a Multimillionaire

“MY GOD! it *does* speak!” exclaimed Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) in such bewildered amazement that he let the primitive little wooden telephone instrument drop from his hand. Elisha May, the eminent electrician, accompanied Sir William and was similarly astounded. It was at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, June, 1876, and Gray’s telegraphic exhibit, as George C. Maynard tells the story, was conspicuously exhibited in one of the main buildings, while the new telephone of Alexander Graham Bell, a very simple instrument, “no larger than a lady’s toilet bottle,” used alternately as a transmitter and a receiver, was very modestly set up in an out-of-the-way gallery, with no one to explain its operation. Bell, himself, was lecturing in Connecticut, but on the arrival of the great English scientist, Thomson, he was hastily summoned to Philadelphia to explain his new invention.

Sir William, who was familiar with the operation of various automata, such as cuckoo clocks and the automaton chess-player of Maelzel, which would say “*echec*” in a very metallic tone, instead of a living player’s “*check*,” had expected to hear nothing more than the merest travesty of a real voice, or at best something of the ventriloquial, Punch-and-Judy order, and was for the moment overcome with astonishment at the telephone’s perfect duplication of human utterance in every detail of quality and volume, tone and timbre, modulation, pitch, inflection, accent and emphasis. “Singing through the telephone,” said a Washington paper, “is heard with a sweetness and softness that is marvelous and fascinating.”

But even Sir William failed to appreciate the vast commercial possibilities of

the pretty little mechanical mimic. Other scientists of eminence and professors in schools and colleges were equally interested, and used the telephone to illustrate lectures in physics, but none of them seemed to have the least idea that it would ever be adapted to business purposes. Capitalists, also, gave very little encouragement to the establishment of either public or private lines as a safe investment. About August 15, 1877, the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company and Theodore W. Vail went together to examine a telephone and witness its operation “by an expert.” After the experiments had been conducted with perfect success, the president, “in the most emphatic manner,” declared: “It can never be of any practical use in business affairs.” Mr. Vail did not venture to controvert this statement, but he improved the first opportunity to make an engagement with Gardiner G. Hubbard, father-in-law of Mr. Bell, to aid in establishing and conducting the new business. George W. Balch, another Western Union superintendent, also had enough faith in the new idea to think it worth his while to accept a perpetual telephone license for the entire state of Michigan without paying a dollar for it. When he went home, however, with the license in his pocket, his fellow employees of the great telegraph company laughed at him for “going into the toy business.”

In all the articles the writer has ever seen upon the genesis of the telephone, it seems to be tacitly assumed that Mr. Bell stumbled upon the basic idea by a sort of lucky accident. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Indeed, the invention has its genealogy, or pedigree, which I will attempt to give, although somewhat briefly and crudely.

His father, Alexander Melville Bell, devoted many years of his life to the cure of stammering or stuttering and the removal of other defects of articulation and pronunciation, in England and Scotland. In 1849 he published a work in which he said, "It would really be a matter of but little difficulty to reconstruct our alphabet, and furnish it with invariable marks for every appreciable variety of vocal and articulate sound." When he came to the attempt, however, he found several lions in the path; which, as is the nature of such beasts, did not show themselves until the huntsman came close to their dens. They were successfully attacked, nevertheless, and in 1864 his new system was perfectly completed. On September 3 of that year the "Reader" published this description of Mr. Bell's methods by Alexander J. Ellis, F.R.S., and author of "The Essentials of Phonetics:"

"The mode of procedure was as follows: Mr. Bell sent his two sons, Edward Charles Bell and Alexander Graham Bell, out of the room (It is interesting to know that the elder, Edward, who read all the words, had had only five weeks' instruction in the use of the new alphabet) and I dictated slowly and distinctly the sounds which I wished to be written. These consisted of a few words in Latin, pronounced first as at Eton, then as in Italy, and then according to some theoretical notions of how the old Romans might have uttered them. Then came some English provincialisms and affected pronunciation; the words, 'how odd,' being given in several distinct ways. Suddenly, German provincialisms were introduced, then discriminations of sounds often confused—*ees*, *is'*, (Polish); *eesh*, *ich*, (German); *ich* (Dutch); *ich*, (Swiss); *oui*, *oui*, (French); *we*, (English); *wie*, (German); *vie*, (French); some Arabic, some Cockney-English, with an introduced Arab guttural, some mispronounced Spanish, and a variety of shades of vowels and diphthongs. . . . The result was perfectly satisfactory;

—that is, Mr. Bell wrote down my queer and purposely exaggerated pronunciations and mispronunciations, and delicate distinctions, in such a manner that his sons, though not having heard them, so uttered them as to surprise me by the extremely correct echo of my own voice. . . . Accent, tone, drawl, brevity, indistinctness, were all reproduced with surprising accuracy. Being on the watch, I could, as it were, trace the alphabet in the lips of the readers. I think, then, that Mr. Bell is justified in the somewhat bold title which he has assumed for his mode of writing—'Visible Speech.' I only hope that, for the advantage of linguists, such an alphabet may be soon made accessible, and that, for the intercourse of nations, it may be adopted generally, at least for extra-European nations, as for the Chinese dialects and the several extremely diverse East Indian languages, where such an alphabet would rapidly become a great social and political engine."

An editorial in the "Athenæum" of July 15, 1865, stated, among other things: "A full sneeze, for example, is a complex operation; it comes among what are called inarticulate sounds; but Mr. Bell writes it down, and, for aught we know, could undertake to furnish every member of the house of commons with a symbol representative of his own particular sneeze, as distinguished from those of all his colleagues. . . . Mr. Bell tries each sound himself, until the proposers admits he has got it: he then writes it down. After a score of such attempts have been recorded, his sons are called in and reproduce to a nicety all the queer babelisms which a grave party of philologists have strained their muscles to invent. The original symbols, when read, sound after sound, would make a Christian fancy himself in the zoological gardens."

"The utility of such a method is obvious: it is clearly one of those steps of which people admit the utility so long as they can deny the practicability, and then when obliged to admit the practi-

cability they deny the utility. Mr. Bell has formed a high opinion of the range of application of his invention. He may, or may not, be fully justified; but every one can see a great deal of what he sees. *To communicate through the telegraph* by pure sounds, independently of meaning, so that Arabic or Chinese may travel from a clerk who knows not a word, to another just as unlearned as himself: *to teach the dumb how to speak by instructing them in the actual use of their organs*; to take down the sounds of foreign languages, especially those of savages, and to transmit them home; to learn how to pronounce a foreign language by interlinear use of the alphabet of sounds—will be a very pretty instalment."

Mr. Bell then made this proposition to the British Government: "If the expense of casting the new types and publishing the theory of the system shall be defrayed from public resources, I will, on this simple condition, relinquish *pro bono publico* all copyright in the explanatory work, as well as all exclusive property in the system and its applications, in order that the use of the universal alphabet may be as free as that of common letters to all persons."

This request was made in vain. The subject did not lie within the province of any of the existing state departments, and the memorial was, on this ground, politely bowed out from one after another of all the executive offices. On the 17th of May, 1867, Mr. Bell's elder son, Edward Charles, whose ability in demonstrating the linguistic applications of the system excited the admiration of all who heard him, died in his nineteenth year. Rebuffed by his country, and bereft of his brilliant son, he determined that the system should be published, whatever the sacrifice to himself, and about the first of the following September its "Inaugural Edition," of some 150, eight-by-ten inch pages, with complete illustrations and a full alphabet of all the new letters appeared sim-

ultaneously in London and New York. On pages 101 and 102, under the heading, "Visible Speech Telegraphy," the author says: "The indefiniteness of ordinary letters is productive of much inconvenience in international telegraphy. Messages cannot be transmitted in their original languages through foreign countries, but, for the convenience of operators, must be translated, of course, at the serious risk of error, and to the entire destruction of verbatim accuracy. The system of visible speech will render the telegraphing of words through any country equally certain and easy in all languages. The operator, while he may not understand a syllable of the writing, will transmit the *ipsissima verba*, and the very sounds of the original, as a *viva voce* utterance to the receiver."

Bear in mind that this was written more than eight years prior to the invention of the telephone! Yet evidently but very few steps were necessary for that writer or his son to enter the field of telephony.

Soon after he came to the United States, Alexander Graham Bell, who was also an expert in visible speech, married a deaf-mute, the daughter of Gardiner G. Hubbard, and the missing link of an incentive to study the transmission "Toy" of speech to apparently inaccessible ears led to the long and careful investigations which would almost inevitably end in the invention of some kind of telephone. The young husband was already expert in all the finest mechanism of human speech; he soon, by actual dissections, became equally expert in the mechanism of hearing, and soon all the relations and correspondences of the two were mastered. What is the telephone but a mechanical ear, with its drum, its resonance apparatus, its wires taking the place of nerves, etc.? The first instruments were receivers and transmitters all in one piece. Indeed, the receiver of to-day in a very fair transmitter, as anyone can test for himself.

Civic Publicity: A New Profession

THE RISE OF A MODERN CALLING IN CITY DEVELOPMENT
AND SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE FOLLOWING
IT IN CANADA

By Charles L. Barker

With the wave of publicity which has swept over Canada in the past year or two there has been created a new profession—that which embodies publicity promoters. The profitable way in which large cities have utilized the services of these men in publicity campaigns is herein set forth. Not alone has the work been confined to cities; provinces have also launched into it. Possibly the greatest benefits will accrue when countries realize the value of such a service and place competent men in charge of departments calculated to develop their natural advantages and through publicity secure for them a fair measure of prosperity.

CIVIC PUBLICITY has come to be a recognized factor in the growth and expansion of urban centres of population from one end of Canada to the other. It is an instant indication of the progressive spirit when any city is able to tell the visitor and the outside world that it has a publicity commissioner, an industrial agent or a press service bureau.

This is an entirely new department that has grown up within the past few years in the administration of municipal affairs. Where formerly, we were wont to get along with our finance, public works, fire, water and light committees, we must now have an industrial branch, or a joint committee of the city council or board of trade. The publicity committee is likewise coming to be no small spending department.

In this sphere of municipal government we see the rise of a new profession—a profession that pays salaries commensurate with the importance of the work performed. The fond father of the olden days who considered law or medicine the only professional outlet

for his talented son will think twice before making a choice before sending his boy into fields already overcrowded when an inviting avenue looms up before his eyes and he sees the magic sign: "Civic Publicity."

Ottawa is paying its publicity commissioner \$2,500 a year and provides him with a handsome downtown office. London induced the industrial expert of Hamilton to leave that city at an advance of \$1,000 a year and will pay him \$2,500 per annum. Regina engaged a publicity officer the other day at a salary of \$3,000, while Winnipeg is paying a similar official \$5,000 a year.

Brainy, energetic publicity experts can find a position any place they desire to hang up their hats. The demand far exceeds the supply. The man who can produce results can almost name his own price.

The publicity movement gained its first impetus in the middle west and then developed with remarkable strides to the extreme limits on both sides of



W. E. Anderson, St. John, N.B.



H. M. Marsh, Hamilton, Ontario.

the continent. It is hard to say just where the idea first broke loose.

Fort William was long known as a milling centre. That is, it was known and recognized as such every place else but in Port Arthur, its nearest neighbor. These two rival cities at the head of the Great Lakes were supremely happy when they were indulging in the pleasant pastime of heaving bricks at each other. One day Fort William emerged with a triumphant chortle over the engagement of a publicity commissioner at a salary that left Port Arthur in a dazed condition.

This new official happened to be one, H. W. Baker, who had seen service in some of the large cities of the United States, but had been attracted to civic publicity work as a promising field for early development.

The advantages of Fort William were soon emblazoned in a manner that resulted in a very perceptible increase in the city's population. There was an in-

dustrial stimulus that benefited everybody.

Ottawa, the beautiful capital nestling up there among the Laurentian hills that make the Ottawa Valley a region of constant delight to tourists and those fortunate enough to have their residence in that district, decided, two or three years ago that it should join in the publicity procession or be left in the industrial lurch.

About a score of active members of the Ottawa Board of Trade met one evening, talked things over and came to the conclusion to launch a publicity campaign that would make the other cities gape with astonishment and display a deep sea green of civic envy.

After a canvas was made of the merchants and manufacturers it was found that every last one of them stood in favor of convincing Canada and the world at large that Ottawa was more than a national capital and a peaceful home for civil servants.



L. T. McDonald, Regina, Sask



Charles F. Roland, Winnipeg.

The publicity movement spread over the city like wildfire. It was talked from the hustings during the municipal election; in fact, it was the most popular subject any candidate could include in the course of his remarks.

The upshot of it was that Ottawa opened an industrial bureau, secured H. W. Baker from Fort William, as commissioner in charge, and has been spending \$15,000 a year, one-third of this sum being raised by board of trade subscriptions, and the other two-thirds coming from the civic coffers for a stated period under special legislation.

Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, was content for a time to pursue the even tenor of her way and maintain her commanding lead in handling the commerce of the Dominion. The conservative element looked askance at any movement with a view to the inauguration of publicity for a city with over half a million population.

But the march of progress was not to be arrested, and so we have in Mont-

real the Press Service Bureau, which has been organized "for the purpose of setting forth in a systematic manner by articles and advertisements the possibilities of the city with a view to attracting trade, commerce, capital and tourist traffic to Montreal in particular and the Dominion in general.

The development of the science of civic publicity is working havoc with the ranks of the newspaper men. Calgary is paying a handsome salary, something like \$4,000 a year, to Mr. Andrew Miller, formerly managing editor of the Ottawa Free Press, and a journalistic worker in Toronto for several years. Mr. Miller naturally believes in printer's ink, but he also employs what he calls "the gumshoe" method, which consists of quietly slipping away to New York or some other city and arguing out in person that Calgary is the only city on the Canadian map worth while bothering with. And rival publicity commissioners have to admit that Mr. Miller's



K. S. Fenwick, Quebec, Quebec.



Charles S. Hotchkiss, Edmonton, Alberta.

method is a winner, as they have found out to their own disappointment.

F. Maclure Sclanders, commissioner of the Board of Trade at Saskatoon, is another newspaper graduate. He has led an adventurous career, having been twice around the world since leaving Glasgow, his native city. He works along original lines and gets results, because Saskatoon is growing and booming in true western style.

Mr. Arthur S. Barnstead, the secretary of industries and immigration for Nova Scotia, is a college graduate who took a law course and subsequently became editor-in-chief of the *Acadian Recorder*, the oldest newspaper in Nova Scotia. This bureau spends \$20,000 a year, of which one-quarter goes for salaries.

Take Mr. J. Grant Henderson, who recently transferred his allegiance from the Ambitious City that boasts of its famous mountain to the Forest City that boasts of the River Thames—excepting when it overflows in the spring

of the year. He is another publicity worker who enjoyed a long experience with the newspaper profession. He is a Hamilton man, born and bred there, but London made him such a generous proposal that he could not resist, and when the change was announced there was criticism over a stingy policy that let such a well qualified man get away to a rival city.

It is only two years ago since Hamilton Council made the first appointment of an industrial commissioner who would devote his entire time to this office, and in the intervening period over twenty large industries have located in that city.

London business men took a spurt recently in the publicity line, and besides engaging the services of Mr. Henderson, have raised the sum of \$100,000 to be invested in new industries locating in that city that require the assistance of local capital.

The Board of Trade in Brantford has raised \$3,000 a year in subscrip-



J. G. Henderson, London, Ontario.



Herbert W. Baker, Ottawa, Ontario.

tions for the next three years as an annual appropriation for an industrial bureau to be established there.

For the past year or two Windsor has shown surprising industrial development, credited to the work of Mr. A. W. Jackson, publicity commissioner, and the joint industrial committee of the board of trade and city council.

The city of Winnipeg was one of the pioneers in the publicity movement. A wonderful success has been achieved there, due to perfection of organization and the resourceful methods adopted by Mr. Charles F. Roland, the industrial commissioner, who is paid \$5,000 a year in salary, and has almost unlimited resources at his command for handling the work. The city grant in 1906 was \$1,500. It has been increased nearly a scorefold, as the grant was \$25,000 in 1910, and the same last year. Mr. Roland's excellent services have been recognized by his selection as secretary

of the international exposition commission that will have charge of the world's fair, to be held in Winnipeg in 1914.

Mr. Elliot S. Rowe, a native of Whitby, has been called the Ambulating Ad. for Vancouver. He is a teacher, preacher, lecturer, investigator and informant, but principally and mostly he is the official publicity purveyor for the metropolis of British Columbia.

Cities are not the only municipal corporations that have a monopoly of this new science of booming some particular community. The county councils are awakening to the importance of the work. During the past few months Lambton, Norfolk and Essex counties in Ontario have been placed on the honor roll, with the principal object of attracting settlers from Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana and from the Old Country, in addition to promoting the "Stay-in-Ontario" campaign.

Nearly A Thief

By Ed. Cahn

DORIS was a very ordinary girl really, but nearly everyone who knew her considered her most extraordinary, for she had a way of doing the most unexpected things at times when the world, Mrs. Grundy, the Saints, or whoever it is that conducts the conventions, have decreed that only the most ordinary will do at all.

She was ordinarily good-looking, which in America, and New York in particular, means quite passable indeed. Her brown hair was of an ordinary shade, done up in the ordinary manner, achieved by the ordinary means, namely, a "rat." Perhaps she was a little out of the ordinary in this, for her head was innocent of that absurd rear-extension common to so many of our girls and which makes them look like a cross between a Hottentot and a flat-head Indian.

Doris looked like ten thousand other young business women in her tight-fitting black gown relieved with white cufflets and collar, the latter fastened with what looked like a crudely decorated dinner-plate, but known to commerce as a "hand-painted miniature brooch."

To do Doris full justice, she had her doubts about the brooch. She did not know the lady painted thereon and really did not like her face, nor her carelessly arranged hair, nor scanty drapery, but since it was a gift, and she was afraid her coat would some day drag off her "good pin," she decided she would wear it.

She did not confess to herself that she wished the coat would be the means of ridding her of the present, and that at no distant day.

It is only the most extraordinary women who ever are truthful with

themselves and have the strength to throw away, give away or put away, anything that they ever got for nothing or at a great bargain, no matter how much it jars on them.

Doris was like the rest of the ten thousand. Tidy, neat, quiet, very efficient, reasonably prompt and with the outward patience of Job and the inner impatience of most of Eve's daughters with those with whom business brought her in contact. She had the happy knack of looking as pleasant as the cat that ate the canary, no matter what her inward feelings.

It was Saturday afternoon and her employer and all the boys employed in the studio had departed to bolt some sort of a luncheon and hie themselves to the first baseball game of the season, leaving her to close the studio and finish the week's work, of which there are a great many odds and ends in a photograph studio, especially when it is not a thousand miles from Broadway and making a strong bid for theatrical work.

Doris attended to the reception room. She met the customers, arranged for sittings, secured advance payments, often a task which required enough tact, diplomacy and skill to qualify one for a foreign diplomat, and which Doris referred to contemptuously to her friend, the dark-room man, as "prying them loose from their coin."

She listened to all complaints from customers who thought their proofs ought to be speaking likenesses and at the same time, beautiful as the dawn, when they themselves, were as ugly as sin.

She could sooth, flatter, cajole, hypnotize, pacify, modestly suggest, freeze, demand, or shrivel with a look—all as occasion demanded. She kept the books

in shape, sent out proofs, put work through in a rush or kept it forever dallying on, waiting the arrival of the magic deposit that would sent the photographs on their way to completion, re-joining.

Besides, it was her duty to supervise an unruly force of boys who did the more or less mechanical work connected with the "portraits," put up with the vagaries of the operator—the chap who took the pictures, for he was quite a genius in his own way and came perilously near being really artistic on his best days.

All this Doris considered merely part of the day's work and did not worry over. The chief trial of her life was her employer.

He was a sly Irishman and absolutely unique, for he had utterly no sense of humor. He had watery blue eyes, a face typical of a comic page "Pat," pale yellow freckles the size of a gold dollar, a squat square figure with long arms that made him look unpleasantly like an ape, and to cap it all, very long, bushy red hair which he wore a la chrysanthemum, fondly fancying that it made him look "artistic."

He belonged to one of those absurd would-be Bohemian clubs which meet once a week in some tawdry hotel, have a dinner and talk shop, or pretend to, which seems like the same thing, but when you come to think of it, is not. No, not by a jug-full. That last certainty has no place in this story, for who ever heard of a full jug at a near-Bohemian dinner?

This remarkable specimen sported a name which savored of the French, the mere sound of which served to send Doris into a spasm of disgust.

He was an unreasonable, rude, irritating bundle of conceit and pretense and Doris who had christened him "Fluffy" on account of his fuzzy hair, used to pray that his other interests would keep him away forever.

Like many receptionists, she had often wrathfully vowed that she would

"quit some day," and thought better of it later.

Fluffy was not entirely idiotic. He had his lucid intervals. He considered Doris really quite an unusual girl and more valuable than she knew. But he took precious good care not to let her suspect his opinion and was careful never to be too disagreeable, too carping, or too driving. He would vent his ill-nature whenever he could, but knew just when to stop.

When it came to knowing how to load a camel, Fluffy was an expert. He could pile on a staggering load, but trust him to withhold the last tiny straw that would break its back.

Thinking of his last piece of meanness, Doris was in a bad humor and the discovery that the printer had not made some proofs that should have been mailed away that day, did not improve matters.

She hunted out the negatives and looked across the surfaces. "Bother! Not retouched for proofing."

Seating herself before a retouching case she proceeded with a deft pencil to eliminate some harsh lines in the face of the belle of the boards before her.

It would not do to let that actress see even the first proofs, disfigured with those lines. Doris knew that well enough and fancied the scene should they be left. Why, she would come down in a tearing rage. Those lines in her face? Never, never, never! What kind of a camera did they have anyway? So Doris smoothed and flattered.

Then she clapped the glass plates into printing-frames, skipped out the door and ran up the short flight of stairs to the roof where she spread them out on a shelf in the sun for a few moments.

The air was warm and spring made itself felt in spite of difficulties even here, goodness knows how many feet above the street.

Doris drew in long breaths of the balmy air and after the proofs had been exposed long enough, whisked them out of the frames and into a box out of the light, and lingered.

She took long deep breaths, and, shoulders thrown back, paced up and down doing a little exercise recommended to round out the chest which she had read in a Sunday newspaper, and forgot all about Fluffy, her troubles and the fact that the building was doubtless entirely empty by this time, and the studio wide open.

For perhaps ten minutes she thoroughly enjoyed herself but her mind did not allow her much forgetfulness and suddenly reminded her, stopping the calisthenics short.

She hastily stacked the negatives into a little pile and, as she could not manage the clumsy wooden frames and the negatives, the proof-box and her skirts all at the same time, she decided to risk the wrath of the printer and leave the frames behind.

As she stepped through the roof door and locked it behind her she started at a noise below. The stair was pitch dark, now that the door was closed and some instinct made her draw herself closely into the corner.

Peering through the gloom to the bottom of the stairs, she saw that the door there was not quite half open and the dim light from a court window threw a pale gleam across the floor.

There was a shadow creeping across it which she watched breathlessly. It grew larger and larger, drew back, stealthily loomed up again, and the head of a man peered around the door.

Doris held her breath and crouched lower. It seemed ages that the intruder gazed up the stairway. He did not start nor speak and she knew he could not see her for the darkness. At last he seemed satisfied there was no one there and closed the door. Doris heard the lock click and the key withdrawn and his cautious footsteps through the entry leading to the studio.

Her hand flew to the pocket in her apron. There, beneath her handkerchief and the letter from Aunt Mary that had come that morning, was her bunch of keys. Mechanically, she found

the one to fit the door, while she considered the situation.

She had not seen the man plainly but had a general impression of curly hair and a gaunt face half concealed by a masking handkerchief. That sixth sense with which she was as well endowed as any woman, told her that though he was a burglar, he was new at the business and very nervous.

"I wouldn't wonder if he'd be more scared at the sight of me than I am of him. Wonder what he is after. He might know the boss would not leave any money in the place on Saturday and—the lens! *The lens!* Fluffy forgot to lock up the best lens! The one in the big camera, the pride of his heart."

She had often heard him dilate on its merits, declare there was not another one like it in America, the fabulous value he put upon it, the incredible price he claimed to have paid for it, and the vengeance that would surely fall upon anyone who would harm it in the smallest particular.

With horror she remembered that the first thing a thief would seek in a photographer's studio would be the lens. A few turns of the wrist and he would have it unscrewed and dropped into his pocket. It would not take two minutes. Perhaps he already had it!

She put the negatives down on the top step, carefully gathered her skirts around and stole down stairs still grasping the little box of proofs.

By this time she was calm enough to remember that the fourth step creaked and that she must be careful to step over it, and to be thankful that her shoes were noiseless.

At the bottom of the stairs she paused and listened. Not the faintest sound. She inserted her key and listened a moment before she turned it. She felt sure that if her burglar was on the other side of the door, in the entry which opened into the studio, she could have heard him breathe, so intently did she listen.

"It would serve old Fluffy right if he did loose that lens," she thought. "If



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON-12

"Empty your pockets!" she said sharply.

I had any sense I'd sit down here and let him carry off the whole place for all of me." Nevertheless, she opened the door and stepped out, closing it behind her after a swift glance around.

So far so good. Almost opposite was a door leading into the studio. To this she crept. There was a heavy velvet curtain, its stiff folds falling straight to the floor, hanging there. Very cautiously Doris peeped through the tiny opening in the middle. She commanded a view of the reception-room, the dressing-rooms and part of the studio proper.

There was no one in sight. The camera stood in the centre of the room just as she had left it, its black hood flung carelessly to one side, effectually preventing her from seeing whether the lens was there or not.

She had almost decided that the thief had gone, when he glided out from behind some scene-screens. He was evidently just finishing a cautious tour of investigation for he stopped as if satisfied with the outlook. His face was turned away from her and he could not have heard her stifled exclamation at the sight of the ugly revolver in his hand, for he did not turn.

He was glancing about as if puzzled. "Hum," thought Doris. "Bet he has never been in a studio before."

He opened a wardrobe in a corner and ran his fingers through the pockets of Fluffy's coats hanging there but found nothing. Doris' purse lay on a shelf and he rifled that.

"There goes my week's salary," she thought mournfully.

Then he came toward her hiding-place and for an awful instant paused so close to her that she was certain he must be able to feel her body behind the curtains. But he merely twitched the mask a little higher, went into the office and began to rummage through the desk.

All the drawers were open save one. That, Doris kept locked, for it contained her box of powder and puff. She al-

most laughed as she watched him working away at it.

There was a small table at one side of the desk and slightly behind him. On this he laid his revolver and went to work at the lock with feverish haste.

"If I only had that gun I think I could bluff him with it. I must have it! When he gets that drawer open he will be crazy and might start to wreck the place just to get even. Then he might see the lens and take it on a chance and if he ever sees me—Whew!"

Then she tossed the box of proofs onto the table to announce her presence. It struck the polished surface with a smart slap and had the effect of a bomb on the stillness and the burglar's nerves.

He started violently and wheeled around, reached for his weapon and found it in the hands of Doris.

"A girl!" he gasped and sank into the chair beside him, silent.

She was prepared for defiance, cunning, even for a spring, but that unmistakable air of shame surprised her. She stared at his masked and averted face a moment, struck with his aspect; somehow he looked almost familiar.

"Empty your pockets!" she said sharply.

The burglar did not move.

"Quick!" she commanded in such a tone that he made clumsy haste to do so, turning out some soiled handkerchiefs, a knife, and her little roll of bills which she recognized by the rubber band about them. The lens was not in the pile on the desk when all his pockets were inside out.

"Don't seem to be much in your business," said Doris scornfully.

"Take off your cap!" Slowly he pulled it off, revealing an unkept mass of black curls.

"Now the mask." The burglar hesitated.

"Please miss—" he begged. "Let me go I —"

"No!" cried Doris, angrily stamping her foot. "You low miserable thief! Take off that mask or I'll shoot you." Her tone was unmistakable. Slowly, as

if it was of great weight, he lifted his hand, swayed, and with a moan slid out of the chair and lay still at her feet.

This turn of affairs almost surprised Doris out of her composure.

His eyes were closed and she noticed that his long black lashes had the upward curl of youth. Still fearing a sudden attack she held the weapon in readiness, knelt beside him and suddenly jerked the mask away.

He was a mere lad with not at all a bad face though it bore many marks of suffering. His cheeks were sunken and he had the terrible pinched look that tells of starvation. Doris saw he had fainted from exhaustion and her stern look vanished.

"Hungry! Poor kid. Why he's only a boy. Gee! Just driven to it I guess, starve or steal. Bet he has been sleeping in the parks for a month. What a shame."

She put the revolver down on the desk, ran to get some ice-water and bathed his face, no longer thinking of him as a burglar to be feared but just as a starving boy.

"My, no wonder he looked familiar to me. He's a lot like Jimmie. Just his size and just his hair to a dot."

She thought of her brother as she lifted this stranger's head to her knee. What if Jimmie, far away in the West seeking his fortune, had hard luck and starved like this boy?

Would he fall into such hands as hers? How she would bless the girl that would help him, instead of yelling for the police. Well, she would wait awhile before she yelled for the police—that was sure. She decided as she smoothed back the hair on the boy's forehead and loosened the collar of his shirt. "I bet you are some girl's brother, maybe some girl's sweetheart, and I'm going to help you for their sakes and because I've got a brother too."

She forced some of the water between his lips and vigorously applied a wet towel. In a few moments there were signs of returning consciousness and

presently he slowly opened his eyes. Doris put the glass to his lips and bade him drink. "There," she said kindly, "that will refresh you."

"Say," she said suddenly, "I'm awfully sorry I spoke so mean to you a while ago. I didn't know you were starving. Do you think you can walk now? I want you to come out in the work-room. I'll make you a cup of tea and fix you up in no time."

The burglar had not raised his eyes to hers after the first stare of returning consciousness and now the dull red glow of shame dyed his face and neck.

"I think you can," said Doris ignoring that, but nevertheless pleased to see it. "Come on, let's try it." She regained her feet and assisted him to a chair.

"There now. I'm going to telephone for something for you to eat." She picked up the telephone and called a restaurant a few doors away, ordering a generous meal, and asking that it be sent up at once.

The burglar, too weak after his collapse to speak, watched her in silence as she unlocked the studio door which he had locked to prevent discovery from that side, picked up his fallen mask and cap, made a bundle of his handkerchiefs and knife, tidied the desk and removed traces of his work at the locked drawer which she opened with her key and into which she put her bills and last of all the revolver, but she did not re-lock the drawer.

"There," she said turning to him. "That is to show you that I trust you. I know you are no more a burglar than I am."

"I—I" He began brokenly.

"Not a word," interrupted Doris. "You are too weak to talk. Come out here." She held out her hand and helped him to his feet.

Once out in the work-room she installed him in a chair, drew up a small table before him and brewed some tea.

Presently the bell rang and Doris opened the door to a man bearing a tray laden with a steaming meal which he

set before the burglar while Doris said merrily, "Pitch in!"

He tried to thank her—to stammer an apology, his eyes full of tears and his voice husky as he hung his head in miserable shame, but Doris refused to listen and bustled off to the other end of the room.

There, she drew out the letter from Aunt Mary. It contained a ten dollar bill which she wrote was to be used only to extend Doris' vacation from one short week to two.

She looked at it a long time, her mind conjuring up all the delights of an extra week in the country and re-read the part of the letter which said so positively that she needed a rest.

Then she put it back into her pocket with a little sigh and tried to forget it.

When her guest had finished she returned.

"Let me thank you," he begged, his eyes now meeting hers. "You are the _____,"

"Never mind that," said Doris hastily. "I suppose I ought to have turned you over to the police, but—well—you don't look like a real crook. Tell me, what made you do it? Did you ever do anything like this before?"

"Never! I—I was starving, *starving!* I——"

"That is a dreadful thing but stealing is worse. I'm not going to lecture you, only, *don't* do it again. Perhaps if you had found someone else here you would have been in jail by now. Think of it! A young man like you, with his whole life before him ruined at the start by a thing like that. You were nearly a thief but now——"

Just then she heard the elevator-bell ring, far below, the unmistakable three sharp rings of no one in the world but Fluffy!

"Oh Heavens! Here's my boss! Oh dear, he has remembered the lens. He will be here in a minute. You must go or I never can explain!"

She rushed into the other room for his things, thrust them into his hands and hurried him to the door.

"Don't be afraid," she whispered. "Nobody knows about your being here and I'll never tell. You were only down on your luck, that's all. Here is some money—take it and get a new start. Now go!"

"No," said the lad firmly. "I can't take it." He seemed puzzled at her agitation, his glance taking in the empty dishes on the table, his look questioning.

"Oh, I'll say I was kept late by work and ordered a lunch in," she answered, reading his thought. "I can explain. It will be all right, if only the boss don't see you."

The elevator was coming up and she was frantic.

"Run down the stairs, quick! Don't make any noise," she implored, closing his weak fingers over Aunt Mary's bill. "It's for my brother's sake I do this. Please take it and hurry. Do you want to get me into trouble?"

"No, I'll go and I won't forget what you have said nor what you have done for me." He turned then and went down the stairs without another word.

Doris closed the door and made a dash for the chair at the table. The elevator-door slid open and in came Fluffy.

"You here?" said Fluffy, moping his brow.

"Yes, I thought you'd be back and I did not want to go away and leave the lens here."

She ran up stairs for the negatives she had left, put them in their places, got the proofs ready to mail, slipped the revolver and bills out of the drawer and into her purse unobserved and telephoned to have the dishes removed.

Fluffy, muttering and growling to himself, had put his beloved lens in the safe and had departed with never a word of thanks.

Doris waited until the waiter who came to remove the dishes was gone, and then, being only an ordinary girl, put her head down on the desk and burst into a storm of relieving tears.

John Ross Robertson

CANADIAN PUBLISHER-PHILANTHROPIST OF COMPLEX AND
CONTRADICTIONARY CHARACTER AND ODD HOBBIES

By W. A. Craick

There could be no more interesting subject for a racy character sketch than John Ross Robertson, the newspaper publisher, the philanthropist and the hobbyist. In his career the eccentricities of genius are revealed at almost every stage. But while he may be the opposite of men, he is undoubtedly an outstanding figure in many ways, and the story which centres around his rise in business, his generous support of good causes, and his pursuit of odd hobbies is, indeed, unique. This sketch reveals some of the more dominant characteristics of a composite personality.

GREAT deeds are sometimes wrought by strange people, and a rough exterior often conceals a kindly heart. The world is full of contradictions. In a sense, John Ross Robertson, Toronto's publisher-philanthropist is one of the most opposite of men. It would be natural to assume that the great-hearted patron of the Sick Children's Hospital was a man of soft and winning personality, gentle and kindly in manner, smiling and friendly in appearance. But outwardly at any rate, the man belies the description. His aspect is that of the dour Scot, his manner is oft-times gruff, his features set in a mould of unalterable sternness. One must needs break the outer shell, with all its peculiar characteristics, before one arrives at the true inwardness of this composite personality.

Ross Robertson's chief title to distinction rests in his ceaseless endeavors to alleviate the suffering of little children. Himself keenly sensitive to pain, his sympathies have gone out to all afflicted mankind, and his great philanthropies have been in the direction of

providing medical help and bodily comfort for diseased and injured children. The great monument of this work stands on College Street in Toronto, a lasting memorial to the man who reared it.

But there are three personalities in the Robertson make-up and, while the philanthropist is the most outstanding by reason of its wide appeal, the other two are none the less interesting. Indeed, in Robertson, the newspaper publisher, and in Robertson, the hobbyist, are to be found two decidedly unique studies of temperament. From the standpoint of the man of affairs, his career as a journalist is probably of superior importance; writing for the press, managing and publishing newspapers, has been his life-work, and because of this, these phases of his life are necessarily of greater interest. But none the less, his enthusiastic pursuit of certain odd hobbies, throws a side-light on his character that brings the man himself into sharper outline and relief.

That the boy is father of the man is well illustrated in his case. The son of

the late John Robertson, a wholesale dry goods merchant, he was born in Toronto, on December 28, 1841. Sent to Upper Canada College while yet a small boy, he early acquired a fondness for the printing art. The mind, which in maturity still takes a delight in watching a great metropolitan newspaper come piling out from a big cylinder press, was then fascinated by the miracle of type and platen. There was a glamour surrounding the dirtiest of printing offices that transformed its squalid confines into a place of vast attractiveness. Young Robertson was enthralled. Nothing would do but his father must purchase a small printing plant for him to play the man with, up in the attic of his home.

With boyish zeal he set to work to produce his first paper. He had no wild notions of publishing a periodical that would compete with and eclipse existing newspapers. In the circle of his schoolmates he saw a field of action that appeared to offer sufficient opportunity for enterprise. The first issue of the *College Times* appeared in 1857, and under that name and subsequently that of the *Boys' Times*, it was continued for three years. It is not known just how remunerative the undertaking was, but young Robertson was a stirring youth, and it is to be assumed he made both ends meet. Following his transference to the Model Grammar School in 1860, the young publisher launched another school paper, which he called *Young Canada*, and ran it for a year. In all this publishing activity, the boy performed every necessary function, writing the copy, securing the advertisements, setting up the type, printing the paper and selling it.

When he left school, Ross Robertson's feet naturally gravitated towards a printing office, and for about a year his was a familiar face in the offices of the *Christian Guardian*, the *Globe* and the *Leader*, where he worked for a time at the case. But it did not suit the young man's fancy simply to put another person's ideas into type; that was

being too much of an automaton. He longed to create and disseminate ideas himself, and the only way to do this was to set up once more as a publisher. To this end he equipped a small printing plant and essayed to produce a paper called *Sporting Life*, the existence of which in those ante-baseball days was not a lengthy one. On the demise of *Sporting Life*, the *Grumbler* was launched. This was a weekly paper of the satirical type, obviously modelled on the lines of certain English publications. It was an ambitious venture, calling for much originality and fearlessness, and for a time it seemed to prosper. Young Robertson acted as its manager, and Tom Moss (later Chief Justice Moss) was its editor.

When the *Grumbler* ceased publication in 1863, the *Leader* took him on its staff as reporter, and for two years he was associated with this old newspaper. Then he transferred his services to the *Globe*, acting for two years as its city editor. It is said of these days when he was actively associated with the news rooms of the Toronto press, that he introduced the modern idea of bringing in crisp little paragraphs about a multiplicity of happenings, rather than confining his efforts to a ponderous treatment of outstanding events. Be this as it may, he had the instinct, highly developed from experience, of knowing just about what the public wanted.

The year 1866 found him associated with some others as one of the founders of the ill-fated *Daily Telegraph*, a paper which enjoyed a brief career of five years and then snuffed out, when the John Sandfield Macdonald Government, which it supported, went out of power. Robertson, out of a berth, appealed once more to the *Globe*, and was sent by that paper as its first resident correspondent and business agent to London, England, where he remained for three years.

The turning in Mr. Robertson's career as a newspaperman was now reached. This dates from the time he

first became associated with Professor Goldwin Smith. The sage of the Grange was at that time interested in the publication of a paper called the *Nation*—the organ of the Canada First

had other ambitions, and fortunately, Professor Goldwin Smith approved of them. Whether John Ross Robertson foresaw the future or simply took a long chance is uncertain. At any rate,



JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON.

Party. Being in need of a manager, he sent for Robertson, and offered him the position. The offer was accepted, and for a year the business control of the *Nation* was in his hands. But he

he had a presentiment that an evening daily would fill a want and ultimately prove a success. So with the support of Goldwin Smith he established the *Evening Telegram* in 1876. During the

thirty-six years which have since elapsed the publication of this paper has been the sole concern of his business life.

From the publishing standpoint the notable achievement of Mr. Robertson's career as proprietor of the *Telegram* has been the building up by slow, but sure, stages of the immense condensed advertising patronage which that paper today enjoys. It must be apparent that under modern conditions at least one newspaper in every large city shall control the bulk of this kind of specialized publicity. That the *Telegram* has cornered it for Toronto is a sufficient tribute to the perspicacity of its guiding spirit.

At the same time, the news columns have not been sacrificed to make way for a greater array of "Houses for Sale" or "Domestics Wanted" advertising. It has been the pride of the owner of the *Telegram* to give the public the most complete news service that a rational expenditure of funds could buy. While lacking the sensational make-up of most modern dailies and concealing its good things behind a solid barricade of advertising pages, the *Telegram* gives excellent value for the money in the way of telegraphic despatches and local news. It might almost be said that a small-tooth-comb-policy has been adopted in ferreting out the news, for there is scarce a happening of the least importance which fails to receive attention.

A story still goes the rounds among newspapermen, which illustrates graphically Mr. Robertson's determination to have the *Telegram* an accurate mirror of the city's life. In his desire to let nothing escape, he has long been in the habit of watching the other evening papers closely. Whenever he discovers that they contain stories which do not appear in his own publication, there are ructions such as only a John Ross Robertson can raise. The afternoon papers are regularly placed on his desk as soon as they appear, and it does not take the veteran journalist long to skim

their pages and size up the situation.

One afternoon, so the story goes, Mr. Robertson entered his office and found the papers on his desk as usual. He picked up the first one, and observing a scare head referring to some exciting event in city life, he hurriedly seized the first edition of the *Telegram* to see how his own paper had handled it. He flung over page after page, growing more and more wrathful as his search disclosed no sign of a reference to the incident. Picking up the *Telegram* and the paper which had evidently scooped it, he stalked into the city editor's office and gave voice alike to his indignation and his opinion of the editor. For a few moments the air was blue, while the victim of the onslaught sat speechless beneath the attack.

When at length Mr. Robertson had cooled down, the editor took up the other afternoon paper and pointed out that the charges were entirely unwarranted, for the simple reason that the paper was over a month old. Evidently through some carelessness on the part of the porter, an antiquated copy had found its way to the proprietor's desk, and had been placed on top of the afternoon editions; possibly it had slipped down behind some days before and had been only just recovered in one of the periodical house-cleanings. But, the editor's explanation did not have the supposed effect on the irate proprietor. There was no semblance of an apology.

"Humph," growled he, "That doesn't make any difference. Everything I've said goes."

When the agitation for an all-Canadian news service from England was at its height, it was John Ross Robertson who came forward and made the formation of the Canadian Associated Press a possibility. He has been its president since its establishment and has taken a keen interest in its work. Nor has he lacked enterprise in obtaining exclusive telegraphic service for his own paper. When the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council issued its famous judg-

ment in the Level Crossing Case, in which the City of Toronto was vitally interested, he did not hesitate to expend \$2,600 for a verbatim report by cable on the day it was handed down.

An erratic and impulsive individual he may be, but in the treatment of his employees he has shown himself generous to a fault. The *Telegram* building is a palatial workshop; its equipment of the best. The men and women, old and young, who work for him there either with brain or hand, are well cared for. While he demands zealous service and can be at times exceedingly arbitrary, yet once a man shows that he is to be trusted, he can find no kinder or more considerate patron.

There was once a proofreader in his employ, who had an unfortunate fondness for strong drink, which frequently incapacitated him. Mr. Robertson put up with him for a long time but finally decided to dispense with his services. He scribbled out an advertisement asking for applicants for the position, meanwhile retaining the services of the old reader until he could get a new one. Strange to say there were no applicants. He sent up a second advertisement. Still no response. This went on for several days and not a sign of a proofreader appeared on the scene. It finally transpired that the man who was to be fired, scenting a rat, had taken it upon himself to cut out the advertisements as they passed his desk. An ordinary man would have been exceedingly wrathful at this procedure, but not so, John Ross Robertson. There was something intensely human about it which touched his heart. He sent for the proof reader, gave him a good lecture and retained him on the staff, during good conduct.

The strange contradictoriness of the man admits of frequent illustration. Perhaps he may be walking along the street when a newsboy accosts him with his, "Paper, sir?" The very suggestion seems to irritate him and he growls out, "No," with a ferocity that frightens the poor boy. But the chances are that he

will not have gone twenty paces, before he turns and calling, "Here boy," presses a quarter into the hand of the astonished youth. A creature of impulse, his first instinct is to resent vigorously any interruption to his plans or purpose; then, realizing in an instant the pain he may have caused, his whole being responds to a countercurrent of feeling and he swings to an extreme of generosity and kindness.

Many stories are told of the almost quixotic exhibitions of his greatheartedness. On one occasion as he was leaving the Sick Children's Hospital with Mrs. Robertson he noticed a shabby-looking, bedraggled old woman, sitting on the step at the entrance. Invariably curious about everything and every person who crosses his path, he paused to ask in his gruff way, what she was doing there. Learning a rather pitiful story about her weariness and the long distance that lay between her and her poor home, the children's benefactor insisted on her getting into his carriage just as if she had been some fine lady and driving her home. It was not a case of handing out a street car ticket, as most people might have done, but of treating the woman as an equal.

He is the kind of man who will unostentatiously perform many kind deeds. One of his workmen may be sick; the Robertson carriage will be sent down regularly, with coachman and all, to take the invalid out for an airing. He may encounter a peddler or a washerwoman in difficulties and though it may be in a public place he has been known to lend a helping hand to get them out of their difficulties. There are not a few poor people in Toronto, who call his name blessed, for once he becomes interested in a person, his solicitude on his behalf is sure to be lasting. The quantity of coal which he gives each winter to needy people is known only to himself, but that it amounts to hundreds of tons is evident.

The outstanding example of the man's philanthropy, however, is the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto.

He became associated with it, when it was only a small and struggling institution. He took hold of it with a tireless enthusiasm, based on a sincere and fervent desire to alleviate suffering. During his association with it, he has probably spent a quarter of a million dollars in its interests, bearing on his own shoulders a heavy portion of its maintenance charges. The splendid building which it now occupies, the no less excellent Nurses' Home near by and the summer hospital on Toronto Island are all the fruit of his endeavors. A work such as this puts into the shade all a man's imperfections, be they what they may, and he stands forth before God and man as an earnest worker towards a high and holy ideal.

The third personality in the Robertson make-up, and by no means the least interesting of the three as being perhaps the most human, is the hobbyist.

Excluding such commonplace pursuits as motoring and golf, the number of Canadians who may be classed as hobbyists of one sort or another is lamentably small. Of the few notable people who do indulge propensities of this kind, John Ross Robertson is one of the foremost, if indeed he be not the chief. His main obsession is for historical pictures relating to Toronto and Canada. With him the collection of antiquated prints and paintings, both of persons and of places, has been a perfect mania. He has spent time and money in their acquisition and has put as much energy and enthusiasm into their pursuit as most men would put into their own commercial undertakings.

In addition to pictures, he has also made a hobby of gathering together historical material—books and manuscripts, letters and diaries. He has followed these to earth with the relentless zeal of the fox-hunter. At times, practising guile, at other times expending considerable sums of money, he has rarely failed in the chase. London, Paris, New York and San Francisco have seen him hunting around among

their second-hand districts ferreting out odds and ends, while at home he is a well-known patron of many dealers in antiques and curios.

To illustrate the enthusiastic determination of the man, one needs but refer to a story which he tells himself about his search for a portrait of the first grand master of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Canada. He had certain evidence that this portrait once hung in a hall at Niagara. He visited old residents of the place, and sought to learn from them what had become of it. Finally he obtained information that it had been taken to England. On his next visit to the Old Country he at once resumed the search. He had few clues to go by but such as he had he followed up carefully. At length he ascertained that a descendant of the grand master, who had been in the Navy, was residing somewhere in the country, but where to find him was the problem. He went to a certain government office and explained his errand. With an exasperating display of red tape, the officials refused to disclose the address of the retired officer, but promised they would write to him at once and secure his permission to give out the information. This was not at all satisfactory to the eager searcher and he determined by the exercise of a little guile to find out for himself. A little questioning of one of the messengers, aided by a piece of silver, served to inform him that the mail would be taken out at a certain hour by a certain messenger. It was then an easy matter to arrange with the latter to show him the letter with the desired address. No sooner had he secured the address, than he took the next train for the place and thus brought his search to a successful conclusion.

Mr. Robertson has not made his hobby a selfish one. While he has undoubtedly taken a keen pleasure in gathering together his collection of pictures, he has been public-spirited enough to recognize that they had a national value. As the culmination

therefore, of his endeavors, he recently presented to the City of Toronto, twenty thousand rare and valuable prints roughly valued at twenty-five thousand dollars. This unique collection, bearing his name, now finds a suitable home in the fine new Reference Library building in that city, providing for future generations a rich treasure of historical material.

But picture-gathering has been only one phase of Mr. Robertson's work as a hobbyist. He has gone further and has derived much satisfaction from collecting material dealing with the history of Toronto. He has published this from time to time in the columns of the *Telegram* and then re-published it in book form as it accumulated. Five bulky volumes of "Landmarks of Toronto" have now made their appearance, filled with a wealth of valuable information about the city. But with a strange perversity, the compiler has housed his treasure in unworthy quarters. The books themselves are cheaply made and will not stand the ravages of time. Here again one encounters another of the inexplicable features of a complicated character—the willingness to spend thousands in acquiring rare material, the unwillingness to go to a corresponding expense in publishing it. For, after all, this gathering of landmarks is really a hobby and not a money-making enterprise, or there would be some reason in cheap production.

Bibles have been another of the collector's objectives. He has acquired a comprehensive collection of all sorts and conditions and probably has one of the best assortments in the world. Among his treasures is to be found a copy of the famous britches bible. Then again, he has made a hobby of books concerning the masonic order. Indeed, he has been the historian of masonry so far as Canada is concerned, having written four books on the subject and being engaged in the preparation of a fifth. The attention he pays to his own family records may be reckoned as a species of hobby, for he makes it a point

to preserve all manner of documents, letters, telegrams and newspaper references, bearing on his own life, all being carefully filed away.

So far as his interest in history is concerned, apart from the collection of pictures, this may be exemplified in the recent publication of "The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe," which he edited and annotated. In fact, there is no man living in Canada to-day, more versatile in his pursuits, more systematic and persevering in his enterprises, and more completely the master of what he has learned than John Ross Robertson. Only a man of great energy and activity, strength of mind and uniformity of purpose, could achieve what he has achieved.

Mr. Robertson sat for Parliament once. In the election of 1896, he contested East Toronto as an Independent Conservative and went in by a huge majority. It was no special love for the distinction, that influenced him to enter public life. The root of the matter was probably the settlement of the Manitoba School Question, which exercised his mind considerably at the time. He only remained in the House for the one term, resigning before the election of 1900.

In the Masonic Order he has held high rank. In 1890 he was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada and was subsequently chosen Grand First Principal of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Canada. In 1891 he succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald as Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of England in Canada. Again, at the coronation of King Edward in 1902 he was accorded the honorary rank of Past Grand Warden of England.

If landmarks have placed him among the historians and if his Masonic affiliations have allied him with many great and powerful names, his interest in hockey has endeared him to thousands of young athletes throughout Ontario. He is in a sense the father of hockey in the province, the man who

has done most to keep the game on a high level and to maintain its popularity. This he has done through the Ontario Hockey Association, better known as the O.H.A., of which he was president for many years, and to which he gave constant support, often sacrificing much of his time to its interests.

A many sided character and interested in a vast number of subjects it is by no means surprising that John Ross Robertson should be a sermon-taster. The Scotch in his make-up discloses itself conspicuously in a fondness for hearing preachers wag their tongues in pulpits. He is constantly on the watch for the visits of celebrated divines and has probably heard more noted clergymen deliver sermons than most men of his age. Seated in that characteristic attitude of his, with head thrust forward and those stern features bent fixedly on the speaker, one could readily imagine him to be one of those old covenanted Scotchmen of the seventeenth century, to whom long-winded discourses were the very breath of life.

Yet with all that stolid seriousness of mind and deportment, John Ross Robertson is by no means bereft of a sense of humor. Beneath the outer layer of stern solemnity, there lies hidden a bubbling well of good-fellowship that occasionally breaks through the mask. Quick to observe the humorous side of things and fond of a good joke, his stories are rendered all the more piquant by reason of the very contrast between the gravity of the man and the ridiculousness of the incidents. His predilection is for the darky type of anecdote, of which he has good store,

for he has travelled and sojourned a great deal in the southern states and has picked up a lot of stories from personal experience.

The amazing use which the colored folk make of long words invariably amuses him. He often tells of an occasion when he was staying in a southern hotel, and, wanting to take a bath, he sent for one of the maids to prepare one of the bathrooms for his use. Presently the dusky damsel returned, and with profuse apologies informed him that he would have to take his bath on the floor below, because she could not "manipulate" the water up to the flat on which his room was located.

Mr. Robertson has travelled a great deal and with that restless energy of his, he sees everything that can be seen. It is a great pleasure to him to pick up all sorts of odds and ends, particularly articles of historical interest; to mingle with odd characters and to observe manners and customs. His mind is well-stored with observations on a great variety of subjects, derived from many years of globe-trotting.

The many-sidedness of his personality renders it almost impossible within the limits of a magazine article to do adequate justice to all his activities. A man who has lived so intensely for seventy years has naturally crowded into his span of life a tremendous amount of action. If some slight idea of his character has been afforded by the foregoing description—a character, complex and contradictory in many respects—the purpose of the writer will have been accomplished.



A Legend of the War of 1812

HOW "BILLY GREEN, THE SCOUT," LEADING 700 CANADIANS,
ROUTED 4000 AMERICANS AT STONEY CREEK

By A. Langsford Robinson

Historical societies throughout the Dominion are rendering a valuable public service, national in its scope and character, in the gathering of data relating to Canadian history. Largely as a result of these organizations there has been a revival of interest in recent years in historical incidents, many of which have been brought to light through investigation and research. Among these is the story of "Billy Green, the Scout," which constitutes an interesting chapter in the War of 1812.

SOBER history tells the story of the victory of 700 Canadian Militia over 4,000 Americans when the fortunes of Canada swung in the balance at Stoney Creek. But history—with her passion for solid fact—has made no mention of "Billy Green, the Scout." For Billy is a fact unverified; his story is half legendary; in fragments passed from mouth to mouth through a hundred years, too fragmentary for history to adopt, but well enough substantiated to be perfectly credible. The legend tells how Billy Green turned the scale in favor of the 700. This is what befell.

In 1813 there dwelt in Saltfleet Township, near where the city of Hamilton now stands and just south of Stoney Creek, a young man of 19 or 20 years of age. His father was old Adam Green, the U. E. Loyalist, who had migrated from New Jersey and whose pioneer homestead was pitched on "the Cliff" which is now Hamilton Mountain. The young man, Billy Green, was something of a character. The neighbors called him unsociable for he shunned the companionship of other lads and loved best to ramble through the woods alone. Nowadays he might

have degenerated into a "nature fakir," and have written neatly illustrated little books on natural history. As it was, he loved and studied the animals with which the woods were filled—watching them, imitating them, and hunting them till he was almost as free of the forest as they were.

Many were the stories told of his wonderful knowledge of the forest and its animals. Free from any sense of danger he risked hairbreadth adventures in the woods he loved, but his great strength and agility and his knowledge of woodcraft always swung him into safety where other youths of the township would have met certain death.

He could imitate to perfection the cries and noises of all the wild things. He could run on all fours along the ground, with great speed, like his friends the bears, and he was as at home in the trees as the squirrels, his adopted cousins. He could run up a tree like a wildcat and swing and jump from tree to tree and limb to limb as well as any monkey. In short, his abilities made him the talk of the whole countryside, and he was the recognized authority on all matters of woodcraft and the wild



Guard of honor, 13th Regiment, to Earl Grey on his presenting grounds at Stoney Creek to the public in 1911.

life of the forest. Billy Green was an ideal scout.

Now it happened that about the 3rd of June, 1813, Billy Green and his brother were away from home, some errand having taken them down in the neighborhood of Grimsby. The whole country was on tremulous tip-toe in expectation of the invading Yankees and though, of course, their presence in that part of Ontario was known, no one knew exactly where and when they might be expected to appear. At Grimsby, Billy Green and his brother saw them. "There they was," Billy used to say afterwards as he told the story in the village store, "There they was. They came with blast of trumpet, a-tootin' their horns, all talkin' and boastin' of

how they were goin' to lick the British."

That was what, in modern slang, got Billy's goat—he longed to see these boastings made of no avail. But first there was his duty to his own family

and friends to consider and the Green boys did not stop long to peer at the invaders from their hiding place among the trees, but set off hot-foot through the woods to warn the neighborhood.

The lads had a sister married to one Corman, a settler from Kentucky. They lived below the mountain at—the legend has plenty of detailed fact behind it—"Lot 22, 3rd concession of Saltfleet," and when the boys had spread their news among the families upon the higher slopes of "the Cliff" Billy sped down a mountain path to warn his sister and her husband.



Billy Green, the Scout.

So far the facts of the story are unquestionable and are matters of well authenticated family history. They are known to and related by Mr. J. H. Smith, School Inspector of the County of Wentworth, and to Mr. John Green, a grandson of the hero of the legend. The rest of the story is almost as well substantiated.

Down the mountain-side sped Billy to arrive, alas! too late. His sister's face was troubled as she came from the trim log cabin to meet him. Her Isaac, while

brother-in-law hurrying homewards through the woods, alone and free. Cautiously, he attracted his attention and, drawing him into the concealment of a thick clump of cedars, eagerly enquired the reason of his release.

These were Corman's adventures. He had just dropped a post into its hole and was preparing to centre it when a squad of American soldiers suddenly appeared round the turn of the road and, with levelled muskets, bade him stand.

"Are there any Indians round here?"



Overlooking the battle field of Stoney Creek, showing the Gage Homestead, where the American generals were quartered.

peacefully setting posts for a gate at the end of the lane, had been seized by a small party of Americans and hurried off in the direction of the shore of Lake Ontario. What might happen to him she was almost afraid to speculate. It took Billy Green some time to comfort and reassure his sister, but at last, secure in his knowledge of the forest and his brotherhood with its inhabitants, he started out with the dangerous object of penetrating the American lines and learning, if possible, his brother-in-law's fate.

He had passed some of the American outposts and pickets and was nearing the main camp on the shores of Stoney Creek when, to his surprise, he saw his

questioned the officer in command of the squad.

"Yes," replied Corman, "there are some Indians."

"Well then, how strong are they? That is, how many are there?"

"Oh! quite a few." Corman was getting rather nettled at the brusqueness of his captors, and when the officer continued the cross examination and asked, "How near are they?" the prisoner lost his temper and angrily replied, "Well, I don't see as it's any of your business anyway."

This was more than military authority could stand and Corman was promptly bound and hurried—probably with the sharp point of a bayonet to



One of the striking monuments commemorating the Canadian victory at Stoney Creek.

hasten his footsteps—down to the American camp. At the camp a long lean officer before whom he was brought treated him with scant ceremony and poor Corman was beginning to feel that a hard time lay before him, till, by the merest chance, he overheard the scornful one make some casual remark about “old Kentuck” to a brother officer.

This was Corman’s cue. Leaning forward he hailed the officer as a fellow Kentuckian and further strengthened his claims to clemency by stating the fact that he was a cousin to General Harrison who was in command of the American “Army of the West” which was operating near Detroit.

In an instant Corman’s hands were released, and the two Kentuckians fell into a long chat over old scenes and faces; Corman told the story of his long journey to favored Canada, his marriage with a Canadian girl, and the prosperity he had won for himself in his new home.

The upshot of this lucky meeting was the release of Corman on a sort of parole. He was to go to his home and to stay there as a non-combatant—a parole which he faithfully kept—and he was duly furnished with the pass-word

which would enable him to pass the American pickets.

All this was related to Billy Green as they sat concealed in the cedars, and as matters were on such a satisfactory footing the lad abandoned the woods and returned openly with his brother-in-law, duly giving the countersign when any attempt was made to stop them. At the homestead they were wel-

comed with a joy which it is easy to imagine, since nearly the whole day poor Mrs. Corman had been wild with anxiety as to her husband’s fate.

Like a good housewife she set to work to express her satisfaction at his safety in a practical manner and soon the adventurers were busy making up for the excitement of the day by attacking a good hot supper. After supper, naturally there was much to talk about and discuss, but Billy Green took no part in the discussion. He sat still, his feet on the table, his chair tilted back, silently staring into space, reviewing and ordering the crowded events of the day. He listened intently to all Corman related—and you may be sure he spared no detail—of what he had seen and learned in the American lines. Billy absorbed it all; he listened well—too well, as it proved, for the welfare of the American camp.

The sun was just setting as Billy brought his feet from the table to the floor, and, rising suddenly, reached for his hat and prepared to go. Indeed Corman was on the point of urging him to make his way homeward; “For boy,” he said, “I do not deem it safe for you, a Canadian born, to be seen about here

while the Americans are camped so near."

So at sunset Billy started up the cliff path towards his home. He soon found that the journey was a more difficult matter than it had been earlier in the day, for by this time the whole country surrounding the great camp of 4,000 men had been strongly picketed, and the woods swarmed with scouting parties. He knew the countersign and used it successfully to pass the sentries posted near the Corman's farm, but even with this knowledge he was liable to be detained and questioned, and in his after supper meditations Billy had come to a resolution which made delay a thing to be avoided at all costs. So as darkness gathered, he slipped from the path into the thick woods and prepared to trust to his own subtlety to escape the soldiers.

He crawled like a snake within a few yards of an outpost and, when a leaf rustled and the Yankees peered alertly into the underbrush he chattered like a squirrel to reassure them. Half a dozen times his ability to imitate the wild things of the woods stood him in good stead. He had had the forethought—though this may be legendary embroidery—to bring an old bear skin from the Cormans, and with this fastened on his shoulders he ran on all fours through the bush looking, in the half dark, like a bear or a large dog.

Being a bear, indeed, nearly cost him his life for he passed within a few feet of one soldier who was also a keen sportsman.

"Wall!" Billy overheard him say, "There are certain sure some game in



Monument to heroes at Stoney Creek, which is being erected by the Wentworth Ladies' Historical Society.

these here woods. That was a b'ar. I'd a mind to shoot the critter he came that close—but the noise would ha' waked the whole camp."

"Yes siree," growled the deep bass of his comrade, "Twouldn't do. They'd be thinkin' the British was upon us."

And so from bush to bush, thicket to thicket, crawling like a snake, running like a bear, climbing like a squirrel Billy made his way up the Cliff. Every run was carefully calculated, a sixth sense seemed to tell the boy when to lurk hidden and when to make a forward dash, and after eluding a score of watchful sentries Billy arrived safely at his father's farm.

Billy had had a long and exciting day and, but for his early woodland training, he might have been on the point of collapse. But there was much yet to be done and Billy hardly paused a moment in the old farm kitchen but made straight for the stable. Here the family gathered round him and as he saddled a horse, he gave them a slight outline of the momentous events of the day. "But what's your hurry?" said his brother who was holding the lantern and who was somewhat bewildered by

the rush of word and action, "Where're ye off to now, Bill?"

"To the British Army!" shouted the lad as he pulled the girth tight and leapt into the saddle, and with a hasty "Good-bye!" he vanished from the pale circle of lantern light and clattered at a gallop down the rough farm road.

Down the bush path by Mount Albion he galloped in the darkness, round by Albion Mills and so to a point on Hamilton Mountain near the top of what is now James Street Road. Here he dismounted, for of the exact whereabouts of the British Camp he was unaware, but from the top of a tall tree he could see the flicker of camp-fires in the distance. The camp—it was that of the advanced guard—was pitched on the cliff overlooking Macassa—now Hamilton—Bay on ground which to this day is called Harvey Park. Leaving the horse tied to a tree he dived into a narrow Indian trail—the James Street of to-day—and pushed and stumbled through the heavy underbrush and quaking swamps which covered the site of the present city of Hamilton till he was stopped by the "Halt!" of a British sentry.

His errand explained, he was quickly taken before Col. Harvey, the officer commanding the advanced guard of the forces under General Vincent, and breathlessly proceeded to relate all that he knew of the Americans and their encampment at Stoney Creek. Col. Harvey at first was utterly incredulous. Green's statements were at variance with all the information upon which the British general was acting; for it was believed that the Americans were still occupying Fort George instead of thus suddenly taking the offensive and advancing so rapidly against the British forces. Moreover, the rapidity and secrecy of their advance made it evident that they contemplated a sudden and unexpected assault.

But Green was so much in earnest and told such a moving tale of his difficulties in reaching the British army that Col. Harvey was at last convinced, and

being so, saw at once the advisability of checkmating the Americans by a bold counter attack.

For the British army was in poor condition to withstand the attack of any considerable force. True, it was well enough entrenched in its position at Carroll's Point on Burlington Heights—as traces of the old defences still testify. But it numbered hardly 1,500 men of all ranks, besides a few Indians; the men were all in rags and many of them were barefoot; they had only 40 or 50 tents in the whole camp; food was running short and worst of all, there were but 70 rounds of ammunition per man.

And against them, Billy estimated, there would be between three and four thousand Americans—3,550 as it actually happened, made up of 2,900 infantry, 400 artillery and 250 cavalry—all well equipped with tents, stores and ammunition.

Still, an attack on such an army seemed almost more desperate than the defence. There was a chance that a real surprise—but then the woods—the darkness—to act on the offensive so suddenly would be very difficult. The Colonel reflected.

"Can you guide us?" he said suddenly to Billy who had been watching anxiously the officer's troubled meditations.

"Guide you!" replied Green, "Why, there's not a bush or tree in the district that I don't know. I'll guide you safely. I'll lead you—in the name of the King, I will."

There was a hasty consultation between the officers and so important was Billy's news that it was decided to risk all and make a night attack at once. Col. Harvey—made acting Adjutant General for the occasion—was to march his advanced guard to the attack under Billy Green's guidance. Gen. Vincent, with the main body was to remain in reserve and was to move to Harvey's support, if necessary, at daylight.

At eleven-thirty, Harvey's little army started forward with Billy at the acting General's side. It was a tiny force to attack an army of 4,000, an army which

by now, as could be supposed, would be pretty strongly entrenched. All told, Harvey had but 704 men; there were five companies of the 8th King's under Major Ogilvie and five companies of the 49th Canadian Militia under Major Plenderleith. These latter were the famous "Lincolns," settlers from Lincoln County, the "Green Tigers," as the Americans called them, from the ferocity of their attacks and the green facings on their faded and tattered uniforms.

Down the rough track of King Street—the main road then as it remains today—the little force marched in silence and caution till called to a halt at a point near Red Hill within a short distance of the sleeping American camp. Here instructions were issued to the officers and Billy Green described to them the dispositions of the sentries and outposts and indicated the most vulnerable points in the hasty defences of the camp. It was now 2.30 in the morning and soon the pale light of the June dawn would awaken the sleeping camp. With redoubled caution the soldiers followed Billy's lead and one by one the enemy's outposts were seized and silenced. Two sentries were found sleeping at their posts, leaning against trees, and indeed, so unexpected was the attack and so well did Billy guide the attackers that even the waking sentries were disposed of without a suspicious sound and the British advanced unopposed to the very edge of the defences whence they could see the cooks already awake getting breakfast for the sleeping troops who were to start at 4 a.m. to surprise the British camp at dawn.

They had a rude awakening. Into the alarmed camp broke a wave of bayonets—the rear ranks of the Canadians adding to the enemy's dismay by filling the morning air with loud whoops and Indian war-cries. Though Harvey had not a single Indian with him this noise had considerable effect for the Americans dreaded the Indians above all things and at the mere thought of them many broke and fled. In fact the sud-

den attack demoralized the Americans utterly and in spite of many gallant rallies and the desperate efforts of the officers to hold their men together few of the 4,000 stayed to fire more than one wild volley at the attackers.

Even their artillery did little damage. A Canadian captain led a gallant charge on the American battery to be killed, with many of his men, by a bursting gun; but his sergeant carried on the charge and turned the guns on their late possessors. The Kentucky cavalry were cut to pieces in their gallant, but ineffective, charge through the British ranks. General Chandler's desperate flanking movement was checked by the 49th and the General himself captured.

All along the line Canadian luck held good and long before there was light enough to show them the smallness of the attacking force, the Americans were in full and panic-stricken retreat.

But all this is history. The histories will tell you of the guns we took—the tents—the stores and ammunition which we so sorely needed. Two Generals, Chandler and Winder, many officers of lower rank, and 124 men fell into our hands as prisoners; and if Vincent had brought up the main body from Burlington in time for pursuit the whole body of fleeing Americans might have been driven off Canadian soil.

And it was Billy Green's victory. Thereafter he bore as a title of honor the name of "Billy Green, the Scout." And though he joined the Lincoln County Militia and wore the white uniform which his grandchildren still treasure, it was his great exploit as a civilian that gave lustre to his name.

When you visit Hamilton and the motor turns out of King Street and climbs Red Hill; when you see the new monument and the battle relics in the American headquarters—the old Gage Homestead which the Wentworth County Ladies' Historical Society have preserved; spare a thought for "Billy Green, the Scout," and the legend of which he is the hero.

The Pulling Force in Business

THE WAY TO GET BUSINESS IS TO GO AFTER IT—THAT IS
THE WORK OF THE SALES DEPARTMENT—THE
MODERN METHOD MEANS SUCCESS

By Walter H. Cottingham

The writer of this article is a Canadian, who as a boy got some business training in his native village. From there he went to Montreal, and in time became manager in that city of a branch of a United States paint concern. He developed into an unusually brilliant salesman and organizer, doing so well that he was offered the general sales-managership in the States. A few years ago he became general manager, and more recently president of the entire business, with its factories in Canada, the United States and Europe, and employing a very large sales force. In this article Mr. Cottingham tells how a great selling force is organized and handled.

THE way to get business is to go after it. To go after it is the work of the sales department, and if properly organized and efficiently managed, they will get it.

Selling is the great thing in almost every business. Getting rid of the product in volume at a profit is the object, and at the same time the test, of a successful business man or a successful business organization. This world in which we live is a great marketplace, and all the people in it are traders—buyers and sellers in the market-place. The strife of competition is among the sellers; and the captains of industry are always master traders and master salesmen.

It's this broad view of the world as a marketplace that makes the business career, with its increasing and limitless possibilities, so attractive to the ambitious man. Men like Morgan, Carnegie, Rockefeller and Hill have achieved their great success largely through their ability to create a de-

mand for their products. They sell things in a big way. They possess imagination, vision and force, and foresee the wants of the people, and are the master salesmen in the world's marketplace.

It's easier to get men to make goods than to get men to sell them. It's easier to get men to handle the accounting department, the purchasing department, or even the financial department, than it is to find men to successfully handle the sales department. The head of the house ought to be a salesman. The head of the country ought to be a salesman, with his eyes on the markets of the world at home and abroad; for successful selling means successful leadership. When the head of the house and the head of the country are salesmen, business is good, and the country and the house are prosperous.

The great factor in selling is the human factor, and not the things we sell. The things must be right, of

course; but it's people who buy and use the things, and therefore it's people whom we must interest and deal with in getting rid of things. Too many business men are paying too much attention to the things they make, and not enough attention to the people who make them, the people who sell them, and the people who use them. It's not things that make life—it's people. It's not things that make business, it's people—people with red blood in their veins, men and women with hearts and feelings and aims and ambitions—men and women susceptible to encouragement and sympathy and training and discipline.

The sales department must recognize this difference between things and people. They must understand the importance of the human factor. It touches all sides of the sales proposition. The efficient sales manager is essentially a manager of men—not things. He must know his line, it is true; but, far more important, he should know his people—the staff who sell his products, the customers who buy his products, and the consumers who use his products. It is the character of his work with these three classes—the staff, the customers and the consumers, that determines his capacity and his success. The staff must be made efficient, loyal and enthusiastic; the customers must be made permanent and friendly, and the consumers must be made satisfied users and enthusiastic supporters.

The great thing is to link up these three live factors in the selling proposition, so that all work in harmony and close co-operation for the advancement of the house and its products, and—quite as important, for the advancement of each other. First in importance is the staff—the inside staff and the outside staff—the house force and the field force. They must all be imbued with selling spirit. They should all be salesmen from the office boy and telephone operator to chief clerk and manager. They must work with each other, and not against each other. Their united aim is to create and in-

crease demand, not merely to supply demand—that is the business of the order department.

Some men who call themselves sales managers and some men who call themselves salesmen, are simply order-takers. Goods require no sales department. All that is necessary in such a case is an order department. The master salesmen is one who can *create* business, new business, or a demand for some new article of business. His is the genius of the inventor and the discoverer.

The development of a successful selling organization is a great achievement. It is not accomplished in a day or a year or five years. It is a process of careful selection, patient training, firm but affable discipline, and persistent, enthusiastic effort. Training a selling force is like training a fighting force. It demands leadership of a high order, and practice, practice, practice, and drilling, drilling, drilling—in the barracks or the house, and in the field or on the territory. Napoleon and Cromwell were great military leaders because they knew how to drill and train their men, how to inspire them, and how to reward them. They worked them *hard*, but they encouraged and rewarded them when they did well; and every man knew he would be judged solely on his merits, and that the highest places were open to his courage, energy and ability. And let me add, these great leaders themselves set the pace. The same treatment of a selling force will produce the same results—victories of peace, instead of war. Training such a force involves organization and system. The head of the organization should be the biggest man in the business. He should be a master of system and a leader of men.

The head of the sales department should be responsible not only for sales, but for advertising, for traffic, and for the distribution of the product. He should direct all that relates to the selling and handling of the goods after they are delivered by the manufacturing department to the shipping depart-

ment. Only in this way can he thoroughly and effectively influence the service to the customers, which plays such an important part in building up a successful sales organization. All advertising is selling; and, therefore, in order to insure the right kind of co-operation, the advertising department should be a branch of the sales department, which necessitates the head of the sales department being a competent judge of advertising, as well as selling. The distribution of the product, whether direct or through branch houses, involves service to the customers; therefore, the traffic department, which directs the movement of the goods, and the branch houses that handle them, should come under the management of the head of the sales department. In no other way can the most efficient service be well secured. The sales department should have an equal or controlling supervision in the credit and collection departments for the same reason that it affects so intimately, and, in the case of these departments, sensitively, the service to the customers.

The efficiency of a sales department depends altogether on the character of the service rendered the customer. This involves quality, value, shipments, correspondence, advertising, and above all, the ability to create a demand. Selling the goods is only the beginning of contact with dealer or consumer. We must make his interests ours as long as we do business with him. The service should be as far as possible personal. Make your customers feel they are dealing with *men*—men who are interested in their welfare and success, rather than with a corporation, which is usually considered soulless. If the service is personal, they'll feel that way. The danger in corporate management is in its being impersonal and machine-like. The "personal touch" counts in business as it does in all things relating to human intercourse.

Creating a demand is the sales department's greatest achievement. The time has gone by when goods, no mat-

ter how excellent, will sell themselves. The quality may be the highest or the price the lowest, but that alone will not sell them. They must be made known to the consumers in a way that the consumers demand them and will not be satisfied with substitutes. Advertising backed by quality and service is the great agency for creating demand. The advertising must reach the consumer and secure the whole-hearted co-operation of the dealer. Advertising that forces the dealer unwillingly to handle the product cannot be wholly or permanently successful. The dealer's good-will and enthusiasm is as necessary as the consumer's in any plan involving his aid in distributing the product. The dealer is one of the important links in the chain of distribution, and should be considered in all selling plans as a live part of your organization. Make it pay him by providing for a fair profit and helping him move the goods in large volume, and thus gain his co-operation and add his staff to your own selling force.

With regard to the relations of the sales department and the manufacturing department, they should be very close and heartily co-operative. I have found a committee composed of the heads of the sales department, the advertising department and the manufacturing department, to deal with matters all are interested in, is the best means of getting intelligent and prompt action. It is the business of the sales department to make their requirements and wants known to the manufacturing department. The manufacturing department should be operated for the benefit of the factory. The sales department serves the customer, and the factory serves the sales department.

And now comes the important matter of working the territory and distributing the products. In the case of a national concern, the country should be divided into districts, with headquarters at the great distributing centres. If the country is to be worked closely, the districts should be further divided into divisions, these division points report-

ing to the district headquarters, and all worked as one unit in the general scheme of distribution.

The district manager should have entire charge of the business, sales, advertising, shipping, accounts, etc., reporting to the general manager of sales and distribution for the entire company. The division sales managers should be free to devote all of their time to selling the goods in their division, reporting to the district manager on sales only. The sales division should not be larger than one sales manager can handle personally. So much depends upon the close and personal co-operation of the manager with the salesmen. When the sales force becomes larger than one man can handle, a new division should be made, with a view to working the territory more closely, and always intimately.

The districts having been divided into divisions, the divisions are divided into territories, and a traveling representative is assigned to each territory, all districts, divisions and territories being carefully laid out with a view to the quickest and most economical traveling and distribution of the products. Every town in every territory, and every customer and possible customer in every town, should be listed and worked by the representative and the sales department. No man, guilty or not guilty, should be allowed to escape the vigilance of the sales manager or the salesmen. Don't stop here. List your consumers and possible consumers, and all who can influence consumption of your products. Satisfied users can be made enthusiastic and valuable supporters. Keep in touch with them all, and tie them and their influence to your organization. Make them feel *you* are interested in *them*, and they will become interested in you. Your customers and consumers, properly handled can be made an important and intimate part of your organization.

Each traveling representative should be given periodically a complete territorial list, with all present and prospective trade listed. He should report on

this trade in detail as he visits it, on a specially prepared town report form. The information thus sent in should be carefully and frequently used by the sales department in correspondence and in following up the trade between the visits of the salesmen. Prospective trade, as well as customers, should be kept in touch with in this way. All the details in connection with customers and prospective customers or consumers should be recorded on a card system, so that you have a live record of the work on each territory constantly before the sales manager.

The ideal salesman is more than a salesman. He should be a representative, not only in name, but in fact, for when he enters the customer's store he represents not only the sales department, but also the advertising department, the manufacturing department, the financial department, the accounting department and the executive department. He represents the house. He should know these departments well enough to carry out the policy governing them and to co-operate with the house and the customer in all that relates to them. Selling, while a very important part of his work, is not all of it. Only a systematic and continuous method of training will fit him for the position of an all-round representative.

Now, with regard to the training. There should be some systematic method of teaching, and in addition to oral instruction I strongly recommend the use of a manual or handbook, which should contain the fullest information of the company's goods, its policy and methods, and useful information of all kinds concerning the conduct of the business. It should be of such a character that it will prove helpful to the salesman in meeting successfully the difficulties and obstacles that are sure to confront him in his daily work.

I believe in the publication of a monthly paper or magazine for the staff, provided it contains instructive and interesting material. It is a good means of keeping up the interest in the organization as a whole, and of giving

recognition of good work done by any member of the staff or any department of the organization. It should be inspiring as well as instructive, and this is something not easily accomplished.

Frequent bulletins containing information and encouraging news of the business help to keep up the interest of the men in the field, and can be made helpful in an educational way.

Special campaigns stir up new interest and new business, and properly handled can be made really productive. Properly used, all these things can be made effective in training, but nothing equals the personal work of the manager in meetings, in the factory and on the road; here is where the personality, example and leadership of the man counts for more than all else.

When you have fully instructed your men, then comes the important problem of handling them, which means so much. The problem to my mind is not how to get the *most* out of them, but how to get the *best* out of them.

While the salesman should be the manager of his territory, he should be under the close supervision of his salesmanager, who should direct his movements and be in daily touch with him. Orders are expected, but much more, the daily report should give intimate information of the customer, what he is doing, and what he is not doing, suggestions for helping him increase the business, information about the town and new prospects. The information should be live material, and not useless dead wood. The correspondence should be direct, brief and encouraging. Show the salesman you want to and can help him, and you'll get his co-operation; but don't harass him with faultfinding, nagging letters. His work is not always easy, and often done under discouraging conditions. Give him a hand, not by "jollyng" him, but by sincere, friendly and effective co-operation.

I am a strong believer in competitions among the members of the staff, and between the branch houses and different departments. Competition inside the

business as well as outside, is stimulating. Anything that will stir us up to special efforts and make us strive to make the most of ourselves is good for us as individuals and good for the business. I believe every man likes to win, and it's a good thing to encourage and develop that kind of spirit. Competitions, too, usually bring the best men to the front, and in this way you discover where the best talent lies. The competitions also afford an opportunity to reward the men who produce special results or make exceptional records. The essential thing in any competition is that it shall be fair to all who compete. Make sure that only the best men can win. It's Top-Notchers we are looking for and most men have some top-notch possibilities in them—a great thing is to provide a chance for these qualities to develop. The competition should include more than sales. It should include all that makes for the successful all-around representative.

Promotions wherever possible should be made from the ranks, and nothing but merit should count in making a choice. The theory of "blood being thicker than water"—that money or family connections overtop ability and loyal persevering effort, has undermined many a vigorous organization. Brains, industry and character should be the test for promotion—and nothing else. Brains and industry mix better in the formula for efficiency than blue blood and social position. Never disregard faithful long-time service. Always take care of men who have done good work when time or misfortune overtake them. You want aggressiveness in your organization always, but temper it with considerateness for those who have done their part well. There should always be a useful place for them, and if not, one should be found.

Aggressiveness you should always have. The fighting spirit should be the dominating spirit in the sales department. The spirit to win for the house, for the goods, for the customer, and for ourselves should permeate the

whole organization. Pride in the institution, in its products, in its management and its customers is what makes enthusiastic and successful fighters. How are we going to get this vital and priceless force injected into the organization? *You can't inject it.* Please mark that carefully. It is something that develops from the inside, and not from the outside. It is the outgrowth of merit, fairness, encouragement, sincerity and character. Unless your management, your house and your products possess merit and deserve loyalty and faithfulness, nothing you can do will produce these things. You may have pretended loyalty and mock enthusiasm, but not the genuine. Enthusiasm and loyalty are things that cannot be forced. Therefore, see to it that your products are exactly what you represent them to be; that your methods and policy are fair and liberal alike to the staff, the customer and the consumer. On the walls of my office is a motto of my own making that I keep constantly before me: "Merit begets confidence, confidence begets enthusiasm, and enthusiasm conquers the world." If your proposition has merit, you can't help but have confidence in it; and if you have confidence and some

imagination, you can't help but become enthusiastic; and enthusiasm backed by merit and confidence, puts the kind of energy into us that enables us to go out and conquer, let the opposition be what it may; and more than that, it gives a zest and enjoyment to our work that makes the effort worth while. •

To sum up, the sales department is the lifeblood of the business. It is the feeder for all the other departments, and should set the pace for the entire organization. There are other assets of a business than those that appear on the balance sheet. In an efficient selling and distributing organization penetrating all sections of the country creating and supplying demand lies one of the greatest forces and one of the most valuable assets of any business. Just as a strong army and navy makes a nation secure from invasion, so a strong selling and distributing force makes safe the house from the keenest competition. It is a force that is more desirable and more potent than any monopoly—a force that commands admiration as well as support. The selling force is the compelling force and the propelling force. It compels trade and propels the business.

Cheapening Life

The worst investment that one can make is that which tends to cheapen life. No man can rise higher than his estimate of himself. He will never pass for more than the value he places upon himself. If he regards himself as a cheap man—and he does when he seeks low associates, when he loses his pride in his standing in the community—he is deteriorating. He should resolve at the very outset of life to place a very high estimate upon himself. He should expect a great deal of himself. He should refuse to have anything to do with that which would cheapen or lessen his standing among his fellow-men. There is only one standing by which we are estimated by others, and that is by our conduct. If people see that we are floating the flag which indicates low flying ideals, if others see us in questionable places, seeking pleasures in questionable resorts, if they see us cheapen ourselves in any direction, they tag and estimate us accordingly.

Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEAR-
ING IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES OF THE WORLD

How Germany Eliminates Waste

IN THE *Twentieth Century Magazine* L. M. Powers is running an interesting series on "The Superior Civilization of Germany," a second article of which deals with "How Germany Eliminates Waste." The lesson which Germany is teaching the World, we are told, is that it pays to be good; that the nation that best cares for the human product is bound to out-distance the nations that think first of products. The writer holds that England, for years shamefully neglected her human factors, found she was being pushed to the wall by the more efficient Germans, and has been obliged within the past year to adopt a system of social insurance and labor exchanges, organized substantially and first developed in Germany by which the saving in human waste there has been enormous.

"Practically everybody in Germany," the writer proceeds, "now, is insured against every possible contingency. It is expensive but it is also immensely profitable. It reduces the waste from pauperism, accidents, sickness, and crime, and as a national asset, makes the German unwilling to leave the fatherland, and augments a patriotism for some time unequalled in any other great nation. By the operation of the insurance laws, two billion dollars have been distributed to ninety-five million aged, sick, or injured workers.

Then consider what has been accomplished in the prevention of sickness and the prolongation of life. In 1870, Germany had a population of 44,250,000. In 1908, with a population of 19,000,000 more, there were actually 32,

000 less deaths. From 1871 to 1880, the death rate was twenty-nine to the thousand of population. In 1908 it was only nineteen, a reduction of one-third in forty years. No other nation has a record in any way comparable to that.

There is no other country in the world where human life is wasted as it is in the United States. There is waste from lack of adequate food and health laws. There are more drug shops in the United States than there are beer shops in Germany, and they are more harmful. We have four times as many doctors in proportion to population as they have in Germany, and they do not do as much to keep us well. Our national loss from preventable sickness is undoubtedly four times greater than that of Germany, while we have three times as many deaths and injuries by accidents. All this results in still further waste from pauperism and crime.

In Germany, everything that education and law can do to prevent accidents is done. In Berlin, in a large hall built for the purpose, there is a permanent exhibition of accident-preventing devices in all kinds of industries. The Germans consider it better economy to preserve the legs, fingers and eyes of the working people than to try to remedy defects they have been allowed to incur. The nation has learned, what does not seem quite obvious yet to us, that a man with one hand cannot do as much as he can with two, and that dead men can do nothing.

I was not able to discover in all the time I was in Germany how one could

commit suicide on a German railway. I suppose it can be, and sometimes is, done, but it must require considerable ingenuity to accomplish the deed. If a German makes up his mind to drink himself to death, no doubt he will succeed in time, but he will certainly have a much longer and pleasanter journey than when he comes to the same resolution in this country. Wines and beers are good and pure, and in this, again, is a great economic saving. There are many more teetotalers in proportion to population in the United States than in Germany, yet statistics show that twice as many deaths are caused by drink and three times as many people are driven insane by drink here as there.

Everything is done that can be done to eliminate waste in young life. The cigarette-smoking gangs of corner-loafers, so characteristic of our cities, are unknown in Germany. Young people are kept busy, by co-operation between workshop and school, usually up to the age of eighteen. Amusements are made educative in strictly supervised, and in all large places, subsidized, theatres. Vicious amusements are both demoralizing and wasteful of vitality and brain. In no other country is recreation of so high an order, so cheaply and easily available as in Germany.

It was learned that forty per cent. of the absences of children from school was due to toothache and other preventable dental diseases. It was found that children with defective teeth were, by the age of eighteen, from six to eight months behind other children, and an effort to eliminate this waste has led, in most German cities, to municipal care of the children's teeth. In Strassburg, the per capita cost of this care is twelve cents. When a dollar or so expended on a child results in better health for it, more comfort, and six months' longer earning capacity, it would seem to be a good investment. That children could not study on empty stomachs also became apparent. Accordingly, in many places the children are now given one or more meals. Breslau requires par-

ents to furnish children with knapsacks in which to carry their books. The reason for this was the discovery that children were growing lopsided from carrying their school paraphernalia under their arms.

Germany eliminates an enormous amount of human waste by her well-organized labor exchanges. There are now over seven hundred, covering practically the whole empire and through which 1,300,000 positions are filled each year. The cost of knowing at once where, in the empire, work can be had, and securing more than a million and a quarter jobs for out-of-work men and women, is a little less than fifty cents for each position filled. Think of the waste, had these people been obliged unintelligently to wander about seeking work!

By some unusual but wise methods in dealing with delinquents, Germany reveals more of her incomparable thrift. If it can be shown that a man is squandering his earnings in drink or gambling or any misuse of his wages that results in suffering to his family, he can be taken into court, declared a minor, and placed under guardianship. After that, he works and his guardian sees that his family has the benefit of his wages. Men are sometimes compelled to work out a jail sentence on the instalment plan. They are permitted to work throughout the week, up to Saturday noon, when they are locked up until Monday. Here are two savings—the money that would probably be wasted in the hours of leisure, and the labor that would be lost if locked up during working hours.

There is also a wise and humane use made, in Germany, of the earning capacity of the partially down-and-out. In some cities, old women who are in the almshouses, or who would be there but for this work, are given a pair of shears and a watering pot and set to work watering flowers in public parks or along the grass-bordered car lines which circle so many cities, or they trim the edges of grass plots where the lawn-

inowers fail to do their work. They earn enough in this way to take care of themselves, and besides help give German cities that special touch which makes them so attractive.

Men, who in this country would be loafing on the street corners or advertising some corn doctor with a fore and aft sign, are licensed as *Dienstmen*. A *Dienstman* is a kind of general utility man. You can hire him for a small sum to go on errands, carry parcels or luggage, or do almost anything you wish done. His earnings are small, but he earns something; he is useful to the community, and his license is evidence that he can be trusted.

There are numberless small devices and conveniences that all conserve health, time, and energy. Public comfort stations are sufficiently and conveniently located in all cities. These save time and health. The almost total lack of such in American cities would seem to be from design and in the interests of the saloons. On street-signs are often the numbers inclusive of the houses in that block—a small matter, but another time-saver. In the post-offices now, they not only have special delivery, but at a cost of from five to twelve cents, letters are called for in answer to personal, telephone, or written requests and delivered without any delay. Why not?

In some cities, if you wish to move you can go to the police station, register

your name at the cost of twenty-five cents, and secure a list of all the vacant houses in that section of the city. If you find what you want, the police will notify the landlord. At the request of the prospective tenant, an inspector from the Building Department will visit the house and tell the landlord what repairs, if any, are needed. If the landlord declines to make the repairs, the inspector has the right to condemn the property until they are made. The directory of a city like Dresden contains not only the names of the inhabitants, but all the essential facts concerning the people, the houses, their owners, and where on the tax register you may learn the value of any piece of property. In a word, a city directory is a directory, not a list of names.

Undoubtedly, Germany's triumph is due more to knowledge than to anything else. In comparison with other countries, she shows a better utilization of the raw materials of earth, a greater and more widely diffused technical skill, a higher level of intelligence, and a superior collective wisdom at work on world problems. We have the longest sea-coast of any nation in the world; yet when we get serious in trying to develop our second most important port, we have to send to Germany, a nation almost without sea-coast, for an expert harbor builder.

Lloyd George the Man

AN intimate study of Lloyd George, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, is presented in *Pearson's Magazine* by P. W. Wilson, parliamentary correspondent of *The Daily News*.

Whatever we may think of Mr. Lloyd George's opinions and achievements, writes Mr. Wilson, we shall all admit that he has been already a maker of history. He may, for all we know, rise higher yet. And the recollections

which here follow, written as they are while the memory is fresh, will, I am sure, be received, even by Mr. Lloyd George's fiercest critics, as a real and authentic picture, derived at close quarters, of the actual man.

It is, of course, well known that Mr. Lloyd George started life without private means. Whether he was right or wrong in his impetuous protests against the South African War, one thing is cer-

tain—his crusades did not assist his practice as a rising solicitor in the city of London. He was here, there, and everywhere, addressing meetings, without fee or reward of any kind, seldom, indeed, receiving a railway fare. On one occasion, when the controversy was at its bitterest, an admirer sent him a cheque for £100, which really there could have been no conceivable harm in his accepting. But back it went, with a polite note, by return of post. No one acquainted with the facts has the slightest doubt that Mr. Lloyd George has sacrificed what would have been wealth as a professional man to the ardours of high politics.

To-day Mr. Lloyd George is what the world would call quite a poor man. A statesman's tenure of office at £5,000 a year is precarious. Such salaries must cover years out in the wilderness as well as years in the promised land. If there have arisen men like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Burns, who are not backed by large private means, we need not be surprised to find some slight curtailment of the old lavish political hospitality. It is far more important that public men should live prudently within their incomes than that some extra reception or banquet should be crowded into the already overburdened London season.

If anything, Mr. Lloyd George is too indifferent to questions of money—unjust, in fact, to himself. Sometime ago, he had some dealings with a publisher, and apparently he never thought of asking for a royalty for his book. But one of his acquaintances took the matter up, bearded the publisher, and secured terms which made the author at least a hundred pounds better off.

Mr. Lloyd George's favorite time for entertaining journalists is breakfast. Morning after morning he would appear at these early banquets, a little haggard after his late sittings over the Budget, but invincibly vivacious and eager to fight again the battles of the evening before. It was only under doctor's orders that he abolished for a time these receptions and took his breakfast more

quietly, but he still keeps in touch with the Press, in which respect again he follows Mr. Chamberlain.

Not long ago, he told me that while he would often evade an inconvenient inquiry, he makes it a rule never to mislead a journalist. The evasion takes various forms, and there are few experiences more delightfully provoking than a long and merry talk over Lord Hugh Cecil when there happens to be in the air a crisis over Germany. Mr. Lloyd George discusses his friends, and even his colleagues, with genial candor, but he does not bear malice, from which vice he is preserved by his amazing enjoyment of human nature—its foibles and absurdities. When he is most annoyed, the storm at once breaks with the first gleam of humor. He will pardon anything that can be made to serve for a laugh.

"This time they did not trouble about your windows," said a visitor to him one morning, after the Suffragettes had been smashing around.

"No," he answered. "And it is a wonder. For *they usually attack their friends* and leave their enemies alone."

He was somewhat amused by Miss Christabel Pankhurst's argument that the time had come for breaking shop windows, since nobody cared very much about Cabinet Ministers being annoyed.

"That is shrewder than some of the things they say," was his comment. "The public *are* quite indifferent so long as *we* are the only people to suffer."

The common idea in fashionable society is that Mr. Lloyd George is not only a wicked politician but also a kind of fearful gorgon who, in private life, turns his acquaintances to stone. The truth is that there never was a gentler and more trustful ruler of public affairs. People call upon him, in the full belief that their last moment has come, and they find him modest, anxious for their views, a good listener, and a consummate master of tact. I am merely stating what is a notorious fact when I say that Mr. Lloyd George is a great favorite not only with his political opponents in

the House of Commons, and especially with Mr. Balfour, but also with the Court. He is excellent company, and this counts even with the highest in the land.

This personal charm doubtless makes him tenfold more dangerous than a less polished diplomatist; but in estimating the secret of his fascination over men, allowance should be made for the elemental quality of his character—a good heart. He thoroughly enjoys doing a kindness.

At the late King's funeral, every window had a value. Mr. Lloyd George gave his to the humblest folk. You could see him, hurrying about in his gold lace uniform, with apparently only one thought—what would be the best vantage point for an aged school-mistress, whose eyesight had been impaired by years. That this lady should have the best of positions seemed to be his only cause of anxiety.

His worst enemy has never accused him of snobbery. At his house you meet the friends of his youth, who find in him no difference from the neighbor whom they knew in the old days at Criccieth.

That is the real man behind the statesman. He has the subtlety of a child, the instincts of a Celt. On the surface he is all emotion—gay and grave; beneath the surface he is all tenacity—dogged, persevering, even intolerant when he encounters obstacles. Seeming to yield, he remains masterful; a democrat, he believes in enforcing his decisions.

He has enemies who will never forgive him; he has opponents who will always admire him. But the best about him is that, amid all the tempests of controversy, he has never lost the capacity for evoking personal affection.

Anchoring a Skyscraper

THOSE persons who are interested in big construction works which call for wonderful feats of engineering are furnished with an abundance of material in Wendell Phillips Dodge's article "Anchoring a Skyscraper," published in the *Strand Magazine*. The "anchoring" of some of the modern structures is in itself a stupendous undertaking, and as Mr. Dodge describes it, is replete with features of interest.

In starting a foundation contract for a skyscraper the first thing that the contractor does is to see that the walls of the surrounding buildings are in good condition, for, if necessary, they must be shored and braced, for even a pneumatic caisson may disturb the soil while being sunk. The equipment is then brought to the site and made ready for work. This includes installing the air-compressors and connecting them with lines of air-pipes, which are laid at con-

venient places over the lot, so that they in turn may be connected by flexible hose to the caissons, and thus deliver the air supply to them. The derricks, which must be strong enough to lift the twenty ton caissons into place, must be set up in such places that they will cover the greatest area and yet not be in the way of the work as it progresses. Heavy platforms must be built, so that trucks can be driven within the reach of the derricks to receive the material as it is excavated from the caissons. Room must be made for storing cement and other material. Small shops must be built for pipe-fitting work, black-smithing, and general repairs. When this and much more has been done, the air-chamber section of the first caisson is brought on a heavy truck and driven under one of the derricks, which lifts it off and lowers it to the exact location where it is to be sunk. An additional

section, called a cofferdam, is then put on top of the air-chamber section—the caisson proper—and sometimes a second cofferdam section is put on immediately thereafter. These cofferdams are sometimes like the air-chamber section, except they have no roofs and are of lighter construction. Their object is to confine the concrete, with which they are removed before they reach the ground level, and only the hard concrete filling sinks with the caisson.

The pipe-fitting gang bolts the sections strongly together, puts on the air-shaft and air-locks, fixes in one or more vertical pipes for the air supply, another to carry electric light wires to the working chamber, and also a pipe at the upper end of which is a whistle for giving signals. Carpenters have meanwhile built a strongly-braced frame around the caisson, to act as a guide while the sinking process takes place. A concrete-mixing machine is started, and the concrete is filled into buckets and hoisted up and then lowered down into the cofferdams and deposited on the roof of the caisson. It is all done in the hop-skip-and-jump quickness of circus hands—boss tentmen—setting up the “big top” and making ready the three rings and other circus “foundations” before the opening of the “big show.” When the foundation company breaks ground for the high, higher, highest buildings in the world, it looks for all the world like a circus layout.

The “sand-hogs”—the men who work in compressed air—now go down the shaft to the working-chamber and begin to dig, excavating the earth uniformly all over the area enclosed by the caisson. The material is hoisted in a bucket and dumped into carts, which take it to scows sent out to sea for its final disposal. As the earth is dug out the caisson settles by its weight and that of the concrete which is being continually added above the roof. Soon the ground begins to get wet and then, by opening a valve, a small air-pressure is admitted to the working-chamber, the pressure being just enough to force the water out and

make the sand or clay dry. This process is continued until rock is reached. Of course, the deeper the caisson goes the greater is the pressure of the water trying to force its way into the working-chamber, and this has to be overcome by constantly increasing the air-pressure. For a column of water sixty-eight feet high the air-pressure must be about thirty pounds per square inch above that of the outside air, or forty-five pounds per square inch.

When all the earth has been removed and the rock cleaned off, the next thing is to fill the air-chamber with concrete. This is well rammed in place, the work being done from the edges towards the centre, so that finally the concrete extends, tightly packed, from the rock to the roof, and only a little space is left under the shaft, the space being the smallest that one man can occupy while he empties the last bucket of concrete, and, this done, he goes up the shaft, which is then filled by throwing in concrete from the top.

Let us see now what has been accomplished. Resting on the rock there is a solid mass of concrete, rammed tight against the roof of the air-chamber. Above the roof is another solid block of concrete, extending to a little below the cellar-line. This gives an indestructible pier resting on rock, on the top of which the columns of the building are set. There has recently been adopted an ingenious method by which the caisson roof is removed, so that the concrete is one continuous mass from the rock-bottom to the top. Work on several caissons is carried on at the same time.

It is necessary for the men working in the caisson to be able to communicate quickly with the persons outside, and for this purpose a special pipe, extends from the working-chamber to the top of the caisson shaft, a whistle being fitted to its upper end. **There is a valve** in the lower end of the pipe, and when opened the compressed air rushes up and blows the whistle as it escapes. The number of blasts indicate such things

as: "More air wanted," "Reduce air-pressure," "Pull up the bucket," etc.

Rearing its graceful outlines high above the surrounding buildings, the tower of the Singer Building—the "Singerhorn," as it has come to be called—at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, has become as distinctive a feature of the sky-line of New York as the Egyptian pyramids are of the Valley of the River Nile. The first difficulty which presented itself in laying the foundations for the Singer Tower, and possibly the one requiring the great area covered by the thirty caissons compared with the total area of the site, which restricted the space remaining for the hoisting derricks, runways for the delivery of material and removal of waste, the air-compressors, and other machinery used in the work. During the progress of this work of needling up the walls of the original Singer Building, a heavy and ornate structure, at that time more than one hundred and fifty feet high, a daring and unusual feat in building was successfully performed by the contractors, the Foundation Company. It was at first intended to stop the caissons at hard-pan, about twenty feet above bed-rock, but when, later, it was decided to go to bed-rock, one of the caissons had already been completed seven feet below the top of the hard-pan, its air-lock and shaft removed, and the crib filled with concrete. This caisson was extended by the daring feat of tunnelling through the intervening space from the nearest caisson, excavating the hardpan and underlying stratum beneath the fifty feet of caisson overhanging, and filling the cavity below the caisson concrete pier, as well as the tunnel, with concrete taken through the tunnel from the adjoining caisson, which, of course, required time and care, for if the entire caisson had been undermined at one time there might have been danger of the great weight of the fifty feet of concrete pier above breaking loose. This feat was successfully accomplished by running a small drift tunnel, five feet high by four feet

wide, to the farthest end of the caisson above and then excavating vertically downward to bed-rock, fifteen feet farther, one section at a time, and filling each section with concrete from the bed-rock up to the caisson above before the next section was excavated. It was the first and only time that a pneumatic caisson has been undermined.

Anchoring a skyscraper is just what was done in the case of the Singer Tower. Fearing that the wind-pressure exerted against this high tower of steel and brick might some day cause it to sway and possibly uproot it, the architect and engineers devised a means of securely anchoring the tower to the backbone of the earth. Ten of the concrete piers resting on bed-rock were provided with vertical steel anchorages extending nearly to the bottom, and built into the solid mass of concrete. These were made in such a manner as to utilize the full weight of the pier, estimated maximumly at one million, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, besides the very large indeterminate friction between the sides of the pier and the earth, which was not counted on, and a maximum uplift of five hundred and forty thousand pounds each, due to wind-pressure, to resist an upward reaction of nine hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, being the maximum calculated static load of the column. The adhesion of the pier concrete to the steel anchor-rods, assumed at fifty pounds per square inch, was utilized in designing the anchorage.

So securely is the Singer Tower anchored that it would be necessary to exert a force sufficient to pull the caissons out of the ground before the stability of the building would be endangered, and as the cutting edge of the caisson was stopped near the top of the hard-pan and the excavation then carried through the hardpan from twenty to thirty feet to rock, and the whole space then filled with the best Portland cement concrete, one must realize that before the caisson pier could be lifted the concrete would have to be broken in two or else the

hardpan eighty feet below the kerb would have to come up ! This would practically mean lifting all the hardpan off the rock, and all the quicksand and water on top of the hardpan--results which could occur only in the wildest imagination. Anchored as it is to the very innermost recesses of the earth, the foundations of the Singer Tower would even withstand the severest earthquake the world has ever known.

The total weight of the Singer building, including the Tower, is figured in the vicinity of one hundred and sixty-

five million pounds, and is carried by fifty-four steel columns resting on and securely fastened to the thirty concrete piers extending ninety feet below the kerb to bed-rock.

One hundred and fifty-one thousand five hundred and fifteen bags of cement, weighing ninety pounds each, were used in the foundations. If the concrete made with this cement were all loaded on two-horse trucks, it would make a continuous line of ten thousand one hundred and eighty trucks thirty-eight miles long.

Stead's Journalistic Triumphs

ONE of the most interesting of recent references to William T. Stead appears in the *American Review of Reviews* from the pen of the editor, Dr. Albert Shaw. Some side lights are thrown on Mr. Stead's journalistic career.

Mr. Stead had begun his journalistic career while still very young. His father was a Congregationalist minister in the north of England, and the family income was too small to give the promising son a university education. But his father was able to give him something far better, for he inspired his boy with great intellectual, moral, and social ideals. A more eager mentality than that of young Stead could not have been found in the whole realm. His reading was well directed and voluminous, his memory was prodigious, and a certain amount of schooling sufficed to give some discipline and direction to his further work of self-education.

As a means of self-support, while still in his teens he entered a business establishment, but constantly wrote for the local press. This writing was so original and strong that it led to his appointment as editor of a daily paper called the *Northern Echo*, published at Darlington, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, when he had scarcely more than entered upon his majority. This was in 1871, and

his work at Darlington continued for nearly ten years. It was during this time that Mr. Gladstone aroused the conscience of England by his attacks upon Lord Beaconsfield's government for its complacent attitude toward Turkey in the matter of the Bulgarian atrocities. Great leaders in church and state rallied about Mr. Gladstone, and no one wrote on behalf of the persecuted Bulgarian Christians more earnestly and brilliantly than W. T. Stead. His work brought him recognition, and he was regarded as a man with a future. His association with the leaders in this work that supported Russia in her campaign against Turkey, and that brought Mr. Gladstone back into power, led to his removal to London.

In 1880, Mr. John Morley, now Lord Morley, became editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Stead was invited to become his assistant editor. Mr. Morley, after two or three years, went into Parliament and gave up the editorship, Mr. Stead being appointed to succeed him. Whereupon great things happened in London journalism. Mr. Stead put amazing energy and fertility of resource into his editorial work, and surrounded himself with young men of talent and brilliancy who helped him make the paper the most alert and the

most interesting in England, while also leading its contemporaries in intellectual and literary qualities. It was in those days that Mr. Stead's sensational but well-informed work achieved the reconstruction of the British navy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* led in every field of moral, social, and political progress. It was the apostle of friendship rather than enmity between England and Russia. Its daring exposure of conditions under which young girls were forced into "white slavery" led to the enactment of better laws and to permanent social reforms, although Mr. Stead went to jail for three months on a technical charge resulting from methods used by his assistants to obtain evidence.

Meanwhile Mr. Stead had established interviewing as a feature of London journalism, and he was the most remarkable interviewer yet produced by the modern newspaper. His interest was so intense, his intelligence so alert, and his memory so remarkable, that he could transmute a conversation in which no notes were taken into an extended report of almost flawless accuracy. As an illustration of his methods at that time a personal incident may be related. The present writer, then a young Western editor, had been spending the greater part of the year of 1888 in England, where his opportunities for observation and study had been due in large part to the friendship of Mr. Bryce—then in Parliament and now ambassador at Washington—and the late Sir Percy Bunting, editor of the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Bryce and Mr. Bunting had repeatedly advised the young American that he must know Mr. Stead as the most active and potent personality in English journalism, even though, in their opinion, rather self-willed and prone at times to kick over the traces of the Liberal party, of which they were prominent members. An introduction to Mr. Stead led to an immediate invitation to spend the night with him in his suburban home at Wimbledon. The first impression made by the *Pall Mall* editor was that of an

astonishing vitality and energy. Though like a whirlwind in getting the last forms of his afternoon paper to press, he was effective and methodical in spite of the rapidity of his mental and physical movements.

Arriving at Wimbledon in the autumn twilight, Mr. Stead sprang into a swing suspended from the branch of a great tree behind the house, and swung himself violently back and forth till he had somewhat satisfied his need of exercise and fresh air. After dinner he led the visitor into a narration of what had seemed novel and important to an American familiar with the problems of American cities in the new undertakings that were transforming Glasgow. A great deal had been going on in Glasgow with which the rest of the world has now for twenty years been catching up. But at that time nobody had studied it or written anything about it. And the American editor had spent a number of weeks in a very minute study of the great Scotch town.

Two or three days later a package of proofs came in the mail to the American's London lodgings. Mr. Stead had cast the conversation into the form of an interview on the social reforms of the municipality of Glasgow, which was so complete and accurate that only a few corrections were needed. It was so long that it was broken into two parts and appeared in successive numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Although editor-in-chief of the paper, Mr. Stead gave his own personal touch to any and every part. He could make brilliant copy more rapidly, perhaps, than anyone else,—certainly than anyone else in England. He would brook no interference from the owners of the paper, and on that account he gave up the editorship at the beginning of the year 1890. He had already formed the conception of the *Review of Reviews*, and brought it out at once as an illustrated monthly having its own opinions but also reviewing the world's more significant discussions and presenting a resume of the more important steps in

the making of contemporary history. It was a successful periodical from the beginning, and Mr. Stead continued to edit it until his death. On the very day of the sinking of the *Titanic* his pen was busily engaged, and he was presumably writing an article to be mailed back for the next number of the *Review* on his arrival in New York.

It was upon Mr. Stead's suggestion, and with his help, that the *American Review of Reviews* was founded by its

present editor in the following year—namely, early in 1891. Although wholly independent of each other in method and appearance, there has been close and unbroken co-operation between Mr. Stead's *English Review* and its American namesake. A great number of invaluable articles from his pen have appeared from time to time in this magazine, written especially to inform American readers about English or European personages and affairs.

The Problem of the Unemployed

WRITING in *Harper's Magazine*, Robert W. Bruere discusses some interesting phases of working conditions in large American cities, particularly in New York. The New York State Commission on Employers' Liability and Unemployment, he tells us, two years ago made a careful investigation of conditions and upon a broad basis of fact framed its conclusions, the chief of which is that "unemployment is a permanent feature of modern industrial life everywhere. In the industrial centres of New York State, at all times of the year, in good times as well as bad, there are wage-earners, able and willing to work, who cannot secure employment."

This is the great fact which to-day challenges serious attention; for it involves all our social and economic problems—it gauges the social efficiency of our industries, it is fundamental to the physical health of the nation, it is basic to the problems of destitution, the dependency of children, vagrancy, and crime.

Of seven hundred and twenty-three employers who replied to the question, "Are you always able to get all the help you want?" sixty-seven per cent. answered, "Yes." At the same time *Eighty-seven* per cent. stated that they got their help wholly or mainly from workmen who made personal application at their

factory doors. In few establishments do they even have to hang out a sign, "Hands Wanted," or blow the whistle, as the canning factories do, to announce that fresh loads of fruit or vegetables have made places for more workers. They have rather to protect themselves from importunities by placards like those one sees outside almost every building in process of construction: "No Carpenters Wanted"—"No Bricklayers Wanted"—"No Steamfitters Wanted"—"No Workmen of any Sort Wanted."

"It is apparent," says the Commission, "that many workmen must be going from plant to plant in vain."

Of one hundred and seventy-nine trade-union secretaries who replied to the question, "Are there at all times of the year some of your members out of work?" fifty-three per cent. answered, "Yes." Only eight per cent. said that their members lost no time through unemployment, while twenty-five per cent. replied that their members lost an average of three months or more in the year. The reports of the New York State Department of Labor, covering a period of seven years, show that in ordinary times at least fifteen per cent. of the organized workers of the State are idle during the winter months, while even during October, the month of maximum industrial activity, the percentage of unemployment among skilled workers does not

drop below five. During years of panic and industrial depression the limits both of maximum and minimum unemployment rise sharply, and the recorded idle among the best trade unions range from fifteen to more than thirty-five per cent.

These figures deal entirely with skilled workmen. No comparably accurate data were procurable to show the extent to which the unskilled suffer from worklessness. Such facts, however, as the Commission was able to gather furnish an interesting index to the truth. During 1910 the Free Municipal Lodging House in New York City gave shelter to more than thirty-three thousand homeless and penniless men and women, most of whom, though unemployed, were "by no means unemployable." In this same year the Salvation Army had five thousand applicants for work, for only five hundred of whom was it able to find places; and the National Employment Exchange, an agency conducted at great expense by a small group of financiers, found work in eighteen months for only four thousand six hundred and fifty-seven out of approximately twenty-four thousand applicants.

Too much weight is not to be given to these figures; undoubtedly many of the work-hunters registered with more than one agency, and in many cases positions were left unfilled because none of the long list was qualified to meet their special requirements. They do, nevertheless, indicate the silt that is seeping through the foundations of our American homes.

Always it must be remembered that unemployment is not a disease of panic years which can be met by emergent relief; its evils are not necessarily most serious when the number of unemployed is largest. The important questions are: How many workers do the industries of the State normally require? To how many can they give steady employment? and, How many do their fluctuating demands keep in the reserve army of casual workers?

The Federal census of manufacturers shows that about ten per cent. of the wage-earners of New York State form a reserve to meet the varying monthly demands; that fully one-third of those who are employed at the busiest times are out of employment, or are compelled to lose time in going from job to job during the year. Of 37,194 establishments, only forty per cent. were in operation for the full year; nineteen per cent. lost a month or more, and eight per cent. were shut down half the time. "Investigations of over four thousand wage-earners' families in the State," says the Commission in its summary, "show that less than half of the bread-winners have steady work during the year."

What is the effect of this industrial turbulence upon the stability of our homes?

It has been customary in New York to adopt the conclusion of the Sage Foundation, that for an average working-man's family consisting of two adults and three children, or four adults, "an income under eight hundred dollars in New York City is not enough to permit the maintenance of a normal standard; families having from nine hundred to a thousand a year are able in general to get food enough to keep soul and body together, and clothing and shelter enough to meet the most urgent demands of decency." Because, however; seventy-five per cent. of the trade unions under consideration were located in the smaller cities of the State, the Commission conservatively adopted seven hundred dollars as the amount upon which a family "can barely support itself, provided that it is subject to no extraordinary expenditures by reason of sickness, death, or other untoward circumstance."

The secretaries of two hundred and eleven trade unions reported that if employment had been constant, the average income of slightly more than half their members would have risen to a thousand dollars a year, while in only four per cent. would it have been less

than seven hundred dollars. But owing to the inconstant demand for labor, the average income actually fell below seven hundred dollars in twenty-five per cent. of the membership, and reached a thousand dollars in only fourteen per cent.

These figures are, of course, corrected for strikes; they represent normal conditions. Moreover, they deal only with a group of skilled, and therefore well-paid, trades. They leave to the imagination the economic status of the unskilled and casual workers, whose periods of unemployment are longer and more frequent, and who, even if they were employed six days a week the year round at the usual wage, could not earn more than five hundred and fifty dollars! The dock-workers are, perhaps, the most typical of these casual laborers. In every city or town that has shipping by ocean, lake, or river, they are to be found, either idling about waiting for a job, or working night and day, loading and unloading vessels. New York City alone has between forty and fifty thousand of them, not more than half of whom are working any one day. What do they do between-whiles? The Municipal Lodging House gives the history of some of them. They wash dishes in a restaurant for a few days; they help to fix up Madison Square Garden for a show; they do building-laborers' work for a while; help a team-driver when an extra man is needed; distribute directories and telephone books, and pack and ship goods in a department store during the Christmas season. How shall their families adjust their living to such wage-earnings? Or how long will it take an industrial system that presupposes a man to have no family to produce the things it demands?

Of course it may be justly said that the full weight of lost income due to unemployment is not always felt through a lowered standard of living in a workingman's family. When he is out of a job, his wife goes to work, his children go to work, and in this way the home may be kept together. In city parks and playgrounds, able-bodied men taking

care of babies and young children while their wives and older children are at work, are common enough. But from the standpoint of the homes and the State's interest, these can hardly be considered satisfactory adjustments. For the children of unemployed or underemployed workers, neglected in their early years because their mothers must go to work, are frequently forced to enter industry, untrained and physically handicapped, by way of the first job that offers; and as they grow up they drift out of the "blind alleys" of makeshift occupations, to swell the hosts of casual, unskilled labor.

And it isn't as though the unemployed man would rebound into estimable respectability when given a job. One who has listened to the perfervid denunciations of society by the street-corner orator, whose emotions have been set aflame by the sight of the righteous man forsaken and his seed begging bread, is curiously impressed by the clear echo of the agitator's language in the State Commissioner's report.

"The unemployed man walks the street in search of work, hopeful at first, but as time goes on becoming more and more discouraged. The odd jobs he picks up bring an uncertain and very insufficient income. His whole life becomes unsteady. From undernourishment and constant anxiety his powers—mental, moral, and physical—begin to degenerate. Soon he becomes unfit for work. The merely unemployed man becomes inefficient, unreliable, good-for-nothing, unemployable. His family is demoralized. Pauperism and vagrancy result."

The two facts which the New York Commission established beyond controversy are that unemployment, and the deterioration, both of individuals and of the State, that goes with it, is a normal incident to the industrial life we have so carefully built up; and that like the superintendent in my Middle-Western city we are sitting in complacent blindness while this deterioration attacks our most cherished possession—the home.

The British Tar Disappearing

THE deterioration of the personnel on board her trading-ships threatens England's supremacy on the sea, says Mr. Spencer Campbell in *The Fortnightly Review*. Most of the crews in such ships are aliens, and not in sympathy with the British Empire, and on some occasions these crews have even manifested a hostile spirit. When war, a few years ago, hung in the balance and grave uneasiness developed between the United Kingdom and a "certain great power," her cruisers overhauled and searched British merchantmen. One of these the *Cheltenham*, had but four English seamen. The rest were Germans, and as the searchers left the steamer the German crew enthusiastically cheered them. This writer proceeds:

"The power invested in a captain is very wide, and suppose a collier commanded by an alien at the outbreak of war, there is nothing to prevent him steering into the nearest hostile port, and presenting the enemy with a valuable cargo. Multiply a few similar instances, add a well-organized mutiny or two, remember the facilities for espionage, do not neglect the thousand and one opportunities for morsing or semaphoring false information to a scouting cruiser, and one has the sum total of the damage which could be inflicted on the nation by the presence of alien officers and men under the Red Ensign. One shudders at what might have happened aboard the *Cheltenham* had war really been declared. What a hollow mockery 'Rule Britannia' is!"

Other nations, we are told, are more cautious, and make every effort to have their ships manned by their own people, even if they begin by employing foreign officers or engineers. Mr. Campbell thus cites the example of Germany:

"It is a matter of common knowledge that Germany has bought many steamers from us second-hand, and it has been the ordinary custom in many cases

for the engineering staff, at least, to remain on. We are, therefore, induced to picture the said engineers growing grey under the German flag—or possibly stout under the German beer. A pretty idea, no doubt, but doomed, alas! to be shattered ruthlessly. It has been the fixt idea in all German steamship concerns to replace the original staff by German substitutes. But there is no needless hurry. Until the German officers have mastered the work, there is no question of the dismissal of the British. But when the moment arrives, when the engines run just as smoothly under Teutonic hands, the change is effected. Only a short time ago, one of the leading firms announced in the annual report that every member of the staff, who had come over in their vessels purchased abroad, had now given way to a German successor."

Japan's merchant marine tells the same story—

"At the beginning practically every officer aboard was British; now only a skipper is to be found on some of the passenger vessels. It will not be long before he, too, will be a *rara avis* on the bridge of a Japanese steamer. It is natural, nay, inevitable. A country must study first the interests of her own flesh and blood, for it is only from her own flesh and blood that she will get the best results. Something is wanted in England of the spirit which animated the Kaiser's proud vaunt about his yacht, the *Meteor*—"German-built, German-fitted, German-manned!"

"Why, then, should our leaders quail before this retaliation? Our navigators, our engineers, are serving under many a foreign flag, but the time of their service is measured by the time of their usefulness. When their brains have been picked, when the pupil has shown himself the equal of the master, comes the dismissal, to be followed by many a weary day of waiting, until some berth is secured. No maudlin senti-

mentality is allowed to sway the judgment of the alien ship-owner, with the natural consequence that their merchant service is invested with a robust vigor and cohesion sadly lacking in our own."

Mr. Campbell thinks that if the Government were to subsidize merchant-ships it would solve the problem by enabling ship-owners to pay British wages to British sailors instead of employing lascars, coolies, or "dagoes" at starvation pay.

The rule of the American navy to employ none but American citizens on American warships is cited as an example for England's mercantile navy to follow. If this rule is not adopted, we are assured, it will spell ruin to the Empire.

"The loss of our mercantile marine will mean nothing else than the destruction of the British Empire, for that Empire is essentially an Empire of

the sea. It rests upon two supports: the navy in the first instance, the merchant service in the second, and each support is necessary to the other. If we lose the supremacy of the sea, the ocean which unites and welds our Empire will then divide it—there will be a falling asunder of the parts and eventual dissolution. . . . Whether it is an immutable law of nature that every empire in due course of time must crumble and decay, or not, it is certainly a fact that a long period of supremacy breeds a numbing lethargy, a contemptuous self-confidence, and a marked dislike to facing unpleasant details. During the last few years this canker has eaten its way into the British people. We have been granted great things, and it needs a strong and determined effort to awaken to our responsibilities. Otherwise we shall realize the grim truth of the old saying, 'To help fools, even the gods are powerless.'"

Great Possibilities of Water Power

THE wonderful possibilities of water power as applied to industrial life are reviewed in *Scribner's Magazine* by Davis B. Rushmore. "Of all the different phases of water power development in this country," he writes, "none have been more useful or more important than those in connection with the Reclamation Service of the Federal Government. The object of this work has been the development of the arid lands of the country into homes for settlers, by supplying the rich soil with sufficient water to make the cultivation of crops a valuable industry.

The primary object of the Reclamation Department has been the storage of water and its supply through the canals and ditches to the farms. With the large amount of water stored and the head, which is almost always available, the possibility for a hydro-electric de-

velopment usually exists, and in most cases this has been a part of the work of the Reclamation Service in its different projects. In most cases the power is developed at the dam site, and in other cases part of it there and part of it flows from the reservoir into the valley where it is to be used for irrigation. The electric power generated in this way is largely used for pumping in order to reach higher levels than are possible by the natural flow of the water, and partly to keep the water from reaching the surface and evaporating. There is always a considerable auxiliary load of lighting and miscellaneous power work in the towns through which the transmission lines pass.

Of the many developments of the Reclamation Service in the different Western States, probably the most interesting, and certainly a representative one,

is that of Roosevelt, Arizona. The so-called Salt River Project is something over sixty miles from Phoenix, and about forty miles from Prescott, in a place so inaccessible that Government roads had to be built to allow the material for the construction work to be hauled in. Here a lake is formed nearly 30 miles in length, by damming up the water of two streams, and an area of 240,000 acres in the valley around Phoenix is to be irrigated by this water. There is a power development of some magnitude at the dam, and a number of power-houses at different places below, as the same water is used over and over in its fall to the plains where it is used for irrigation. The dam itself is a marvel of engineering construction. It is 284 feet high, and 168 feet thick at the base. Its construction at this most inaccessible place was accompanied by many interesting features of road construction, cement manufacture, etc. The ownership of this great work will pass from the Federal Government to a Water Users' Association, which is composed of the owners of the land to be irrigated.

Other developments along these lines have taken place in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming, and many more are still under consideration.

The possibilities of the use of electricity in connection with agricultural work are many, and this is one of the most promising fields of the future. The direct use of electricity for stimulating plant growth is a subject which is being actively investigated at present, and with as yet unknown possibilities.

The development of the electrical side of power transmission is but entering its second decade. From 10,000 volts electrical pressure, in the old Teluride Plant, 145,000 has now been reached. The advance is due to an increased knowledge of electrical science, and a constant improvement in the materials used for insulation of apparatus and line. The old glass telegraph line

insulator evolved into a complicated porcelain structure of many petticoats and various forms, and the insulators suddenly ceased to be the limiting feature in transmission voltage when the suspension or disk type was produced. The old-line construction of wooden poles, cross-arms and pins, has given place to modern pole or tower structure of galvanized steel, which give greater strength, a longer life, and freedom from many causes of interruption. Copper and aluminum, both stranded in the larger sizes, are used for the line conductors, as the prevailing price and judgments dictate. Where the electrical pressure and wire diameter are so related that the electricity is at the point of escaping into the air, the wires become luminous, the glow being distinctly visible in darkness. This is one of the limits to increasing pressure which must be respected especially at the higher altitudes. On the lines of the Central Power Company, where they cross the Continental Divide, the critical point is just reached.

The large generators which change the mechanical power of the water wheel into electric energy have increased greatly in size. They are being constructed to-day in steam turbine units of 30,000 horse-power and for water wheel service the same capacity is being considered. Such units are economical in cost and in space. In installations where but one power-house supplied the transmission system, it was considered good practice to use not less than four units so as to provide for a possible shut-down over one unit, in which case the other could be run overloaded while repairs were made. In modern systems with a number of generating stations, the number and size of units is generally determined by other considerations.

The modern three-phase high voltage power transformer of twenty-thousand horse-power bears slight resemblance to its pigmy ancestors. With its giant tank and huge cooling coils, it has become a wonderful piece of apparatus.

The switch for high voltages and large capacities has entirely changed its relative position in importance, magnitude and cost. When a switch is opened under emergency conditions, a flow of energy is interrupted and all of the elements necessary for a powerful explosion are at hand. The successful solution of the switching problem for modern power stations has been the result of much careful study and costly experimenting.

The cost of producing power is not understood by all. In any kind of manufacture we have two classes of charges which make up the cost of the product. The first, known as the fixed charges—interest, depreciation, insurance and taxes, is independent of the output. The second, the operating expenses, such as fuel, salaries, repairs, etc., is in some measure directly proportional to the quantity of goods manufactured. If the fuel is free, as in a water power, the other items all remain, and the power cost is only fractionally reduced. Again, if, as is often the case in a water-power plant, the investment per horse-power of capacity is several times that of the steam plant, it may

happen that the fixed charges are increased more than the operating expenses are reduced, and thus the electric power generated by the water actually costs more than a steam plant. When the long and expensive transmission lines and the necessary steam auxiliary stations are included, water power is not necessarily a cheap source of supply. In most cases, however, where a sufficient quantity of water is available at all times, hydro-electric power is the cheapest in the world.

As the supply of fuel becomes exhausted our water powers will naturally enhance in value and we shall become more dependent upon them for power purposes. But a fraction of the available powers have as yet been developed. The present policy of the Federal Government makes it extremely difficult to develop those streams and rivers where some question of public land is concerned. It is probable that in the near future some reasonable method of Federal and State regulation will be evolved, and the continued development of our water powers will be one of our great future industrial possibilities.

Humidity: a Friend, not a Foe

THERE can be no doubt that most of us have been very much to blame. Time and again we have vented our wrath upon the demon of discomfort, Humidity, which turns one of our best friends. Dr. P. W. Goldsbury, in the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, demonstrates the importance of humidity on hygiene. He writes:

In the popular mind, only the discomfort felt on hot, close days is associated with this word. The impression may be gained that humidity is something to be deplored, but, properly speaking, a better term would be sultriness. For this means a high percentage of moisture along with excessive

heat. On days when the temperature is not high, the amount of humidity may be the very cause of the agreeableness of the air. During the summer when the days are hot and dry, the freshness of the morning and the soothing coolness of the evening are enjoyable, not only because the heat is diminished, but also because the air is tempered with a higher proportion of moisture. If we substitute for the word "humidity" the phrase "moisture in the air" we shall know better what is meant.

The term "humidity" is used in two senses: *absolute* humidity, which refers to the actual amount of water in the air per cubic foot at a given time; and *rela-*

tive humidity, which is the percentage of water in the air at any time as compared with the total temperature without some form of precipitation such as dew or rain. To quote further from the article under consideration:

If a heated flat in winter be at a temperature of 70 degrees, and the absolute humidity or amount of water held in suspension be the same as in the air outside, where the temperature is only 18 degrees, the relative humidity there will be only one-eighth, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and that only providing our outside air be saturated with moisture, which is often not the case.

If the air outside, at a temperature of 18 degrees, have an absolute humidity of but half a grain, then its relative humidity will be only 50 per cent., and the air inside, though having the same absolute humidity, may have, by reason of its higher temperature, a relative humidity of only $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. If we reflect that a humidity of from 60 to 75 per cent. is none too much for average conditions of human life, we can realize how far below normal is the air in which most of us are housed during the winter. As a matter of fact, various tests of air in schoolrooms, hospitals and living rooms during the winter time have been made here and there through the country; these show that the humidity often went below 40 per cent., and upon occasion got down below 10 per cent.

Under such conditions indoor air in winter is very dry and irritating. This is one of the prime causes of chapped hands and parched lips.

One of the important problems of modern building construction is that of making indoor conditions more nearly like outdoor as regards humidity. Methods for raising the humidity in buildings are still in the experimental stage. Dr. Goldsbury has made various attempts to improve the moisture quality of the air in different rooms. He says:

When the building was heated by furnace, a dish of water was kept over the register. A muffin tin was used for this purpose, as its form presents an exceptionally large surface below for the heat to strike and, therefore, increases evaporation. The muffin tin had to be filled much oftener when cloth was hung over it so that the water was sucked up into the meshes by capillary force, thus increasing the evaporating surface. I have found wet towels or newspapers, too, spread about the room somewhat helpful in moistening the air, but it proved difficult by such means to increase the humidity above 5 or 10 per cent. This, however, was enough to give a sense of increased comfort, for our delicate tissues respond to even such slight favoring changes.

Closing the register at night lowers the temperature of the room and, therefore, lessens the amount of moisture required for comfort. Merely in the condition of one's throat in the morning one would find ample warrant for the shutting off of the heat at night.

Under our conditions of indoor life, we suffer not from too much humidity, but rather from too little.

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Hearts Are Flowers

Hearts are flowers, sweetly breathing
Perfumed mysteries on the air;
Hearts are flowers, free bequeathing
Tender gladness everywhere.

Fairy creatures of the light,
Innocent of blast and blight,
Hearts are flowers, sweetly breathing
Promises of rare delight.

Hearts are flowers, rudely broken
By the heavy hand of doom;
Withered fragments speak in token
Of their early, hopeful bloom.

Spare them gently! Oh, beware
Of a havoc past repair!
Hearts, like flowers, rudely broken,
Strew life's garden everywhere.

—*Mabel Burkholder.*

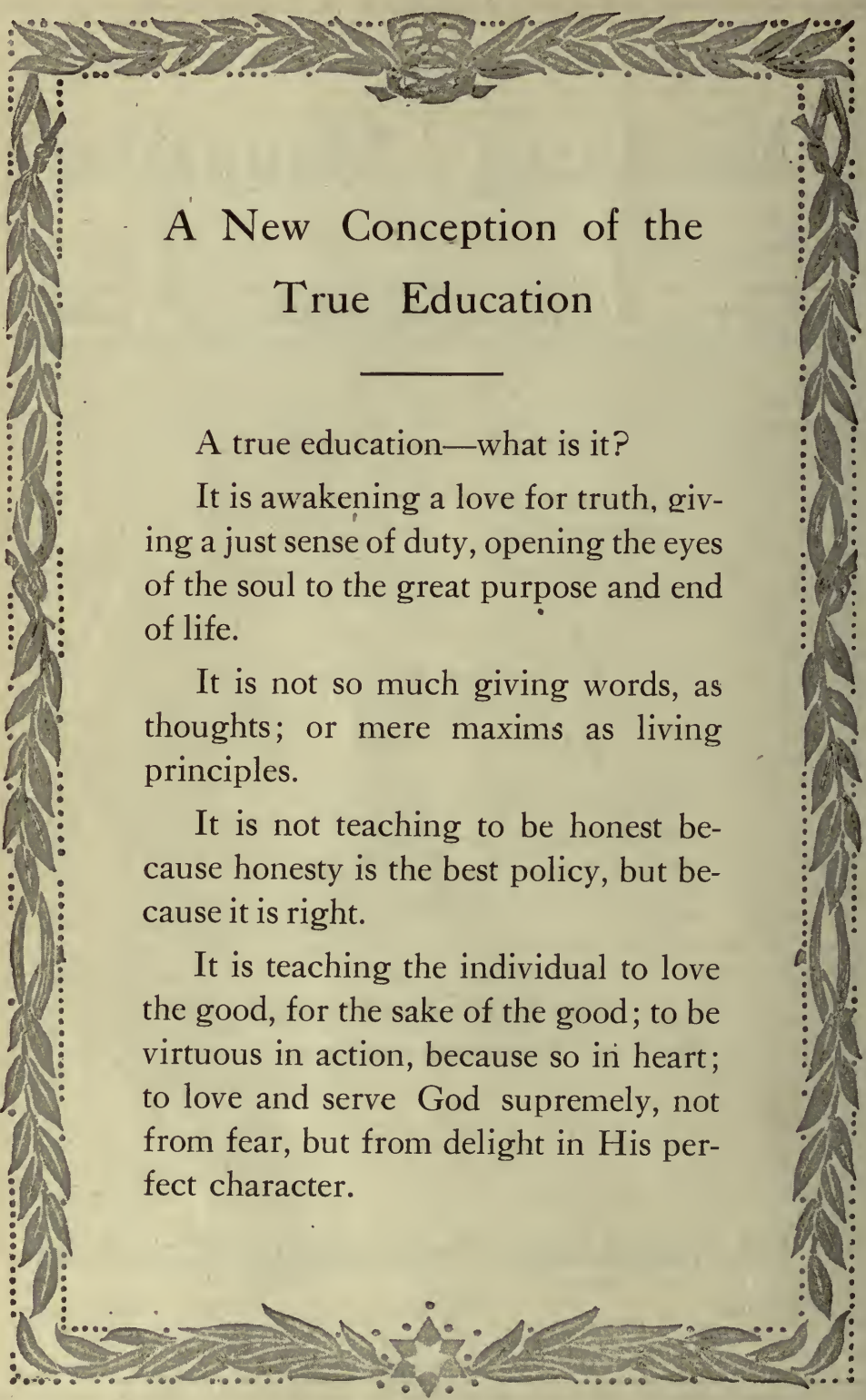
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A New Conception of the True Education

A true education—what is it?

It is awakening a love for truth, giving a just sense of duty, opening the eyes of the soul to the great purpose and end of life.

It is not so much giving words, as thoughts; or mere maxims as living principles.

It is not teaching to be honest because honesty is the best policy, but because it is right.

It is teaching the individual to love the good, for the sake of the good; to be virtuous in action, because so in heart; to love and serve God supremely, not from fear, but from delight in His perfect character.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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No. 4

The College as a National Asset

WHAT IS ITS VALUE IN DEVELOPING THE WEALTH OF THE NATION, IN PROVIDING LEADERSHIP, AND IN ELEVATING THE STANDARDS OF LIFE?

By Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham

The leading article in this issue on "The College as a National Asset" has been written for MacLean's Magazine by Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham, secretary of the Educational Department of the Methodist Church in Canada and generally recognized as one of the most forceful and scholarly preachers in the Dominion. In characteristic trenchant sentences Dr. Graham sets forth the value of the College in developing the wealth of the country, in providing leadership in all branches of industry, and in elevating the standards of the life of the nation. Never was the demand for trained men more persistent, more pressing, more general, than to-day; it is well, therefore, that the situation should be faced in its true proportions and widest application. It is a national problem. Cast against the background of national requirements, how does the College stand forth in contrast as a national asset pledged to meet the obligations of the nation? This article is our answer.

IT has been said that the Twentieth Century is Canada's Century, and certainly we are just beginning to realize as Canadians what a goodly heritage we possess.

Our broad Dominion presents a panorama of surpassing scenic beauty paralleled only by the opulence of our natural resources.

Yet the true wealth of this great land does not consist so much in her minerals as in her miners; not so much in our great manufacturing plants as in the army of mechanics who, at the witching hour of five o'clock issue from the swinging doors of factory and ware-

house; not so much in our dairy products and enormous wheat acreage as in those honest yeoman who till the soil and reap the golden harvest; not so much in our splendid colleges as in the regiments of students who crowd these halls of learning with bright, eager faces and will go forth with trained faculties to build up a great nation's greater life.

When the mother of the Gracchi pointed to her group of stripling sons with the proud words, "These are my jewels!" it was more than a pretty bit of sentiment; it was the enunciation of a great truth; for the most valu-

able asset of any country is its manhood, and no nation can hope to enjoy continued prosperity unless it gives itself with intelligence and zeal to the task of the training and development of its youth.

Education is at the very basis of the wealth of a nation; for what are the natural resources of a country, however splendid, without the developing faculties of the children of men.

Wealth properly conceived, is the product of the energy and intelligence of the sons of toil; what we accomplish depends upon what we are, depends upon the quality of mind and character which largely constitutes the economic efficiency of the workman who is the industrial unit of the social organism.

Edwin Markham some years ago wrote a poem describing "the man with the hoe," vivid, almost ghastly in the lines of its portraiture; but he who constitutes the problem and even the menace of the Twentieth Century is the man without the hoe, the man who holds not in his right hand that which is at once the symbol and implement of the work he can do well, that he has been trained to do: and the problem can best be solved if society will bring some form of adequate training within reach of every youth, so that he may be prepared to adjust himself to modern conditions and find a productive place in the industrial world.

The schoolhouse is the door to success; the Twentieth Century belongs to the trained man as no preceding era in the history of the race.

No matter what arena of commercial or industrial life a young man enters to-day he will ere long find himself brought into active competition with other young men who, in addition to the possession of the same faculties and powers he possesses, have those powers trained to a nicety; and in the stress of modern competition it is the trained man who almost invariably breasts the tape a winner.

Go to the Bethlehem Steel Works and you will see men in their early thirties

occupying positions of trust and large emolument; men who not only know that pig-iron can be converted into Bessemer steel but also understand the principles and methods involved in the process; they are scientists as well as mechanics; many of them are graduates of the Massachusetts School of Technology and if there were ten such schools in Boston their graduates would be picked up as fast as they were produced.

A professor on the staff of one of our Canadian universities once told me that the year before there were graduated sixty men in the Department of Electrical Science and five hundred positions fairly clamored for these trained men.

The more involved the social organism becomes, the more highly organized commerce grows, the more scientific principles and methods are applied to industrial processes, the more imperative it becomes that the captains of industry should be men of wide knowledge and highly specialized training to master the problems and guide the operations of our modern complex mechanism. And we believe the emphasis placed upon applied science and technical instruction in our modern system of education and the rapid increase of multiform types of Colleges testify eloquently to the general recognition of the fundamental value of a college training as an equipment for life work and also of the desirability that there should be some adaptation of the College course to life processes.

Dr. Harris, the Commissioner of Education for the United States, after a careful investigation of statistics leads us to the conservative estimate that in the history of the United States the ratio of College Graduates to the entire population is about 1 to 750.

A further study of the available data seems to show that this group of graduates, less than one-seventh of one per cent of the population, has furnished nearly 40 per cent of the men of outstanding wealth, over 80 per cent of those called to the eminent financial position of Secretary of the Treasury,

32 per cent of all Congressmen, 46 per cent of the Senators, 50 per cent of the Vice-Presidents, 65 per cent of the Presidents, 73 per cent of the Judges of the Supreme Court, 83 per cent of the Chief Justices, 35 per cent of the fifteen thousand names in the Cyclopaedia of American Biography and 75 per cent of the one hundred and fifty names that have been placed on the scroll of the immortals of American history.

While we would grant that such statistics may not be absolutely accurate and perhaps a closer study of the influences and forces behind the figures might reveal that the College training was only an important factor in the success of these prominent men nevertheless we feel justified in making the modest deduction that it pays, both in efficiency and power, in emolument and honour, to send a boy to College.

That which brings increased wealth and added power to the individual means potency and permanence to the nation composed of the individual units; hence a College is a valuable asset in contributing to the commercial significance and political prestige of the nation.

After Napoleon had broken the power of Prussia at Jena and Austerlitz she set herself to rebuild the walls of her national greatness by the better training of her young men—there followed a period of almost feverish educational activity that many years after bore its fruitage in the Franco-Prussian war when the verdict of Austerlitz was reversed and the fair lilies of France trampled in the dust.

When the campaign was ended, General Von Moltke, the commander-in-chief of the German forces, made this terse comment, "The schoolmaster has won our battles."

There is no doubt that the secret of the swift emerging of Japan from the mists of obscurity to a place in the rank of world powers is found in her favorable attitude toward Western education and in the emphasis she has

placed upon her school system and the training of her youth.

George Kennan, who knows Japan and Russia equally well, tells us there is one book store in St. Petersburg to ten in Tokio; that twenty-five per cent. of the children of school age are in actual attendance at the schools of Russia and ninety-two per cent. in Japan; two years ago there were probably as many young men taking a university course in Tokio as in any other city of this babbling earth.

No wonder Japan overwhelmed her unwieldy antagonist and the Mikado might well have echoed Von Moltke, "The schoolmaster has won our battles."

Great Britain cannot hope to hold her place in the van of world powers simply by laying down two super dread-noughts to Germany's one; it can only be if the young men of Britain are given a broader culture and a finer technical training than Germany gives her sons, for the personal equation is all important; it is the man behind the gun, behind the loom, the forge who is the very centre of the problem and they who frame the curricula of the schools shape the destiny of the nation.

But we hasten to state that the development of the material resources of a country does not constitute the most important work of higher education.

A college training is not intended to sharpen the wits of a young man so that he may more effectually outwit his fellow men in the stress of modern competition; it does increase his earning power and greatly enhance his chances of attaining fame, and yet the highest function of education is not to enable him to make a living but to give him a larger life, to widen his horizon and lift his skyline; to help him to preserve a due sense of proportion; to emphasize the higher values; to deepen his appreciation of the true, the beautiful and the good and to aid him in achieving a character of noble aspirations and lofty ideals.

In this busy and commercial age some are inclined to judge everything

from the standpoint of a crass materialism and superficially appraise everything by its present cash value; but we venture to suggest that the most valuable assets of a nation cannot be earmarked and their place easily indicated in the profit and loss account.

What is the worth of culture to a nation? What is the value of the Bard who has made Stratford-on-Avon a world's shrine?

We speak of the England of William Shakespeare for he has so opened the golden sluices of the day that the stream of influence of our English mother tongue is a river that cannot be passed over, waters to swim in, a mighty gulf stream that pours its flood through the Seven Seas and touches every continent of earth.

An intense spirit of patriotism inciting to self denial and righteousness of life means everything to a nation.

Our pride in our Anglo Saxon birth, our devotion to land and empire are our very life blood whose throbbings sound the drum beats of a great destiny.

And we will never be able to estimate how much we owe, as an empire, to our master artists, our singers and teachers, our preacher prophets and poet laureates, the Bards who have hung the nation's harp where the free winds of Heaven have breathed upon and thrilled the chords with the music pregnant with celestial fire; our statesmen who have "moulded a mighty State's decrees and shaped the whisper of the throne."

Though the unthinking man on the street may say of such men "They toil not, neither do they spin" yet are they weaving the destiny of the race and are empire builders in the deepest and truest sense of the term.

They have kindled the Divine fire on the altars of the nation and they who fare forth to the fight hum their music on the march to death.

And it is in emphasizing the higher values, in lifting up those lofty ideals of truth and righteousness, without a vision of which the people perish, that

the paramount function of higher education consists.

Cecil Rhodes, who crept back from the shadow of a consumptive's grave to give a larger life to the race, dreamed of a time when the spell of the angel's song of peace and good will would hold the hearts of all in thrall and men would brothers be the wide world o'er.

But he was more than a sentimental dreamer—he was a prophet statesman who planned to make his dream come true.

He realized that the leading part in ushering in this millennial dawn must be played by the Anglo Saxon race and after earnest thought he said: "This will I do: I will gather together the very flower of our Anglo Saxon youth at old Oxford, hallowed by its many sacred memories, the atmosphere breathing of the historic greatness of our race; so that, after they have lived and studied together in such an environment, they may go forth as apostles of the Brotherhood of Man to usher in the reign of universal peace."

One cannot think of a more striking illustration of the far reaching influence of a University than the establishment of the Rhodes' scholarships by this seer of modern times who thought in continents and campaigned for the centuries unborn.

When we are considering our Colleges we are touching the sources of national destiny.

If democracy means the government of the people, by the people, for the people, then it is obvious that the primal problem of modern democracy is a properly conceived and universally applied system of education, for we must train and prepare our rulers to fulfill their great responsibility.

Therefore, it is imperative that our Colleges should be thoroughly democratic in spirit; exclusive cliques that engender snobbery should be discouraged by the Faculty and sternly repressed by the students so that the graduates will be men broad in sympathy, altruistic in spirit, inspired and prepared to

become engineers of the Social Conscience and Captains of the Common Good.

There should be no man so eager to serve his country as he who has enjoyed the thorough training of that composite product of the social life of the nation—the University.

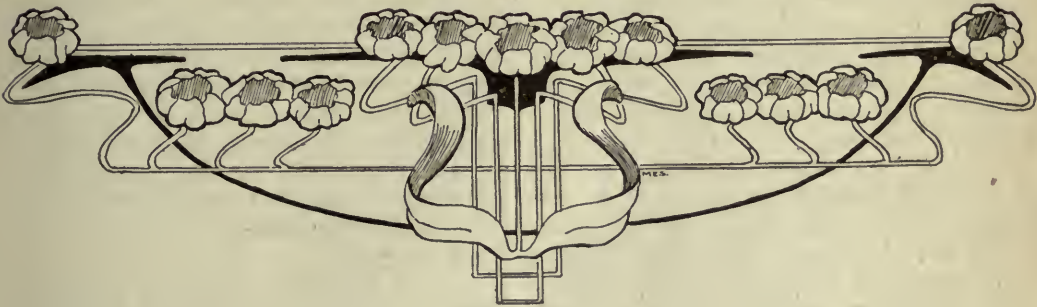
Sift a university down to its foundation and it represents to a large extent the sweat of the farmer and the toil and grind of the mechanic.

Whether the creation of these stately college buildings and the accretions of adequate endowments represent the munificent gifts of merchant princes or generous grants from the Provincial Treasury, in their last analysis they are built upon either the developed wealth of the Province, developed through the properly directed labor of the workingman or upon the undeveloped natural resources, the property of the commonwealth held in trust for the people and appropriated by the representatives of the people for the purposes of higher education.

And the college bred man who has enjoyed the privilege of the training and culture of the University is dishonest and unpatriotic if he does not consecrate his trained powers to the service of the country which has provided these facilities at no small measure of sacrifice.

A young mechanic wrote to his student friend at Harvard University: "I hope you know that your education has cost more than you or your father will ever repay; return in glorious light for all the oil that is being poured into the lamp of your life."

From our knowledge of the atmosphere of our Canadian institutions we have no fear that their graduates will maintain an attitude of aloofness toward the problems of the nation for there are no young men who more deeply appreciate the social law of service or are doing more to realize those lofty ideals without which a nation can have neither coherence nor permanence.



The Aim of Education

It should be the aim of education to make men first, and discoveries afterward; to regard mere learning as subordinate to the development of a well-rounded, solid, moral and intellectual character; as the first and great thing to supply vigorous, intelligent, God-fearing citizens for the welfare of the land.

—H. J. Van Dyke.

The Old Youngsters

By Archie P. McKishnie

OLD Horace Hodskins leaned over the picket fence of old Maurice Williams' garden and watched his friend delve into the black spicy garden-earth with a rusty trowel.

"Leeks?" he questioned.

"Hoss-radish," answered Maurice.

He threw a root from the earth and tossed it on a patch of sunshine to dry.

"Feels wa'm and hazy like," he remarked, "a big rain about due, I'm thinkin'. What you killin' yourself at these days, Horse?"

"Why nothin' much 'cept 'chorin' round a bit," grinned Hodskins. "The boys they went over to the other hundred acres yest'day and ma she went along to do the cookin' for 'em. You busy I see?"

"Well I be, an' agin I be n't," said Maurice, rising painfully and smoothing his cramped legs with his earthy hands. My boys they have gone up country too, to look after fencin' the Dobbin pasture. Only ma an' me here; seems lonesome."

"Gosh, it must that!"

"Yes!" Maurice limped over to the fence, his old felt hat under his arm, and took the bag of home-cured "chew-in" from his cronie's extended hand. His bald head gleamed in the sunlight and the fringe of white whiskers beneath his chin shivered like an aspen thicket in a wind, as his jaws worked on the generous wad of fine-cut.

"Many white grubs er wire-worms?" asked Horace, screwing up his seamed face and peering down at the delved earth. "Beats all how thick them pests air gettin' nowadays, Maurice."

"Some, but not a great many," answered his neighbor, scraping his earthy hands on a sharp-edged picket, "but it

do beat all how many fish-worms I've dug up here this mornin'."

"You don't say so! Big 'uns?"

"Some on 'em big and some on 'em not so big, but all live an' mighty active an' squirmy. Come inside an' I'll show you some on 'em."

"Guess I will. I've seen the time when I could leap a fence like this 'un mighty easy, but I guess I'd better try th' gate. Rheumatiz sorter keeps my ole legs from gettin' pranky every time my fancy wants t' play a trick on 'em an' says jump."

"Same here," nodded Maurice, "gosh what a pair of old fools you and me be, Horse. Gee flicker but there's no tellin' what pranks us two 'ud be up to if we didn't have somethin' like stiff jintos to hol' us back."

"Them—an' people," agreed Horace, "mostly people though, Marse. You know an' I know, that there be lots o' things we'd do if it wasn't fer our boys' thinkin' us silly. Dang it all, sometimes when I'm nosin' about th' stables I just long to unhitch that young brindle steer o' ourn and run him round th' straw stack, rope in one hand and corn-stalk in t'other."

"Ain't it queer, though?" chuckled Maurice. "I'm exactly that way myself. We've got a bay filly that I jest naturally long to break in bare-back. Every time I see that colt I want t' jump on its back an' go helwhooping'. I *used* to break 'em, you know, Horse?"

"I reckon they don't make riders like you nowadays," affirmed the other old man, "no they don't make 'em."

"Some day I'm goin' to ride that filly," said Maurice. "I may have some leetle trouble gettin' astride, but onct I'm thar. it'll find me some hard to

shake off. I'll find out if it's got some jumps in it, begosh."

He took the rusty trowel and shoved it into the black earth. "Bet I get four fish-worms first shovel-ful," he grinned.

"Bet you don't," returned his crony, getting down on his knees beside him. "Hold on, now, no cheatin'," as Maurice attempted to make a double dig with the sharp trowel. "Let's see, one—two—three, by gum, you're beat! There be only two worms in that shovel-full."

"You ain't smashed that lump in your hand yet," said Maurice meaningly. "Crunch it up."

"There ain't nuthin' in it," declared Horace, "it's too hard. There you be, what did I tell you?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Maurice, "there BE somethin' in it too,—there be three leetle worms in it. Look here an' here. See 'em, Horse?"

"Gosh sakes, you ain't goin' to call them leetle red bits o' threads worms, be ye?" shouted Horace.

"Well, they ain't grass-hoppers an' they ain't beetles an' they ain't hoss-flies. What would you call 'em if not worms, you ol' cheat you."

"All right call 'em worms then. Try ag'in. Bet you don't get five this time."

The morning sunlight strained down through the leafy fruit trees and painted the two old men with dappled glowing warmth. It touched their glad, wrinkled faces and licked their brown knotted hands. Just above them a rainbow-hued humming bird balanced his wee body on whizzing wings to sip the nectar from a late blossom.

Maurice arose stiffly, glanced craftily sideways at his neighbor busily extracting a worm of remarkable proportions from a lump of earth, then bending above a bed of fluffy garden-fern picked up a battered salmon-can.

"Gosh," he grinned, "don't it beat all now? Here we be diggin' worms jest like two kids trying to steal off fishin', an' I jest cock an eye round an' spy an empty can to put 'em in."

"Well now, I was jest awishin' we had a can fer these worms," said Horace. "Seems too bad t' waste good fish-worms,

don't it now? Maybe," he chuckled, "if you look clost about you you'll find a couple o' fish-poles, too, Marse."

"No," said Maurice, "I'm pretty sure I won't find any poles. Howsomeever, I'll take a squint er two. Well, by gum! look e'here!"

Horace, busy dropping the wriggling worms in the battered can, glanced up to see his pal pulling two weather-battered birch-poles from beneath a pile of straw.

"Jest look a leetle closer an' maybe you'll discover a ball o' twine an' some hooks somewhere among them bushes," he said drily.

"You be n't insinuatn' that I deliberately hid these poles here, or that there can, be you, Horse?"

"I be simply readin' th' signs," grinned Horace. "Everythin' seems t' pint t' one thing an' that's fishin'."

"Now that would be funny," laughed Maurice. "By gosh but wouldn't it be funny. Think of us two old codgers, so chuck up full o' rheumatiz and jint-winges that we can't even do chores proper, talkin' about fishin'. Ain't you ashamed o' yourself, Horse?"

"This summer sunshine sorter goes t' yer yead," sighed Horace. "I ain't sayin' as we're *goin'* fishin, be I? I'm jest sayin' that anybody seein' you with them poles an me scoopin' up worms like a ten year old, might *THINK* we was, that's all."

He arose with some difficulty and placed the can-full of worms on the ledge of the picket fence.

"Reckon I'd best cut a tuft er two o' that long grass to put over these fellers," he said. "Bet a dollar I've left my jack-knife on th' table where I cut th' shav-ins fer this mornin's fire."

He felt in his pockets, his wrinkled face screwed up, his tongue protruding uncertainly. He drew forth a blackened clay pipe, a plug of Canada's twist, and several other articles, but search as he would he could not find the knife.

"Feel in yer coat pocket," advised Maurice, who was watching proceedings with interest. "I see somethin' bulgin'

in it, Horse. Looks like an apple b'-gosh."

"Where?" asked Horace, "where do you see somethin' looks like an apple?"

"Why right here in your coat pocket," Maurice reached down an earth-stained hand and drew forth a —ball of fish-twine.

"Ho, ho," he nodded, "don't suppose you knowed this twine was there now, did you Horse?"

"Why now, I'd forgot all about that twine," said Horace, sheepishly. "I was usin' it last night to tie up th' grape-vines over home."

"And these here fish-hooks stickin' in it, now, I s'pose you was usin' them last night t' tie up th' vines too—you ol' fibbergaster you!"

Horace grinned and shuffled his feet uneasily. Then he looked up and the two old cronys burst out laughing. After while Maurice, wiping his streaming eyes on his sleeve, said:

"My boys won't be back till to-morrow, an' their ma she sorter pines to drive over th' village this mornin'. Maybe we'd better go an' hitch up ol' moll an' let her get started."

"I reckon we'd best," answered Horace, picking up the can of worms and putting it in his coat pocket.

"We'll jest take a round-about course to th' stable," said Maurice, picking up the poles. "If ma sees us two ol' codgers carryin' these fish-rods there's no tellin' what she'll think."

Half an hour later the old men stood at the gate and watched a portly woman with white hair and kindly face drive the old bay mare down the lane.

"I won't likely be back till sundown, Moriss," she called over her shoulder. "You an' Horiss 'll find pics and meat

in th' pantry. Don't you let th' chickens get into th' kitchen."

"We won't, ma, an' don't you be in no hurry home," answered Maurice.

When the bay mare and phaeton had vanished in a cloud of dust far down the road, the cronies turned and laughed.

"You orter be ashamed o' yourself," said Horace. "Think of a old cripple like you wantin' to go fishin' jest because th' worms are plenty an' th' summer breeze is callin'."

"An' how about you?" snorted Maurice. "Haven't you been hidin' fishin' tackle away in your pockets ever since spring sot in, you ol' reprobate? Come on," he grinned, "let's go inside an' do up our lunch. I reckon," he said, turning to look into the dancing eyes of his neighbor, "I reckon we'd better hike back to th' ol' spot among th' red willows, eh?"

"The place we used to catch th' big 'uns? Sure. There's lots o' deep water there an' heaps an' heaps o' sunshine. Sunshine's good for rheumatiz," he added with a chuckle.

His old pal laid a hand on his arm. "Look 'e 'here, Horse," he said solemnly, "there ain't no sech thing as rheumatiz, ner stiff joints ner twinges ner anythin' o' that sort wrong with you er me to-day, see? If you don't feel equal to jumpin' back twenty year er so along life's rutt'y path an' leavin' old age behind fer a spell, you ain't comin' fishin' with me, that's all."

"Marse," said his friend just as solemnly, "no words in the English language kin describe my feelin's o' skittishness and devil-may-careness this day of our Lord. Do up th' lunch young man an' I'll bet a twist o' tabaccy I k'n beat you runnin' t' th' meddar bars."



The Labrador Fisherman

THE MAINSTAY OF NEWFOUNDLAND—WHERE SALMON IS SALMON
AND FISH IS COD—INTERESTING INDUSTRY AND
FASCINATING PEOPLE

By W. Lacey Amy

There is perhaps no other country in the world so directly dependent upon one industry as Labrador. Whatever else the Labradorian may do between times to help his resources, trapping the fur-bearing animals or cutting wood, he must fish to exist. And fishing in Labrador means the catching of cod. A few hundred pounds of salmon may provide a few extra luxuries, but salmon is salmon and fish is cod. Hence the fishermen and fishing industry of Labrador offer abundant features for an interesting sketch.

EVERY one on the coast of Labrador—and there are none elsewhere in Labrador, save Indians and a very few liveyeres—might be called a fisherman, as the name is usually understood. But again, there is a distinction peculiar to the local phraseology. A fisherman in Labrador is the man who comes down from Harbor Grace, or Trinity or Carbonear, or another of the hundreds of outports in Newfoundland, to catch the cod during the summer months, and then to clear away home until next year. The liveyere is as good and as steady a fishing man, but he lives there all the time, and is not a fisherman. And the very fact that he does not remain in that far north region during the cruel months of winter makes the latter a different species, in looks and dress and instincts. He is of the same blood, works the same industry, and five months of the year lives in the same place and way, but there is a difference that is visible even to the tourist.

In appearance the fisherman is naturally less dark and swarthy than is the man who braves the fierce winds

and cold of the other seven months of the year. The fact that he is less dependent upon his own resources shows in the less striking strength of his face, and the letting up of the struggle in the winter deprives him of something of the alertness and independence of the liveyere. The fisherman is the pet and protege of the Newfoundland Government; the liveyere hustles more for himself. And it shows.

Before the ice has broken from the shores the fisherman puts out in his schooner from his home in Newfoundland, bound for the coast of Labrador. In May he starts, but it is probably June before he can make much headway through the drifting ice and other dangers of the Northern Atlantic. But he realizes the value of an early start since the first to arrive has the first choice of fishing grounds in the laying of his nets. Packed to the small boats on deck the schooner creeps carefully north, laden, not only with the supplies for the coming season, but with those fishermen and their families who do

not possess schooners, but trust to hook and line fishing from small boats.

Thus early the trials of the fisherman commence, and for the remainder of his visit to Labrador he will scarcely be envied even by the fishermen of other places. Living on salt pork and cod and hard bread, exposed to the storms of that wild coast, and to the diseases that can scarcely be coped with, even by the Government and Grenfell's missions, he spends his summer without a luxury, without one relieving feature so far as an outsider can see. For much of his suffering he is directly responsible, to be sure, but the Government can neither afford to allow him to starve or to suffer from preventible causes, nor does it wish to do so. Unfortunately, the fisherman knows his place in politics and he makes full use of it. The Government is going to look after him, and it is one of the uninviting qualities of the Labrador fisherman that he openly discusses and demands it.

To the fare obtainable and to the general conditions of life the fisherman has naturally become accustomed and hardened, but from disease and injury there is no immunity. And the carelessness of the fishermen in sanitation and ordinary prevention makes his lot the harder. A Grenfell doctor during his trip along the coast tried to instil into the minds of the fishermen the dangers of expectoration. The prevalence of tuberculosis, combined with the fisherman's favorite exercise, would point out a moral to anyone else. The doctor urged the use of cuspidors; it was the only possible solution of the problem since expectoration is a lifetime habit. A clergyman who passed along the coast a little later found the cuspidor the most prominent thing in the houses that expected him, but invisible where he was not looked for. The steamer on which I traveled brought back three patients in its hospital in advanced stages of consumption, and at almost every port patients consulted the doctor on the steamer for coughs and colds.

It seems impossible to educate the fisherman on the prevention and home treatment of disease. In every house a patent medicine bottle is most conspicuous; and the government doctor is considered to have neglected his duty if he does not send the patient away with such a bottle. The universal local remedy for every ailment, from broken arm to tuberculosis, is an application of a poultice of molasses or bread and water. Patients come on board the steamer bound up at various parts with such concoctions.

A number of men and women had come at one port for treatment for the ever-prevailing sea-blister, caused by the hands and arms being constantly wet with sea water. A big, ungainly, stiffened young fellow, dressed in the usual oiled trousers, dark sweater, peaked cap and heavy boots, lounged up the stairway from the water, and after looking around a moment to see if there was anything worth noticing among the passengers, leaned back against the railing and expectorated with the deliberation of performing a duty. The conversation of the passengers had naturally turned to sea-blisters, and to secure more enlightenment I approached this husky fellow, who seemed immune from everything.

"Pooh!" he said, after his favorite occupation of leaving his mark on the deck. "Ye don't need to get blisters. I don't." He pulled up his sweater sleeve and showed a big brass bracelet encircling his wrist; on the other arm was another. The arm was fairly clean, and the sight seemed to demand explanation.

"I just washed me arms yesterday, but they're usually black from the bracelets. Ye see, they rub up and down and cover me arms with black, and the water won't tech 'em." He had the usual Irish brogue of the Newfoundlanders.

It is little wonder the fisherman appears to lack the ordinary knowledge that would mean protection and added comforts. His life is the hardest fish-

ing life known. From morning to night there is nothing but fish. He can think and talk of nothing else. Only ten trips a year can the one steamer of the coast make, and those form the only break in his five months on Labrador. If he is in from the fishing grounds nothing could keep him from climbing on board—to talk only of the catch here and elsewhere. On

way without a door. The sides of the interior are made up wholly of bunks, on which the quilts lie all day as they are thrown off in the morning.

The best class of house is that of the schooner owner. It is probably presided over by a woman or two, although the number of women down the coast is now reduced to a mere fraction of what it once was. Time was when a girl



Fishing schooners caught in the "growlers."

shore he is cramped up in a house, half mud, half boards, sometimes without women to look after his needs, and always without luxuries and even ordinary comforts. A typical bunking place of a schooner's crew backs into the bare rock that forms the whole coast of Labrador. Most of the two sides and all the roof is built up of mud and sod, and the front is roughly boarded with a door in the centre, frequently a door-

could be engaged for the entire season for thirty dollars and her keep; but Newfoundland has changed in cost and ambition as elsewhere. Where the women are there are the only comforts of the coast. One of the most pleasant shacks in Labrador was the post office at one of the ports of call. Over the doorway was built a rude vestibule that kept off the winds of the early and late season. The doorway was but five and



A Labrador residence.

a half feet high, and the floor was freshly covered with broken sea shells. An old stove in the corner sent out a cheery heat, for the day was chilly, and over the table in another corner was a row of clean shelves with rows of plain plates and cups. There were two chairs and a couple of blocks of wood, evidently the ends of beams that had been brought down from Newfoundland. It was a pleasant sight after what I had grown accustomed to look on at the many stops, and I would have taken a picture of it; but upon expressing a desire to do so the young woman who was preparing the mail bag shyly said she would rather I didn't. Perhaps it would not have been fair to prevailing conditions.

At many of the stops there were but two or three huts, and the two weeks' mail could have been carried in the coat pocket. But there was just as much ceremony about the postal requirements as if it had been St. John's itself. The bag would be dumped on the floor or the table, the postmaster would reach up to a shelf and take down a letter or two, and after they had been carefully deposited in the big leather bag the lock would be snapped—no communication with the outside would be pos-

sible for another two weeks. At Frenchman's Island there was one house, in which lived two men and one woman. The latter had gone on board to see the doctor about a hand that had been badly lacerated by a fish-hook. The man who attended to the mail was partly incapacitated by the bandages around his head; the other man might have been in bed in the other room, for all I knew. At another port a fisherman came on board and begged from me some paper and envelopes so that he could write to his family back in Newfoundland. There was not much in the life to commend it to a stranger.

The fishing industry is carried on much as it was from the beginning, except for the improved conditions that have been possible in some cases from the introduction of the Grenfell co-operative stores. There are four stages in fishing opulence. The poorest is the man who ships in the crew or takes shares with another fisherman who owns his own schooner. Of late years the lot of this man has improved with the lack of help to be obtained. Above him is the owner of a small boat, from which he and his son fish with hook and line. It used to be that cod fishing was almost as satisfactory with a jigger as in any

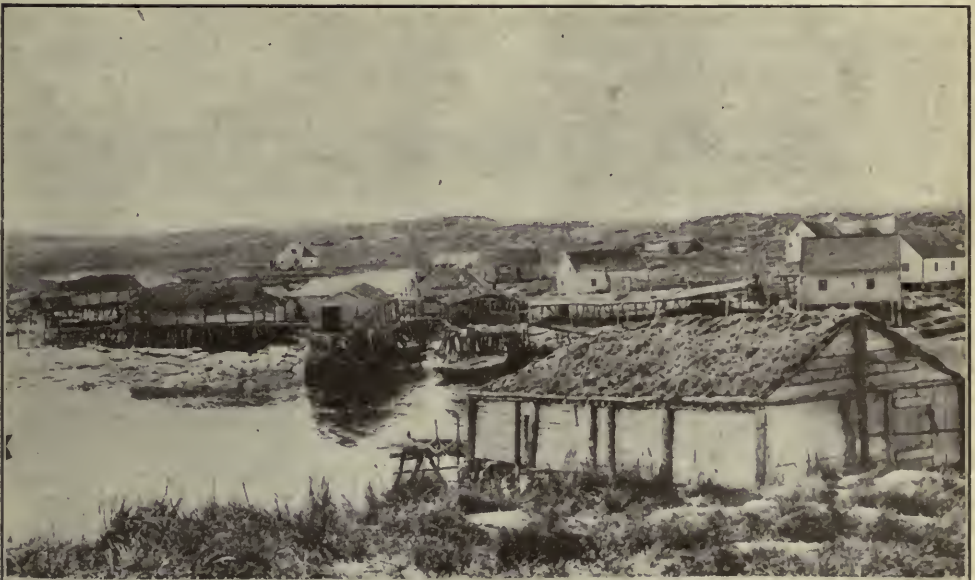
other way. Then there is the schooner owner, who ships his own crew on wages or shares. His catch is drawn up in huge nets, and one schooner may have out a dozen, if it can attend to them. This year it was so difficult to secure a crew that scores of nets were not brought from Newfoundland for lack of men to handle them. A good season will mean a couple of hundred dollars clear for each member of the crew, but the young Newfoundlander has yielded to the lure of Canada and the United States, and has seriously interfered with the fishing down the Labrador.

The big man of the industry is the merchant in St. John's or Harbor Grace, who sends out his schooners, maybe a score of them, and carries on the work with methods open only to capital. Sometimes these men fit out the other schooner owners, looking for their reward at the end of the season. If the fisherman is honest and the season is good the supply merchant finds it a profitable investment. But sometimes the fisherman sells his fish elsewhere and has nothing to pay for his supplies. I was informed that the misfortune of the

merchant is that local law prevents the collection of such a debt after that year.

There was a striking example of the honesty of the fisherman at one port of call. When the steamer arrived the fishermen had been idle for a week, although it was the best time of the season, for the reason that they had run out of salt, and the fish could not be treated without it. At no port near had they been able to restock, and although a storehouse full of salt was under their eyes they were forced to wait until more arrived from outside. The owner of the storehouse lived in St. John's, and the salt was not needed for his many schooners down the coast, but without his permission the fishermen would not touch it. The captain of the *Solway*, who is forced to act on his own initiative where the law has no representatives, told the idle men to use the salt as they required it, keeping account of what they took; he would make it right with the owner.

The fish-houses and stagings along the water reveal the all-importance of the cod. Cleanings and heads a foot deep in some places mark the spot



A Labrador Fishing Village.



Battle Harbor.

where men have been at work in the house above. It is not a pleasant sight, but the odor is negligible in that climate. Inside the fish-house the men are busy after the catch preparing the fish for the salt that keeps them until the sun can be used to finish the process. The "throater" seizes the fish as it is pitchforked up to the floor from the loaded boats below. He simply cuts up the throat and passes it on to the "header," who breaks off the head and cleans out the entrails with one motion. The "splitter" is the important one of the three. On his left hand he wears a heavy woolen mitt, and with this he seizes the fish while with one stroke of his keen knife he slashes the fish to the tail and takes out the bone. The fish is then ready for the salt, and is trundled back to the piles of yesterday's fish, where it is placed neatly in a row and partly covered with salt, the amount being one of the technicalities of the business.

Sometimes the cleaning is done on the schooners themselves, and the fish are salted below ready for shipment. A passing schooner is always anxiously watched by those of the passengers interested in the "crop," for by its depth in the water is judged the success of its catch. Beside the schooner lie the small, but heavy boats that are used for taking the fish from the nets. They may

be full to within a few inches of the top, the sculler standing boot-deep in the slippery mass, and the rowers sitting on scarcely visible seats. The men rise from their oars and with two-pronged pitchforks toss the fish on deck for the throater. Sometimes the catch in a net is more than the boat can hold, and in one case on my trip a net at Horton was so full that a fisherman actually walked over it as it was being drawn up.

The aversion of the young post-mistress to being photographed is not shared by the fisherman in general. When the steamer arrives the women are always dressed in their best; it is the only time of the year when they see anyone but their own families and immediate neighbors. And the sight of a camera is a signal for a subdued giggling and shuffling to keep within range of it. Being "skitched" is their term for it, and the cry of something being "skitched" brings the populace. Only on Sundays does the fisherman make an attempt to "tidy up." On that day he never works, one of his most commendable features; he has been known frequently to lose nets in a Sunday storm or ice flow rather than pull out to save them. On the two Sundays I spent on the coast I saw no sign of work of any kind beyond the rowing necessary to get out to the steamer. Most

of the fishermen showed that they had done something to themselves in recognition of the day, and in one or two cases black clothes of forgotten origin adorned them. As there was nothing to do on shore they remained on deck until the steamer had to be started to make them clamber down the stairway into their boats. One of the dudes of the occasion neglected the binding qualities of his black suit and landed in the water instead of his boat; and Labrador water is no luxury. His companions fished him out seriously while the passengers alone laughed. The fishermen cannot swim, and they know the temperature of water that has ice in it all the year through.

There are few fishermen on the coast who carcelly seem to belong to the type. At Shoal Bay, the only stopping place of the steamer where the mail is brought out and carried back by a resident, the postmaster came on board with his little daughter. It was the treat of her summer life to play with the passengers while her father went below to attend to the mail, and her initial shyness quickly wore off as she told how she lived at Harbor Grace, but liked Labrador better she knew little of the hardships that must be endured there. And she trotted away without reluctance when her

father came up and led the way to the stairway. Her white dress and blue ribbons gleamed back with an odd misfit from the dirty fishing boat as she clung to the sides and smiled up at her father standing in the stern and sculling slowly away.

At Horse Harbor we saw the fishermen at his best. It was a clear, bright evening, with a strong wind off shore. Out from invisible passages among the many islands and in from the open ocean came dozens of small fishing boats under full sail. Past us and across our bow and stern in perilous proximity they went, leaning down to look up at our deck from under the sail as their boats leaned towards us, or turning their eyes upward over their shoulders when the sails bent over the water from us. Under the breeze they scudded along towards their fish-houses to empty their catch for the day, and in every sail was the fascination of movement, the glamor of the sea at its best, and the joy of a good catch of shining fish. Masters of their craft they sailed close up to us to shout a word to the captain or crew and to wave a hand to the passengers, the sun gleaming from the fish at their feet or the wet sides of the boats. That is the picture I like to keep of the Labrador fisherman.



Typical Icebergs which are encountered on Labrador trip.

A Belated Rosebud

By Emily Newell Blair

WHEN I asked Lucy Frey to spend the summer with me in Colorado, I made two conditions. "First," I began impressively, "you must agree to put yourself, your wardrobe, and your mind unreservedly in my hands. Second, you are to forget absolutely that you ever saw a school-room, much less taught in one, and must become to all intents and purposes my twenty-year-old daughter, who never went to college or had a serious thought in her head. Mind," I continued sternly, "if you ever mention your work, your life, or display that intellect of yours, I'll bring you right straight home."

"I might learn to conceal my scorned profession, dear Fairy Godmother, but how do you propose to metamorphose a thirty-year-old woman into a twenty-year-old debutante? Unfortunately, years and physique are not as malleable as conversation."

I held up my finger warningly. "There you go! No more of that old-maid philosophy, Lucy."

"But, Cousin Lydia, I *am* thirty. I *am* an old maid. How can even you mitigate those calamities?"

"Put yourself fearlessly into my hands, Lucy, and be thankful you are not a pale blonde. That might be hopeless. Now, you, with you indiscriminate fawn-colored hair, could go back ten years at a jump if you just changed the searching look of your big gray eyes into a dreamy one, and dropped that consecrated-to-a-mighty-purpose expression about your mouth."

"And how am I to effect such a change?"

"By obeying instructions. Agree to do as I advise, and I'll promise you the most exciting, happy summer of your

life. Do it for my sake, Lucy," I urged. "You know I love you, and I have longed for a grown-up daughter all my life—just such a daughter as you would make under my guiding finger. Besides, it is your last opportunity to pose as a girl, if you get the Normal position in the fall that you have applied for."

Finally I won her over, the dear child consenting wholly for my sake, though the smile of anticipation she let slip convinced me that my philanthropy was well planned.

I've known Lucy Frey all her life. Her mother was a sort of cousin of mine, and that mother took Lucy's youth in her two selfish hands and squeezed it dry. She was an invalid, and Lucy cared for her with an intense devotion that showed me then her capacity for love and life. This lasted until Lucy was twenty-five. Then her mother mercifully died, but self-effacement and service had by that time made Lucy a drab little body garbed in gray and tan skirts and limp shirtwaists and wearing her hair in a tight, ugly wisp. No wonder her pupils called her "Old Dobbins."

I am not a stupid woman, and I had studied Lucy's possibilities carefully, so when I had arranged her soft hair in little puffs and tantalizing curls and put her into a bright blue, short-skirted suit with touches of white on jacket and hat to bring out the clearness of her skin, adding low brown shoes for a further suggestion of girlishness, her rejuvenation was well begun. But it was only a beginning. She rebelled so often and so strenuously that I saw I must change her mental state, too. I decided to call her Lucia. I told her that Lucy was no longer stylish, but my real reason was

to convey to her subconscious mind a new suggestion under the altered nomenclature. I didn't want to use the same handle her mother had mopped her around with. Lucia, as I pronounced it—the soft, Italian accent—suggested subtlety, lightness, and grace, while Lucy was final and harsh.

Then I surrounded her with an attitude. I simply enveloped her, in conversation, in look and manner, with my attitude of fond mother admiring her gay, foolish, interesting young daughter. It is attitudes that count. A wind-storm or a cloudburst makes lots of racket, but it is the insistent sprinkle of the garden hose and the steady rays of sunlight that produce flowers out of tiny seeds.

I had picked out a fair-sized summer hotel in the mountains. Somehow, I think the mountains make one feel younger than the sea-shore. Whether the dry air kindles one's spirits, giving the fire of youth, or the great heights above the horizon suggest youth's ideals, or the everlastingness of their hoary age makes one feel correspondingly young and foolish by contrast, I can't say. But years of experience have taught me that people are younger and sillier in the mountains than at the shore.

The usual crowd was there: young married women devoted to bridge and dress, older women equally devoted to health and genealogy, and young things reminding one of the over-oxygenated rabbits in physiology experiments.

Lucia improved at once. I am sure it was the clothes. Never before had the child realized them, and actually their touch was as stimulating as an elixir. Always before she had dressed down to her serious square mouth. Now, according to my scheme, her lovely eyes, which always gave me the sense of something being unrevealed, became the challenging, focussing point of one's attention, and when one finally noticed her mouth he had an uncertain wonder as to which controlled her, and by that very uncertainty was attracted and held. Blue and pink shades and dainty, frilly, fairy designs accentuated the dreamy

quality of her eyes. Even her tailored suits and waists conveyed in touches of embroidery the same subtle note. And most important of all, her frocks expressed youth, innocent, unformed, indefinite youth.

The entertainment the resort offered consisted of walks in the direction of the mountains, horseback riding in the direction of the plains, and hops at the various hotels. I would not permit Lucia to play bridge. I kept her on the move. And oh, I was most particular about where she went, and how. I've a knack with young people. They like me as much almost as I like them, and in a few days I was the most popular chaperon in the place.

There were several college boys and a few men. One of the boys "took up," as the phrase goes, with Lucia. He couldn't have been a day over twenty-two. He wore baggy trousers, striped clothes, neckties and socks to match, and was called Tom. I certainly had a time starting them off together. Lucia would persist in treating him as a pupil.

"Don't you think you ought to——" she began one evening.

"Oh, Lucia," I interrupted her, "please go get me a cape."

Then I changed my mind and decided that I wanted a jacket and went up myself, leaving Tom on the steps waiting.

When I joined Lucia I sat right down in our room and told her a few things.

"But I can't act as if I loved him!" she cried, horrified.

"Of course not, you ninny, but you can act as if you wanted him to like you."

"You mean, like the Craycroft girl?"

"Exactly. You couldn't find a better model."

It was awfully hard at first. Lucia would begin a sentence, look at me, flush, and end it entirely differently from her first intention.

Overhearing her: "I do not approve of——" I appeared by her side in time to inspire: "—of crooked neckties. By their ties ye shall know them, is my motto."

Again, beginning her conversation: "I wonder if they have three kinds of certificates in Colorado——" she completed with the startling words: "Marriage certificates, I mean—engagement, wedding, and divorce."

This soon gave her a reputation for being funny. They thought she did it on purpose, and, under the inspiration of their laughter and appreciation, she began to do it on purpose. Pretty soon it had become her style.

In the beginning she insisted on my going with her. She was afraid to go alone with Tom. She didn't know what to talk about. And no wonder! Whenever I overheard her, she was talking about his ideals and his future. In that way, of course, she was young. She had never gotten past that stage of dealing in futures.

Then suddenly she stopped asking me to go along. It was about the same time she asked to borrow my bracelets. I could have jumped for joy. That was her first desire to bedeck herself. Presently she asked if I thought a ribbon tied around her curls Madame Le Brun style would become her. I was almost as surprised as at the first blush a speech of Tom's had brought to her face.

One night she and Tom had a quarrel, and he took the Craycroft girl up to the Sunnyside to a hop. Lucia had been out riding, and she told me she was too tired to go. A new arrival, a Professor of History at the State University, was talking to me on the veranda, when Lucia sauntered up. I introduced them, and the Professor continued his conversation with me as if he hardly noticed her at all. He was deep in his theory when Lucia broke in eagerly:

"Oh, but don't you think——" I sneezed violently—"that dancing is more fun than history?" she finished.

The poor man was horrified, and I was embarrassed. Lucia in her old state would have enjoyed him, but now she laughed freely and led the conversation clear away from history. He couldn't help himself, and Lucia seemed to have concluded that if she could not talk about history, neither should he.

We—the Professor and I—had been speaking early in the evening of a common friend of ours, whose career had been ruined by his marriage to a gay young wife. The Professor had spoken with strong feeling of his dislike for young girls, flattering me, of course, by contrast. But Lucia, utterly oblivious, rattled on until, slightly provoked, I excused myself and left them sitting there.

The next morning she told me that she had taken him up to the Sunnyside to the dance "just to pay Tom back." I looked at her in perfect amazement. If you'll believe me, the dent in the corner of her mouth had dissolved into a dimple, her gray eyes flashed, and the warfare between them and her mouth was absolutely fascinating. I was almost unstrung by what I had brought to pass. It is most uncanny to see a rose go back to budhood again, or a blasted bud burst into perfect bloom, and one of these things had happened.

I saw that the time had come for me to hold hands off, so I sat back and said nothing. I was awfully thankful for that dear Professor. He quite became my stand-by, and it was queer, too, for Lucia nearly worried him to death. It was distressing to me when I knew how he felt about "silly young things," as he called them. I hinted as much to Lucia, but she only retorted that I must take my own medicine, and proceeded as before to take the patient man to dances, to drag him off mountain climbing, and to tease him about his riding. Plainly, she only used him to torment Tom, and, just as plainly, the dear Professor squirmed.

It went on so for several weeks, Tom being more devoted, the Professor more squirmy, and Lucia more pleased with herself. I had never dreamed of such a change as this. She not only looked young, she felt young. She wasn't pretending to a good time, she was having it—a glorious, inconsequential good time. I was frightfully worried. I've always known that folk have to climb Foot Hill at some period or other of their lives, and if it does not come when they are young, as nature intended it,

they are likely to stumble mighty hard on their way down again. I had to acknowledge that Lucia appeared to be a distractingly sweet young girl. Evidently Tom found her so, and was becoming seriously involved. I couldn't have Lucia marrying him, and yet she acted as if she might be considering it. I thought of asking the Professor's advice, and then, remembering what he thought of silly girls, decided to speak first to Lucia, though I feared that this intoxicating cup of admiration had so gone to her head that she would not listen. It was really quite a terrible mix-up. If she loved Tom or if he loved her, it was equally unfortunate.

The night I came to this decision she was at a dance at one of the other hotels, and I waited up to speak to her, lest my courage ooze out before morning. It was one o'clock before she returned. She wore a long, cream-colored cloak, and a motor-veil wrapped around her head. The first glimpse I caught of her face showed me that something had happened. Her cheeks were red and an amazed happiness glistened in her eyes.

She seated herself carefully in the low chair, and then for awhile she seemed to forget that I was there. One moment she seemed remote and colorless, and the next she glowed with life and emotion.

"Lucia"—I spoke sharply because of the fear that my warning would be too late—"tell me what it is."

"He loves me, Cousin Lydia," she said simply, "He loves me—and he told me so."

"But do you love him?" I asked in panic. "The question is, do you love him?"

She looked at me proudly. "Do I love him?" she repeated, and my question was fully, fatally answered.

After a long silence, during which I prayed for the power to help her put away this madness, she got up and composedly the old Lucy spoke: "Of course he doesn't know my age. I thought best for you to tell him that. In a way, you owe us that."

"Me tell him? Didn't you? Doesn't he know? Lucy Frey, for pity's sake, tell me what you did say?" I shuddered as I pictured myself talking common-sense to that infatuated, love-sick youth.

"He says that he hopes to win you. You are such friends. He meant to ask your permission, but he couldn't wait. He says you don't approve of such a difference in ages, but then neither did he, before he met me. He told me how he had fallen in love with me against his will, but now he knows it was my youth that attracted him. He is only thirty-five, and love——"

"Thirty-five! Lucy Frey, whom are you talking about? Who is in love with you?"

"Why, the Professor, of course. Who else would propose to me?" she demanded indignantly.

Well, I certainly had been a fool!

"Now, sit down again and tell me exactly about it, and what I am to say, and why?"

It was not a pleasant task to which I arose the next morning, but I am no coward, and, after fortifying myself with a headache tablet, I went to meet the Professor. I had promised Lucia to tell him the whole truth about her age, her masquerade, and her foolishness. Men don't like to be fooled, and I was very doubtful as to how he would take it, in spite of Lucy's faith. I was not in love, and she was.

The Professor was waiting for me. His manner conveyed the impression that he had been waiting since the beginning of time for just this opportunity.

I suggested that we walk down to the spring, as we would have no privacy on the veranda. He put his case fervently, but with dignity, and apologized for not having spoken to me before. "But," he finished, "I lost my head, you know—she is so fascinating."

Then I told my whole story, just as I have told it here, sparing neither one of us. He tried to stop me, but I went ahead as steadily, as voluminously, as

the cataract of Lodore, piling fact on fact, and ending with: "You are in the unusual position, Professor, of falling in love with one lady and finding her another."

With a happy smile the Professor handed me a letter, saying:

"Read that. I received it this morning before you came downstairs."

In something of a daze, I read a letter asking him to report on the availability of one, Miss Lucy Frey, for the chair of

History in the State Normal, and enclosing her application and photograph. The letter stated that she was summering at the Springs.

"Your words this morning have kindly explained this," he said. "It is true that I fell desperately in love with Lucia, but I confess that I'm awfully pleased that there is a Lucy, too. I hope I may marry both."

Without another word, I went to call Lucy.



My Queen

To-day the skies took on a tender glow,
The trees were suddenly such melting green,
The flowers never were so shy I know—
To-day I saw my Queen.

No wonder that all bloomings seemed so pale,
That laughing leaves poured out their souls in song,
For she, the fairest flower in the vale,
Gazed on their world, full long.

A hint of purple twilight in her eyes,
A darkening, half of sorrow, half desire;
A something that proclaimed them worldly-wise,
And hushed for me my lyre.

Yet still for me the night is full of stars;
Her dear eyes dreaming make me brave to keep
Silence, alas, for words she quite debars,
And bids my love still sleep!

—Amy E. Campbell.

The Jews in Canada

IN WHICH THEIR SUCCESS IN BUSINESS IS DETAILED AND SOME
OBSERVATIONS MADE ON THE CHARACTER OF THEIR CITIZENSHIP

By J. V. McAree

This is the second of two articles on "The Jews in Canada," by Mr. J. V. McAree, the first having appeared in MacLean's Magazine for June. In the previous article the conditions under which the Jews live in Canada were presented; in this, other phases of their life are considered, notably, their success in business. As originally written, the article was intended for publication in one issue, but it was found necessary to run it in two instalments. To convert it into two distinct stories we were obliged to transpose certain paragraphs, but the general context has been fairly well preserved.

AMONG the many phases of Jewish life in Canada which present themselves for consideration on the part of people who would become more familiar with it is that side which touches the Jews in their business relationships. Already we have shown the humble way in which the Jews start life in this country, and the determined manner in which they apply themselves to their work. Nor is that all; many of them have risen to places of prominence and distinction in the Canadian business and professional field, and have achieved a measure of success which reflects the greatest credit on them, both as regards their integrity and ability.

Instances of this outstanding success are not far to seek, as will be seen from cases which are cited in this article. Apart from these, however, passing mention should be made of families of Jewish origin who have abandoned the faith and have since become prominent in various walks of life. Representatives of this class are to be found in plenty occupying numerous positions in medicine, in finance, and in all branches of business. Thus have they invaded the realm of high finance.

FIRST JEW FORTUNE IN CANADA.

The Jews, as has been remarked, are not pioneers. There may have been a few of them in Canada before 1850, but they were usually peddlers, who left no mark on our commercial history. It was in 1854 that J. J. Joseph went to Toronto, built up the first big Jewish business, died, and left the first fortune made in Canada by a Jew. Mr. Joseph was an English Jew, and did not come empty-handed to this country. He was in the jewelry business, but most of his money was made in real estate. Contemporaneous with him was the De Sola family in Montreal. They were Portuguese Jews and were related by marriage to the Josephs. The De Solas got the bulk of the Joseph fortune. Another prominent Canadian Jew was Mark Soloman, who built up a great wholesale clothing business. When he died his sons went to Rochester, where the Jewish garment maker puts forth his finest flower.

Sam Davis came from England, and went into the tobacco business. He died a millionaire. Another very wealthy Montreal Jew was Moses Vineberg, who

was in the fur business. Julius Hirsch, also of Montreal, was a leader in the liquor and tobacco trade. In the public eye of Montreal these men would rank as the Samuels do in Toronto. These two brothers were English Jews, and went into the hardware business as M. & L. Samuel & Co., on Yonge Street, below the Globe office. When Marks died, the Benjamin partnership was formed, and no wholesale firm stands in higher regard to-day than that of Samuel, Benjamin & Co. Sam Frankel, the wholesale jeweler, was an Austrian Jew, and unlike most Jews he lived and died a bachelor, the fine business he established going to strangers on his death. He is not to be confounded with his namesake, Leo Frankel, who was a German Jew, and reached Toronto by way of Pittsburg, to establish a wholesale metal business. Edmund Scheuer, one of the most respected of Toronto Jews, went to that city from Hamilton, where he had been in the jewelry business. Goldstein, the tobacconist, is from Montreal. His father was a Russian refugee. Sam Solman, the father of "Lol," the popular Toronto sporting and business man, was an English Jew. Another English Jew who has made money is Charles King, who owns a tannery at Whitby.

THE CASE OF JACOB SINGER.

Jacob Singer, who was the wealthiest Jew in Toronto, was an Austrian. He went there about thirty-five years ago almost penniless. He was a watchmaker by trade, and a good one. He occupied a very small shop, but, as his business grew, and he was able to save a little money, he opened a loan office next door. He ran both businesses until his death, but they were trifling compared with his real estate interests. He bought the corner of York and Queen Streets for \$18,000; it is worth \$200,000 now they say. He very seldom sold any real estate, but preferred to rent, and put the money in more houses. His rents bought him a new piece of property every month. His experience in selling had not been altogether happy. For in-

stance, he bought a piece of property on Queen Street for \$3,300, and a year or so after was tempted to give an option on it for \$7,000. At this price the property was sold, but to a purchaser who could have afforded to pay much more for it. Jacob would rather buy than sell, in which respects he differed from the ordinary Jew, who buys with nothing but selling in view. Usually a Jew will sell a house for \$4,300 the day after he has bought it for \$4,200, and be well satisfied with such a quick profit.

THE "LUST FOR BUILDINGS."

It is well known that the Jews are at the present time the most persistent buyers of downtown property in Toronto. The district south of College, bounded by McCaul and Yonge Streets, is gradually falling into their hands. They are getting hold of Richmond and Adelaide Streets west; as they already have Queen Street. Presently their ownership of the "Ward" will be absolute. It is not that they realize better than Christians the value of downtown property in Toronto, nor that they have more money to invest, but it is because they can do better with property in the Ward. To a Jew, for example, it is no objection that his next door neighbors are Jews. A Christian may look at a large, crumbling house on Adelaide Street, ascertain the price, and come to the conclusion that it is a "good buy." He will calculate, however, that to get a proper return on his money he must tear down the old structure and erect a first class dwelling. The Jew will make no such calculations. He knows that however delapidated the dwelling, there are plenty of poor Jews who will be willing to rent rooms from him. So he buys the place, moves in, and presently where one family of Christians dwelt formerly, there are twenty Jews living, each paying a small rent, but the total amounting to considerably more than any single family in the neighborhood could afford to pay. The landlord lives right among them, and can watch his property night and

day, whereas, a Gentile with sufficient money to buy the property, would not live much nearer than Jamieson Ave. or South Drive.

This is one reason why the title to the Ward is being slowly relinquished to the Hebrews. It is an economic one. But it does not tell all the story, having the infirmity common to theoretical economics generally. Even if the Jews could not make money out of their purchases, I think they would still be large buyers of property. To own a house is about the only badge of prosperity recognized by the lower class Jew. Then too it is only natural to assume that a passion that has been thwarted for so many generations should assert itself fiercely when the time comes. The Jew may not have the Anglo-Saxon lust for land, but he has a lust for buildings and that lust he is gratifying in Toronto. The panderers to this passion are the real estate agents, and their deputies in the Ward. Moses Epstein, for example, is suspected of having put by a couple of hundred dollars as the result of his industry with a push cart. As Moses sits out on the sidewalk smoking his cigarette after the day's work, to him comes Sol Brodinski. Sol is a real estate capper agent, and he remarks casually that Isaac Levinter has bought him a nice house on Chestnut Street. Probably Moses came to Canada a month or so before Isaac, and has rather been putting it over Isaac ever since, in consequence of his start. He realizes now, however, that if Isaac is to have the kudos that is entailed in property ownership, the days of Moses' superiority have ended. He may know too that Isaac has no more money than he has, but the neighbors will not know it when they hear about the nice little rookery Isaac has bought on Chestnut Street. To his cautious enquiries, the agent intimates that even with only \$200 to lay down on a \$2,500 property, some business can be done. So next week Moses also owns a house, and still keeps that month's start of Isaac.

SECRET OF JEWISH SUCCESS.

Now one doesn't need to be a financial expert to know that the man who pays no more than ten or five per cent. cash does not buy to the best advantage. Bear in mind, though, that the vendor may be in the position of having to find a Jewish purchaser. He must then choose between the Jew who can pay all cash and the Jew who wants to spread the payments over twenty years. Two thousand cash down, or twenty-five hundred spread over fifteen years, may be his alternative. Thus Moses starts his career as a property owner with a tax of \$500 on his poverty, besides the mortgage of \$2,300 on his property. Many a Gentile in similar circumstances would be crushed into insolvency by the burden. It is here that the stamina of the Jews comes into action, and more than any other quality it explains why Jews get rich. It is the very heart of the mystery of Jewish wealth. The Jew has been used to a sort of poverty that you or I or the poorest of us who have lived all our lives in Canada know nothing about. Would we live for six months on bread and tea, for the sake of paying interest on a mortgage? The Jew will do it. Would we wear clothes that were made for someone else, and thrown away by him, in order that we may save the price of a suit to pay our taxes? Jews do. We refuse to put our very heart's blood into our business to buy our independence and eventually our affluence by the sweat and torture of stern self denial. To use it would be self denial of the bitterest kind. To the Jew it is something better, after all, than what he was accustomed to for many generations. The Italian wonders at the Jew's acquisitiveness; and the Jew wonders at the Italian's ability to dig trenches all day in the broiling sun. Neither of them supposes that there is anything remarkable in what he is doing.

Like other men, the Jews are ready to make sacrifices to help their sons to prosper in life. The significance of education they have not learned. Worldly success is what they respect

more than any sort of distinction. So it was their practice, until the advent of the great department stores, for the thriving Jew to train his sons as retail traders. Thus have some great businesses in both Toronto and Montreal been handed down from father to son. Of late years, however, the professions have seemed to them most profitable, and the tendency with well-to-do Jews is to make doctors or lawyers out of their sons. In Toronto there are now three Jewish doctors and four lawyers. At the Toronto University there are not fewer than twenty-four in training for one or other of these callings. In McGill there are fifty Jewish students, and probably a score who have taken their degrees and are practising. As a rule professional Jews work exclusively among their own people; but, unfortunately for them, the converse is not true. The flourishing Jews do not confine themselves to one of their own race when they require either medical or legal advice. If they did, the Jewish doctors and lawyers in both Toronto and Montreal would be the wealthiest in their professions. A Jew who speaks English sees no advantage in employing a doctor of his own tribe, and any Gentile who wishes to get his share of the patronage in "the Ward" can do so at the price of learning Yiddish.

SOME EXCLUSIVE JEWISH TRADES.

Garment making is the trade of the Jews, almost as exclusively as pawn-broking. Ninety per cent. of the operatives in Toronto are Jews, and probably 75 per cent. of the Canadian Jews who have a trade are garment makers, furriers or cap makers. They are garment workers in the first place because their fathers were garment makers. Certain branches of this business can be done by a man at home better than in a factory, for he can impress the other members of the family into the work. A Jewish child four years old can be made to earn its board by helping the father if he is a garment worker. It is play for the child, of course, but gradually it becomes work, and so, insensibly the baby has become a skilled

workman or workwoman. Most of the Jew tailors, therefore, have not deliberately chosen their vocation. It has been forced upon them by the circumstance that when they were children, their father required their help, in order that he might make a living at a trade, which, in certain parts of Europe, is not highly remunerated.

Having been trained to the work since babyhood, the Jew who comes to a Canadian city is well equipped to make money when business in the cloak and suit trade is brisk, and to take the job away from the Canadian operative when things are dull. At a machine, two Jews are worth, at the lowest calculation, three Gentiles. One manufacturer told me the other day that one Jew is worth four Gentiles. Of course, it would be easy to mention many trades where the balance was as greatly in favor of the Gentile; but the Jews do not cultivate those trades. Like everyone else, they like best to do what they do well—and from which they can make good money. Some of them make \$70 a week by operating sewing machines in Toronto. Hundreds make \$40 a week. Another, who is the head of the garment factory in a big department store gets about \$6,000 a year in wages and annual bonus. He started at \$15 a week. He is, of course, an exceptionally gifted man, and I don't suppose that the fact that he is a Jew has had much to do with his success.

As a rule, a Jew in the garment business will not work for a salary. He wants to go on piece work, and most of the factories are run on this principle. The confinement, and the stooping posture are not as severe on the typical Jewish physique as on Gentiles. Jews are smaller men, and perhaps this is one reason why we never see them attempting to compete with the Italians. "Let me make the suits of the country," says the Jew, "and I care not who builds its railroads and joins its Black Hand societies." As designers they frequently display their Oriental genius, although in this respect they are not so proficient.

THE JEWS IN POLITICS.

Although at the last provincial election in Manitoba a Jew was elected, it can hardly be said that the Hebrew vote cuts much figure in Canadian politics, except in a riding or two in Montreal and one in Toronto. In Centre Toronto the Jew can elect whichever candidate he will unitedly vote for. The point is that the Jews are not much more united in their politics than are the Christians. Most of them are Liberals, but there are enough Conservatives to ease what would otherwise be a dead weight on the Liberal side of the scales. One of the leading Conservative Jews in Toronto told me the other day with a mingling of pathos and despair in his tones, that it was very difficult to teach the newly arrived Jewish immigrant that the Conservative party in Canada was not a branch of the Grand Dukes party in Russia. They have been taught to identify the word Conservatism with oppression, and unscrupulous politicians of their own religion do not fail to take full advantage of this fact. However, the trend of the wealthier and more cultivated Jews is toward Conservatism, and this example is not without its effect. In the meantime, both parties grovel to the Jew in Centre Toronto. So far the Jew is content to let them grovel. He has not quite come to the time when he will demand that a candidate for his favor shall be one of his own religion. If he suddenly were to make this demand, I believe it would be sincerely met by two or three prominent Liberal and Conser-

vative politicians abandoning their last vestiges of Christianity.

ARE A SOBER PEOPLE.

In allotting the Jews their place as citizens, there is one fact that impresses itself upon even the most casual observer. The Jew is the temperance man. On the occasion of an engagement or a wedding, or some other quasi religious observance, he may drink rather more than is good for him, but the real boozing Jew is almost unknown. No Gentile race has such a small percentage of drunkards as the Jew. Mr. Jacob Cohen, J. P., one of the best informed Jews in Toronto, explains the Jew's temperance on the ground that prohibition is rarely preached to him. He is instructed in the use of liquor almost from babyhood. When he is baptized his lips are touched with wine. The touch would seem to have almost the effectiveness of a vaccination, for rarely thereafter do the libations of a Jew interfere with his business. In other respects the Jew's habits are probably about the same as those of Gentiles of the same class. He is rather more litigious than a Christian, and his moral infirmities are thus more frequently exposed.

Here he is among us, however, with all his faults and all his virtues. He has one quality that ought not to be overlooked, and that is a tendency to act like a white man if he is treated like one. It has been well said that every country has the sort of Jew it deserves. So it lies with us to have the sort of Jew we want. Some sort we must have always.

Every Day a Success

If you make the most of to-day you have made the most of yourself, the most of what is in you for that time. So if you make the most of every day you will make the most of your life.

Yellow Water

By Will Leavington Comfort

IN the moonlight I watched the hunched figure of the giant at the oars. There were moments in that age of darkness in which my hatred was so consuming that, with a weapon at hand, I should have killed him. I dreaded the morning light, because it would disclose his profile, as it turned to the right and left oversea. . . . All my relation to reality was identified with the woman's moaning. Between these sounds from her, my mind was rushed along in a torrent of nightmarish ideas.

The moon sank. We climbed one of the foot-hills of eternity after that, before the white rose of dawn opened in the east—showed us again where the east was. The giant rowed. The woman lay at my feet in the bottom of the boat, and at intervals stirred and moaned. And this was the third dawn.

We were survivors from the sailing craft *Passion Flower*, carrying copra from the Solomons to Bengal, and wrecked in the third week of her voyage. There had been two other passengers besides the woman and myself. The giant belonged to the crew. The sight of him had repelled me, even in those happy days of good sailing. He was markedly atavistic—gorilla-like, with his hairy chest, huge, high-held shoulders, and stubby, blackened hands. No sound had come to me from his lips (save the gurgle of his drinking), neither before the sinking of the *Passion Flower*, nor up to this hour in the yawl.

What happened to the vessel is not likely to be known. She was humming forward under full sail in the beautiful torrid night. I had left the woman less than an hour before, and was half

asleep when the horrible grinding began, as if the spine of the ship were scraping over a reef—where no reefs were charted. The vessel quivered and settled back. The instant's silence was like that following the fall of a child, when one waits for the scream of pain—then running feet, upraised voices, and (when I opened the door of the cabin) the appalling roar of rushing water below in the darkness of the ship. My only thought after that was of the woman. We met in the galley passage. Queerly enough, before a word was uttered, I kissed her. There was no need to speak. The voices of the men made us know we were sinking.

. . . The other two boats were launched. The giant was unhooking the third, a yawl, from the davits. I commanded him to make room for the woman and me, and was startled to see him nod—as if the Captain had spoken. The *Passion Flower* was foundering. Some great creature strangling to death—such were the sounds from below. The blackness of the sea was a sudden revelation—the lazy roll of it, the immensity, its horrible patience. A new smell was in my nostrils, so near it was.

It was the last moment. Our small boat was overside. The woman and I clung to the ship's gunwale, at a sickening angle. Rending dissolution was beneath, as the giant's arms lifted from the yawl. I passed the woman to him, and he put off furiously. . . . As the ship heeled over, I leaped into the sea. Under water, I felt the shudder and the suction from the wreck.

It was a battle to the end. My life depended upon struggling out of the

whirlpool, rather than in making any effort to reach the surface at once. I was all but done, when the road and entangling pressure of the vortex eased, and the lashing water grew still. My lungs seemed filled with blood. I must have been twenty feet under when I gave a last kick for the top. All throughout that battle beneath the water, the image of the giant at the last instant stood before my mind—as *he pulled furiously away!* It seems now that I must have sunk again from the surface—save for the woman's scream. . . . Her hands helped to lift me.

The light was in my eyes as I regained consciousness in the yawl. I never saw the other two boats. . . . So, in the beginning of the real fight with thirst and burning days and famine, I was half-dead. I think that certain of the veins in my chest were broken—as they break in the eye and the forehead under the strain of vomiting. My torture of thirst began with the first consciousness. The woman nursed and petted me, but my faculties were in some abhorrent spell, in which only the giant moved.

This is the thought that became the master-key to all the horrible mania that possessed me for the next forty-eight hours: That he was the devil incarnate; that he would outlive me, and the woman I loved would be *alone with him*. . . .

I had known her but the three weeks of her voyage—days and evenings in the long lulling swell of the Southern Pacific. It was a rough life that I had put behind, and few were the memories that pleased me. Meeting the woman had seemed to seal these memories, and to give me authority for fresh and finer beginnings. Within a week, I had told her all the best and the worst. What a gamester a woman is! Her life had known only the quiet places; yet she caught up the flying flaming pages of my past, and bound them in the reality of her spirit.

"You ought to know only the easy ways from now on," she said, "and I'll

help you to find them." . . . Perhaps it sounds very old and commonplace, but I assure you nothing that ever happened before could touch the hem of its garment for importance. . . . But this is quite enough about Penelope, save that a peace and beauty had come from her to my life, such as I had not known was in the world.

. . . The woman moaned again that third dawn. There was yellow now in the eastern red—the silken yellow of a mandarin's robe—and I felt the first touch of the murdering heat. I knew that this was my last day—even if I must leave the woman with him. . . . There had been six quarts of water, a few crackers, and a can of kippered herring—a hellish thirst-maker. There was less than three pints of water left. The giant had taken his full portion; the woman and I had each fought to make the other drink.

The dawn brought out the great hundred shoulders at the oars—the blistered, ox-like neck. . . . To me, the suspense of waiting for full light in the hope of land or ship, was less that third morning than on the other two. More and more of the sea cleared—filled greedily with the burning light.

The woman arose. I stared into her face as the sleep left her eyes. I should know from them—if the clearing horizon held other than emptiness. She gazed long—wincing and smiled at me. I shuddered at my poor ideals of courage before I had met her. Better than an army at a man's hand, is the courage of a woman who loves him. There was not a speck on the round rim of the world. Her eyes fell to the swinging sea.

"It's yellow—yes, it's yellow!" she exclaimed.

. . . The *Passion Flower* had been three days' sail from Madras, I remembered. The mouths of the Kistna and the Godivari discolor the water for many miles at sea. But the west brought out no coast. . . . The giant was pulling steadily. It seemed as easy for him as breathing. He sucked a

brass locket that had hung about his neck. I thought of him as the devil—and deathless.

The pressure of the mounting sun was like scalding salt to me. . . . Everything was salt—the gunwales rough with it, my throat caked, pores cracked, and face blistered with salt. . . . The fin of a shark ran across the surface nearby like the point of a paper-knife through the edge of a book. . . . The day was smiting my temples, and I held my eyelids apart to stare at the sailless, landless, smokeless sea. I felt the tragedy of it all stealing away from my consciousness—and the agony from my flesh——The woman held water to my lips—pleaded and prayed—as if she saw me leaving her.

"Look—the water is yellow!" she repeated. "We cannot be far. He *he* is pulling mightily."

I drew up with a last spasm of strength, and caught the giant's shoulder. He turned to me—the great contorted face.

"If you're not square to the woman—if you don't serve her with your life—I'll come back and haunt you day and night until you kill yourself! Do you hear?" I was beating the words into his brain. The woman clung to me, calling my name.

"Huh!" the giant grunted.

"Do you hear and understand?"

"Huh!" came again.

I stared around at the glaring, brassy day, and it seemed as if a ball of light struck me down.

. . . .I heard the intoning of temple bells—it seemed for ages. Then I felt a hand. As I tried to grasp it, darkness and a different world intervened.

Sometimes the intoning of the bells was like a harp in another room. At length I looked about, and through a doorway. Cattle were passing upon a sun-baked land. Finally I felt the hand again. Penelope was there, and bending low, hushed me to sleep. For days and days, it seemed to me, this happened—until something touched my lips and I would not be hushed.

"We are in a little Hindu village," she whispered, "and all is well. They're very good to us—and every day you're stronger—the new life coming back."

It may have been another day that I asked: "And how long have we been here?"

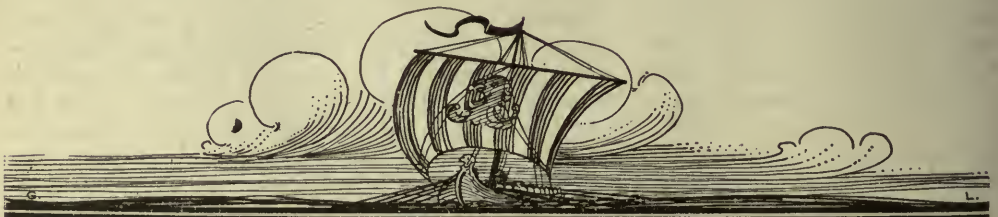
"For nearly a month."

My mind struggled up from vague horrors, never to be marshalled again. "And the giant?" I whispered.

"He was heroic. For ten hours—from the moment we saw the yellow water—he did not cease to row. And in the afternoon we saw the land—and he pulled and pulled, sucking his brass locket—until we saw the lights on the shore——On the beach he gave a great cry and fell. Then the Hindus came.——And now he is working in the fields with them——"

"Bring him to me," I said.

It seemed long afterward that the giant came in—afraid—twisting his hat in his hand. I caught the huge blackened wrist and held it to my forehead. And I knew after that—as I could not know amid the horrors of the open boat—that, had he not pulled furiously away from the vortex of the sinking *Passion Flower*, in which I struggled, there would have been no open boat, and no Penelope.



Canada's Treasure House

VALUABLE HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS AND INTERESTING RELICS
AT CANADIAN ARCHIVES BUILDING—BRINGING UP THE
NATION TO TAKE A PRIDE IN ITS HISTORY

By John McCormac

If you ever go to Ottawa on a casual visit do not fail to take a run through the archives. The only reason that more people do not avail themselves of the opportunities which the archives building offers must be that they do not know of them. In this article a glimpse is given in a racy handling of some of the outstanding features of interest. Whether you will ever be able to visit the Capital or not, you will be enlightened by the sketch herewith presented.

"THE Canadian Archives Building."

A man once had occasion to read that inscription. Graven above a door in letters of stone, it assured him that he stood before the new and not un-handsome home of the archives branch of the Department of Agriculture. He was, let the truth be known at once, merely a sightseer, a visitor—even a tourist. He was "doing Ottawa," had visited the Hill, been through the mint and museum, and now wanted to go through the archives. He had made it the last stop in his itinerary because — well, because he had his own opinion of archives, and was not unlike the majority of common or garden men in that he placed pleasure before duty when the choice was his own.

He had his own opinion of archives. It was of a nature to suggest weighty tomes and contents figuratively as heavy, and a little mental picture of fusty

antiquarians poring over dusty volumes was his as he stepped over the broad threshold. Still, the archives building had been mentioned in all the best guidebooks and the member from his district had recommended it as "one of the sights of the town, sir. You ought not to miss it," though he had betrayed when questioned rather a surprising lack of information as to the exact nature of the true inwardness of its charm.

"Is Dr. Doughty in?"

"Yes, sir," answered the officer of the law, whose broad form was drawn up with the almost impossible erectness of bearing which characterizes Dominion Police officers. "First door to the left, sir."

The next moment the visitor was shaking hands with Canada's chief archivist, Dr. A. G. Doughty, C.M.G. "No fusty antiquarian here," he thought, "but perhaps they keep



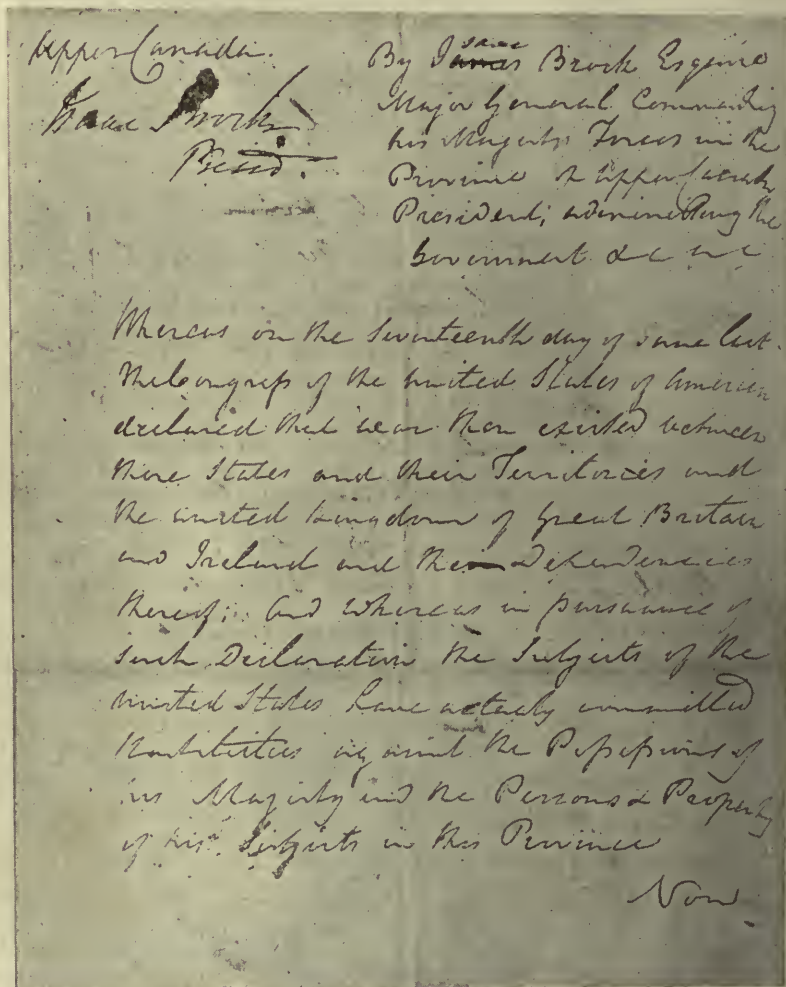
Dr. Doughty, Dominion Archives Commissioner.

them concealed somewhere about the building."

"You want to see the archives? Well in that case your best plan would be to take a look around," said Dr. Doughty.

"Hum! That looks like the ice road between this city and Gatineau Point in winter."

"So it is. We have no less than 700 engravings here. Of these 130 are Bartlett engravings, remarkable for finish



Facsimile of a Proclamation by General Brock. An example of the sort of document the Archives endeavor to secure and preserve.

A cicerone was accordingly appointed who led the man from back home into the hall, and directed his attention to the numerous prints and engravings that lined its walls. "Now, here's a view of the Ice Pont, between Quebec and Pt. Levis," he commenced.

and accuracy. Their subjects are mainly the different Governors and men prominent in the history of Canada; views of cities and fortifications such as Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, York, or Toronto as it is now known, and other places."

"What's that faded piece of paper so jealously preserved in that glass case over there?"

"That is the proclamation issued by Louis Riel, the rebel, which was attached to his flag and captured at Batoche by Captain Howard. We have another series of pictures in connection with the rebellion of 1837. Here's something

time for a readjustment of his ideas in regard to archives and archivists in general and Canadian ones in particular. "I asked for a stone and they are giving me bread," he reflected.

The map department proved to be a large and airy room on an upper floor. Maps hung about the walls or lay in folding beds of tin.



The Canadian Archives Building at Ottawa.

that would interest a Westerner," indicating an early view of Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, when that hustling city was a Hudson Bay post. "Or if you are interested in military matters, look at these flags of the Canadian militia, dating from 1775, and presented to the archives by Lady Caron. Now, let's take a look at the map section."

As the visitor and his guide crossed the hall the former reflected that it was

"There are over 7,000 in all," the visitor was informed, "and we are getting more all the time. Here is one of the oldest maps we have. It represents Quebec as it was in 1663. This one was done somewhat later, and is the original drawn up by Major McKellar, commander of the Engineers in the siege of Quebec. It shows the plan of operations which ended in the taking of the ancient city, and was later sent

home to Pitt. We also have a small reproduction which was the actual map General Wolfe employed in directing the details of the siege."

"What is that one over there, with all the soldiers on it?"

"That represents Louisburg in 1758. It's a little out of perspective. The sol-

"Now for the antiquarians and their dusty tomes, you mean," thought the guided one. "I knew they kept them somewhere here."

He was wrong again. Far from being musty, some of the antiquarians" were not even men. "No dusty tomes, either," he reflected, as he gazed along



One of the treasures of the Archives. A model of Quebec as it appeared in 1800.

diers are as large as the trees, while some are even a little bigger. Now here is something really interesting," extricating a huge sheet of canvas from a drawer. "It's quite a size, isn't it? And it's only a section of the real map. That is 45 feet long."

"Gracious! What's it all about?"

"It's a sort of history of the St. Lawrence district, was done under the direction of General Murray by different officers and is practically a history of every parish in the district, with number of inhabitants, number able to bear arms, etc."

The preservation of all these old maps, the sightseer was informed, has proved of inestimable value in the settlement of disputes, international and otherwise, which have arisen at different times, among them being the Newfoundland fisheries dispute.

"Now for the manuscript section," said the guide.

rows of neatly arranged and dustless volumes in their cleanly metal shelves. It was true. And, finding that a strict attention to prophylactics had banished the expected bacteria of science, the man from outside began to speculate whether these long rows of uniformly bound volumes might not instead contain the germs of romance. It was not an uninspiring thought that in their closely written pages were rescued from oblivion the deeds and lives of those who had helped to make or mar Canada.

"A sort of mortuary chamber for dead reputations, isn't it?" said the cicerone, interpreting the visitor's thought. So it was. In some cases in clear, cold type, in others in the original handwriting itself, were inscribed records of the lifework of the men who saw the Dominion in the making. Some there were who guarded its progress as a precious thing. Doubtless they may have

been in their time, but history justified them. Side by side with their stainless records lie the not so unspotted ones of some others whose names lie a black smudge across the pages of Canadian history. For them there is no merciful oblivion. Their testimonies are open to the mental scalpel of whosoever cares to peruse them.

The treasures which the fireproof walls of the archives building so jealously house have not lodged themselves there. The great majority have histories of their own quite distinct from that of which they form a part. Dr. Doughty could tell you something about all of them, of the trouble he had in gathering some and the prices he had to pay for others. Dr. Doughty could, but he doesn't. The grim firmness of

tion copy to him and he retreats; suggest an interview, and he turns pale.

But if, perchance, you have word of a time-stained document or an old coin, relic of a past currency, that you know to be lurking in the recesses of some corner of oblivion, then you are a welcome visitor indeed. A suggestion, a bare hint, is enough. Instead of the man of letters drawing his shell about him to escape the prying light of public curiosity, you have a veritable LeCoq, a Sherlock Holmes, keen to track to its source and safely lodge within the archives' shelter what may throw a new light on old secrets.

SECURING VALUABLE DOCUMENTS.

Who was it first emphasized the gulf between the man and the man plus his



Tattered flags of the Canadian Militia carefully preserved in the Archives Building.

purpose with which Canada's chief archivist strikes the trail of an important document or valuable engraving, and follows it to the end is equaled only by his modest shrinking from publicity and the prominence that is to be obtained through the medium of print. Men-

work? Dr. Doughty the man suggests the litterateur and the student, but Dr. Doughty the archivist is a veritable metamorphosis. No clue is too slight to follow, no difficulty too great to daunt him when an opportunity presents itself further to enrich Canada's store of

historical material. He can scent interest three centuries removed, and detect the golden gleam of chronological import through the dust of decades. When diplomacy is required, then Dr. Doughty is the last word in resourcefulness and tact, when influence is needed it is furnished in high quarters. Lord Minto obtained some 400 volumes of valuable papers for the archives, while the late Governor-General, Earl Grey, also had its interests at heart, and it was through his influence that a number of Dr. Doughty's chiefest treasures, inaccessible through other means, have been secured.

Many documents of value have been obtained from England by the process of going after them. Many a time has the chief archivist packed his steamer trunk for the other side of the pond, and seldom has he returned without that which was the object of his quest. Where the originals are not to be had for love or money, copies are made, and these are generally in cases where the papers themselves are already stored in English archives.

Not only is Dr. Doughty personally keen in securing material of all kinds but he has succeeded in similarly inspiring his staff. A great deal of the locating of manuscripts is done by means of correspondence. Members of the archives staff endeavor to get in sections of the country and in this way obtain news of the documents or records of the kind required. The next step is to arrange for their transference to the Sussex Street treasurer house of history, no easy matter in many cases. For one owner willing to sacrifice the family treasures for the greatest good of the greatest number there are scores who are not so compliant. It is here that your true archivist is in his element. No newspaperman intent on scoops ever labored half so hard to obtain the latest news of the hour as do the delvers into manuscripts to secure that which would have been news anywhere from half a dozen decades to two centuries ago. Wires are pulled, influences are solicited, moral suasion is brought to bear and

patriotism is appealed to. The result, in nine cases out of ten, spells success. In the tenth case, if the document is worth while, the archives buys it. But it has to be worth while.

The bane of the archivist is the autograph hunter. He puts up the prices. He is sometimes willing to give as many as ten or fifteen dollars for a single letter and when upwards of a score or two of them can be disposed of at such a figure the whole series costs the archives—well, figure it out yourself.

A PRIDE IN OUR HISTORY.

The archives stops at confederation but aims to go back indefinitely from that point. Some of its treasures comprise documents of the privy council from its first meeting in 1764 down to confederation and on the French side from the period of discovery till 1763; despatches of British governors-general to Canada and answers; correspondence with England in regard to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; records of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and all internal correspondence of the secretary of state's department; correspondence with the governors-general of British Columbia before confederation; military correspondence from 1780 down to the removal of the troops in the '60's; papers removed from Canada with the departure of different officials, etc., etc. A number of records are being copied in private archives such as St. Sulpice in Montreal and a thorough investigation of the entire country is being conducted for private or semi-official documents. An effort is also being made to gather all the early church registers of Canada while Father O'Leary, one of the heroes of the Canadian contingent in the South African war, is doing good work among the parishes of Quebec. These private records in many cases shed light on what has hitherto been secret history and sometimes bring facts of unique interest to light. Few, for instance, are aware that there was a very strong possibility that the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, would come to

Canada to direct the British forces in the war of 1812 yet such was the case, the Iron Duke professing himself willing to do so if needed.

The archives has its commercial side, a very important one as many a lawyer who has searched therein for a title deed in a lawsuit could bear witness. When the original grant made may have comprised so many acres "around a lake" and the lake has in the course of years dried up, it takes considerable searching before boundaries can be defined. There are few phases of our present day life which have not their root in history, hence the archives.

Though it deals in the past, the archives has a future and from its original position as a division of the agricultural department it is expected it will in time become a public record office for all departments. It has its secrets, too, documents relating to Canada's history of the past half century, which might easily result in all sorts of international complications were they ever

to find their way outside the bolted and barred walls and doors of the "dark chamber" of the building.

A recent development of the archives work that is greatly helping to uncover the riches of the mine of historical wealth it constitutes, is the conclusion of an agreement whereby historical research scholarships are offered students of the different universities who are thus enabled to spend their summer hours reading and cataloging manuscript.

But above and beyond the more commercial aspects of the archives work there is another that transcends these. It is briefly expressed in Dr. Doughty's own statement, when asked to put the purpose of his work in a nutshell, that, "we are bringing up the Canadian nation to take pride in its history." And after all, to the "average citizen" as well as to the student what sphere offers richer opportunities than the life story of the Canadian people?



Cheer as a Life Prolonger

We have all felt the magic of cheerfulness when we have been discouraged, depressed and disheartened; we have all felt the buoyancy, rejuvenation of this uplifting force. The habit of optimism, of taking cheerful views of life, with plenty of innocent fun, never allowing oneself to worry or fret—these are the life prolongers. Anything which tends to keep us in harmony will lengthen life. Magnanimity, charity, broad views of life and of people, add materially to comfort, happiness, and longevity.

The Smoke Bellew Series

Tale Eight: In which is featured "The Hanging of Cultus George"

By Jack London

I.

THE way led steeply up through deep, powdery snow that was unmarred by sled-tracks or moccasin impression. Smoke, in the lead, pressed the fragile crystals down under his fat, short snowshoes. The task required lungs and muscle, and he flung himself into it with all his strength. Behind, on the surface he packed, strained the string of six dogs, the steam jets of their breathing attesting their labor and the lowness of the temperature. Between the wheel-dog and the sled toiled Shorty, his weight divided between the guiding gee-pole and the haul, for he, too, pulled with the dogs. Every half hour he and Smoke exchanged places, for the snowshoe work was even more arduous than that of the gee-pole.

The whole outfit was fresh and strong. It was merely hard work being efficiently done—the breaking of a mid-winter trail across a divide. On this severe stretch, ten miles a day they called a decent stint. They kept in condition, but each night crawled well-tired into their sleeping furs. This was their sixth day out from the lively camp of Mucluc on the Yukon. In two days, with the loaded sled, they had covered the fifty miles of packed trail up Moose Creek. Then had come the struggle with the four feet of untouched snow that was really not snow, but frost crystals, so lacking in cohesion that when kicked it flew with the thin hissing of

granulated sugar. In three days they had wallowed thirty miles up Minnow Creek and across the series of low divides that separate the several creeks flowing south into Siwash River; and now they were breasting the big divide, past the Bald Buttes, where the way would lead them down Porcupine Creek to the middle reaches of Milk River. Higher up Milk River, it was fairly rumored, were deposits of copper. And this was their goal—a hill of pure copper, half a mile to the right and up the first creek after Milk River issued from a deep gorge to flow across a heavily timbered stretch of bottom. They would know it when they saw it. One-Eyed McCarthy had described it with sharp definiteness. It was impossible to miss it—unless McCarthy had lied.

Smoke was in the lead, and the small scattered spruce trees were becoming scarcer and smaller, when he saw one, dead and bone-dry, that stood in their path. There was no need for speech. His glance to Shorty was acknowledged by a stentorian "Whoa!" The dogs stood in the traces till they saw Shorty begin to undo the sled-lashings and Smoke attack the dead spruce with an axe; whereupon the animals dropped in the snow and curled into balls, the bush of each tail curved to cover four padded feet and an ice-rimed muzzle.

The men worked with the quickness of long practice. Gold pan, coffee pot and cooking pail were soon thawing the

heaped frost crystals into water. Smoke extracted a stick of beans from the sled. Already cooked, with a generous admixture of cubes of fat pork and bacon, the beans had been frozen into this portable immediacy. He chopped off chunks with an axe, as it were so much firewood, and put them into the frying pan to thaw. Solidly frozen sourdough biscuits were likewise placed to thaw. In twenty minutes from the time they halted, the meal was ready to eat.

"About forty below," Shorty mumbled through a mouthful of beans. "Hope it doesn't get colder . . . or warmer neither. It's just right for trail-breaking."

Smoke did not answer. His own mouth full of beans, his jaws working, he had chanced to glance at the lead-dog, lying half a dozen feet away. That grey and frosty wolf was gazing at him with the infinite wistfulness and yearning that glimmers and hazes so often in the eyes of Northland dogs. Smoke knew it well, but never got over the unfathomable wonder of it. As if to shake off the hypnotism, he sat down his plate and coffee cup, went to the sled, and began opening the dried-fish sack.

"Hey!" Shorty expostulated. "What 'r' you doin'!"

"Breaking all law, custom, precedent, and trail usage," Smoke replied. "I'm going to feed the dogs in the middle of the day . . . just this once. They've worked hard, and that last pull to the top of the divide is before them. Besides, Bright there has been talking to me, telling me all untellable things with those eyes of his."

Shorty laughed skeptically. "Go on an' spoil 'em. Pretty soon you'll be manicurin' their nails. I'd recommend cold cream and electric massage—it's great for sled dogs. And sometimes a 'Turkish bath does 'em fine.'"

"I've never done it before," Smoke defended. "And I won't again. But this once I'm going to. It's just a whim, I guess."

"Oh, if it's a hunch, go to it." Shorty's tones showed how immediately

he had been mollified. "A man's always got to follow his hunches."

"It isn't a hunch, Shorty. Bright just sort of got on my imagination for a couple of twists. He told me more in one minute with those eyes of his than I could read in the books in a thousand years. His eyes were a-crawl with the secrets of life. They were just squirming and wriggling there. The trouble is I almost got them, and then I didn't. I'm no wiser than I was before, but I was near them. I can't tell you, but that dog's eyes were just spilling over with cues to what life is, and evolution, and star-dust, and cosmic sap, and all the rest—everything."

"Boiled down into simple American, you got a hunch," Shorty insisted.

Smoke finished tossing the dried salmon, one to each dog, and shook his head.

"I tell you yes," Shorty argued. "Smoke, it's a sure hunch. Something's goin' to happen before the day is out. You see. And them dried fish'll have a bearin'."

"You've got to show me," Smoke laughed.

"No I ain't. The day'll take care of itself an' show you. Now listen to what I'm tellin' you. I got a hunch myself out of your hunch. I'll bet eleven ounces against three ornery toothpicks I'm right. When I get a hunch I ain't a-scared to ride it."

"You bet the toothpicks, and I'll bet the ounces," Smoke returned.

"Nope. That'd be plain robbery. I win. I know a hunch when it tickles me. Before the day's out somethin'll happen, an' them fish'll have a meanin'."

"Hell," said Smoke, dismissing the discussion contemptuously.

"An' it 'll be hell," Shorty came back. "An' I'll take three more toothpicks with you on them same odds that it'll be sure enough hell."

"Done," said Smoke.

"I win," Shorty exulted. "Chicken-feather toothpicks for mine."

II.

An hour later they cleared the divide, dipped down past the Bald Buttes through a sharp elbow-canyon, and took the steep open slope that dropped into Porcupine Creek. Shorty, in the lead, stopped abruptly, and Smoke whoa'd the dogs. Beneath them, coming up, was a procession of humans, scattered and draggled, a quarter of a mile long.

"They move like it was a funeral," Shorty noted.

"They've no dogs," said Smoke.

"Yep; there's a couple of men pullin' on a sled."

"See that fellow fall down? There's something the matter, Shorty, and there must be two hundred of them."

"Look at 'm stagger as if they were soused. There goes another."

"It's a whole tribe. There are children there."

"Smoke, I win," Shorty proclaimed. "A hunch is a hunch, an' you can't beat it. There she comes. Look at her!—surgin' up like a lot of corpses."

The mass of Indians, at sight of the two men, had raised a weird cry of joy and accelerated its pace.

"They're sure tolerable woozy," commented Shorty. "See 'm falin' down in lumps and bunches?"

"Look at the face of that first one," Smoke said. "It's starvation—that's what's the matter with them. They've eaten their dogs."

"What'll we do? Run for 'it!"

"And leave the sled and dogs?" Smoke demanded reproachfully.

"They'll sure eat us if we don't. They look hungry enough for it—Hello, old skeesiks. What's wrong with you? Don't look at that dog that way. No cookin' pot for him—save?"

The fore-runners were arriving and crowding about them, moaning and plainting in an unfamiliar jargon. To Smoke the picture was grotesque and horrible. It was famine unmistakable. Their faces, hollow-cheeked and skin-stretched, were so many death's heads. More and more arrived and crowded

about, until Smoke and Shorty were hemmed in by the wild crew. Their ragged garments of skin and fur were cut and slashed away, and Smoke knew the reason for it when he saw a weazened child on a squaw's back that sucked and chewed a strip of filthy fur. Another child he observed steadily masticating a leather thong.

"Keep . off there!—keep back!" Shorty yelled, falling back on English, after futile attempts with the little Indian he did know.

Bucks and squaws and children tottered and swayed on shaking legs and continued to urge in, their mad eyes swimming with weakness and burning with ravenous desire. A woman, moaning, staggered past Shorty and fell with spread and grasping arms on the sled. An old man followed her, panting and gasping, with trembling hands striving to cast off the sled lashings and get at the grub-sacks beneath. A young man, with a naked knife, tried to rush in, but was flung back by Smoke. The whole mass pressed in upon them, and the fight was on.

At first Smoke and Shorty shoved and thrust and threw back. Then they used the butt of the dog whip and their fists on the food-mad crowd. And all this against a background of moaning and wailing women and children. Here and there, in a dozen places, the sled-lashings were cut. Men crawled in on their bellies, regardless of a rain of kicks and blows, and tried to drag out the grub. These had to be picked up bodily and flung back. And such was their weakness that they fell continually under the slightest pressures or shoves. Yet they made no attempt to injure the two men who defended the sled.

"Just 'a-honin' for grub, just 'a-honin'," was Shorty's war chant as he fought.—"Take that, you swiveled-eyed scarecrow!—Ah! would you! Down you go!—A-honin', a-honin'.—Drop that! There! How'd you like it, eh? Straight on the snoot for you, old socks,

and there's another for you, my buck! —Just a-honin,' just a-honin'."

It was the utter weakness of the Indians that saved Smoke and Shorty from being overborne. In five minutes

and that brought the slaver to their lips. And behind it all arose the wailing of the women and children.

"Shut up!—Oh, shut up!" Shorty yelled, thrusting his fingers into his



"Then they used the butt of their dog whip and their fists on the food-mad crowd."

the wall of up-standing, on-struggling Indians had been changed to heaps of fallen ones that moaned and gibbered in the snow, and cried and sniveled as their staring, swimming eyes focused on the grub that meant life to them

ears and breathing heavily from his exertions.—"Ah, you would, would you!" was his cry, as he plunged forward and kicked a knife from the hand of a man, who, bellying through the snow, was trying to stab the lead-dog in the throat.

"This is terrible," Smoke muttered.

"I'm all het up," Shorty replied, returning from the rescue of Bright. "I'm real sweaty. An' now what'r' we goin' to do with this ambulance outfit?"

Smoke shook his head, and then the problem was solved for him. An Indian crawled forward, his one eye fixed on Smoke instead of on the sled, and in it Smoke could see the struggle of sanity to assert itself. Shorty remembered having punched the other eye, which was already swollen shut. The Indian raised himself on his elbow and spoke.

"Me Carluk. Me good Siwash. Me savve Boston men plenty. Me plenty hungry. All people plenty hungry. All people no savve Boston men. Me savve. Me eat grub now. All people eat grub now. We buy 'm grub Got 'm plenty gold. No got 'm grub. Summer, salmon no come Milk River. Winter, caribou no come. No grub. Me make 'm talk all people. Me tell 'm plenty Boston man come Yukon. Boston man have plenty grub. Boston man like 'm gold. We take 'm gold, go Yukon, Boston man give 'm grub. Plenty gold. Me savve Boston man like 'm gold.

He began fumbling with wasted fingers at the drawstrings of a pouch he took from his belt.

"Too much make 'm noise," Shorty broke in distractedly. "You tell 'm squaw, you tell 'm papoose, shut 'm up mouth."

Carluk turned and addressed the wailing women. Other bucks, listening, raised their voices authoritatively, and slowly the squaws stilled, and stilled the children near to them.

Carluk paused from fumbling the draw-string and held up his fingers many times.

"Him people make 'm die," he said.

And Smoke, following the count, knew that seventy-five of the tribe had starved to death.

"Me buy 'm grub," Carluk said, as he got the pouch and drew out a large chunk of heavy metal. Others were

following his example, and on every side appeared similar chunks. Shorty stared.

"Great Jeminey!" he cried. "Copper! Raw, red copper; An' they think it's gold!"

"Him gold," Carluk assured them confidently, his quick comprehension having caught the gist of Shorty's exclamation.

"And the poor devils banked everything on it," Smoke muttered. "Look at it. That chunk there weighs forty pounds. They've got hundreds of pounds of it, and they've carried it when they didn't have strength enough to drag themselves. Look here, Shorty. We've got to feed them."

"Huh! Sounds easy. But how about statistics? You an' me has a month's grub, which is six meals times thirty, which is one hundred an' eighty meals. Here's two hundred Indians, with real, full-grown appetites. How can we give 'm one meal even!"

"There's the dog grub," Smoke answered. "A couple of hundred pounds of dried salmon ought to help out. We've got to do it. They've pinned their faith on the white man, you know."

"Sure, an' we can't throw 'm down," Shorty agreed. "An' we got two nasty jobs cut out for us, each just about twice't as nasty as the other. One of us has got to make a run of it to Mucluc an' raise a relief. The other has to say here an' run the hospital an' most likely be eaten. Don't let it slip your noodle that we've been six days gettin' here; an' travelin' hard, an' all played out, it can't be made back in less 'n three days."

For a minute Smoke pondered the miles of the way they had come, visioning the miles in terms of time measured by his capacity for exertion.

"I can get there to-morrow night," he announced.

"All right," Shorty acquiesced cheerfully. "An' I'll stay an' be eaten."

"But I'm going to take one fish each for the dogs," Smoke explained, "and one meal for myself."

"An' you'll sure need it if you make Mucluc to-morrow night."

Smoke, through the medium of Carluk, stated the programme.

"Make fires, long fires, plenty fires," he concluded. "Plenty Boston man stop Mucluc. Boston Man much good. Boston man plenty grub. Five sleeps I come back plenty grub. This man, his name Shorty, very good friend of mine. He stop here. He big boss—savve?"

Carluk nodded and interpreted.

"All grup stop here. Shorty, he give 'm grub. He boss—savve?"

Carluk interpreted, and nods and guttural cries of agreement proceeded from the men.

Smoke remained and managed until the full swing of the arrangement was under way. Those who were able, crawled or staggered in the collecting of firewood. Long, Indian fires were built that accommodated all. Shorty, aided by a dozen assistants, with a short club handy for the rapping of hungry knuckles, plunged into the cooking. The women devoted themselves to thawing snow in every utensil that could be mustered. First, a tiny piece of bacon was distributed all around, and, next, a spoonful of sugar to cloy the edge of their razor appetites. Soon, on a circle of fires drawn about Shorty, many pots of beans were boiling, and he, with a wrathful eye for what he called the renigere, was frying and apportioning the thinnest of flapjacks.

"Me for the big cookin'," was his farewell to Smoke. "You just keep a-hikin'. Trot all the way there an' run all the way back. It'll take you to-day an' to-morrow to get there, and you can't be back inside three days more. To-morrow they'll eat the last of the dog fish, an' then there'll be nary scrap for three days. You gotta keep a-comin', Smoke. You gotta keep a-comin'."

III.

Though the sled was light, loaded only with six dried salmon, a couple of

pounds of frozen beans and bacon, and a sleeping robe, Smoke could not make speed. Instead of riding the sled and running the dogs, he was compelled to plod at the gee-pole. Also, a day of work had already been done, and the freshness and spring had gone out of the dogs and himself. The long Arctic twilight was on when he cleared the divide and left the Bald Buttes behind.

Down the slope better time was accomplished, and often he was able to spring on the sled for short intervals and get an exhausting six-mile clip out of the animals. Darkness caught him and fooled him in a wide-valleyed, nameless creek. Here the creek wandered in broad horseshoe curves through the flats, and here, to save time, he began shortcutting the flats instead of keeping to the creek bed. And black dark found him back on the creek-bed feeling for the trail. After an hour of futile searching, too wise to go farther astray he built a fire, fed each dog a half fish, and divided his own ration in half. Rolled in his robe, ere quick sleep came he had solved the problem. The last big flat he had shortcutted was the one that occurred at the forks of the creek. He had missed the trail by a mile. He was now on the main stream and below where his and Shorty's trail crossed the valley and climbed through a small feeder to the low divide on the other side.

At the first hint of daylight he got under way, breakfastless, and wallowed a mile upstream to pick up the trail. And breakfastless, man and dogs, without a halt, for eight hours held back transversely across the series of small creeks and low divides and down Minnow Creek. By four in the afternoon, with darkness fast-set about him, he emerged on the hard-packed, running trail of Moose Creek. Fifty miles of it would end the journey. He called a rest, built a fire, threw each dog its half-salmon, and thawed and ate his pound of beans. Then he sprang on the sled, yelled "Mush!" and the dogs

went out strongly against their breastbands.

"Hit her up, you huskies!" he cried. "Mush on! Hit her up for grub! And no grub short of Mucluc! Dig in, you wolves! Dig in!"

IV.

Midnight had gone a quarter of an hour in the Annie Mine. The main room was comfortably crowded, while roaring stoves, combined with lack of ventilation, kept the big room unsanitariously warm. The click of chips and the boisterous play at the craps table furnished a monotonous background of sound to the equally monotonous rumble of men's voices where they sat and stood about and talked in groups and twos and threes. The gold-weighters were busy at their scales, for dust was the circulating medium, and even a dollar drink of whiskey at the bar had to be paid to the weighers.

The walls of the room were of tiered logs, the bark still on, and the chinking between the logs, plainly visible, was Arctic moss. Through the open door that led to the dance room came the rollicking strains of a Virginia reel, played by a piano and a fiddle. The drawing of Chinese lottery had just taken place, and the luckiest player, having cashed at the scales, was drinking up his winnings with half a dozen cronies. The faro and roulette tables were busy and quiet. The draw poker and stud poker tables, each with its circle of onlookers, were equally quiet. At another table, a serious, concentrated game of Black Jack was on. Only from the craps table came noise as the man who played rolled the dice full sweep down the green amphitheatre of a table in pursuit of his elusive and long-delayed point. Ever he cried: "Oh! you Joe Cotton! Come a four! Come a Joe! Little Joe! Bring home the bacon, Joe! Joe, you Joe, you!"

Cultus George, a big, strapping Circle City Indian, leaned distantly and dourly against the log wall. He was a

civilized Indian, if living like a white man connoted civilization; and he was sorely offended, though the offense was of long standing. For years he had done a white man's work, had done it alongside of white men, and often had done it better than they did. He wore the same pants they wore, the same hearty woollens and heavy shirts. He sported as good a watch as they. He parted his short hair on the side, and ate the same food—bacon, beans and flour; and yet he was denied their greatest diversion and reward, namely, whiskey. Cultus George was a money-earner. He had staked claims, and bought and sold claims. He had been grubstaked, and he had accorded grubstakes. Just now he was a dog-musher and freighter, charging twenty-eight cents a pound for the winter haul from Sixty Mile to Mucluc—and for bacon thirty-three cents, as was the custom. His poke was fat with dust. He had the price of many drinks. Yet no bartender would serve him. Whiskey, the hottest, swiftest, completest gratifier of civilization, was not for him. Only by subterranean and cowardly and expensive ways could he get a drink. And he resented this invidious distinction, as he had resented it for years, deeply. And he was especially thirsty and resentful this night, while the white men he had so sedulously emulated he hated more bitterly than ever before. The white men would graciously permit him to lose his gold across their gaming tables. But neither for love nor money could he obtain a drink across their bars. Wherefore he was very sober, and very logical, and logically sullen.

The Virginian reel in the dance room wound to a wild close that interfered not with the three camp drunkards who snored under the piano. "All couples promenade to the bar;" was the caller's last cry as the music stopped. And the couples were so promenading through the wide doorway into the main room—the men in furs and moc-casins, the women in soft fluffy dresses, silk stockings and dancing slippers—

when the double storm-doors were thrust open and Smoke Bellew staggered wearily in.

Eyes centered on him and silence began to fall. He tried to speak. Pulled off his mittens (which fell dangling from their cords), and clawed at the frozen moisture of his breath which had formed in fifty miles of running. He halted irresolutely, then went over and leaned his elbow on the end of the bar.

Only the man at the craps table without turning his head, continuing to roll the dice and to cry: "Oh! you Joe! Come on you Joe!" The gamekeeper's gaze, fixed on Smoke, caught the player's attention, and he, too, with suspended dice, turned and looked.

"What's up, Smoke?" Matson, the owner of the Annie Mine, demanded.

With a last effort, Smoke clawed his mouth free.

"I got some dogs out there—dead beat," he said huskily. "Somebody go and take care of them, and I'll tell you what's the matter."

In a dozen brief sentences, he outlined the situation. The craps player, his money still lying on the table and his slippery Joe Cotton still uncaptured, had come over to Smoke, and was now the first to speak.

"We gotta do something. That's straight. But what? You've had time to think. What's your plan? Spit it out."

"Sure" Smoke assented. "Here's what I've been thinking. We've got to hustle light sleds on the jump. Say a hundred pounds of grub on each sled. The driver's outfit and dog-grub will fetch it up fifty more. But they can make time. Say we start five of these sleds pronto—best running teams, best mushers and trail-eaters. On the soft trail the sleds can take the lead turn about. They've got to start at once. At the best, by the time they can get there, all these Indians won't have had a scrap to eat for three days. And then, as soon as we've got those sleds off we'll have to follow up with heavy sleds. Figure it out myself. Two pounds a day is the

very least we can decently keep those Indians traveling on. That's four hundred pounds a day, and, with the old people and the children, five days is the quickest time we can bring them into Mueluc. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Take up a collection to buy all the grub," said the craps player.

"I'll stand for the grub—" Smoke began impatiently.

"Nope," the other interrupted. "This ain't your treat. We're all in. Fetch a wash-basin somebody. It won't take a minute. An' here's a starter."

He pulled a heavy gold sack from his pocket, untied the mouth, and poured a stream of coarse dust and nuggets into the basin. A man beside him caught his hand up with a jerk and an oath, elevating the mouth of the sack so as to stop the run of the dust. To a casual eye, six or eight ounces had already run into the basin.

"Don't be a hawg," cried the second man. "You ain't the only one with a poke. Gimme a chance at it."

"Huh!" sneered the craps player. "You'd think it was a stampede. you're so gosh danged eager about it."

Men crowded and jostled for the opportunity to contribute, and when they were satisfied, Smoke hefted the heavy basin with both hands and grinned.

"It will keep the whole tribe in grub for the rest of the winter," he said. "Now for the dogs. Five light teams that have some run in them."

A dozen teams were volunteered, and the camp, as a committee of the whole, bickered and debated, accepted and rejected.

"Huh! Your dray horses!" Long Bill Haskell was told.

"They can pull," he bristled with hurt pride.

"They sure can," he was assured. "But they can't make time for sour apples. They've got theirs cut out for them bringing up the heavy loads."

As fast as a team was selected, its owner, with half a dozen aides, departed to harness up and get ready.

One team was rejected because it had come in tired that afternoon. One owner contributed his team, but apologetically exposed a bandaged ankle that prevented him driving it. This team Smoke took, over-riding the objection of the crowd that he was played out.

Long Bill Haskell pointed out that while Fat Olsen's team was a cracker-jack, Fat Olsen himself was an elephant. Fat Olsen's two hundred and forty pounds of heartiness was indignant. Tears of anger came into his eyes, and his Teutonic explosions could not be stopped until he was given a place in the heavy division, the craps player jumping at the chance to take out Olsen's light team.

Five teams were accepted and were being harnessed and loaded, but only four drivers had satisfied the committee of the whole.

"There's Cultus George," someone cried. "He's a trail-eater, and he's fresh and rested.

All eyes turned upon the Indian. But his face was expressionless, and he said nothing.

"You'll take a team," Smoke said to him.

Still the big Indian made no answer. As with an electric thrill, it ran through all of them that something untoward was impending. A restless shifting of the group took place, forming a circle in which Smoke and Cultus George faced each other. And Smoke realized that by common consent he had been made the representative of his fellows in what was taking place—in what was to take place. Also, he was angered. It was beyond him that any human creature, a witness to the scramble of volunteers, should hang back. For another thing, in what followed, Smoke did not have Cultus George's point of view—did not dream that the Indian held back for any reason save the selfish, mercenary one.

"Of course, you will take a team," Smoke said.

"How much?" Cultus George asked.

A snarl, spontaneous and general,

grated in the throats and twisted the mouths of the miners. At the same moment, with clenched fists or fingers crooked to grip, they pressed in on the offender.

"Wait a bit, boys," Smoke cried. "Maybe he doesn't understand. Let me explain to him. Look here, George. Don't you see, nobody is charging anything. They're giving everything to save two hundred Indians from starving to death."

He paused, to let it sink home.

"How much?" said Cultus George.

"Wait, you fellows! — Now, listen, George. We don't want you to make any mistake. These starving people are your kind of people. They're another tribe, but they're Indians just the same. Now, you've seen what the white men are doing—coughing up their dust, giving their dogs and sleds, falling over one another to hit the trail. Only the best men can go with the first sleds. Look at Fat Olsen, there. He was ready to fight because they wouldn't let him go. You ought to be mighty proud because all men think you are a number one musher. It isn't a case of how much, but how quick."

"How much?" said Cultus George.

"Kill him!"—"Bust his head!"—"Tar and feathers!" were several of the cries in the wild medley that went up, the spirit of philanthropy and good fellowship changed to brute savagery on the instant.

In the storm centre Cultus George stood imperturbable, while Smoke thrust back the fiercest and shouted:

"Wait! who's running this?" The clamor died away. "Fetch a rope," he added quietly.

Cultus George shrugged his shoulders, his face twisting tensely in a sullen and incredulous grin. He knew this white man breed. He had toiled on trail with it and eaten its flour and bacon and beans, too, long not to know it. It was a law-abiding breed. He knew that thoroughly. It always punished the man who broke the law. But he had broken no law. He knew

its law. He had lived up to it. He had neither murdered, stolen, nor lied. There was nothing in the white man's law against charging a price and driving a bargain. They all charged a price and drove bargains. He was doing nothing more than that, and it was the thing they had taught him. Besides, if he wasn't good enough to drink with them, then he was not good enough to be charitable with them, nor to join them in any other of their foolish diversions.

Neither Smoke nor any man there glimpsed what lay in Cultus George's brain, behind his attitude and prompting his attitude. Though they did not know it, they were as beclouded in the matter of mutual understanding. To them, he was a selfish brute; to him, they were selfish brutes.

When the rope was brought, Long Bill Haskell, Fat Olsen and the crap player, with much awkwardness and angry haste, got the slip-noose around the Indian's neck and rove the rope over a rafter. At the other end a dozen men tailed on, ready to hoist away.

Nor had Cultus George resisted. He knew it for what it was—bluff. The whites were strong in bluff. Was not draw poker their favorite game! Did

they not buy and sell and make all bargains with bluff? Yes! he had seen a white man do business with a look on his face of four aces and in his hand a busted straight.



"How much?" Cultus George asked."

"Wait," Smoke commanded. "Tie his hands. We don't want him climbing."

More bluff, Cultus George decided, and passively permitted his hands to be tied behind his back.

"Now, it's your last chance, George," said Smoke. "Will you take out your team?"

"How much?" said Cultus George.

Astounded at himself that he should be able to do such a thing, and at the same time angered by the colossal selfishness of the Indian, Smoke gave the signal. Nor was Cultus George any less astounded when he felt the noose tighten with a jerk and swing him off the floor. His stolidity broke on the instant. On his face, in quick succession, appeared surprise, dismay, and pain.

Smoke watched anxiously. Having never been hanged himself, he felt a tyro at the business. The body struggled convulsively, the tied hands strove to burst their bonds, and from the throat came unpleasant noises of strangulation. Smoke held up his hand.

"Slack away!" he ordered.

Grumbling at the shortness of the punishment, the men on the rope lowered Cultus George to the floor. His eyes were bulging, and he was tottering on his feet swaying from side to side and still making a fight with his hands. Smoke divined what was the matter, thrust violent fingers between the rope and the neck, and brought the noose slack with a jerk. With a great heave of the chest, Cultus George got his first breath.

"Will you take that team out?" Smoke demanded.

Cultus George did not answer. He was too busy breathing.

"Oh, we white men are hogs," Smoke filled in the interval, resentful himself at the part he was compelled to play. "We'd sell our souls for gold, and all that; but once in a while we forget about it and turn loose and do something without a thought of how much there is in it. And when we do that, Cultus George, watch out. What we want to know now is: are you going to take out that team!"

Cultus George debated with himself. He was no coward. Perhaps this was the extent of their bluff, and if he gave in now he was a fool. And while he debated, Smoke suffered from secret worry lest this stubborn aborigine would persist in being hanged.

"How much?" said Cultus George.

Smoke started to raise his hand for the signal.

"Me go," Cultus George said very quickly, before the rope could tighten.

V.

"An' when that rescue expedition found me," Shorty told it in the Annie Mine, "that ornery Cultus George was the first in, beatin' Smoke's sled by three hours, an' don't you forget it. Smoke comes in second at that. Just the same it was about time, when I heard Cultus George a-yellin' at his dogs from the top of the divide, for these blamed Siwashes had ate my moccasins, my mitts, the leather lacin's, my knife sheath, an' some of 'em was beginnin' to look mighty hungry at me —me bein' better nourished, you see.

"An' Smoke? He was near dead. He hustled around a while, helpin' to start a meal for them two hundred sufferin' Siwashes; an' then he fell asleep, settin' on his haunches, thinkin' he was feedin' snow into a thawin'-pail. I fixed him my bed, an' dang me if I didn't have to help him into it, he was that giv' out. Sure I win the tooth-picks. Didn't them dogs just naturally need the six salmon Smoke fed 'em at the noonin'?"

Worrying Over Things You Cannot Help

I wish it were possible to demonstrate to a chronic worrier the wonderful things that might have been produced by the precious energy and vitality which he has squandered in silly worrying over things that nobody could help and which probably have never happened.—*Dr. O. S. Marden.*

Building a Transcontinental

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF THE LIVES OF THE MEN ENGAGED IN
THE CONSTRUCTION OF CANADA'S NEW RAILWAYS

By Mable Burkholder

There has been no lack of articles recently on railroad building in Canada. Information in abundance has been furnished on the roads under construction—the routes and mileage and cost. But one phase of railroad building has been overlooked. What may be said of the life of the construction men who are engaged in the actual building of the roads? Under what conditions do they live? What is the character of their work? And what are the outstanding features of their life? This is the side of “Building a Transcontinental” covered in this article.

At present the building of railroads in Canada, like the trend of empire, seems to be taking its way westward, and the scene of greatest activity for the present season will be the mountain district

west of the city of Edmonton, where two great transcontinentals, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, are in a mad rush to push their respective lines to the coast. They are



A construction camp at Yellow Head Lake.

opening up a rarely fine country, and they appear to know that they have a good thing. Everywhere we run across the construction camp, with its lusty "gang," and here we may study intimately the life of the men who are play-

Foremost among striking and picturesque railroad personalities must be considered the pathfinders for the steel. These intrepid adventurers, setting out in advance into the limitless hills, realize to the full the importance of their



Dutch oven and primitive cart used by station men.

ing a silent but very necessary part in the development of our country.

Although much of the danger and hardship of construction work has been surmounted by modern methods, the life of the men in the gangs, who coax the shining road rail by rail over prairie and mountain, is still a very picturesque thing. It means roughing it to the last degree, but roughing it in the most glorious air and sunshine imaginable, roughing it in places of such sublime beauty that future travelers will pay small fortunes to pass through scenes which these toilers accept as the background of their every-day existence.

task. After them will follow the traffic of unborn generations. They must make no blunder in the choice of a route. They must aim to select the shortest cut, while keeping the grade as low as possible. They have one eye on the mineral resources to be opened up, and the other on the lookout for famous beauty spots which may grow into national parks. But above all, their desire is to keep a low grade, which means speed, ever increasing speed, in these days of competition. Taking the Grand Trunk Pacific route as an example, a distinguished group of engineers for three years explored the Peace River Pass, the Pine River Pass, the Wapiti Pass, and a number of inter-

mediate passes, before selecting the Yellowhead Pass, at which point a rise of only twenty-one feet to the mile has been obtained, this being no greater than the extremely low grades secured through the level country of the prairie section.

Outfitted to do the actual work of grading, cutting, blasting, and laying the rails, the construction camps, under engineers who have contracted to build so many miles of the road, speedily follow the marking out of the line by the pathfinders. These camps, composed of some dozen tents or shacks, crawl along the route like moveable towns, and are re-pitched for every mile of the road's advancement. Each camp accommodates a gang of from fifty to a hundred

a reading tent. In warm weather the laborer is very apt to spend the whole twenty-four hours of the day out of doors, at night arranging with his blanket a comfortable bed on the ground, and protecting himself by any device his ingenuity may suggest from the ubiquitous mosquito.

The cooking, looked after by a chief cook and a "flunkey," is said to be quite up to the mark, as labor is so scarce that the men will only work where they are excellently treated. Yet in some instances rather crude and primitive methods prevail. In some places the old Dutch oven is still in evidence. A roaring fire is built inside until the walls of the oven are up to white heat. Then it is scraped clean of ashes, and the



Pay day—men going in and out of camp.

navvies, and is composed of sleeping-bunks, a cook-shanty, a repair and blacksmith shop, and a commissary, which is a depot for clothing, guns, tobacco, and all sorts of supplies. To this, at odd intervals, is added the luxury of

bread ready for baking is shut up in the heated interior. The ovens are said to turn out some first-class baking.

Owing to the many different nationalities represented, camp life is usually a rather variable quantity. There is a

great deal of unrest, of coming and going, of changing hands—especially after pay-day. For whether they deserve it or not, the men have got a name for spreeing when they have their wages in their pockets, and working when their money is spent. It is a painfully common sight at the end of the month, to see a gang of laborers with their hard-earned wages in their pockets, "beating it" to the nearest town to have a good time, while passing them at intervals along the road are groups of discouraged, moneyless toilers "hiking" back to work, because they have lost their last cent in that same town. The outgoing laborer never takes the object lesson. Thrift is the hardest of all lessons for him to learn. To be sure he may save all summer with rare industry, but the inevitable spree is sure to come—as sure as pay-day. Picture the heartbreak of the lad, who has saved several hundred dollars "to go back east to the folks,"

when he wakes up to the realization of an empty wallet after a week in town with "the fellows!" There is nothing to do but go back to work, and he does it with a dogged indifference which might be mistaken for cheerfulness—the same reckless, devil-may-care chap, facing the same unpleasant prospects he faced two, three, or four years ago when he commenced work.

In spite of many frailties of the flesh, however, there is something about the life of the man on the construction gang which comes very near the heroic. He has little idea of the importance of his work. He is hungry and needs bread; cold, and requires clothing. As well work on the railroad as anywhere else. When the camp breaks up he moves elsewhere, and is swallowed up in the whirlpool of humanity. None of the travelers who subsequently profit by his toil, will ever inquire after him, or



A cut on the Grand Trunk Pacific.



A Grand Trunk Pacific pathfinder's party leaving Edson.

thank him, or speak of him in connection with the finished work. He moves on silently, uncomplainingly, to where other railroads are building; and when, grown older, and poorer, and more shiftless with the years, he falls in the harness, others step forward quickly lest the building be delayed.

These same uncouth laborers are they who have roused the sleeping giant of the north, who have dug into his ribs until the monster has turned over in his sleep—but even they do not in any wise guess how great a creature he is they are prodding with their picks and spades.

Dead In Earnestness

There is no one thing that will increase others' confidence in you as a spirit of earnestness. Everybody believes in the man who is dead-in-earnest. It indicates a presence of superb mental qualities and great traits.



THE CITY

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Day leaped over the city wall
With one quick, sharp imperative call,
And, at the luminous touch of him,
The glow of a myriad lamps grew dim.
Life, like a question, seemed to creep
Where the shadows gathered black and deep,
Till, in the hush of the morning air,
Came the sigh of a multitude hidden there.
Then movement and murmur borne afar,
The grinding wheels of a hastening car,
And, sudden, the tide of humanity flowed
By lane and valley, by square and road
*With the dogged hard inflexible tread
Of men that sweat for their daily bread.*

The dusty city engulfed them all
That came at her fierce relentless call:
The shining engines trembled and stirred,
A thousand factories opened wide,
The lips of the lifting steam valves purred,
A thousand diligent wheels replied;
So jar and effort and clamour grew,
And toil that only the toiler knew.

The stream had slackened, but rose again
Fringed with a lesser breed of men;
Narrow shouldered and pale of face,
Soft-handed sons of a softened race;
Brushed and scented and combed and pressed,
Decked like the windows they daily dressed:
Children, old ere their childhood came,
Bent, to some hardened master's shame,
Robbed of the vision of childish mirth,
But wise from the sharing of work and dearth;
Trim stenographers, salesmen, clerks,
Merchants and money-lending sharks,
Youthful lawyers with anxious looks
Swinging bags and portentous books;
Last of all, in luxurious ease,
Bankers and brokers, and such as these,
In opulent motors that swiftly pass
With a flash of panels and polished glass.

The reeking city had room for all
 Who came at her hard and dominant call,
 Till the voice of her labor sounds aloud
 Till streets are black with a turbulent crowd;
 Crush and hurry and press and race
 Till courtesy covers her burning face:
 The battle is on—with brain and will,
 The battle is on for dollar bill;
 The gods of the nation have turned to gold,
 And honor and love are bought and sold:
 The gambler smiles as he juggles with fate,
 And the greater is he whose gain is great;
 The merchant smiles o'er the counter rails
 At the profit he makes on his bargain sales;
 The lawyer smiles, pleads a burglar off,
 Forecloses a mortgage—and—goes to golf;
 The banker smiles and the smile is wide
 At the figures that show on the surplus side;
 Wherever the smiles may come, they still
 Are mostly based on the dollar bill.
 The rich man wastes what the beggar needs,
 The miser scowls while the widow pleads,
 And little children with tender feet
 Dodge death for pence in the roaring street.

The sun loomed large in the dusty air,
 And tempered the fire of his noontide glare;
 The voice of the clamorous whistles spoke,
 And a hundred thousand toilers broke
 From forge and factory; men forsook
 Bench and counter, column and book
 Till flagstones rang with the homeward tread
 Of those that sweat for their daily bread.
 Bent broad shoulders and tired eyes,
 Blackened faces and weary hands,
 Dull of hearing, but very wise
 To mark necessity's stern commands:
 Laborers all—but every one
 Made in the image of God's dear Son.

Silence and echoes and lines of light,
 Threading the quiet deserted street;
 Empty buildings, and, then the height
 Where changeless heaven and starlight meet,
 The peace of darkness for laboring men,
 And rest ere cometh their toil again,
 For night crept over the city wall
 And blessed sleep enveloped them all.



Captain John Simms, V.C.

By Heber Logan

THE Royal English Regiment of Infantry had been advancing into the Boer country for four weeks, and during these weeks of long, hard, but necessary toil, they had received no mail, except the most important letters sent from post to post by special carriers. Aided by other regiments of the line which accompanied them, they had several encounters with the enemy, which added a little tiresome excitement to the march. But now, for two days they had been resting. An immense quantity of mail had arrived, and all the troops off duty were scattered around in groups, or alone, reading letters from loved ones and friends, and papers from Merry Old England.

Captain John Simms sat in his tent alone, perusing the pages of a copy of *The Times*, now several weeks old.

"Why the dickens doesn't she write?" he asked himself. "Very strange, indeed."

Then his mind wandered back to England, which he had left three years before, and to the many friends and relatives who would welcome his return—if he ever should return. He allowed the paper to slip through his hands, so engaged did he become with his thoughts. Yes, just three years since he had left home, and Jennie Wilkinson, Sir Hiram Wilkinson's eldest daughter, to go with his regiment to Egypt. They had become engaged, and as he was leaving he said: "I shall do my best to get promotion, and when I'm a captain, as soon as possible, I shall return for you." The three years had passed, but before he could return home on leave of absence, war had broken out, bringing with it more pos-

sibilities of advancement, and he smiled with joy as he thought of the opportunities.

"By Jove, it's been nine months since I've heard from her!" he exclaimed, as he stooped to pick up the paper.

During the following half-hour he became deeply interested in the home political news. Suddenly, as he turned the sheet and scanned one of the columns, his face became flushed. He reread the paragraph, and apparently still disbelieving his eyes, he reread it again. Then with a perfect torrent of wrath, he crumpled up *The Times* and threw it out of the tent.

This is what had so interested, and at the same time moved to indignation, Captain John Simms:

"The marriage took place yesterday, at the home of the bride's father, Sir H—— Wilkinson, of Jennie, his daughter, to Mr. Harry Cornwall, lieutenant 45th Regiment of Infantry. Mr. Cornwall leaves immediately for South Africa."

A piece had been torn out of the paper between "H." and "Wilkinson," so that the name was gone, but except for this, the paper was none the worse for its long journey.

It was some time before Captain Simms left his tent. Duty called him, however, and endeavoring to cast aside his surprise, grief and rage, he buckled on his accoutrements and issued from the tent.

Returning an hour later from parade, he found the following among the newly posted regimental orders:

"Lieutenant Harry Cornwall, 45th Regiment of Infantry, has transferred

to the Royal English Regiment of Infantry, to act as adjutant until the recovery of Adjutant Williamson."

"Some devils are lucky wherever they go," muttered Simms as he passed on through the lines.

As he was entering his tent he saw, lying on the ground before it, the crumpled *Times*, which he had in his rage thrown away. He stooped and picked it up, then smoothing it out, and opening it, he tore out the small portion of the paper in which he was the most deeply interested, and put it in a leather card case, which he carried in his breast pocket.

That evening Simms met Cornwall for the first time at the officers' mess. The coolness of the captain to the new adjutant was very marked, and indeed the whole manner of Simms seemed to have changed. Usually so pleasant to all around him, ready to join in any joke, and a general "jolly good fellow," now a cloud seemed to hang over him. And no wonder was it that he was so. Upon a girl had all his ambitions been based, and all the hopes which he had for the future had been associated with her. Now all the future which he longed and waited for was forever blasted. To him it seemed as if the light of his life had suddenly been blown out by a—yes, by a brother officer. All the world appeared to be nothing but a black void.

"I say old chappy, is it bad news? Brace up old fellow for there's going to be fun to-morrow with the enemy," said a captain who was sitting beside him. But Simms, wrapped in his own thoughts, did not reply. A lieutenant sitting on his left, touched his arm, and, with a stage whisper, asked him if he expected to get a free ticket to the next world the following day, and was sorry to leave his friends in a worse place. But Simms merely muttered in the negative, and did not appear to notice the joke in the speech.

Cornwall, who was sitting directly opposite to Simms, could not help noticing the friendly teasing which the officers were giving their solemn com-

panion. The adjutant was an outspoken, easy-to-get-acquainted tease, who but a few minutes before had been paying his deepest respects to Bacchus. His head, swimming with the effects of this recent worship, caused him to say some things which, from him, and under the present conditions, Simms took as insults.

As soon as the officers had left the mess tent, Simms, burning with rage at the insults which he had received from a man who had defeated him in another way, approached the adjutant.

"Cornwall, I demand an apology for your remarks," he said, his eyes sparkling with anger.

"Who the devil are you talking to?" answered the half-drunken officer, as he blew a cloud of cigarette smoke in the direction of the captain. "You don't seem to know that I have a 'pull' with the Colonel here. Apologize to you? O, no, not while I know it."

"Then take an insult from me," roared Simms. "You're a damn fool and a liar, disgracing your uniform."

"Accept the ancient, but now illegal challenge," answered Cornwall, stepping up to Simms and dashing a glove in his face.

"Our seconds shall arrange for to-morrow," replied Simms, picking up the glove and walking away.

Simms immediately chose his second, but before arrangements were made for the duel, orders came to him to immediately make a detour around a Boer position not far away, and block their line of retreat. Leaving word with his second to arrange for a later meeting, because of his present duties, he immediately set off at the head of "A" Company.

Daylight found Captain John Simms walking up and down the trench, encouraging his men here and there, giving any necessary orders, and keeping an eye to everything, utterly regardless of the bullets which the rear lines of the Boers were showering upon the trench. His head and shoulders were continually being exposed, but in some miraculous way, which so often hap-

pens in war, he escaped. The trench afforded good shelter to the men, but, nevertheless, several fell during the morning.

It was determined to carry the stand of the Boers by an assault. The commanding officer of the regiment sent Adjutant Cornwall around to "A" Company to warn it of the attack. After a swift gallop of two miles, circling around to avoid the enemy, he arrived near the scene of action of "A" Company. In order to reach Captain Simms, Cornwall saw that it would be necessary for him to enter the line of fire. Without hesitating a moment, he dug the spurs into his horse, and galloped on towards his destination. All went well until he was within a hundred yards of the trench, when a bullet hit him, and he fell from his saddle, his horse galloping on for safety.

The first glance showed the ever watchful Simms that it was the adjutant, and that his business was evidently important. What cared he about the importance of the message! His rival and enemy was dead, and he could now have the satisfaction of knowing that Jennie had lost the husband whom she had won by unfaithfulness. But no, Cornwall was not dead, for Simms could see him moving. Would he allow a brother officer to die on the field of battle without rendering him all the aid which he could? No, he was a true soldier, and he would not yield to any temptations which presented themselves to him. All his passions fled. It was his duty to save the wounded officer if he could.

Turning to his senior lieutenant, Simms gave him a few hurried orders, then taking off his sword and belt to make his progress light, he swung himself up out of the trench and doubled out towards the wounded officer. For a moment "A" Company ceased fire, so interested were they, then breaking away, for the time, from all orders and discipline, and regardless of the attention that they attracted, every khaki hat was placed on the muzzle of a Lee-

Enfield, and waved in the air, while every throat cheered for the hero. But the voice of the first lieutenant was heard above the din, ordering a rapid fire to cover the officers.

Simms soon reached the side of his wounded comrade, then coolly stooping, he dropped a little whiskey and water from his water-bottle into the mouth of the adjutant, picked him up in his strong arms as if he were a child, and carried him back at the double towards his men.

Twice on his perilous course bullets brought blood to his cheeks, whilst other Mausers ripped his uniform as neatly as a knife, yet he kept his same even pace. He had just reached the edge of the trench, and had let down his human burden, when he staggered and fell headlong into the ditch. The men were ready to again cheer him, almost holding their breath, and for the time forgetting the death-dealers before them. But when they saw such a climax to so noble a deed, a perfect torrent of oaths and imprecations on the Boers issued from Company "A."

This momentary lull in the firing brought First Lieutenant Brown back to his sense of duty.

"Shoot, men, shoot! Remember Simms!" he cried.

A perfect line of flame shot from "A" Company, and they continued to fire like machine-guns. In the meantime, taking advantage of this fire, the remaining companies of the regiment closed in on the Boers, and took the position with bayonets fixed.

All had supposed that Simms was killed, but on examination it was found that he was very seriously wounded. For some time he almost took the trip which the lieutenant had jokingly asked him about the evening before the engagement. Two bullets had passed through his body at dangerous spots, and nothing but the uncommon strength of the man saved him. As soon as possible he was moved back, for ten miles, to the main body of the army, where the Medical Corps had several

hospital tents pitched. From here he was removed to Natal, where he spent many long weeks of sickness, having had a serious relapse after his tedious journey from the front. As soon as his health would permit him to take the voyage, he returned to England, where he was yet to spend some time in a hospital.

Several months passed by, without anything of importance happening to our soldier. Each week saw an improvement in his condition, until he was at length able to leave his bed and sit before his window in a large, comfortable arm-chair. During this time, by his direct orders, the nurse informed everybody who came to visit him, to in no way refer to, or mention to him the name of Jennie Wilkinson. To his friends this caused much surprise, but they said nothing about her, as directed.

One day the nurse came to him, saying that there was a pretty young lady who wished to see him, but who would not give her name. Simms had no objection to seeing her, thinking that probably it was some young cousin who wished to surprise him by her sudden appearance.

He was still gazing out of the window, as his custom was, not knowing that the nurse had withdrawn, and that the lady had entered, when a hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and a well-known voice said, "John, are you glad to see me?"

He turned as if shot, and gazed up into the face of—Jennie Wilkinson! Upon the face of the girl there was an expression of sweet tenderness and devotion, as she looked down upon the thin, pale cheeks of the wounded man, whom she had not seen for almost four years.

Before any other emotion entered his brain, the love of the beautiful in this girl took possession. Not over twenty-three, slim, rather tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy cheeks and an erect and graceful figure with all, she appeared to be an angel or beautiful goddess

dropped into the room from some heavenly sphere.

But as this picture of her beauty and loveliness filled his soul, there came also the abhorrent thought that she was lost forever to him—she belonged to another, if he still lived. Could he hope that the adjutant had died? Oh, why had he saved an enemy—a man who dared to insult him! Might he not now have had her? Then a little voice seemed to say to him, "She has played you false, send her away."

A dreadful, deadly pallor spread over his face, his mouth became set, and his brows knit. Seizing her small, white, dimpled hand, the very touch of which seemed to burn his flesh, he threw it from him as he would have thrown a serpent.

"I am not glad to see you, Mrs. Cornwall," he replied in a thick unnatural tone, "beyond."

"O, John, don't you recognize Jennie, Jennie Wilkinson, your Jennie?" and there was a sob in her voice. "Why do you call me Mrs. Cornwall? Surely you have not gone mad. Oh, why do you welcome me like this!"

The girl was crying now, and as she stood over his head, the hot tears fell on his upturned, angry face, making the deadly hardness relax from it somewhat.

Without saying a word, but with trembling fingers, he drew from his pocket the marriage notice which he had torn from *The Times* on that well remembered day before the encounter with the Boers. The clipping was crumpled and torn, but still legible.

"Read that, Mrs. Cornwall," he said, handing it to her, "and see if you still think that I am mad."

She read it over, and as she threw it into the fireplace her face became clear again.

"John, how could you believe that of me?" she said in a sweetly reproachful tone. "Jennie Wilkinson is a third cousin of mine, who was married to Lieutenant Cornwall. She is a daughter of Sir Hartley Wilkinson, and you

thought that because the name was torn out of the paper, but the initial was 'H,' it could be no other name than Sir Hiram Wilkinson's. We were both called Jennie after an old ancestor who was a very famous writer, and as she had only one name, Jennie, we were only given the one name."

Just as the sky becomes light and beautiful again with the dawn and sunrise, so the captain's face changed with the wonderfully joyful news. He felt like a strong man already, like jumping up and dancing a waltz—yes, a dozen waltzes with Jennie.

"Jennie," he said, and the girl noticed that his voice was now a natural and a pleasant bass, "this had almost been driving me insane, since that terrible day, for me, when I received my mail. But it is all over now, thank God! I pray that you will forgive me, Jennie, for the wrong I have been doing you, and I feel sure you will, my little girl.

"But why did you not write to me, or come to see me before?"

For answer she handed to him a parcel of letters. "All these, and more," she said, "I wrote to you, daily awaiting answers. But the most of them returned, and I concluded that the others did not reach their destination. Your people seemed to have no better success than I did, and the only way that I had any idea where you were, was by watch-

ing for accounts of the movements of your regiment.

"Father and I have been in France for some time, and as I did not correspond with your people, or receive any papers from England, I had no idea that you were home. But late last evening we returned, and this is what I saw in this morning's paper."

She handed it to him, and on the front page in conspicuous print he read the following:

"We have heard direct from headquarters that Captain Simms, of the Royal English Regiment of Infantry, who is convalescent at the Georgian Hospital, is soon to be awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry, saving the life of Lieut. Cornwall, in action in South Africa."

"And you are the bearer of such happy news, Jennie," he murmured, and it seemed to her that the furrows and lines, emblems of hardships, troubles and sickness, had disappeared from his face.

Again he felt tears fall upon his face, but this time he knew they were tears of joy.

Reaching up he clasped her hand in his.

"Ah! my little angel, my little angel," he repeated. "You have saved my life. It is you, and not I, who deserve the V. C."



Summer Food Problems

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR SUPPORT IN HOT WEATHER —
NECESSITY FOR EXERCISING CARE OVER
PURITY OF FOODS CONSUMED

By Dr. Andrew Wilson

The most vital problem before Canadians in summer time is pure food. In the warm weather germ life is in more active development, and foods are more likely to become tainted in consequence. Hence the necessity for restrictive measures. In this medical article some of the summer food problems are set forth which are of particular value and interest at this period of the year.

IN Canada the nature of the climate is such that August is usually the most trying month of the year—trying in the sense that it is difficult to maintain one's standard of general health. While to the extreme heat we may attribute the primary cause of summer breakdowns it must not be supposed that the responsibility may be disposed of thus lightly. There are other underlying causes and influences which combine in bringing about the result. Of these the most common may be traced directly to our summer food supply. The present is therefore not untimely for a brief consideration of the summer food problem.

Few of us realize that we unconsciously make changes in our diet corresponding to the seasons of the year. But it is true all the same that we alter our feeding in obedience to natural instincts deeply imbedded in our constitution. These instincts, indeed, are seen in operation when we study the food habits of the nations at large. It is a great and recognized fact that the food of any nation depends on its geography—that is to say, on its position on the surface of the earth. First of all, we know from

science what we require in the way of foods, and, second, we know whence we may procure them. That which sound science also teaches us is that while man's food may, and does, vary according to his locality, he needs much the same kind of nutriment everywhere. The real difference between one nation and another is that one gets a supply of a special food in one form, while a neighboring people obtain it in another shape.

What man needs for his support is water, minerals, fats, starch, and sugar, and, finally, other food-principles derived from meats chiefly, but which are also found in other articles. These last are called nitrogenous, or body-building foods. Now, as I have said, the sources of such foods vary, but the need for them exists all the same. It may not much matter whether our fat is obtained from vegetable oils or from the fat of meat or milk, so long as we obtain our due supply. If a vegetarian gets his body-building stuff from the legumin of peas, beans and lentils, and flourishes on it, nobody will quarrel with him scientifically. His error consists in supposing that what suits him must

necessarily suit the rest of the world likewise. We get back to the scientific rule and declaration about a nation's food depending on its place on the earth's surface when we have to meet the arguments of food-faddists. Take your northern nations. On what do they feed? Chiefly on fats and flesh. From the fat of whales, seals and bears the Eskimo obtain the heat which external Nature has denied them, for fat is the highest heat-producing food we know. Experience has taught the northern dweller the value of fat as an essential—I would say the most essential—element in his diet, and so he follows the voice and command of Nature and flourishes on a fatty diet, such as would be repugnant to other peoples.

Now pass from the extreme north to the south. On what foods do the southern nations subsist? The answer is chiefly on fruits and vegetables. These "kindly fruits of the earth" grow in abundance, and so they are utilized for food. The necessity for the fatty diet of the north does not exist. The southerners live in a genial or warm climate, and their necessity for bodily heat production is therefore of limited degree. In the temperate or middle regions of the earth we get our "mixed" feeders. They do not rely exclusively on vegetables or fruits for food, but take meats in addition. They represent the half-way house stage of things between the extreme north and the extreme south. They are not surrounded by the luxuriant growth of fruits and vegetables found in the south, and they supplement what vegetable matters they take by flesh foods, fish and the like. This is practically the case with ourselves, living as we do in the temperate zone. The great rule of food-taking, therefore, is that in the north we find typically fat feeders and flesh consumers, and in the south vegetable feeders and fruit eaters. From this fact we draw another safe conclusion—namely, that man is not limited to one type of diet. In fact, he can eat anything that is at all nutritious, and, as we have seen,

he eats as a rule what is nearest to his hand. The Eskimo is a fat and meat feeder, simply because he requires such a diet, and because it is there ready for him. If he wishes to be a vegetable feeder, he would have to leave his native land in search of the products of a more genial climate.

Now, we can apply these facts to ourselves in respect of what we may call the seasonal variations, which are represented in our diet. In winter we consume more fat and meat foods. We are imitating our northern friends in that we feel the need of heat-producing diet. But when summer comes we are then in the position of the southern nation. We need less heat-developing foods, and we unconsciously take lighter diet. Thus the changing seasons in themselves reflect, in respect of our food-habits, the universal law of Nature to which I have referred. In warm weather we should follow our natural instincts. We care less for meats and fats, and we incline towards a diet which is of a light character. Fish, fruits, milk, curds, and other light articles attract our taste in preference to the heavier diet which winter and spring, with their cold and chill, demand. We see in this rule, which, I have said, most of us follow unconsciously, a fine example of that wonderful adjustment of means to ends which Nature is perpetually striving to attain. Here, as in so many other aspects, of our health affairs, we are wise to follow Nature's advice and dictates, for it is neglect to notice these little instincts that results in the production of disease.

In the summer time it is well that we should exercise great care over the purity of the foods we consume. Food-poisoning cases are much more common in the hot weather than in the cooler seasons of the year. Germ life is in more active development, and foods are more likely to become tainted in consequence. Hence the value of the advice to see that all food is kept in warm weather in a cool, well-ventilated place.

Revenge

By W. Hastings Webling

"WELL, here you are at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell James, as I slowly mounted the steps leading to the club verandah. "I have been trying to get you on the phone all morning, until I am sure the young lady at Central began to scent a scandal. It was positively embarrassing!"

"Margaret Greyson, my little English visitor, is here, and just dying for a game of golf. I have given you the very nicest character, so do come out and let me introduce you. She is a perfect dear. Ah! there she is; come along!"

Mrs. Russell James is a very old friend of the family, so I followed her impulsive lead, and was duly presented to a pretty flaxen-haired daughter of Britain, whose frank blue eyes and clear complexion glow with good spirits and the evident result of a healthy outdoor existence.

After a few short approaches in the form of conversation, I hurried away to get ready for the game. Not that I anticipated any great pleasure from the game itself, for I have been called upon before to show strange young ladies round the links. Besides, I had half promised to play off a return match with Billie Talbot. However, "their's not to reason why, their's but to play or die"—so I made the necessary change and quickly rejoined the ladies.

"I am going to watch you drive off," said Mrs. Russell James, "then I am booked for a rubber of bridge. So I will leave Miss Greyson in your hands, Robert; be just as nice as you possibly know how, and get back in time for a cup of tea, if possible."

"It's rather hard on Mr. Lacey to have to bother with a mere girl when

I am sure he would far sooner be playing with a man for the cigars and things," observed Miss Greyson, with a sunny smile. "However, I promise not to test his good nature too much."

"We shall get along splendidly, Miss Greyson," I replied, more cheerfully than I felt. "Our course is a bit difficult, but you will soon get onto it. Shall I tee your ball?"

"No, thank you, I prefer to do that myself; where is my caddie? Ah, thanks, very much; now for a start."

Miss Greyson certainly looked very charming as she took her stand. She had a full, free swing, but unfortunately in driving she topped her ball and it rolled into the rough—a lamentable trait, noticeable in even the best brand of golf balls.

"Too bad!" I murmured, sympathetically.

"Never mind, Margaret, better luck next time!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell James, encouragingly.

"Oh, that's all right," said my fair opponent; "it will take me a little time to settle down, and you promised to be very patient, you know," turning to me.

"I 'teed up' my ball, and got a nice, straight drive a little over 200 yards."

"Well away!" chorused both ladies, while I endeavored to adopt the resigned expression of one who had failed to get all he expected, but was willing to let it go at that.

Mrs. Russell James, anxious for her bridge, wished us both good luck and returned to the club house, leaving her fair young friend and myself free to proceed on our way.

After the first three or four holes, Miss Greyson settled down to her work

and put up an excellent game, and our match became very interesting.

She tied me on the sixth and seventh, and won the ninth easily in a perfectly played "four." Needless to say, I was most agreeably surprised, and it was a pleasure, indeed, to note how deliciously her face flushed at my enthusiasm.

As we walked slowly back to the club, I noticed that Walshington Smith and his wife were waiting round, evidently on the lookout for a game. Now, Walsh is not a bad sort, but I never cared much for Mrs. Walshington Smith; she is too absolutely impressed with her own importance in general, and her play in particular. On one occasion, not long since, they had challenged a certain pretty stranger and myself to a game. The pretty stranger in question was a peach for looks; but Jove, she was fierce at the game of golf. Of course we lost.

Ever since then I had been longing for revenge—it was not so much the licking we got, but Mrs. Walshington Smith's objectionable superiority that jarred me. A brilliant idea suddenly entered my head; here was a chance to get even.

"Would you object to playing a four-some?" I said hurriedly to my companion.

"Not in the least," she replied promptly. "Do you mean with these people?"

"Yes," I exclaimed, under my breath. "Help me to 'do 'em up' and I'll——"

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith? Hello, Walsh, looking for a game? Let me present Miss Greyson, visiting Mrs. Russell James, you know." Mrs. Walsh scrutinized my companion with her usual superior air, which always rubs me the wrong way, and made a formal acknowledgment.

"Would you care to play a four-some?" exclaimed old Walsh, anxious to get to business, or haven't you got over the last yet?" he chuckled inanely.

"Let's see, you won; didn't you?" I said nonchalantly.

"Won!" exclaimed Mrs. Walsh, in her strident tones. "I guess we did win—six up and five to play."

"O! was it; I had almost forgotten (as if she would ever let me forget). However, if Miss Greyson is willing we might try our luck; what shall we play for?"

"Anything you like, Lacey, my boy—a ball a hole, and a big box of candies for the ladies—eh! what?"

"You're on," I replied calmly. I can usually hold Walsh, and as for Mrs. Walsh, let her look out for the "British Rose"—she may strike a thorn, or I miss my guess.

Miss Greyson and myself won the first three holes in good style.

At the next hole, my little partner drove a beautiful ball and carried the bunker nicely, while Mrs. Walsh pressed, and topped her ball. Walsh somewhat petulantly took out his brassy and made a tremendous swipe, slap into the hardest bunker on the course.

"Why didn't you use your iron, Walshington?" exclaimed Mrs. Walsh, severely. "One would think you had only one club in your bag."

"But, my dear," replied Walsh, "if you will give me such awful lies what can you expect?"

"A little common sense," she rejoined with an air of finality.

Of course, we won that hole and the next, after my partner had holed out on a beautifully timed putt for "four."

This was too much for Mrs. Walsh, and she exploded. "Well, there is no use playing against such luck as that."

So far as Walsh was concerned, "the balloon had gone up" and he was playing with that aggressive carelessness to which a man often descends when the game is going badly against him. His partner, on the other hand, worked with a grim determination, and the harder she worked the more she pressed, and the more she pressed the worse she played, with results that can be more easily imagined than described.

It was difficult to refrain from smiling, especially when I happened to get

a contagious gleam of amusement in the blue eyes of my partner.

Playing the "punch bowl," our opponents had a good chance to halve the hole with a putt. Walsh bucked up a little here and began to take notice. He stooped on one knee, examined the turf with critical eye, and studied the distance for fully a minute, although it seemed five. Then just as he putted, one of the caddies sneezed, and Walsh, of course, missed his putt.

I never saw a man so annoyed in my life. "You—you, blamed little brute, what did you do that for?" he spluttered angrily. "I have a good mind to kick you off the course! Did you ever see such confounded luck?" he appealed to me.

"Too bad," I murmured softly. Sometimes silence is a safer form of sympathy, and Walsh is very irritable.

Miss Greyson walked by my side to the last teeing ground. "What did his caddie mean by a 'darned old stiff?'" she inquired in low tones.

"He evidently considers the great Walshington Smith a 'dead one,'" I replied mysteriously.

"A dead one?" she queried, visibly impressed.

"Yes, dead and buried, so far as this match is concerned. Oh, it's delightful; I want to dance. Just look at Mrs. Walsh, isn't she mad? I wouldn't be in old Walsh's shoes for a farm."

In playing the "home" the best our opponents could do was to pick up their ball and give us the hole, for Mrs. Walsh had sliced into an unplayable position, and they were absolutely out of it.

"Well, better luck next time, Mrs. Smith," I ventured pleasantly, as we returned to the club.

"Thank you; however, I do not intend to play again; it is getting altogether too hot," she replied in haughty tones, "besides, my husband is so off his game that he is simply impossible."

"Now, my dear, are you fair?" exclaimed Walsh, almost exploding with condensed wrath. "I leave it to you,

Lacey—did you ever know such rotten luck as I've had? Besides, the course is almost unplayable, and as for the greens, they are a disgrace to any reputable club. I tell you, our Greens Committee are a set of incompetent jackasses! There is not a man among them that knows a putting green from a potato patch. Let them look out, I'm going to raise the very mischief at the next annual meeting—we have put up with this condition of affairs quite long enough."

Neither of our late opponents would honor us with their company at tea, so after the usual shower and change, Miss Greyson and I joined Mrs. Russell James on the verandah, from which point of vantage we had the inexpressible amusement of watching the Walshington Smiths climb into their motor, with disdainful dignity, dash desperately down the drive, and out into the world.

It was then once more Miss Greyson and myself exchanged glances, and this time we broke forth into unrestrained merriment.

"I should like to know what you two are laughing at," inquired Mrs. Russell James with pardonable curiosity.

Oh, I just took a flyer at 'No trumps,' and my partner made a 'grand slam.' That's all," I replied radiantly.

That night I dined with the Russell James' and had the privilege of sitting next to Miss Greyson. She was great fun, and one of the nicest girls I ever met. We talked golf till all was blue, and I discovered that she was the daughter of Alexander Greyson, one of the best amateur golfers in England. Mrs. Russell James, every now and then, beamed on us with benevolent eyes, evidently delighted to see her two proteges already such good friends. The dear woman has tried her best to marry me off for many a long day. I wonder if she will be more successful this time? "Lonesomeness" in life as in golf, grows mighty monotonous after a while, so all I can say is, "Here's hoping!"



The perfect home; from sunrise to sunset the warm rays find their way through the many latticed windows.

Found: The Perfect Home

HOUSE SHOWN AT IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION IN LONDON
HAPPILY SOLVES MANY ARCHITECTURAL PROBLEMS

By Roger L. Baker

One of the most important things in life is to get the other man's viewpoint. Possibly to no other line is this more applicable than to architecture. Thus it is that in presenting sketches of homes it is occasionally desirable to go beyond our own borders for types and suggestions. Already we have shown many Canadian styles and only recently have pictured a model Californian bungalow. Now we submit an English design which is known as "The Perfect Home." The description will no doubt be of interest to Canadians.

THE Perfect Home has been built at last—at least so everyone who saw it at the recent Ideal Home Exhibition in London seemed to think. The architect, Mr. Reginald Fry, has been studying for years how to build it, yet it only took the builders and decorators nine days to complete the house down to the last detail, including the old-fashioned garden which surrounded it.

A HOST OF PERFECTIONS.

Mr. Fry gives excellent reasons for calling it the "Perfect Home." In the first place the essential parts of a house

are grouped together within the closest possible area, and around these it is possible to arrange rooms, whether for a small or a very large house, without destroying the perfectness of the plan.

The centre of the home—the hall-living-room—is often a comfortless, draughty room through which passes all the traffic of the house. The maid comes through to answer the front door bell or when summoned to the dining-room, drawing-room or bedroom, and in consequence many house-holders are omitting this pleasant room in spite of its quaint, old-world appearance. But the

remedy is found in the Ideal Home. The central hall is no longer the main thoroughfare. The maid goes along a passage to reach the front door, or through a door in the corner of the dining-room that leads to the loggia. The parlor-maid has another hall-way from the kitchen to the dining-room, ventilated in such a way as to prevent any smell of cooking invading the room.

Our knowledge of hygiene has taught us that s-u-n spells health, and so the perfect home is flooded with the golden light that fills our gardens, and that so often, because of faulty planning leaves our rooms in a dim half light. Each of the reception rooms, including the hall, has a south window, the dining-room has an eastern window through which the morning sun shines on the breakfast table, while the drawing-room is warmed through a western window during the latter hours of the day. Every bedroom has at least one window which turns a shining face to the south-east. The kitchen has an eastern window, the larder a northern light—every detail of how to attract or repulse King Sol has been carefully planned.

LIVING-ROOMS OPEN ON A LOGGIA.

Crossing the threshold into the hall - living - room, one beholds a perfect picture of an old manor house with its timbered ceiling, oak-paneled walls, open fireplace and furnishings of old oak in the simple, dignified design of the Stuart days.

The drawing-room is a pleasant, sunny spot with windows facing all

points of the compass. The dining-room has a large ingle-nook, lighted with leaded glass windows. The walls of this room are covered with a paper which closely imitates crocodile leather. A most interesting feature is that dining-room, drawing-room, and hall have each two doors, one in each room leading out to a rose-filled loggia. These doors can be flung wide when warm weather arrives, so that the rooms will be sweet with the perfume of the roses. The loggia is one of the prettiest spots imaginable; its ceiling is intersected with oak beams stretched out like arms among the clambering roses. In this little open-air haven, breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner may be served in the delightful manner that prevails on the Continent.

THE BEDROOM FLOOR.

There are five bedrooms and a dressing-room. The largest of these with its furniture of waxed mahogany against a background of champagne-tinted wall-paper makes a charming picture. The

mahogany twin-beds are fitted with the latest comforts in bedding—mattresses covered with old rose material and great, rosy pillows as soft as the best down can make them. A rich purple carpet covers the floor and the windows are hung with gray curtains, patterned with purple flowers over which gay-colored butterflies stretch their wings.

Passing down a passage, one catches a glimpse of the commodious bathroom tiled in pale green and white, with a patent draught - resisting



The quaint entrance to the ideal house.

door cut out of one piece of solid wood. Farther on is another bedroom with pale biscuit-tinted walls, walnut furniture, and a dull silvered bed; the cretonne for chairs and curtains are in the shadow tissue material scattered over with bunches of wild flowers. A pretty little bedroom, furnished in fumed oak, is entirely carried out in a unique color scheme; wallpaper, upholstery, and even the tiles in the fireplace blend to delicate mauves, grays and greens. The bedrooms of the servants stand apart from the other rooms at the end of a long passage. At first glance one sees only two neat rooms tastefully decorated and furnished. Then a cupboard door in one room is opened, a slight touch on the back of the cupboard, it revolves, and two steps lead down to another servant's room.

Here the ordinary bedroom fireplace may by a touch be transformed into a tiny cooking range. An iron plate slips down noiselessly on to the top of the fire, while the side of the oven revolves and turns into a miniature oven. The architect explained his point. To every home comes the shadow of illness, and in the case of an infectious complaint the patient has to be moved to a hospi-

tal or a nursing room. Many a mother longs to keep her child under the home roof, and yet dares not for the sake of the others who must be guarded from contagion. But the ideal mother, in her ideal home, has no such problem to face. She puts her servants in the spare room, and gives over the rooms at the end of the long passage into the keeping of the patient and the nurse. The connection back of the cupboard is opened, the nurse has the little room with the range, and a small but perfectly equipped "Isolation Hospital" is in readiness.

THE HUB OF THE HOUSE.

The kitchen, with its blue and white tiles, a dresser filled with a clever imitation of old, Delft china, copies of antique, wheel-back chairs and an old, oak table instead of the ordinary, commonplace furniture we associate with the culinary department, would fill with pride the most indifferent cook. The range, one of the latest models, stands forward and is roofed in above, where an arrangement of brilliant electric lamps shines down on sauces, soups and savories.

A Summer Idyl

No words of mine can half describe her charm,
 I came upon her sleeping in the hay;
 Her dimpled cheek was pillowed on her arm;
 Her hair was in the sweetest disarray.
 Two poppies at her bosom rose and fell
 Like anchored vessels on the ocean's swell.

For long I gazed, and then I softly knelt
 And gently kissed a wandering golden curl;
 And, as its touch beneath my lips I felt,
 She smiled—a smile that set my heart awhirl—
 But still her eyes were closed, and so I went,
 Ah, me, I wonder what that sweet smile meant!

—CHARLES VIVIAN, in *Pearson's Magazine*.

The Man of Dreams

By Amy E. Campbell

THE silent man who scorned demonstrativeness lounged on the leathern couch in the great dim room, unlit save for the mellow glow from the fireplace. The timid little lady who talked to Dream Folks came softly in and slipped joyfully into her little low rocker by the fire, never dreaming that she was not alone in the room.

"Now for a dear chat, Man o' my Dreams," she said in a silvery voice. "What's that you're quoting to me? Ah, Riley's exquisite little poem, 'When She Comes Home!' Say it over ever so softly, dear understanding heart. I love your voice when it's very low. There, I'll say it with you and change the pronouns:

"When she comes home again! A
thousand ways
I fashion to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble
—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old
days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared
upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's
sweet distress,
Then silence: And the perfume of her
dress;
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a
space:
And tears—yes; and the ache here in
the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sob-
bing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace."

"Ah, that is beautiful, beautiful!" and the silvery voice trailed away into silence for a long while, and the great brown eyes of the timid little lady who talked to Dream Folks gazed into the fire with a great yearning in their depths. The silent man who scorned demonstrativeness lay very still and very alert.

"You love my hair like this? Do you really, Man O' Dreams? How foolish and nice of you to kiss-it! I love you to be foolish, though—we love each other very much when we're silly, don't we, Boy? You have had a hard day to-day, haven't you?" and the silvery voice was rich with sympathy.

"How did I guess? Oh, just by a little line you reached down and let me kiss away when we met to-night. Such a long, long time since I went away? Yes, dear, many long hours and you've been fighting difficulties all alone—but I've thought about you every minute, and prayed for you, Man O' Dreams! Wouldn't you like to tell me all about it?" The golden head of the timid little lady bent for a long while in a listening attitude, and once in a while she smiled in an understanding way.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Boy o' mine, so glad I've been helping you. Let me look long in your eyes—dear one—dear one—I love you!" There was a great sob in the silvery voice—a great hunger.

A slight stir broke the silence over in the corner where the silent man lay—but the little lady didn't notice.

"For we talk or we are silent—
And the happy days go by!"

She murmured almost inaudibly. "Do you know, Boy, I've been busy with the most delightful plans— Ah, you want to hear them? Isn't it splendid to be sure of a sympathetic listener to one's plans even before they're revealed? That's one of your good points, dear—tell me just one of mine," wistfully.

After a pause: "What an altogether satisfying answer, dear heart. I've tucked it away in one of the nooks of my Chest O' Dreams, to be brought out and loved when I'm all alone. just thinking of you. Did you know a woman is so prone to just such delicious foolishness?

"The plans? Oh, yes, I forgot! You know, Boy, when we married there were so few funds in our joint accounts that we pretended to prefer omitting a honeymoon, and on my part it was all pretence—and yours?"

"Ah, Love, I knew it! Where shall we go and when? Right away and to all the delightful places we've talked about? I didn't think money mattered much, but after all, when two people keep their hearts atune, it's glorious, isn't it? And we'll bring about the fulfilment of so many of our dreams—

and have the joy of seeing things together—do you hear, love, together!"

"Anyway, you need a rest dreadfully, don't you, dear one? And you'll promise me to forget everything and just enjoy every minute of it?"

There was a long silence. The fire was now a bed of glowing coals, dying, dying, and slowly, sadly, the light of love was dying in the brown eyes of the little lady who talked to dream folks, because her dreams were flying with the night hours—leaving her an empty world of realities.

Ever so softly the silent man came out of the shadows and stole great awkward repentant arms about the trembling little lady with the golden hair.

"Love," he whispered, "how bitterly have I failed you!"

She was weeping very quietly.

"But now I understand, dear," the deep voice went on, "and we're going to make dreams come true, you and I—dreams we had on our wedding day, that I alone have shattered—" Then he kissed her hair and pleaded for her lips. She lifted gloriously lighted eyes to his, and whispered ever so tenderly, "Man O' Dreams!"

Make To-day a Red Letter Day

What a tremendous force would come to the man who would form the habit every morning of resolving to make that day a red letter day in his life, to start out in the morning with a determination, let come what will, to *score* that day, to make it a record day in his life. Think what an accumulative effect would come into a life having this habit.

How Best to Invest \$5,000

SAFETY BEING THE PRIME CONSIDERATION WHICH ARE THE MOST PROFITABLE CHANNELS FOR INVESTMENT IN CANADA?

By Frank J. Drake

The purpose of this article is to outline in a general way how five thousand dollars should be invested, looking at the matter from several viewpoints. Generally Speaking, safety is the primary consideration of every investment. This, of course, is always the case where the word "investment" is used in its proper sense. But in discussing investments there are usually included different ventures which have a speculative side. These are briefly outlined in the course of this article, which is one of a financial series which will appear in MacLean's Magazine.

ONE question frequently asked by persons of moderate means in Canada is "How shall I invest my savings?" The intent of such inquiry usually concerns a safe investment as well as a profitable one. For the purpose of furnishing some suggestions along these lines we shall suppose that the sum to be invested is \$5,000 and that safety shall be a primary consideration.

To cite an example, take the case of an investment for a widow, or of trust funds. The sum should be so used as to secure absolute safety. Even though there are those largely dependent on the return from this investment no chance should be taken to increase the yield. This is a rule that is sometimes overlooked or deliberately disregarded, sometimes with unfortunate results. There is a temptation when means are limited to put the available money into some enterprise yielding a fairly large return. This is natural. If a widow has only \$5,000 the problem of investing that sum is indeed a complicated one. One of the best paying and safest forms and one of the most suitable for

such a case is a first mortgage. Interest rates on mortgages are fairly high and the security in most cases is good. The only drawback is the lack of convertibility. Particular cases must be decided by circumstances, however.

An example of the necessity of taking no chances is furnished by the result of investments in the preferred stock of the International Paper Co., the so-called "trust" of the United States. When this company was formed about fourteen years ago by the merging of several independent companies great hopes were entertained as to the company's future. Both preferred and common stock was issued, about forty million altogether. The preferred was bought in many cases by widows. Here was a chance to get a good return with prospects of appreciation in value. Unfortunately, however, operation was not as successful as had been expected. An error in judgment on the part of the management several years ago had a disastrous effect on earnings. Five years ago it was found necessary to cut the preferred dividend from 6 per cent. to

2 per cent., (no dividends were paid on the common after the second year of operations). This means that those who bought the preferred years ago are receiving only 2 per cent. on their investment while the value of their holdings has depreciated nearly 50 per cent. Fortunately, there is a good word to be added. The management was changed a few years ago and earnings are now running at a rate far in excess of the preferred dividend requirements. Before long the rate will be restored to the full 6 per cent. basis, and probably the back payments made up.

The case cited is an example of the necessity of making sure of safety. Think how much better off one whose only capital was \$5,000 would have been with that amount safely invested in bonds. The interest would have been sure and the principal would not have shrunk. To any widow with only a limited sum to invest safety of principal is the first requirement. The rate of return in many cases may be a great question, but the main thing is to keep intact the original sum.

A business man on the other hand, who is investing his profits and who keeps in close touch with affairs can afford to take more chances. This is not the case when a surplus is to be invested but when the business man is personally investing money. For him the paper stock mentioned above would not necessarily have been unsuitable. The cut in dividends would doubtless be an inconvenience, but not necessarily a tragedy. To one who is not dependent for support upon either principal or interest of a particular sum, certain risks are justifiable. A business man is used to taking chances in his own business, or what would be chances to one who knew less about it, and is not out of his element when taking a chance with some other business. To him \$5,000 would probably be invested, we are not dealing with straight speculation, in the preferred stock of some company with a future before it, or in some common stock of an established concern whose

earning power was constantly increasing.

When investing funds that belong to his business, however, the careful business man will take every care to see that a safe investment is found. Next to safety, the important factor in such an investment is convertibility. The probability is that such an investment being put aside for a rainy day would be called upon only in times of stress. For that reason the investment should be in some security with a staple market price and one likely to be but slightly affected by conditions which would depress the business for which the investment is made. For example, a lumber merchant would be wiser to invest his surplus in a public utility stock or bond rather than in the securities of some larger lumber company.

For what might be called the average investor conditions in each case should determine the form of investment chosen. A great deal depends on the amount of time and attention an investor can give his holdings. If he buys and then locks his purchases up in a strong box to be untouched for years except at coupon-clipping time (if they be coupon bonds) then he must be more particular about the stability of price. Bond prices fluctuate just as do stock quotations, although to a much smaller extent. A few points of appreciation can be gained by buying at the proper time. In fact one of the most important points to be decided by those who purchase bonds in large quantities is when to buy. To the small investor it may mean only a few dollars, but by insurance companies and other large purchasers of gilt-edged securities the bond market is watched just as carefully as is the stock market by the professional manipulator.

There are often special features that make a bond issue attractive and which often add to the value of the investment. For instance, a clause may make the bonds convertible into preferred stock at a certain figure or after a certain date. All these provisions have a bearing on the value of a bond.

About real estate investment the same might be said as to the time and attention an investor can spare. Buying and selling real estate in Canada has been to a great extent speculation for years past; but such operations may be on a sound investment basis. It is not necessarily speculation to forecast the future. The only trouble is that the average investor too often finds the future discounted in the price he pays. One thing in connection with real estate buying that should be remembered is that in times of depression real estate is hard to convert into cash without considerable sacrifice. This is specially true of unimproved property. Mortgages are a different proposition but they have in many cases their drawbacks as well as advantages.

To return to the \$5,000 which we set out to discuss. If that amount represents one's whole available capital and especially when one's earning power is limited, the money should be invested so as to make safety. If it is ever a question of choosing between safety and return there should be no hesitation on the part of one to whom the loss of principal would be an overwhelming blow. To an investor who is setting aside an amount for a rainy day, especially if the money is a sort of anchor to windward for a business, convertibility as well as safety must be a prime consideration. The investment of a surplus should receive as much care as the accumulation of it made necessary. To an investor to whom the amount is only a part of total assets, there is allowable more leeway.

To be strictly an investment and not a speculation little risk can be taken. However, there are many ways of investing money open to such an investor that would be most unwise for trust funds. By a man who has collected such a sum and whose earning power is greater than his needs certain chances may be taken. On the whole, though, if a young man is going to take any chances with his money it is wiser for him to do so in some enterprise in which he himself has some control than to buy securities of companies run by others about which there is any doubt.

In conclusion it may be said that Canada offers to all classes of investors as good opportunities as can be found anywhere. Canadian bonds in general yield attractive returns. There are all classes from the safest kind of gilt-edged bonds to those to which considerable risk is attached. Stocks, too, are attractive when purchased for investment. The markets may move up and down but to the investor who buys stocks to hold there are many attractive securities on Canadian markets. Much money has been made in real estate in Canada of late and while there are undoubtedly many good propositions now on the market there is a general feeling that careful investigation should be made before property with which the buyer is not personally familiar should be bought. But for that matter the same can be said of all investments. Intelligent inquiry is the investor's great safeguard.



Wanted: Big Job for Hanna

CANADA'S CHAMPION POSITION-REFUSER MAY BE ONTARIO'S
NEXT PREMIER—A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER—BORROWED \$200
TO GET MARRIED—LOST DEPOSIT IN FIRST POLITICAL
CONTEST—WON CABINET HONORS RAPIDLY—FINE
ADMINISTRATIVE RECORD—HAS DECLINED
BIG OFFERS

By W. A. Craick

Hon. W. J. Hanna, born on the farm, married on borrowed money, beaten so badly in his first political contest that he lost his deposit, became member of Ontario Cabinet three years after he entered the Legislature, overhauled Provincial Secretary's department, created industrial farm, established record as champion position-refuser of Canada—these are the pivotal points in the career of the man who has just declined the post of Chairman of the Dominion Railway Board, and is said to be slated as successor to Sir James Whitney in the provincial Premiership.

TO refuse a highly important national position at a salary that he might have named himself, and to cling tenaciously to a six thousand dollar provincial office is a manifestation of character that may possibly be hard to explain. Yet this is precisely what the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary of Ontario, has done. His action has provided scope for much discussion in clubs, on trains, in hotel lobbies, round the tables of the politically inclined, and, in fact, wherever public matters



Hon. W. J. Hanna.

are debated. The daily press has dealt lengthily with it. There have been interviews and editorials, reports and counter-reports, assertions and denials. But in spite of the flattering bait dangled before his nose, the Hon. W. J. sat tight in his office at the Legislative Buildings in Toronto and refused to be coaxed into the wider arena. He turned down the tempting offer of the chairmanship of the Dominion Railway Board just as unconcernedly as he had declined other interesting offers.

A man who could have the determination to act as Mr. Hanna has done, is not of the ordinary type of human being. Indeed, his renunciation at once places him in the rank of the extraordinary. Popular curiosity is aroused about him, and the question is, What manner of man is this who could laughingly and without remorse allow a great and lucrative office to slip through his fingers. For, it is quite within reason to say that Ontario's Provincial Secretary is a more interesting personality to-day because of what he refused, than he would have been had he jumped at the higher position.

Of course, it is tolerably certain that a little quid pro quo has been lurking among the proceedings. Mr. Hanna is not so unhuman, but that he cherishes some ambitions. There must needs come an end to all office and preferment and some day Ontario's veteran Premier



In a thoughtful mood.

will lay aside the toga. When that time comes, who better fitted than the Provincial Secretary to take up the burden of leadership could be found? When the inner history of the Ottawa negotiations comes to light, it will be found that the prospective premiership was one of the weights that was thrown into the balance to induce Mr. Hanna to decide as he did.

Fortunately for the popular estimation of the man, it was not the only weight, nor was it the decisive one. There was one other reason that must have bulked very largely in the summing up. This will appear, as the story of Mr. Hanna's life is unfolded, for it has become part and parcel of the man—his obsession, his passion and his inspiration. While he has been a politician, and a keen and successful one, and while he has not been without his political ambitions, yet there is something better about his legislative career than mere expediency.



In addition to being serious in his arguments in the Legislature, Mr. Hanna can also be humorous in his speeches on the platform, and in both moods he readily commands attention.

The Provincial Secretary is a product of the farm. He was born in the Township of Adelaide, in the County of Middlesex, on October 3, 1862. It is not improbable that there is a direct connection between the life of the boy in Middlesex and later in Lambton, and that famous prison farm at Guelph, which he recently established. At any rate, he early acquired a knowledge and appreciation of the manly, open-air life of the country that stands him in good stead to-day as an administrator of numerous provincial institutions located in rural districts.

Had Ontario been blessed with an educational system fitted to make farmers out of farmers' sons, it is problematical whether W. J. Hanna would not now be cultivating broad acres up in the western peninsula instead of buying supplies and equipment for insane asylums or solving the prison problem. But education in the days when W. J. was a youth tended towards business and the professions, and young Hanna, bright, witty and companionable, naturally found his inclinations running in the direction of the law. He was encouraged in his desires and made rapid progress towards their fulfillment. He passed through the local schools, and the Ontario Law School, and in 1890 was called to the bar.

MARRIED ON BORROWED MONEY.

It has already been pointed out as one of Mr. Hanna's outstanding characteristics that he loved a fight with circumstances. Setting an objective ahead of him, no matter how far-off or impossible of attainment it might seem, he would plug along doggedly, swerving neither to the right hand nor to the left. Taking up each day's work as it came along, he would bend all his energies on doing it thoroughly. Because he worked with all his might and had perfect confidence in himself, he never hesitated or faltered.

In those early days, he had his nerve with him. In order to get married, he had to borrow two hundred dollars from a friend, and then, on returning from his honeymoon, an additional sum to

buy a table and chairs for his office, and a shingle to hang out over the door; but this done he was ready to set to work vigorously. The scene of this opening drama in his professional career was laid at Sarnia and the time of action was only twenty-one years ago.

From 1891 to 1896, W. J. Hanna was immersed in law business. He succeeded by dint of hard work and conscientious attention to details in building up a lucrative practice; a good deal of railway litigation came his way; in fact he developed into quite a railway lawyer. (In this connection those who would question his ability to handle the Chief Railway Commissionership might well refer to his work as counsel for the Grand Trunk and other lines, and take note of the splendid offers that came to him later on from the New York Central lines.) But, however much he was engrossed in his profession, it was not sufficient to keep him clear of politics. The call went out for candidates to contest the various ridings in the election of 1896, and young Hanna agreed to stand for West Lambton. The constituency was overwhelmingly Liberal and chances of success were of the slimmest texture. However, he threw himself into the organization work with his accustomed enthusiasm, canvassed all parts of the country, and advertised extensively. His opponent was J. F. Lister. The result was disastrous. He was snowed under by a majority of 1,158 and lost his deposit. All of which occurred only sixteen years ago.

A story is told of this campaign that illustrates the depth of defeat from which Mr. Hanna had to rise. In a division near Brigden, which the candidate canvassed personally, an active committee of thirteen voters was organized to look after his interests. Having the patronage of the riding, Hanna appointed the deputy returning officer and poll clerk. Everything looked favorable on the surface; the polling booth officered by friends and a committee at work to round up the electors. Strange to relate, when the returns came in from this division, Hanna hadn't even a single vote. Not one of the thirteen committeemen had voted for him.



Hon. Mr. Hanna, in his quarters in the Provincial Secretary's Department at the Ontario Parliament Buildings at Toronto.

The defeated candidate was not disheartened. He realized that he couldn't be beaten any worse, so he set himself to the task of climbing out of the hole. He nursed the riding. He introduced himself to the people. He made friends with everybody. In fact, he laid the foundation of that popularity which nearly idolizes him in West Lambton to-day. When the next Dominion election came round, W. J. Hanna again stood for the House of Commons. He did not win, but he made decided progress, for his adverse majority was cut down to 189 votes.

ENTERS THE LEGISLATURE.

It was largely a matter of chance that the hero of this story drifted into provincial politics. The local election of 1902, it will be remembered, was a critical one. Both parties were closely matched in the Legislature, and the fight was a bitter one. The best candi-

dates available were selected, and in West Lambton, Mr. Hanna, who had made such a good fight for the Dominion House, was looked upon as an excellent candidate for the Conservatives. He was not loath to accept the task. He was long-headed enough to perceive that there would be little chance of advancement at Ottawa for years to come, while in Ontario, the prospect of an early change of Government was of the best. The election justified the Conservatives' choice of a candidate, for Mr. Hanna won by a good majority, defeating the redoubtable H. J. Pettypiece. He has since then represented West Lambton continuously, increasing his vote with each election, and now commanding as favorable a majority as that which was registered against him in 1896. His popularity in the riding is very great, for he has made it a point to know his constituents and to culti-

vate their esteem by many friendly attentions.

When the Sarnia lawyer arrived in Toronto for the strenuous session following the election of 1902, he did not content himself with ruminating on his own importance as a member of the House. He was fully aware that the days of the Liberal Government were all but numbered, that his own party would soon be in power, and that cabinet timber was still in the making. When it came time for James Pliny Whitney to draw up his slate of ministers, W. J. Hanna was resolved that he would be included in the select half dozen. True, this was an ambitious dream for a young and inexperienced member, but it was quite in keeping with his habit of mind.

Instead of taking things easy, gossiping in the lobbies, enjoying the sights and sounds of city life and following the line of least resistance, Mr. Hanna got down to brass tacks. He laid the suggestion before one of his fellow members that the pair should go halvers on the cost of a stenographer. The services of a dexterous typist were secured, and then began a dissection of old provincial statutes, a rummaging among venerable documents, a ransacking of records, that kept the new legislators occupied day and night.

It has often been a source of wonder to casual observers of Mr. Hanna's career, how he was able to take hold of one of the heaviest departments of Government with such success, after only a three years' apprenticeship in the House. The secret lies just here; he did not spend his years of ordinary membership after the accepted fashion of young legislators. He foresaw future events and prepared himself accordingly, with the result that when Premier Whitney finally came into power, the logical choice for the office of Provincial Secretary was the member for West Lambton, for the very good reason that the Sarnia lawyer had the special knowledge which no one else possessed.

A GOOD DEPARTMENTAL HEAD.

The department administered by the Provincial Secretary is the most com-

prehensive of all the departments. It not only deals with all the records of Government and serves as the mouth-piece of the administration, but under its care come all the provincial institutions, such as prisons, asylums, hospitals and charitable institutions. It is entrusted with the care of public health, involving sanitation, drainage, the prevention of disease, etc. It looks after the legislation governing automobiles. It controls the license system. It issues charters to incorporated companies. In fact, it is largely a clearing house for the odds and ends of other departments. Into this maelstrom of activity, Mr. Hanna was plunged on his appointment to office in 1905.

The difference between his administration of the office and that of his predecessors may perhaps best be explained in this way. The latter were men of fine business ability, capable and energetic, but to them, the work of guiding the affairs of the various institutions under their charge was largely incidental. It was not the main concern of their everyday life. With Mr. Hanna, however, the social and moral welfare of the people of Ontario has become an obsession. It is as if he had said to himself, When I die I want to be remembered for what I have done to better conditions in the province, to help the man who is down, to safeguard future generations against the mistakes of the past. Of course, in all this he has not entirely lost sight of political ends, but these are really only of secondary importance. At the bottom, W. J. Hanna is a man of genuine emotions and a big heart.

A new broom sweeps clean and the Secretary had not been in office a week before things began to move. He found that in some of the asylums, patients were being kept at the expense of the Government whose friends might well support them. This defect he remedied at once, saving thousands of dollars and placing the institutions on a business basis. Then he discovered that in certain cases the Government was being charged exorbitant prices for supplies. A visitor to his office tells of being present one day when he came across a heavy charge for varnish. With quick

decision he sent for one of the clerks in the office. "Here," said he, "I want you to go to such and such a company and buy five gallons of varnish. Don't tell them who sent you, but get their bill for the amount." When the clerk returned, he found that the Government was paying fifty per cent. more for the varnish than the public was being charged. A neatly worded letter bringing the matter home to the offending company soon set things to rights.

From this beginning, Mr. Hanna has evolved a cost accounting system of great value and completeness, which embraces one of the most important reforms he has wrought in his department. The spread sheets which are prepared are a marvel of simplicity and comprehensiveness. By means of them the minister can tell at a moment's notice every detail of the cost of maintenance of each institution under his charge. A question involving the cost of any person's keep in one of these institutions can be answered immediately; and by means of a comparison of the costs in the different places, it is possible to reduce the expense account to a uniform level. Formerly where there was uncertainty and irregularity, now there is absolute knowledge and uniformity. The Provincial Secretary takes a keen delight in examining these records from week to week, noting variations and arranging remedies. This accounting system by means of spread sheets has been highly commended in all quarters, and is believed to be the best in existence.

As a direct result of the tabulation of expenses, the Department finds itself in the happy position of completing each year exactly within the estimates. Remembering that the Legislature votes the estimates under five hundred different heads, involving an expenditure of upwards of one million dollars, it is a matter of surprise that the books could be closed with every account paid, without a single item over-expended, without a dollar transferred from one item to another, without a treasury board order to supplement the vote of the House, and without relaxing in any way

the effort to improve the standard of service. The system further enables the Minister to judge just where he can increase the expenditure and how much it would cost to accomplish certain results.

INDUSTRIAL FARM SYSTEM.

Mr. Hanna's great work has been in charities and corrections. His actuating principle is not to judge an unfortunate human being for what he has done, but for what he may become. It is a case of foresight, not hindsight. Consider his great work in connection with the Central Prison farm, of which much has been deservedly written, and the further effort which will be made to improve gaol conditions by the establishment of gaol farms all over the province. The basis of the whole idea is to give a man a chance. Under the old system, a convicted person was incarcerated in a species of fortress, from which he emerged with ignominy, on completion of his sentence—pale, anæmic, physically unfit and thereby ready to get into trouble again at the first opportunity. That was punishing the man for what he had done. Under the farm system the convict is enabled to work in the open air, under helpful conditions, with good food and comfortable shelter. He is shown that he is worth something. He is benefited physically and when his discharge comes he is far less liable to fall into evil ways again.

Under the Industrial Farms Act passed at the last session of the Legislature, counties are enabled to establish farms in connection with their gaols and already two have been started—one at Port Arthur and the other at Toronto. The former, consisting of 600 acres of wooded land, was opened on June 3rd, and within a month 20 acres were cleared and under crop. The idea will be to carry on a demonstration farm, which will thus have a utility apart from its connection with the prison system. The farm at Fort William is now being watched by Mr. Hanna with the same attention that he bestowed on the Gueph farm at the time of its inception. Every day he calls for reports covering

its progress, and gives personal advice regarding its conduct. By next year it will prove self-sustaining, and meanwhile the province is being saved the nine thousand dollars a year which was required to bring prisoners down from Port Arthur to Toronto. Similar farms are to be established in other parts of the province.

To a study of the prison system, the Provincial Secretary has given his principal attention, and while he has an open mind towards other reforms and is ready to help along other good movements, yet it is to this subject that he is peculiarly drawn. People all over the world have come to know about his interest in it, and books, magazines and pamphlets are constantly streaming into his office. These he reads with great avidity; in fact, they furnish his favorite form of literary pabulum. Where other ministers would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a book and file it away, Mr. Hanna reads it at once and he has been known to sit at his desk late in the evening in order to complete the perusal of a specially valuable treatise. Informing himself in this way at first hand, the Minister is personally the author of most of the progressive work he has instituted.

OTHER LEGISLATIVE MEASURES.

Another of Mr. Hanna's reforms has to do with the indeterminate sentence. In place of convicting chronic offenders time and time again for short terms, these men are sent down for an indeterminate length of time, and the officials try to make something out of them. It is an effort at reformation, not a punishment, and it is gratifying to know that the idea is succeeding. And then there is the parole board, another evidence of the Minister's open mind to accept all forms of improvement in prison administration. Indeed, the prison system of Ontario has made remarkable progress in the last few years, thanks to the efforts of a minister who has made a personal study of the problem. Inquiries from all over the world have come in requesting information about it—a sure indication that it contains progressive elements.

The Industrial Farms Act was but one of three important measures which Mr. Hanna fathered in the last session of the Legislature. The second was an act relating to hospitals and charitable institutions, which has been pronounced by American hospital journals as the most advanced hospital legislation ever introduced in any country. Briefly, this act requires that all private hospitals be licensed and come under the inspection of the Department, thereby putting out of business all institutions carrying on illegitimate work; it provides for training schools for nurses in any hospitals which will conform to requirements, and for the registration of duly qualified nurses, thereby safeguarding the public against insufficiently trained or incompetent graduates.

A third act deals with public health. By means of it public health is placed on an established footing in the province by the establishment of seven district officers, whose whole time will be given to the work; local boards of health and medical health officers are placed on a substantial and permanent basis; provision is made for the care of water supplies; rigid notification of tuberculosis cases is required; and the establishment of public health exhibitions is provided for. This act is at present perhaps the most up-to-date health legislation in force in America.

One might go further and show how Mr. Hanna has encouraged research into the numbers and condition of the feeble-minded in the province, how he has arranged for the publication of reports on this subject, and has endeavored by circulating information to arouse public interest in one of the most vital problems of the present day. It is safe to say that through the publicity afforded by the reports and the comments of the press, the people have been awakened to a keen sense of the importance of doing something to care for these unfortunate people.

In like manner, it required but a suggestion to interest him in infant mortality, and here again he has given every encouragement to investigation and publicity. One problem is involved in another, and each is but a phase of

the greater welfare work in which he and his departmental subordinates are engaged.

The asylums of the province have come in for special attention. Under his administration great improvements have been made. Take, for instance, the London institution, where a well-managed farm is now in operation supplying all the needs of the residents, where baths have been established and every modern means employed to improve the conditions of the inmates. Or the great institution which is to be built at Whitby on the cottage plan and which is now receiving his special consideration, in order that it may surpass anything before attempted. Today, nurses are being trained specially to care for nervous and insane patients, while the system calls for the establishment of clinical records so that each inmate's condition may be known and considered on its merits. This fine work among the 6,670 insane patients in the Ontario asylums and hospitals for the feeble-minded is deserving of every commendation.

It would be foolish to assume that Mr. Hanna has personally devised and carried out all the reforms mentioned. No one man could have accomplished as much. But this much may be said, that he has had in mind an object and that to the attainment of that object he has directed all his energies. He has not been content to leave administrative work to subordinates but has taken a hand in everything himself. He has been the motive force behind each progressive movement. The entire office machinery has moved smoothly and efficiently under his direction and the only time there was a hitch was when the prospect of his going to the Railway Board was in evidence and rebellion broke out. There was not one of his followers who did not consider it a personal matter that Mr. Hanna should remain at his post and finish the work he had so well begun.

While a provincial official engaged in administering provincial matters, yet men like Mr. Hanna possess a national

importance. Sister provinces learn from one another. They adopt those policies which are found to be beneficial. Already the other provinces of the Dominion have been studying Ontario's progress in matters pertaining to social welfare. The work which the Provincial Secretary is doing in his native province has effected and will effect legislation all over Canada and in this sense, if in no other, he becomes a personality of interest to all the people of the country.

THE PERSONAL SIDE.

Personally, the Provincial Secretary is a jolly-looking individual, with big, laughing eyes behind large-sized glasses, a heavy moustache and a round face. He is of solid, stocky build, with great strength of body. His voice is strong and when he lets it out in debate, he fills every corner of the chamber. While by no means a sloven, he cares little about his sartorial appearance. The Hanna fedora is invariably the worse for wear; indeed it is said that in three days one couldn't tell the new from the old. The Hanna suit shines at the elbows and bags at the knees. But for all that he can spruce up for weddings and funerals and take on a polish for Government House dinners.

Appropos of his carelessness about dress they still tell the story in Sarnia of the election day, when he arrived down at his committee room with a fine bright red necktie. He was quite oblivious to the fact that the Liberal color ill became a Tory candidate. But it seems that the first Mrs. Hanna, who was related to Alexander Mackenzie and was a staunch Liberal, had played a practical joke on her husband and had dressed him up for the occasion.

Such jokers as Hugh Clark and Joe Downey have been accustomed to account for Mr. Hanna's overwhelming defeat in 1896 by referring to the cabinet photograph which he circulated through the constituency. "Who would want to vote for a man with a face like that?" they would jibe. "No wonder you were buried." To this Mr. Hanna

had always a clever retort. "That wasn't the reason at all" he would reply. "You see, those photographs were sent through the mail. The wives and daughters of the voters naturally got them out of the post. They were so infatuated with them that they stuck them up on their dressers at home and spent an hour or so gazing at them. Then when the husbands and fathers came home, supper wasn't ready and they took out their revenge on me."

There is always a readiness about Mr. Hanna to turn a quip to put a light touch to a serious situation, to brighten up humdrum proceedings, even to indulge in boisterous horse-play and practical jokes. Once a deputation of doctors came to him in a decidedly surly humor. They filed into his office in a state of high tension. He grasped the situation at once and with his beaming smile walked up to one of the best-known practitioners present, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and thrusting out his hand exclaimed, "Name, please?" The clever way it was done broke the spell and presently the whole party were on friendly terms.

This readiness to put a humorous note into everything, used to stand him in good stead as a lawyer. Some years ago he was defending a man at Sarnia, who had been accused of breaking open a slot machine and extracting the money from it. The case looked very black against the young man. The prosecuting attorney drew the ropes tighter and tighter about him and it appeared like a certain conviction. Mr. Hanna called no witnesses; he did not even put the accused in the box. When it came his turn to address the jury his remarks were very brief and very telling. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I don't know how you feel towards these slot machines, but it seems to me that my client took just about the only possible way to get even with them." The point went right home and the young man was found not guilty.

Among the members of his staff at the Legislature Buildings, Mr. Hanna

is vastly admired. He demands much, but at the same time he appreciates good work. To the man who has demonstrated his ability to handle particular tasks, he gives a free hand but for the incompetent he has little use. His department is undoubtedly the best organized, the most efficient and the most loyal in Queen's Park. In action, he is like a dynamo, giving off power at a high voltage and keeping his subordinates keyed up to the same level of effort.

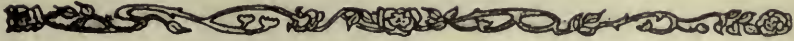
That Mr. Hanna ranks a little above the average politician may be illustrated by a reference to the last campaign. The election was held in December. In the month of October, he decided that the new asylum would be built near Whitby in the constituency of South Ontario. During the campaign he visited the riding and spoke to the electors but not one word of political capital did he make out of the asylum. It was not known until after the election and when South Ontario had gone Liberal, that the institution would be built there. One can admire a man who thus places principle above expediency.

Sarnia is still the Minister's home and at Sarnia he spends most of his week ends. He and his law partners continue to practise there and Mr. Hanna takes a personal hand in the business of the firm. What with his official duties in Toronto, his home and his practice, he has little time left for relaxation. He cannot be said to indulge in any game, though he has been known to use a golf club on occasion and also to ride a horse. But he appreciates seeing a base ball match, has many of the expansive sensations of a small boy when he gets away for a holiday.

This, then, is a brief pen picture of the man who—would not be chief Railway Commissioner—the champion position-refuser of Canada. He has already declined more offices than a dozen men might fill. He might have been chief counsel for the Grand Trunk, might have taken high legal office on the New York Central, might have been

a director of the Standard Oil, might have been city counsel of Toronto and might even have held office in the Borden cabinet. But he would have none of them. He remains plain Provincial Secretary of Ontario, with heart and

hand engaged in the noble work of his department and with the premiership as his reward some time in the future—always provided, of course, that the other party doesn't win in the meantime.



Kinship

I am aware,
 As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
 Doing my part of the every-day care—
 Human and simple my lot and my share—
 I am aware of a marvelous thing:
 Voices that murmur and ethers that ring
 In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
 I am aware of the passion that pours
 Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
 Forces terrific, with melody shod,
 Music that mates with the pulses of God.
 I am aware of the glory that runs
 From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
 Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
 Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
 Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
 Here in the midst of the every-day air—
 I am aware.

I am aware,
 As I sit quietly here in my chair,
 Sewing or reading or braiding my hair—
 Human and simple my lot and my share—
 I am aware of the systems that swing
 Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing—
 I am aware of a marvelous thing.
 Trail of the comets in furious flight,
 Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
 Terrible triumph of pageants that march
 To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
 I am aware of the splendor that ties
 All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,
 Here in my body the heavenly heat,
 Here in my flesh the melodious beat
 Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
 As I sit silently here in my chair,

I am aware,
 —ANGELA MORGAN, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

THE STORY OF THOMAS A. EDISON'S INVENTION OF THE
INCANDESCENT LIGHTING SYSTEM AND THE DIFFICULTIES
WHICH WERE ENCOUNTERED AND OVERCOME.

By Orison S. Marden

In his inspirational talk with readers of MacLean's Magazine this month, Dr. Orison S. Marden tells the story of Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp. It was only a generation ago; yet it was received as incredible. But although many difficulties were encountered at the outset, Edison, determined that he could surmount impossibilities, persisted in his work and ultimately triumphed. The story of his efforts is presented in the accompanying article.

"HOW did *that* stuff get in, Mr. Orr?" exploded Managing Editor Connerz of the *New York Herald*, December 21, 1879, as he took up that morning's copy of the paper and caught sight of a page describing Thomas A. Edison's successful development of his incandescent lighting system. "Lights strung on wires, like berries on a bush, with no connected flame to set or keep them burning! Don't you know that such an idea is dead against every law of nature? You've made a laughing-stock of us. What will Mr. Bennett say? Who wrote it?"

"Marshall Fox," replied Mr. Orr.

"Where is he? Send for him. We must do something to save ourselves from ridicule."

And this occurred only a scant generation ago.

"I was fired with the idea of the incandescent lamp as opposed to the arc lamp," said Mr. Edison—that is, of hundreds or thousands of small lamps instead of a few big ones. "It was easy enough to see that the subdivision never could be accomplished unless each light

was made independent of every other." For this he must have a vacuum in a glass globe, but in such a vacuum there must be some kind of filament to burn without burning up. Others had tried filament of low resistance, to let the electricity pass freely, and had succeeded finely with them, except that the current passed so easily that it gave but a feeble light. Mr. Edison sought for a material of high resistance, which gave light in plenty for a brief moment, or but a short time at most, but could not stand the pressure. For months he tried variety after variety of filament, only to find them all unsatisfactory in some way. All along he had shunned carbon, knowing how easily a fine hair of it would oxydize. At length, however, he thought he would try the long rejected material.

"Well, we sent out and bought some cotton thread and carbonized it, and made the first filament. We had already managed to get pretty high vacua and we thought maybe the filament would be stable. We built the lamp and lighted it; it lit up, and in the first

few breathless minutes we measured its resistance quickly and found it was 275 ohms—all we wanted. Then we sat down and looked at that lamp; we wanted to see how long it would burn. There was the problem solved—if the filament would last. The day was October 21, 1879. We sat and looked and the lamp continued to burn and the longer it burned the more fascinated we were. None of us could go to bed and here was no sleep for over forty hours; we sat and just watched it with anxiety growing into elation. It lasted about forty-five hours, and then I said, 'If it will burn forty hours now I know I can make it burn a hundred.'

"There we were. We saw the carbon was what we wanted; the next question was what kind of carbon." Again trial followed trial with little apparent gain until he carbonized a small strip of bamboo from a fan some visitors had forgotten and found that to be just what he was seeking. But the next piece of bamboo he used did not give similar results! Where did that particular bamboo come from of which the ribs of the fan were made?"

"Why," said Mr. Edison, "I sent a school teacher from Orange—I have forgotten his name—to Sumatra, and another fellow up the Amazon. He got stuck somewhere up there, but worked his way over through Bolivia and got back. Finally, William H. Moore went to Japan and got the real thing there. We made a contract with an old Jap to supply us with the proper fibre, and that man went to work and cultivated and cross-fertilized bamboo until he got it exactly what we wanted. I believe he made a fortune out of it.

"I tell you," Mr. Edison continued, "in those days the boys hustled hard. One man went down to Havana, and the day he got there he was seized with the yellow fever and died in the afternoon. When I read the cabled message that told of it in the shop, about a dozen of the boys jumped up and asked for his job! Those boys were a bright lot of chaps, and sometimes it was hard to select the right ones for a particular piece of work. I once got

an order from England to send over fifteen men expert in telephone manipulation, so I rigged up some telephones and did all sorts of things to 'em. I would stick the point of a jackknife through the insulation in spots, and cut a wire, and in various other ways introduce 'bugs' into those instruments; then the boys were set to work to find out what was the matter with 'em. If a fellow could find out ten times inside of ten minutes what the various troubles were he got his passage paid and was started. About one out of three managed to stand this test, and I believe that every one of them who went abroad made money. This was back in 1878 or 1879."

Success was now assured, but not secured. He had found the right filament, and each little incandescent lamp was independent of all the others. But his current must be distributed in the most economical way, or the enterprise would not pay; and the currents must also be generated with absolute steadiness, or the lights would flicker or fail. For distribution there must be some kind of large community station, and for any minutest or largest detail of it there was not a thing on the market that money could buy, or available on order, since no one but Mr. Edison and his men knew how to make it. For steady, rapid generation there must be powerful high-speed engines, and there were no high-speed engines in those days.

"I had the central station in mind all the time," said Mr. Edison, in the *Electrical Review*. "I wanted to use 110 volts. Now there is no use for you to ask me why, because I don't know, but somehow that figure stuck in my mind, and I had calculated that if we could get the voltage as high as that, the copper cost would be somewhere within sight. I got an insurance map of New York City. Did you ever see one? There were many big fat volumes, full of plates, with every elevator shaft and boiler and housetop and fire wall in town set down and duly colored in its place. I laid out a district and figured out an idea of the central station to feed

that part of the town from just south of Wall Street up to Canal and over from Broadway to the East River.

"Why, I knew where every hatchway and bulkhead door in that district of New York was, and what every man paid for gas. How did I know? Simplest thing in the world. I hired a man to start in every day about two o'clock and walk around through the district noting the number of gaslights burning in the various premises; then at three o'clock he went around again and made more notes, and at four o'clock and every other hour up to two or three o'clock in the morning. Other men took other sections. Simple, wasn't it?"

Thus he figured out his central station, but the high-speed engines were not managed so easily. "I couldn't see why, if a locomotive could run at that speed, a 150-horse power engine could not be made to run 350 turns per minute. The engine builders, when I asked them about it, held up their hands and said 'Impossible' I didn't think so. Finally I found C. H. Porter and said to him: 'Mr. Porter, I want a 150-horsepower engine to run 700 revolutions per minute.' He hemmed and hawed a little while and finally agreed to try to build it—if I would pay for it. He got it finished finally and sent it out to Menbo Park, and a fellow by the name of Ennis with it. He was one of the nerviest chaps I ever saw. We set the machine up in the old shop and we had some idea of what might happen, so we tied a chain around the throttle valve and ran it out through a window into the woodshed, where we stood to work it. The shop stood on top of one of those New Jersey shale hills. We opened her up and when she got to about 300 revolutions the whole hill shook under her. We shut her off and rebalanced and tried again, and after a good deal of trouble we finally did run up to 700, but you ought to have seen her run. Why, every time the connecting rod went up she tried to lift that whole hill with her! After we got through with this business we tied her down to 350 revolutions (which was all I wanted) and then

everybody said, 'Why, how beautifully it runs, and how practicable such an engine is!' Now, don't you know, I knew they would say that? Didn't you ever find out that trying to do the impossible makes about half the impossible seem easy?"

"We closed a deal for six engines, and I went to work in Goerck Street to build the dynamos onto them. Of course, we built them by guesswork. I guessed at 110 volts—and didn't guess enough. That's why, if you want to know, the extra pole pieces were put on those old machines. They managed to lift the voltage to what I wanted.

"While all this was going on in the shop we had dug ditches and laid mains all around the district. I used to sleep nights on piles of pipes in the station, and, do you know, I saw every box poured and every connection made on that whole job. There wasn't anybody else who could superintend it."

Finally, with the feeding lines all laid, they started an engine to see how things would work. "My heart was in my mouth at first, but everything worked all right, and we had more than 500 ohms insulation resistance. Then we started another engine and threw them in parallel. Of all the circuses since Adam was born, we had the worst then! One engine would stop and the other would run up to about a thousand revolutions and then they would see-saw." Only by straining the whole outfit to the limit could he make the engines work in unison and only for a short time could this be safely done.

"About that time I got hold of Gardner C. Sims, and he undertook to build an engine to run at 350 revolutions and give 175 horsepower. He went back to Providence and set to work and brought the engine back with him to the shop. It worked, but only for a few minutes, when it 'busted.' That man sat around that shop and slept in it for three weeks until he got his engine right and made it work the way we wanted it to. When he achieved this result I gave orders for his engine works to run night and day until we got enough engines, and when all was ready we started the first one—September 4, 1882—a Saturday night.

That was when we first turned the current on to the mains for regular light distribution and it stayed on for eight years with only one insignificant stop. One of those first engines that Sims built ran twenty-four hours a day, 365 days in the year, for over a year before it was ever stopped."

Another regulation scientific process of those "Dark Ages" that had to be completely revolutionized was the prevailing method of building dynamos. "When I started making them," said Mr. Edison, "I was told that, to get the best effects, the resistance of the machine must be equal to that of its load. Did you ever hear of such foolishness? I thought it was strange to lose half of the energy I generated in the machine because what I was after was to get the stuff out and to sell it. I had an old Gramme machine with a terribly high resistance. I figured out that if one turn of that armature would give one volt, the way she stood, by making great big magnets I could get more volts. I went ahead on that line, and

I remember I made one little machine that had a small armature, about as big as your fist, and about two tons of cast iron in its field magnets. It might not look like much to-day, but it worked all right when the outside resistance was thirty times as big as that in the machine. That was what started me on the large field magnets. I remember at a dinner in Europe talking to Werner Siemens and Hefner von Alteneck and telling them that what we needed was a great big magnet to bring the juice out of the armature. They agreed with me, but," and here Mr. Edison chuckled, "do you know, both of them said they had thought of that before?"

On his return he made some very large, long magnets—"made them too large, as Dr. Hopkinson found out for me. He figured out that making the magnets short and cutting down the air-space was the thing, and he was right. After all, in those days all of us were guessing—and I happened to be a pretty good guesser."

When the Angelus Rings

A convent garden, like an isle of peace
 Roared round by seas of traffic! Wealth of green
 That blistered feet might yearn for—though unseen.
 Their Eden, walled and guarded—when its trees,
 Leafed for the summer, answered soft a breeze
 Found nowhere else. And then the golden sheen
 Of sunset on the old red pile, between
 Thick ivy, shrill with twittering families!
 Then, when bird voices hushed, a blander note
 The evening prayer bell from its little tower
 Spoke, sweet and wistful, to the afterglow;
 And you, sweet wife to be, though still remote,
 In school days, raised your reverent song this hour—
Was it, O dreamer, twenty years ago?

JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING, in *Smith's Magazine*.

Angling for a Place

By R. G. Paigh

APPARENTLY Dalton's air of pre-occupation was not quite pleasing to the girl. She dropped her rod on the rock, sank down beside it, and nursed her knees in her hands. Dalton, seated on the bank of the stream just behind her, was selecting a fly from a book, and whistled a tuneless air contentedly.

"You seem very happy," she said at length, coldly.

He nodded and went on destroying harmony with heroic valor. He knew that by glancing up he could catch one of the fairest pictures man could wish to see. He knew also that she expected him to glance up—that was why he went on fastening the Royal Coachman to his line as he replied:

"I am tolerably happy, considering the fact that last night I was grossly intemperate."

"Intemperate?"

"Drank too hard of the August moon and wild blossom scents. Drunk you know, drunk with the hush, the glory, the perfumes, and the girl; grew hilarious and asked her to marry me—to share my ups and downs in life. She refused to do it. I might say it's what I expected."

"Indeed Then why did you ask her?"

"You see I wasn't sober; and then you must know that the girl had been very, very nice to me for a whole week. She led me on, yes, I'm sure she led me on. Why, she told me a lot of complimentary things about myself. Said my money had not spoiled me, and that I was so easy to get along with, it was just like having nobody around. Said she knew that the inventing and flying of an aeroplane was a great achievement for a mere millionaire to effect, and that she felt awed in my presence; also that

the world looked upon me as clever and daring——"

"Foolhardy was the term, was it not?"

"Was it? Maybe you're right. Anyway, she said it very kindly. And then she spoke of my penchant for flying machines, and when she grew solicitous for my welfare and asked me to give up aviation I misconstrued her meaning, I guess. At any rate, I proposed to her and she laughed at me; laughed at me just as you are doing now."

"She must have possessed a strong sense of humor."

"Undoubtedly. She told me I was foolish to think of anything outside my hobby, seeing it was such a nice hobby, and one I could really ride. Oh, she was very sarcastic!"

"Poor boy! Your ups and downs couldn't have appealed to her, surely."

"Not a bit. She went so far as to say that a man who was already married to a flying machine had not the right to propose, and she hinted something to the effect that my morals needed lubricating. Now what was I to do? By Jove, what *am* I to do?—You see I want her to-day more than ever!"

"You might get a divorce," gravely.

"I'll be a bigamist first," fiercely.

"If you love the girl you should respect her wishes sufficiently to give up risking your life, should she ask it of you."

"I never pay any attention to requests—I obey orders. If she were my wife now she could order me to stop taking risks."

"Your wife?"

"Certainly—I wouldn't care to take orders from another man's."

"But you didn't ask her to be your wife, did you? You asked her to share

your ups and downs, wasn't that it?"

"Your sympathies seem to be altogether with the girl."

"And why not? Surely you are bird enough without wanting to fly artificially."

"Not even to soar to her heights?"

"Not even to soar anywhere, when soaring means courting disaster. Will you do something grand and splendid for the girl—if I ask you to?"

"Yes, on condition that you in turn will persuade the girl to do something grand and splendid for me."

"No, I won't do that; but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll fish against you to see which of us does the other the favor."

"Meaning that if I catch the first fish——?"

"But you won't catch the first fish."

"Then if you catch the first fish——?"

"You give up your hobby—for the girl's sake."

"And if I catch the first fish you give up the girl for my sake—very well. Any time limit?"

"None. Finish fight."

"All right, I'm ready; say when——"

The reels sang as the flies fluttered across the stream. His touched the water almost as quickly as her own, and as it floated above an eddying circle of spume a speckled beauty leaped for it and carried it away.

When, after a strenuous fifteen minutes' fight, he landed the trout and glanced at the girl, it was to meet a pair of laughter-filled eyes. On a rock at her feet lay a fish—a much smaller one than his own, but a fish nevertheless.

"I guess I win," she said softly.

"I congratulate you," he answered.

"Yes, you win; I'm ready to pay."

She laughed then, and sliding from the rock put her hands on his shoulders.

"If the girl had not cared, you know," she whispered, "she wouldn't have asked you to give up flying, Harry——"

But, I'm sure she would be willing to share your ups and downs now, dear, if you cared to ask her again."

Then he took her in his arms.



There is no period of life at which we ought to say that there are no more glad surprises for us in the future. Life is hard enough, but not so hard as some would make it, and its rewards come to those who have worked for them more often than many would have us believe.

—W. Robertson Nicoll.

The Woods Indian

"IT WAS THE WOODS INDIAN WHO LED THE WHITE RACE THROUGH THE NORTHLAND WILDERNESS AND HELPED THAT RACE TO GET AND HOLD ITS FOOTING THERE."

By S. E. Sangster

Occasionally in the march of progress, with its attendant development and prosperity, it is well to pause and look backward in order that the memories of the pioneers, who laid the foundations of the country's greatness, may be revered. Yes, in this connection, we may even pay tribute to the Indians, for in Canada, as is set forth in this article, it was the Woods Indian who led the white race through the Northland wilderness trails and helped that race to get and hold its footing there.

IT is perhaps but natural that the most primitive and most unchanged Indian of this continent is that one who has had least contact with the white man. This manner of Indian, if we bar those tribes scattered in the Yukon and Alaska is he who lives in the unfarmable country along or above our Height of Land, in that last Wilderness of untamed forest and river stretching west from New Brunswick northward from the divide through Quebec and Ontario and westward, bounded



"Jimmy Swain, one of the best packers in the North Country."

at the other side by the Arctic Circle. The primitive Nascaupees of Labrador dwell herein and the picturesque Montagnais of Quebec, the scattered Amalicates of New Brunswick, some remnants of Micmacs and the Algonquin, the Wood Crees and Ojibbeways of Northern Ontario, with the northwestern tribes of Dog Ribs, Yellow Knives and Slaves of what is known of Treaty 8, in the Great Slave Lake district. Practically all of these are woods dwellers, most of them

watermen. Among these we may find at its best the aboriginal knowledge of the ways of the woods and of the network of silver streams which make their highways.

SNOWSHOE OR CANOE.

Horses and wheels are out of the question in the habitat of the north woods native. He must travel afoot in winter on his snowshoes, in summer, by canoe along the only available trail—the wilderness rivers. These streams have always been their natural highway, because a river always runs down hill and always leads to some place; that place of later years perhaps affording pork and flour, or eke the flowing bowl.

Since environment produces type, we could predict offhand that the man of this sort of country would not be so tall as the riding man of the prairie. Using himself and not a horse for a pack animal, he would have neck and shoulders and back muscles developed for carrying and arm and trunk muscles for paddling. Indeed, we find him the most primitive Indian of the North American Continent. He is not spectacular in beads and feathers as the prairie or mountain type, but he has his sashes and his embroideries, too, and he is useful and efficient. If he had not been this he would have perished hundreds of years ago.

Dependent more or less on the white race, where he touches it, he retains still his old tribal ways, his old inscrutable habit of thought in religion, which no



"It was the Wood Indian that led the white race through the northland wilderness and helped them gain their footing there."

white man can understand. In places he keeps to the old tribal customs, as he may, and in his more primitive relations he adheres rigidly to the old traditions of his people.

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

It was the woods Indian that led the white race through the northland trails, and helped that race to get and hold its footing there. As the lower tribes, such as the Iroquois, were allies of Great Britain in war, so these people north of the Great Lakes were the allies of that country in industry. Without the sturdy *voyageurs* of the North,

half Indian at least, the fur trade could never have been. If you have read the story of Sir George Simpson, of Thompson, of MacKenzie, of Hearne, or of Alexander Henry, the Younger, or any of the early or late explorers of Hudson's Bay, or the old Nor'west Companies, always you will find that the real man behind the pack and the paddle was this native son of the wilderness. Perhaps he was not full blood, indeed, for the most part the typical *voyageur* was not. From the time of Greysolon de L'hut on down, wild white blood has merged with wild red blood. The first fur traders on both sides of the territorial line got on very well, for there was much marriage according to the laws of the aboriginal world, and the tendency was for the two races to dwell in harmony. It was firewater, cows and plows that broke up the game.

For two centuries or more the great Hudson's Bay Company, the most enterprising and most romantic of any cor-



"He uses . . . the canoe of birch bark, built with great skill, handled with great skill, and repaired with equal facility."

poration in the history of the world, handled these natives without great friction. The white men who went north and west those days were hardy enough themselves. Many of the *engages* of the H.B. Co. and Nor'west Co. were young Scotchmen, used at home to a rude, rough life. Take a six-foot Scotchman with whiskers a yard long and a hand like a full-sized ham, and he is not bad aborigine himself. The natives respected this kind of man because he could carry a pack and could paddle a bit when he learned how. From these and intermarriage with Wood Cree or Ojibbeway squaws many of the breed-fur-brigade members sprang. It was the whitemen who superintended the fur trade of these two great companies; the men who did the work were half-breeds or Indians. It was the steady pluck and hardiness of such men as these, either pure or grafts on the aboriginal stock, who took the Montreal cargoes through to Edmonton each year by midsummer,

passing en route the eastbound brigades with their cargoes of fur for the eastern markets. It is men like these who man almost the last of the fur brigades, that which yet comes down from Abitibbi, paddling for weeks at a stretch, if need be, but always gay as children when at the end of the journey they make the water fly from their paddles, rolled along the gunwale of the great *Canot du Nord*, as these old "war-canoes" properly were called in the old days. It was they who got the "York" boat in the old days up Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan river and other streams which led to the Far North or the Far West. And those brigades went through, not semi-occasionally, but regularly and on schedule. They led the way and did the work for the civilization which eventually will swallow them up, so soon as what they have is worth the having, from our point of view.

Nor were these long trails on both sides of the Canadian Height of Land or north to the ice or west to the midcontinental Height of Land all easy paddling with dry moccasins or clean leggings. Much of the going was made up of plain mud and water and slimy spruce roots. Every pound of furs that ever got to London was carried man-back scores of times. Every mouthful of grub eaten by the priest or *engage* of any of the far northern fur posts was carried in the same way across many scores of hard portages and poled through many rough places. I have known a Chippewa to carry a barrel of pork two miles, with frequent rests, of course, and I once saw one smilingly bet a 160 pound man he could carry him five miles over a logging trail and not once set him down. Some of these men would pack 200 pounds, and it is claimed sometimes 300, but they were usually powerful men and worked under keen rivalry — the only rivalry which could bring any honor in their country—that of physical prowess. Each strove to excel, as we, of to-day, strive on Wall Street in New York or State Street in Chicago, or any of our devious thoroughfares of so-called civilization.

METHODS ON THE TRAIL.

If you have ever tried to follow a woods Indian on the portage, you will remember that he goes at a half-trot, a most fatiguing effort to keep up with. In the regular day's work of the fur brigade, the time of rest is measured by a "pipe"—the time necessary for a brief smoke. Despite many references to the "inevitable cigarette," the fact remains that the pipe has ever been the typical smoking implement of the Indian. Its use has ever been, and is, alike common and ceremonious. The most beautiful bead work of the northern Indian was lavished on the fire bags of their full dress regalia, the receptacle in which they kept pipe, tobacco and flint in the olden days.

The north Indian to-day uses the white man's canoe—the bass-wood cruiser, mainly because it is less fragile and much steadier, especially in white water. But in the past, even as late as ten years ago, their craft were almost universally constructed of birch-bark. They built them with great skill, handled them with great skill and repaired them when need arose, with equal facility, using the bark of the birch, the resin of the spruce and the fibre of certain roots as their material. They used perforce the means at hand offered them for getting on in the world. Thus they strung their snow-shoes with the hide of the caribou, stretching it tight as they could between two trees before they filled their shoe bows. Their houses they built of bark as a rule, sometimes now of logs, following the advent of the steel axe. Always they can show the white man how to be comfortable and how to get on in the world—their particular part of the world.

There is, indeed, a great deal of poetry and romance in the old north woods life, a fine feeling of adventure and freedom and lack from bondage or restriction, and, for that matter, something keenly interesting and real in the continual touch of the Indian thought with things supernatural—such as shown in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." In this last



"Every pound of fur . . . every mouthful of food is carried man-back scores of times."

respect indeed the Indian has really changed but little, and their old superstitions are to-day as keenly affective of their actions as a hundred years gone by. We may say we have two divisions of these Indians, the pagan and the Christianized, or, more true, the partly Christianized. Experience would indicate that the old-time, *real* Indian, with all his aboriginal traditions of the square deal, is more dependable than any civilized Indian, or civilized white man either.

It was from the so-called Christian half-breeds, French for the most part, with occasional Scotch blood intermingled, that the old fur brigades got their crews. They were a care-free lot, and a shriving once a year was enough for them. They gave a little of their money regularly to the church when they reached a Settlement, and the rest they spent like lords, knowing there was more to be made by the easy process of following the trail, for not more than twenty-four hours daily under paddle



"Beside their wastrel fires cheer is sometimes not overabundant."

you going or coming, on Saskatchewan or St. Lawrence, fatalism or Christian faith as one liked for either hand—what more has life given you or me than that? I swear had we the heart and the stomach, and were the old days possible any more to-day, we might do worse than try to qualify for these other trails, rather than those of

or pack would be required of them. As they approached Montreal, going east, they became more and more Christian, more and more civilized. Going westward with the return supplies, little by little they cast off restraint, until by the time they got west of the Great Lakes and had touch of the free winds of the prairie land and had caught the uplift of the sight of the white Rockies, they had merged wholly into the life of the savage, religion and all. Suzanne Buharnme for a Sweetheart in Ontario, a wife in every tribe west of Ontario, a pipe at every resting place on the long portage, a meal four or five times a day, a drink whenever it could be had, a stomach hard as iron and a heart light as a feather, a religion that would save

high finance in our civilization.

Such were the transporters of the goods of the wilderness, one way or the other. But the goods of this wilderness must first be obtained before they might go eastward to the markets. Out in the villages, in the lodges of bark or teepees of skin and logs of pine, have dwelt for some centuries those who have labored for your wife and mine, so that they might wear furs—wear them wrongfully and unrighteously; for no man's woman should wear fur or feather which he himself has not taken by his own prowess. Oftentimes they have starved, these people of the Great Silences, because the rabbits have taken some disease and died, or because the moose and caribou have migrated or the

deer are not to be located in their yards or the fish supply has run short. Their little children have died, their women perished, and have been laid away as chance permitted with no mourning, because their fatalism provided no time for mourning. Around their wastrel fires cheer sometimes is not over-abun-



"Always as gay as children . . . the water flying from their paddles, rolled along the great Canot du Nord."

dant; many-a-time their provender mainly consists of roast dog and boiled dog—but dog is good when dog is all—and these northern folk do not complain.

To aid them in getting what the white man wants, the white men of the old fur company have drilled them for a couple of hundred years, long before steel traps were known. The Hudson's Bay Company taught their red trappers how to make deadfalls—the fall-log of a lynx trap as high from the ground as the height of a man's knee; the little marten fall-log the width of a palm above the bed log; the trigger as long as a man's hand and extended fingers—all easy things to remember. To-day, these Indians have the white man's cutlery, but in times gone by their only steel was the old H.B. knife with its blade a foot or more in length—used to build the traps, fashion splints for the birchbark canoe, to skin the kill—in short, the most useful single tool yet invented for woods use. The next prized item of their outfit was the family kettle, and beyond these often they had little except a weird musket and a scanty dole of ammunition. Of clothing they had less and of food they ate when they could get. Yet all the time in the rear of the lodge back from the fire the little store of skins on their stretchers increased steadily, until at last they took the year's "hunt" as the traders called their catch, out to the post, perhaps a hundred miles



"He is a good deal of a fellow this Wood Indian! . . . He is a Success . . . What are you and I?"

or more distant. There each Indian paid his "debt" honestly and to the actual cent and started in again for another year. His was the life of the paddle and portage, of tump line and steel trap, of deadfall and of travel—with skunk or muskrat for food when beavertail and deer failed him. After all, when the catch is good, he is lucky if he breaks even at the end of the year—the same as we are.

Of course, to these men the wilderness is as an open book, and they travel it with absolute confidence with or without trail. The average sportsmen traveling through such a country learns to lean on his Indian guide for his support, just as the trader has always lean-



"His . . . a life of paddle and portage, of tump-line and steel trap."

ed on him in our wilderness commerce. Without the Indian or breed guide as a mainstay in the wilderness, most of the annual dinners of our sportsmen's clubs would not occur, and the clubs themselves would go out of commission from sheer necessity. Comfort in the woods and any sort of certainty of results largely depends on the ancient instinct of the age-long product of this upper wilderness. If, for instance, your Indian says it is safe to take a piece of white water in a canoe, it usually is safe, because he has the sixth sense of the wild creature, safer than most reasoning.

There are few lost motions in the day's life of the north woods Indian. Why? You call him lazy, but really he is evidencing sound philosophy. In his task the economy of effort has been a practical necessity. This short, squat native of this Last Wilderness is not elegant, perhaps, but one does not find it in one's soul quite to despise him. He is a good deal of a fellow this Montag-

nais, this Chippewa, this Woods Cree, even lazy and immoral as this latter may be. He may like muskrat, but so has many a white man; he may like dog, but let us repeat boiled dog is not too bad when one is hungry. He may be silent of habit, so would you be if you had to make part of your living by not talking. But, take it all in all, he is a good deal of a fellow just the same, this Woods Indian. We admire the man who can do more than we can; who will run white water where we get "cold feet" at the mere thought; who can read the tape-ticker of the wilderness better than ourselves. We admire the man who has prevailed in the physical world where fate has put him. We admire the man who has prevailed anywhere in his environment and is, therefore, a success. The North Woods Indian is a success. What are you and I? Well for you if you are man enough to shake hands with him and have him call you brother.



Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

Do the "Big Interests" Control Magazines ?

Is it True that the Moneyed Powers are Attempting to Dominate American Magazines, and to a Large Extent are Succeeding ?

The charge has often been made that the moneyed powers are attempting to dominate the American magazines and are to a large extent succeeding. Is it true? Mr. George French, an advertising writer of Boston, who raises the question in *The Twentieth Century Magazine*, answers in the affirmative and gives definite specifications in support of his answer. He believes that the failure of *Success* and *Hampton's* may be directly traced to the influence of "the big interests," and that McClure's *Magazine* and *Pearson's* have both felt the disciplining hand of capital.

Taking up, first of all, the case of *Success*, Mr. French attributes the beginning of the downfall of the magazine to the fact that it featured an article on "The End of Cannonism" in its issue of January, 1910. Perhaps, he concedes, it is true that in 1910 *Success* was already foredoomed to failure. But perhaps it was not. "Certain other publishers," he declares, "shortly before had been trying to buy it for \$400,000, or near that sum, and even after the Cannon raid began, from another source, came an offer of about two-thirds the amount for it." Mr. French pays tribute to the abilities of Dr. Orison Swett Marden as editor, and of Edward Everett Higgins as business manager, of *Success*. He goes on to say:

"Dr. Marden's helpful writings made *Success* very popular, and its circulation and advertising patronage became so large that the promise for the future was brilliant. Then Mr. Higgins became infected with the political microbe and the muckraking germ. In looking about, he per-

ceived that the people had become weary of Cannon; therefore *Success* must accelerate Cannon's going. But Cannon said 'Damn *Success*,' and *Success* was damned. Advertising business began to drop off. Big concerns refused to renew contracts. It became difficult to get money from banks that had been eager to discount *Success* paper. The papermakers demanded cash for paper. The iron maiden of the big interests drew her sharp spikes nearer and nearer to the comely body of *Success*. Sales fell off. No man said, 'You think you can do this dirt to the Old Guard—we'll show you!' No man protested to the editor. No bank refused funds because *Success* had become a muckraker. No. Nothing was complained of—but advertisers quit the paper; papermakers demanded money; banks found it inconvenient to discount notes. From that time on *Success* went along down the toboggan with alarming speed.

"Was this all on account of Uncle Joe Cannon? No, not that; but *Success* had revealed itself as another muckraking periodical prepared to stir up the compost about whatever man, party, or enterprise it conceived to be flourishing unnaturally. Accordingly that silent force we call the Big Interests, without one of these interests doing a single thing that could be cited as an overt act, or uttering a sentence that could be quoted as a threat or a command or a request, proceeded to snuff out a concern that shortly before might have been sold for nearly \$400,000. *Success* had built up a great publishing business. . . . All this disappeared as if by magic, be-

cause the ambitious publisher, wishing to bask in the same limelight he saw playing about his contemporaries, made an injudicious choice."

Mr. French passes on to consider the situation of McClure's Magazine. He recalls Miss Tarbell's articles on John D. Rockefeller, printed six years ago. "They fell flat," he asserts, "both as literature and as biography, and the McClure concern was punished. It was dropped from the high estate of the most prosperous and important popular magazine to a condition so uncertain as to furnish the publishing world with a query the answer to which everybody knows who is interested enough to hazard a guess." After this somewhat cryptic statement, Mr. French continues:

"The Rockefeller articles were made into a book, and the book has disappeared from the market. Indeed, it was never really on the market. Just as it was ready for sale the McClure book business fell into the hands of Doubleday, Page & Company, and Miss Tarbell's book has not since been seen or heard of."

McClure's, we are told by Mr. French, is, in effect, one of the assets of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, and one of this concern's employees was in charge of the magazine's bookkeeping for some time before it was transferred to the organization now publishing it. The West Virginia Paper Company "is understood" to be one of the many big business enterprises in which Standard Oil is largely interested.

The plight of Hampton's Magazine is next analyzed. Nothing in recent magazine history, Mr. French holds, is more representatively illuminating than the brief career of Hampton's and of Benjamin B. Hampton as an editor and publisher. Of Mr. Hampton we are told that "he is emphatically a high-strung, impulsive, unreasoning, unthinking plunger—intolerant of guidance, almost contemptuous of advice, self-reliant to the breaking point, brilliant, versatile, sensitive." At seventeen he had won a State-wide reputation as editor of the best country newspaper in the Middle West region where he was bred. He came to New York as an advertising man, but his ambition was to be an editor. He bought The Broadway Magazine and changed its name to Hampton's. Then he went heartily into the vocation of "muck-raking," and in the course of time published two articles, one by Cleveland Moffett mistakenly linking the Corn Products Company with the Standard Oil Company;

a second criticizing the Hartford Railway Company. Mr. French tells us:

"Not only did Hampton have to apologize for the Standard Oil break, but the publication of those two articles earned for him the active enmity of the two controlling money interests—the Standard Oil and the Morgan groups. Consequently he soon found that he could not get a dollar from any New York bank upon any kind of security or terms. His efforts to enlist private capital were no more successful. His own \$200,000 and the \$700,000 he got from the sale of stock melted away. He appealed to his friends, who helped him over several minor crises; but in the end he collapsed, and his friends took him up country to a farm, while his brother, Jesse D. Hampton, and his other associates, devoted themselves to the problem of selling the magazine. W. R. Hearst was applied to, but declined to act. A firm of magazine brokers tried to sell the property, but without success until out of the West came the men who owned the Columbia-Sterling magazine, bringing assurances of unlimited money. After much negotiation, they took over Hampton's with the result that the whole fabric of pretense and uneconomic conditions eventually collapsed. The postal authorities helped in the wrecking, several of the parties being criminally prosecuted for using the mails to defraud."

Pearson's Magazine, we are told in Mr. French's article, has also been hit hard, "with a very big club, and many times." The offence of Pearson's has been to publish articles favoring a ship subsidy and attacking the beef trust and other trusts. In the first instance, the Hamburg-American Line withdrew advertising; in the second, the Armours refused to continue their advertising patronage. A bank also stopped its advertising, stating frankly that it objected to the magazine's "attacks on business." And yet, Mr. French says, the articles complained of were "well written, the writer's allegations apparently were fortified by indisputable facts and circumstances, and the lessons were driven home by the employment of logic and vigorous English."

Mr. French declares that he wishes to be fair to all parties. He recognizes that trusts and business concerns have a right to withdraw their advertising from any magazine that lessens the value (to them) of such advertising by adopting an editorial policy hostile to them. But have they a right to crush the truth; to stifle free speech; to "restrain trade" by restraining

the commerce of ideas? The article concludes:

"There is a big question here, of course; a question bigger than the showing of the balance sheets. Is muckraking for revenue only better than subserviency? Much of the expository stuff printed by the militant magazines has been futile and useless. It does no good to rail and scold, to accuse and denounce, unless there is some constructive plan in view to correct the evils exposed. Publicity is a great reformatory force; most of the muckraking campaigns, however, have not been based upon initial and edifying publicity, but upon reiteration. A word fitly spoken is always a power; but the inept and inopportune word damages the cause it advocates. The trusts could ask no more effective championship than the so-called attacks that have been made upon them by some of the vociferous magazines. Not being subtle reasoners, trust magnates have failed to see this. Neither do they recognize the fact that it is as unwise as it is unjust to gag even a common and futile scold; that to do so casts a suspicion upon those sensitive to criticism which is worth a volume of proof."

A vivid corroboration of the essential truth of Mr. French's analysis is afforded by the policy adopted by Arthur W. Little, editor of Pearson's Magazine. In its April and succeeding issues Pearson's appears in a new form; omits illustrations; uses cheap paper; and concentrates on the quality of its articles. Mr. Little tells us that for a

long time he has been watching the other magazines to see how they were going to meet the existing situation. "I have been listening to trade gossip," he says, "to get a line on the things that are even yet to be done." He continues:

"This April number is what Pearson's is going to do. I had been thinking about it for a long time, but I made up my mind all of a sudden one day when I got a telegram from one of our advertising solicitors, saying that a very prominent advertiser, of whose patronage I had felt quite proud, had suggested that we ought to stop publishing such stuff as that which Benson was writing under the title, 'The Usurpation of Power by the Courts.' You see, several thousand citizens have taken the trouble to write and praise us for publishing that 'stuff,' and it made me see red to be told practically that I had to stop it. So I did what the good housewife does when her husband loses his fat job and has to get along on a smaller income. I discharged the cook and butler, so to speak. I put away the dressy clothes and cut out unproductive expenditures. You can see for yourself what a lot of money we are saving on mechanical cost. Everything in the way of luxury is cut out. But everything in the way of wholesomeness is kept. In fact, we've increased the appropriation for editorial features about a thousand dollars a month; and from now on it is to be editorial enterprise, not advertising solicitation, that is to receive further increases."

Finland's Women Deputies and their Work

What has been Accomplished in the first Country in Europe to give Women the same Rights as Men

An authoritative article on the work of the women-deputies of Finland appears in the *Contemporary Review* for July, written by V. Palen-Kordes. After reading it even the most pronounced opponents of women suffrage will scarcely deny that in Finland at least women have been a great factor in advancing the cause of good government. These women have secured for themselves a place in the world's history as pioneers; it is well, therefore, that something of their work should be generally known.

"Finland," we are told, "was the first country in Europe to give women the same rights as men. Only Norway has as yet followed her example, and with the same success. In 1906 Finnish women were admitted to the Seim (Parliament), and they regarded their new rights so seriously that at the first election, in 1907, sixty of them went to the poll. Nor did their activity weaken in the following years, in spite of the repeated dissolutions of the Seim on account of political difficulties caused by the Russian Government. Because of

these interruptions, occurring four times in five years, they could not carry out their programme quite as fully as they wanted to, but still they succeeded in settling some of its points.

"Up to the beginning of last year the women brought in twenty-nine different legislative bills, of which the Seim passed the following:—

- (1) The establishment of laws for child protection against ill-treatment;
- (2) The complete freeing of the wife from the legal guardianship of her husband;
- (3) The raising of the marriage age from fifteen to eighteen years;
- (4) The organization of colonies for youthful criminals;
- (5) The right of women to assist in the department of public medicine;
- (6) The abolition of police observation over prostitutes.

"In addition to this, all the women deputies brought in a petition for the protection of women in the street from assault, thus indicating the necessity for adding a new clause to the criminal laws dealing with this matter.

"Among other women's bills awaiting decision were the following:—

Concerning the Interests of Both Sexes:

A Bill to separate the Highest Court of Law from the Senate, making it an independent institution;

A Bill to give Jews equal rights with Christians;

A Universal Adult Suffrage Bill;

A Bill to regulate the relations between workers, servants, and employers;

A Bill to increase the punishment for ill-treatment of animals;

A Bill granting free meals to school children;

A Bill for improving the position of illegitimate children, and for the establishment of homes for them.

Concerning the Interests of Women:
Bills for:

Maternity insurance;

The establishment of Government midwives;

For giving a wife the right to dispose of her children (formerly the husband had this right exclusively);

For the improvement of domestic economy schools;

For the appointment of women as factory inspectors;

For enabling women to serve in public institutions on equal terms with men.

"In all questions dealing with social

and hygienic matters the women have taken a great interest. They unanimously supported the Bill prohibiting the importation, sale, and consumption of alcohol.

"The deputies have been members of all committees of the Seim, and have taken part in even the principal one, the Grand Committee, which is elected by the whole House proportionately, and gives its decisions on the most important questions of legislation and taxation, these questions being worked out previously in special committees. On this Grand Committee four women assisted:—Dagmara Neovius, a teacher, and editor of a journal; Hedwiga Solberg, headmistress of a Teacher's Training College; Mimi Turinen, the daughter of an artisan; and Ora Kiskinen, a dress-maker.

"All these women, of varying social position, education, and development, have proved in Parliament that they were in their right place; they have fulfilled their new duties conscientiously and with ability, and there is no doubt that they have been of great use to the committees they worked on.

"The most prominent woman deputy is, according to general opinion, the Social Democrat, Mina Silanpee, editor of a journal. Her history is a very interesting one. After education in an elementary school, she became a worker in a factory, and later a cook in Helsingfors. She spent every spare minute in reading and self-education, and by hard work has become one of the most intellectual and popular women in Finland. She went through all her elections without difficulty, each time receiving a great number of votes. Mina Silanpee is a splendid orator and organizer. She has done a great deal in organizing domestic servants. Together with Ch. Persinen, she edits a journal, entitled *The Woman Worker*.

"The number of women deputies in the Seim fluctuates between nineteen and twenty-five. Last year there were twenty-one—twelve Socialists, four of the Swedish party, one Young-Finn, and four Old-Finns. The electors have, with a few exceptions, returned to every new Seim the women deputies they have once elected, which may be considered the best criticism of their work.

"The question of family life, the most sacred, because the most responsible work of humanity, has been discussed seriously in Parliament by these deputies for the first time from a woman's point of view; by their aid it will in time win the place of importance it deserves.

"To the Finnish women every profession is open. For instance, they serve in the Marine Service, and have been much appreciated in that employment. When, in 1906, women first entered Parliament they were met with much doubt and suspicion. Many a man and woman prophesied the end of Finland. Now, after five years, everybody must be convinced that women have entered Parliament with the earnest wish

to improve their country, and, what is still more, that they have known how to do it, and have achieved, comparatively, a splendid result. Of course, these strong, enthusiastic, excellent women could have done much more for the development of their promising country, had it not been for the troubles caused by the actions of the Russian Government, which have so hindered progress."

A Business of Nickles and Dimes

Racy Sketch of Woolworth, the Five and Ten Cent Store Man, who is Erecting the Tallest Building in the World.

In the July issue of "Business" a brief sketch is given of the career of F. W. Woolworth, "the man behind the five and ten cent store." On the corner of Park Place and Broadway, New York, is slowly rising from its base, a mass of stone and steel which is destined to be the tallest building in the world. Already it tops every other structure in the lower part of Manhattan. When it is completed, it will tower fifty-five stories, or one-seventh of a mile, above the sidewalks. If laid on its side, it would cover three city blocks. It is to be 200 feet higher than the Cathedral of Cologne. It will rise fifty feet above the greatest of the Pyramids. Its total cost will exceed \$13,500,000.

"And this mammoth structure," continues the article, "is a tribute to a business that was builded on nickels and dimes. It will contain, among thousands of other firms to be housed in its depth, the main offices of F. W. Woolworth and his Five and Ten Cent stores. It has been erected solely out of the profits that have poured into the treasury of its builder from his six hundred stores, scattered all over the globe.

"The commonly accepted theory of romance fades into the horizon of dreams when compared with the romance of this man and his idea. Except for the fact that it goes back to the proverbial farmhouse, there is no other parallel in the history of business.

"F. W. Woolworth was born and brought up on his father's farm in Watertown, New York. He lived there until he was twenty-one years old, attending the district school in winter and attending to the

usual work of the farm in both summer and winter. During this period, he had two terms in a business college in Watertown, apparently with good results, for he says, 'The education I got in the business college did more good than any classical college training I might have had. I was never satisfied with the farm,' he adds, 'It was my early ambition to get into the dry goods business.'

"But in order to do so, he had to begin as an errand boy with the dry goods firm of Angsbury & Moore in Watertown. He was then twenty-one years old. It was part of his daily routine to open the store at 7 A.M., and he did not leave it until 10 P.M. There was no work too menial for him to do and at the end of the year, he was earning \$4.00 a week. He received a fifty-cent raise during the next six months, and two years later found him drawing the large salary of \$6.00 a week, out of which he paid for board, washing and clothes and saved a little. At twenty-six, he was married and had put aside just \$50. This was the nucleus for the fortune which he has founded, for it was at this time that he established his first store.

"Mr. Woolworth does not take upon himself the credit for originating the Five and Ten Cent Store idea. He accords the honor to H. W. Moore, of Watertown. Mr. Moore launched the scheme in 1878 by establishing a small five-cent counter of shop-worn articles in his dry goods store, the shibboleth of which was "Any article on this counter—Five Cents." The counter was enlarged and soon after the store was devoted to this line of goods exclusively. Other concerns followed this

lead and the Moore firm began selling his goods wholesale to other merchants.

"Now was Woolworth's opportunity. He told Mr. Moore of his desire to open a five and ten cent store in another city and asked him if he would sell him the goods on credit, as he had only \$50. Moore agreed to do so, provided he would get Father Woolworth's name on a note for \$300. The endorsement was secured and \$322 worth of goods was purchased. A store was found on a side street in Utica, which suited young Woolworth, at a rental of \$30 per month. The business was a success at the start but later dwindled.

"Woolworth decided that his location was against him. He acted quickly by selling part of the stock for \$170 and the balance was shipped to Lancaster, Pa., where a new store was opened, and here things went with a whoop. The first day's sales amounted to \$127.64, or one-third of the entire stock. That same year a second store was opened at Harrisburg, Pa., and at the end of another year, Woolworth

found, after inventory, that he was worth \$1,500 net, with all his notes and debts paid. Then very rapidly one store after another was established.

"The problem of organization and accounting for hundred stores spread over the earth's surface at first thought seemed appalling. Mr. Woolworth has cut the Gordian knot by adopting the simplest methods. His theory is that a set of books should be so clearly kept that anyone, at any minute, can plainly see the facts of debit and credit. At the end of every business day, the big company knows where it stands to a penny. It does not owe a dollar in the world, and this great chain of retail stores transacts an annual business of about \$60,000,000.

"Quick returns, or turning the stock often, is the secret of the success of this mammoth enterprise. That and the personality of its founder, whose finger is on every detail of the business every hour of the day."

The American Business Man

Arnold Bennett Comments with Shrewdness on Difference Between the American and European Business Man.

In Harper's Magazine for July Arnold Bennett pays tribute to the wonders of our great industries and comments with great shrewdness on the differences between the American and the European business man:

"The rough, broad difference between the American and the European business man is that the latter is anxious to leave his work, while the former is anxious to get to it. The attitude of the American business man toward his business is pre-eminently the attitude of an artist. You may say that he loves money. So do we all—artists particularly. No stock-broker's private journal could be more full of dollars than Balzac's intimate correspondence is full of frames. But whereas the ordinary artist loves money chiefly because it represents luxury, the American business man loves it chiefly because it is the sole proof of success in his endeavor. He loves his business. It is not his toil, but his hobby, passion, vice, monomania—any vituperative epithet you like to bestow on it!

He does not look forward to living in the evening; he lives most intensely when he is in the midst of his organization. His instincts are best appeased by the hourly excitements of a good, scrimmaging, commercial day. He needs these excitements as some natures need alcohol. He cannot do without them.

"On no other hypothesis can the unrivaled ingenuity and splendor and ruthlessness of American business undertakings be satisfactorily explained. They surpass the European, simply because they are never out of the thoughts of their directors, because they are adored with a fine frenzy. And for the same reason they are decked forth in magnificence. Would a man enrich his office with rare woods and stuffs and marbles if it were not a temple? Would he bestow graces on the environment if while he was in it the one idea at the back of his head was the anticipation of leaving it? Watch American business men together, and if you are a European

you will clearly perceive that they are devotees. They are open with one another, as intimates are. Jealousy and secretiveness are much rarer among them than in Europe. They show off their respective organizations with pride and with candor. They admire one another enormously. Hear one of them say enthusiastically of another: 'It was a great idea he had—connecting his New York and his Philadelphia places by wireless—a great idea!' They

call one another by their Christian names, fondly. They are capable of wonderful friendships in business. They are cemented by one religion—and it is not golf. For them the journey 'home' is often not the evening journey, but the morning journey. Call this a hard saying if you choose: it is true. Could a man be happy long away from a hobby so entrancing, a toy so intricate and marvelous, a setting so splendid?"

Garden Cities on a Business Basis

It has been Demonstrated in England that Clean, Wholesome, Comfortable Cottages are Possible for Everyone at Low Rates.

A series of articles by high authorities on the planning and building of the ideal town is featured in the July issue of Scribner's Magazine. The situation touching congested centres in England and the measures which have been taken to afford relief in the form of suburban gardens are set forth. England has learned that the city is sapping the vitality of her people and has taken action none too soon. The author, Frederick C. Howe, proceeds:

"Belated transit facilities made the city what it is. The bus, horse-car, electric trolley, and suburban train failed to keep pace with urban growth. Men had to live near their work. The city grew in the only direction open to it, toward the heavens. It assumed a perpendicular instead of a horizontal form. Inadequate transit intensified high land values. Bad means of transit and high land values made the slum. The city would have been a very different thing had transportation permitted it. It would have spread over a wide area.

"Transit has begun to catch up with the city. It has opened up the country. In consequence the city is again being transformed; in this country by the suburban communities which encircle it; in Belgium by the sale of cheap workingmen's tickets on state-owned railroad lines which enable the workingman to travel twenty-four miles for two cents and live on the farms and in the far outlying villages.

"In England improved transit has given birth to the garden suburb. It has made possible the garden city. This is England's latest, possibly her greatest, contribution

to the city problem, to the housing of the workingman, the clerk, and the moderately well-to-do classes of the great cities. The discovery came none too soon. For the city is sapping the vitality of Great Britain. In that country four people out of five live under urban conditions. And statesmen and reformers have stood aghast at the decay in the physical and moral fibre of the nation, due to the disease-breeding condition of the tenements and slums. London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Sheffield, all the large cities of Great Britain, have vainly struggled with the housing problem. They have built municipal dwellings, have tried to control private tenements, but the inrush of people swamped their most ambitious efforts.

"The garden communities of Letchworth, Hampstead, Bournville, and Port Sunlight have demonstrated that clean, wholesome, comfortable cottages are possible for everybody and at the very low rent of from five dollars a month upward. They have demonstrated too that life is lengthened, the death and infant mortality rate is reduced, and labor is more efficient in these open-air communities than in the cities, and that working people gladly follow their employers to these more attractive surroundings.

"In the building of garden villages three things are recognized as fundamental: one, the purchase of a large area of low-priced agricultural land in advance of any development; two, the permanent control of the whole area, as well as of streets, open spaces, and building regulations by the corporation or the city; and three, the re-

servation by the community, through the private corporation promoting the enterprise, of the increasing land values which the building of the community creates. The garden city is in effect its own ground landlord. Indirectly it is a house-builder and house-owner. It operates through a private corporation which owns the land, pledged by its charter to limit its dividends to five per cent. on the capital actually invested, and to use the speculative increase of land values for the community.

"These are the physical foundations of the garden city. To these are added, where necessary, the adjustment of transit to near-by cities so that rapid communication will be possible, as well as the ownership or a close working arrangement with the water, gas, and electricity supply. These

form the plumbing of the city. They are essential to the life, comfort, and convenience of the people and the promotion of industry.

"The main difference between the ordinary city and the garden city is this: the former is left to the unrestrained license of speculators, builders, owners, to a constant conflict of public and private interests; the latter treats the community as a unit, with rights superior to those of any of its individual members. One is a city of unrelated, and for the most part uncontrolled, private property rights; the other is a community intelligently planned and harmoniously adjusted, with the emphasis always on the rights to the community rather than on the rights of the individual property owner."

What Does the Tariff Really Do ?

The Need of an Expert Tariff Commission in United States is Emphasized by Existing Conditions and Prevailing Prices.

"The need of a Tariff Board or Commission" is the title of an article by Albert G. Robinson in the American Review of Reviews in which he discusses in an interesting way these two problems: What does a tariff really do?" and "how are prices affected?" He says: "The imperative need is not an elaborate and costly investigation of widely differing and frequently changing costs of production, but an intelligent, impartial, and fearless analysis of the tariff itself, its special influence on industries and its actual effect on commodity prices. The producers of those commodities believe that they are financially benefited by the tariff on corn, eggs, butter, lard and bacon, and the consumers believe that because of the tariff they must pay advanced prices. Much would be done if, through some responsible official channel, the people of the country could be told the truth about these and scores of other commodities now included in the various schedules, and could be fully assured that it is the truth. From nowhere in the wide world could there possibly come enough of any of the above-mentioned articles to supply this country for a single meal, or enough to affect prices by the smallest fraction of a cent.

"By one group, the producers of these commodities have been politically humbugged into a conviction of price benefit, and, by another group, consumers have been politically flimflammed into a conviction of higher prices due to tariff rates. The notion is widespread and deeply rooted in many minds that somewhere outside our boundaries there exist unlimited quantities of every known substance needed or desired by the American people, and that the tariff schedules are the only barrier against an influx of those commodities at prices materially below the cost of producing similar goods and articles here.

"For a half century we have taken the tariff question so seriously that we have been deaf and blind to its multitude of absurdities and to the rank humbuggery that permeates it. The absurdities and the humbuggery have no serious economic results. Nothing goes into the farmer's pocket, and nothing goes out of the consumer's pocket, by reason of the tariff on corn. Nothing whatever would be changed if the present tariff rate of 15 cents a bushel were increased to \$15 or dropped to one-fifteenth of a cent. The need of a board or a commission to study, intelligently and free from any political bias, the

tariff itself in its relation to productive industry and commodity prices lies in the many known and more suspected absurdities of this kind.

"The consideration most needed is an impossibility for the Congress. The adjustment of rates by a commission is impossible. The nation needs the revenue now derived through the customs. There are industries that need and may reasonably be afforded protection. There are industries that require only a part of the protection now given them, and there are others that need no protection. The political interests of legislators and parties clearly make impossible any adjustment of tariff rates along exclusively financial and economic lines. Members of Congress have not the time for a work that demands months or years of close and special application. Schedules may be revised and rates may be increased or decreased and the result be only a different and not a better tariff, a mere rearrangement of the groups of the satisfied and the dissatisfied.

"Behind any right adjustment of rates there must stand an intelligent public opinion. That can no more be created by the publication of interminable pages of statistics that are difficult of comprehension even by specialists than it can be by a limited circulation of reports of committee hearings and political speeches on the floor of the House and Senate. The demand for revision of the tariff, a demand widespread and persistent, springs almost entirely from the belief that because of excessive

rates imposed the public is compelled to pay excessive prices for many of the wants and requirements of daily life. This is probably the fact in no more than a comparatively limited number of articles, but the belief will exist as long as our methods of tariff making give cause for its existence. It will exist until the public has been shown clearly, fairly and authoritatively the precise effect of tariff rates on the prices of food and clothing, light, heat, and all else necessary for life and for reasonable physical comfort. It will exist as long as the public, or any important part of it can be led to believe that protected interests, by the protection afforded them, gorge themselves with profits at the expense of their victims, the consumers. This is a widespread notion, but it rests on political assertions and not on authoritatively ascertained facts.

"In brief, the tariff will be a bone of political contention, a cause of disturbance and depression in trade and production, until, through the agency of some responsible and politically independent board or commission, the facts of the various industries affected and supposed to be affected have been studied and intelligently reported to the American people. Until there is a wider and clearer public knowledge of the influences and the effects of schedules and of individual rates, the tariff will continue to be the jumble of economic absurdities and political compromises that it has been hitherto and is to-day."

The Man for the White House

Frank A. Munsey on the Needs of the Presidential Situation— An Executive and Administrative Genius is Required.

Frank A. Munsey, writing in *Munsey's Magazine* for July, discusses the needs of the Presidential situation. The American system of government, he declares, "with a nation grown so big calls for a man in the White House of the greatest measure of executive and administrative qualities. No man can make a dent in that situation unless he be specially endowed with these abilities from God Almighty:

"Executive and administrative genius are just as distinct gifts as music and art

and song. The orator and the poet and the logician of renown are born orator, poet and logician. They can't be made on this earth. No university has ever yet made one, and no university ever will make one.

"In Germany, when a city wants a mayor, it searches the country over for a mayor, searches for the man highly endowed with the qualifications for executive work, supplemented by training and experience. Local pride and politics cut

no figure in choosing a mayor in wisely governed Germany.

"We should do well in this country, when we want a President or Governor or mayor, to follow the German custom and go after the man fitted for the job.

"The business of the country is now in much closer relation to the government than ever before. Indeed, it is so much under the control of the government that the latter, in a way, has the dominating voice in the board of directors of our railroads and all our great corporations.

"We cannot go back to the old system of individual ownership, with its unstable prices, unwise competition, and greater cost and greater waste. We must so do business that the cost will be at the lowest possible figure, and then, as a government, we must see that the people benefit by this lowest cost. This is the governmental control we must have; a wise, just, helpful control—helpful alike to our industries and to our people.

"Business to-day is unsettled, halting, and timid. It doesn't know what it can do or what it can't do.

"We have the natural resources, we have the people of brains and energy and courage, and we have the money with which to resume the leading place among the nations as an industrial and commercial country. All we need to bring this about is a wise policy on the part of the government—a policy that will not seek to strangle business, but to help business and in helping business to help the money-earner and the consumer, to help all the people, of whatever calling and of whatever position.

"To bring order out of the present chaotic governmental methods will require a very strong man as the leader and general manager of the country's business. I don't believe we can reasonably hope for anything from Washington of at all a satisfactory nature unless we have such a man—a man who can command results, a man who knows what we want and will see that we get it."

And having thus outlined the needs of the situation Mr. Munsey proceeds to present the man of the moment in the following strain:

"Is there in the whole country another man who measures up to this requirement as Theodore Roosevelt? If there be, I do not know who it is.

"When we had a little bit of a republic,

with small industries and narrow vision, our scheme of government made it possible to get on after a fashion with an indifferent man in the White House. But with so big a nation as we have now, and with all the local interests of the country clamoring for part of the "swag," it is well-nigh impossible to get through Congress the unselfish, patriotic legislation that we need, except we have in the White House a man who commands results. And such an executive is likewise essential to the efficient handling of the official departments, which need first-rate leadership quite as much as does big business.

"Wall Street has bitterly criticized Mr. Roosevelt for his mistakes—Wall Street, which itself, mind you, holds the record for mistakes. In discussing Mr. Roosevelt's mistakes, it discreetly says nothing about his successes. There is a lot of hypocrisy, a lot of dishonesty, in all this.

"As for myself, let me say I am glad that Mr. Roosevelt is human enough, big enough, to make mistakes. If he were not, he wouldn't be good for anything. The man who makes no mistakes never accomplishes anything really worth while. To get an accurate measurement of a man—to know his real worth—we must compare his good work with his bad, his success with his failures. If the average shows strongly in his favor, he is the man for the job; if the average is against him, he isn't the man for the job.

"Roosevelt's mistakes as President were trivial as compared with his brilliant and far-reaching achievements. Roosevelt's mistakes as President were relatively fewer, I should say, than the mistakes of any one of our great captains of industry—fewer than those of Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Jim Hill, or any other man whose financial undertakings span the world. They all make mistakes, both in utterance and acts. If they were to try to square themselves to a policy of no mistakes, their usefulness as great leaders in the business world would be at an end.

"Far better the mistakes of progress than the inertia of the sure thing.

"That Mr. Roosevelt, if elected, will restore confidence to the business world, I am certain. That he will point the way to reawakened commerce and become the leader of revived prosperity, I am equally certain."

What New York Spends at the Theatre

The Most Theatre-Hungry City in the World Spends Fifty Million a Year on Theatrical Amusements.

If Paris spent a little less than \$12,000,000 on its amusements last year, as we showed two weeks ago from our consular reports, that seems small beside New York's \$50,000,000. This figure is the estimate placed by the New York Tribune, explaining that it includes "the income not only of the homes of the drama, but of the opera, concerts, vaudeville, and moving pictures." New York is called "the most theater-hungry city in the world"; but one reason given for this avidity is that little else is provided for the pleasure-seeker. New York has not the cafe-life of Paris, nor the cheap driving-fares of European cities, nor yet the "little trips on small boats that go up and down the rivers." "That seems to be the real explanation for the race to the glittering lights of Theater Alley—there is nowhere else to go." The large amount which is alleged to be spent in amusement lacks the authoritative statement of the Paris report, for there the 10 per cent. of gross receipts collected by the state for the benefit of the poor gives the figures the validity of a Government report. The Tribune writer tries to match this authentically by giving verification for most of his statements. It is perhaps startling to learn that New York has ninety theaters of all classes, and about seven hundred cinematograph show-places. "If such places of amusement as the parks and shows on Coney Island, and similar resorts at the other beaches, etc., were counted in here, as they are in Paris, there would be no such limit as \$50,000,000. But they are omitted because they are practically incalculable." What we read is this:

"In considering the incomes of the playhouses in New York the Hippodrome tops the list with its \$1,500,000 intake during the forty weeks of its 1911-12 season. This is said to be the record even for that highly popular institution.

"The small type of first-class producing theaters, the admirably designed and, for the most part, choicely decorated little playhouses for which New York has become famous, have averaged an income of between \$8,000 and \$10,000 a week. The little Comedy Theater, with its popular play, 'Bunt Pulls the Strings,' has averaged

about \$11,000 a week, although it is one of the smallest theaters in the city.

"The Century Theater with the 'Garden of Allah,' has tipped the half-million mark. The wide-spread interest in Mr. Hiehens's book, and in the fervid spirit of romance which permeates it, drew curious theatergoers from over the whole country to revel in the greater realism of the stage.

"Another big playhouse which has been a money-maker is the Winter Garden, which during the past forty weeks has gone considerably over the half-million point. The elasticity of the program at this theater of varieties, with the general spirit of impromptu and the constant innovations introduced, has made it a place to drop in upon now and then. This custom is a highly profitable one for the box-office, for it is quite as good as an increase in the population.

"Other notable figures in the dramatic field are those which represent the Weber and Fields jubilee receipts for their twelve weeks or so of activity at the Broadway. The seat sales for that gala run alone amounted to \$300,000."

Music, whatever its devotees may think of the forced association, is usually classed as an "amusement." The opera last year, in its one house, brought in from public between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000. Upon which figures The Tribune makes a few interesting comments:

"What answer do these figures make to the accusation that people attend the opera only because it is 'the thing'? It certainly is not 'the thing' to sit in the family circle or the balcony, or to stand downstairs behind the parquet. Yet a large proportion of the revenue of the Opera House comes from the occupants of the sky seats and from the dense packs of standees. Another point for the music-lover is that, whereas no one claims that it is fashionable to go to concerts, there was \$8,000,000 spent on that form of pleasure during its comparatively short season.

"Lighter forms of musical entertainment are undeniably popular, and every sort of good musical play, ranging from light opera to the musical variety, finds continued and enormous favor. This spring

'Robin Hood,' the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, 'Rose Maid,' as well as the latest type of musical comedy such as 'The Winsome Widow,' at Ziegfeld's Moulin Rouge, and 'Over the River,' have kept full house, and those that are still open are defying the summer-time heat to lessen their attendance by a single ticket."

One verification of the intakes must be found in the salaries paid to actors, and the dividends received by playwrights. For example:

"Harry Lauder made such a tremendous financial success for his managers last season that he has announced in England that during his tour next season he will receive \$5,000 a week salary.

"Maude Adams is said to have a guaranteed salary of \$1,000 a week for forty weeks in the year, and besides this a share in the profits of whatever play she is appearing in. This share in 'What Every Woman Knows,' brought her \$201,490 a year ago.

"As for the playwrights, several of them are becoming millionaires through the success of their recent plays. George Broadhurst's 'Bought and Paid for' has made a net profit of over \$100,000 so far, and that

is only a tithe of what it will make before it goes into stock, and even then will continue to earn large sums for its successful author. Harry B. Smith has become a millionaire through writing librettos for musical plays, while the playwrights of the underworld, Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner and George M. Cohan, the brilliant young play-wright of 'Broadway,' have realized that the man of the hour has plenty of money to spend on what he likes.

"The amount of money that rolls in through the ticket-windows of vaudeville houses is hard to estimate. But the fact that higher salaries are paid in the varieties than on the legitimate stage, high as that is, shows how the wind blows, as does the fact that Percy G. Williams considered his six vaudeville theaters in New York worth \$5,000,000, and that he was actually paid this sum by B. F. Keith for the possession of them.

"That 'all the world's a stage' was never so true as it is of New York in the present day. The community may be divided into many classes, but the easiest way is to divide it into just two, players and audience."

Belasco's New School for Actors

An Interesting Experiment which is being made in effort to Raise Level of American Stage Art.

Mr. David Belasco is putting through an interesting experiment which ought to result in a higher level of art for the American stage. He describes his plan in the July World's Work.

"I believe the actor should be educated for his profession just as carefully and just as thoroughly as the young law student is prepared for the legal profession. With that idea in mind I have decided to try to start some ambitious young persons along the right road. I shall establish a class with the very best of teachers—two classes in fact, one for men and another for women—paying all expenses, and giving my own time and thought. I expect that the cost to me for the first two years will be from \$40,000 to \$45,000.

"If I find a youth of promise who must support himself while he is studying, help

will be given to him. If I find another of equal promise who is under obligation to add his mite to the Saturday envelope from which the family draws its support, employment will be made for him. I do not intend to lose a promising pupil because of his poverty.

"If I find in the class a son of wealth, all that will be promised him will be that his money shall not work him an injury. He will have to permit me to defray the cost of his education, and he will have to work just as hard and submit himself to the same discipline as the boy at his side who may not have a penny. One requirement I shall make; each student must pledge himself not to enter a theatrical club for three years."

That there is a field in America for such training is evident to those who have stud-

ied the conditions. Mr. Belasco, for instance, says there are many more competent actors in England than in America. The reason for this is that "in England there is an upper middle class of gentlemen—I mean gentlemen in the technical sense—which does not exist in America. The young men belonging to the families of this class find themselves without employment. They are not fitted for a hard battle with life, but their early education does fit them for the stage. They have the graces of the drawing-room; they are well educated, as a rule, particularly in modern languages; and they travel sufficiently to know much of Europe.

"We can draw from no such class as that. But, on the other hand, our men know more than do the English of the sterner side of life and they should make better character actors. Give to them as thorough a training and as much of an education as the English boys have, and the Americans should, and I believe will, do the better work on the stage. That is the thing I hope to demonstrate."

A further point of interest is added with regard to the particular line of training

which is necessary for actors—and actresses, too. It appears the colleges are not proving of much aid in this connection, in fact college women do not succeed at all. Although women are better natural actors than men the college-bred woman is usually a hopeless failure on the stage. "The college woman is not sufficiently temperamental," says Mr. Belasco. "She is too conventionally self-conscious, and is possessed of an obsession of exact knowledge. Higher education has tended to repress her emotions. A woman must learn to weep to be a great actress. She must be made to feel, to express fear, hatred, love, and all the various emotions. You cannot reach these things through the brain. You cannot teach a woman to get a soul.

"Nevertheless," adds Mr. Belasco, "the highest and best combination will come when the woman is found who has possessed herself of an education and who has not in consequence thereof lost her temperament and smothered her emotions. When that woman is found the world will know a great actress. Perhaps I may be of assistance in her discovery."

A Six-year Presidential Term

An Impartial View of American Political Situation—Longer Tenure Without Second Term is Advocated on Grounds of Efficiency.

Writing in *The National Review* A. Maurice Low sets forth the need of some change in the American Presidential system, suggesting a six-year term as follows:

"The contest that has been carried on with such bitterness between the President and ex-President Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for the Presidency has given great impetus to the movement to amend the Constitution so as to increase the term of the President from four to six years, and make him ineligible for re-election. Bills to carry this change into effect are pending in both Houses of Congress, but final action is not likely to be taken at this session, and perhaps not for a good many sessions, for the American people are conservative and the emergency must be very great before they will consent to alter the

framework of their Government. Yet it will no doubt come in time, and when it does come we shall be spared the undignified performance which has been witnessed during the last three months. It is not an edifying spectacle, and it does not tend to teach respect for the chief magistracy, to hear the President denouncing his predecessor as a falsifier, or to read that the former President has branded his successor as weak and foolish and unworthy to be entrusted with the power of his high office. Americans are shocked and humiliated. They feel they have been cheapened in the eyes of the world, and they do not wonder that Europe should hold a very low opinion of American politics. Truth compels one to say that the lowest opinion held is amply justified, as I shall show. It is in the hope of preventing a recurrence of this scandal that the Constitutional amendment

is urged. So long as a President is eligible for re-election he will almost invariably seek a second term, and now that Mr. Roosevelt has shown that it is not treason to the Republic to aspire to a third term, there is nothing to prevent a President remaining in the White House as long as he can manipulate conventions and primaries, and to do that he must take part in the work of campaigning and besmear the Presidency with the muck of politics.

"If the President is limited to a single term of six years the temptation to play politics with a view to his re-election is removed. A President has rarely such moral strength that in his first term he does not think of his second, and—if the example set by Mr. Roosevelt is a precedent—in his second he would think of his third, and so on indefinitely; and to gain his second term he must either make a record by a great show of activity, which means only too often the passage of a great deal of very undesirable legislation, or else the burking of desirable legislation because of the fear of antagonizing certain interests. Every President naturally wants a second term, because to be denied it is a blow to pride. It is well known that Mr. Taft has found

the Presidency dead sea fruit, and would have been glad to retire at the end of his term if he could have done so without loss of prestige, but as soon as it was attempted to deny him what was his by the right of tradition, he was forced very much against his will to fight, with the result that we have seen. A President who knows that he has six years to serve and no longer will be, during those six years, absolutely independent. He will be his own master. He will have nothing to fear from foes and very little to hope for from friends. As it is natural for the normal man to want to be well thought of by his contemporaries as well as posterity, a President would try to make a reputation based on solid achievement; he would give more time to things that really count rather than to wasting his time over appointments and other petty matters; which he is now compelled to do because he is thinking always of his re-election. The proposal to change the Constitution and limit the term of the President is supported almost without exception by the Press and meets with very little opposition from public men, but the inertia of conservatism must be overcome, and that of course takes time."

The British Labor Outlook

"New Reformation, Social, Moral and Religious," Needed to Give Workers Seven Hour Day and Living Minimum Wage.

Labor is no match for capital, in the opinion of Frederick Harrison, the British Positivist who has been active in labor's cause for fifty years. Labor is thoroughly roused in England; its friends are in the Ministry, it showed its power in the great coal and dock strikes, and now there is talk of a nation-wide general strike to bring capital to its knees and show that labor is the master. Mr. Harrison discourages all such talk, because he is sure labor would lose by it. What is needed, he believes, is a new reformation, "social, moral, and religious," that will give the worker his due—a seven-hour work-day and a living minimum wage. It was Mr. Harrison who aided the strike in the building trades which won the Saturday half-holiday and an increase in wages. He has served on the Trade Union Commission (1867-1869) and has

been a diligent agitator for labor legislation since 1871. He thinks that all the present rebellion and unrest spring from the fact that the hours of labor are too long and the pay too short. As we see here, he is not over optimistic:

"I have studied these labor troubles too long and too closely to dream of any legislation, or conference, or agreement whatever doing more than patching up a truce for the moment. And I hold the necessary reorganization of society to be far too deep, and wide, and complex to be brought about by any panacea or in any one revolution of industrial life. One who for all these fifty years has watched this growing unrest, and has been in close touch with the best labor leaders and the most enlightened chiefs of industry, could not give way to optimism to-day. I see long and arduous

struggles before both workmen and managers in our anarchic industrial world. And I know what menacing obstacles face both, whether political, economic, or social. I have always held and taught that industry can not be in a settled and healthy state until seven hours is made the normal standard of a day's labor and a fixed 'living wage' for a regular stated term is recognized as being merely the irreducible part of remuneration, the rest being proportioned to the profits resulting from the work done."

Mr. Harrison declares that he is no anarchist; while he considers that there are circumstances in which a general strike is inevitable, he does not see how it can fail to increase the misery of the poor laborer without always securing the advantages he hopes for. The claims put forth by the unions he declares to be "eloquent, morally and socially right. But the methods of attaining these results are vague, contradictory, and anarchical." He proceeds:

"We hear big phrases about national strikes, international leagues, about 'the doom of modern society,' and 'shaking civilization to its foundations.' But, supposing all these ends accomplished—what then? How can civilization be ruined without ruining those by whom . . . civilization is built up day by day? What is going to be put in the place of modern society? Will not the doom of society be also the doom of labor? If not, tell us how it is proposed to organize industry. On this vital point all the leaders, politicians, and prophets are at variance. Some say by reform bills, by new electoral machinery, by votes for women, by a legal minimum. Others demand a universal stoppage of all work, by blockading the ports, starving great cities, paralyzing the means of locomotion, by monster demonstrations, and so throwing ministers and capitalists into a panic. The advocates of these mutually destructive schemes denounce the proposals of each other more violently than they denounce either governments or employers. It is a day of Pentecost with them. They all talk different tongues, each unknown and odious to the rest."

The fact is, as noted above, he believes labor is really no match for capital, which must win every time, while strikes simply increase the misery of the poor. Thus we read:

"Capital is not only an enormously powerful but a singularly adroit creation of

modern civilization. It is not so easily frightened and not so readily outwitted. The recent general strikes only proved how helpless and suicidal they must be—while the laborers are not united with a firm belief in a new form of practical industry. Organized capital only mocks at mere anarchical outbursts. And the general strike—any great strike—without vast reserved funds, without unity, discipline, trusted leadership, and a definite future, is anarchy."

Mr. Harrison, who is president of the English Positivists, a high and dry philosopher of metaphysical and economic genius, thinks that the cure for the labor unrest, rebellion and riot cannot be found in legislation or the conflict of the classes. The country, he believes, needs a moral reform, such as that wave of humanity which swept over the Roman world, and put a stop to gladiatorial shows, when one man leapt between the fighting slaves of the arena and sacrificed his life that the brutal exhibition might be abolished forever. This thoughtful writer tells us there may be some palliatives, some anodynes for the disease of society. But a genuine remedy must come from within the body politic itself, as we read in the following striking words with which Mr. Harrison concludes his essay:

"By all means try various temporary palliatives. Profit-sharing may be good as far as it goes and can be worked. Conciliation has done something, and may do more. The arbitration of public authorities may be useful. New blood in Parliament is eminently needed. There are now before it bills and schemes which ought to be tried. But let not workmen think that, given the present tone on both sides of this unrest, any legislative, political, or economic devices will touch the root of the matter.

"Nothing will touch it but a new and better spirit in all who work and who organize work—a new social, moral, and religious reformation. That is too big a thing to enter on here. For the present let employers reflect that the unrest is come to stay, and will not be ended by petty devices. And let workmen reflect that, even if they could 'shake civilization'—which is quite unlikely—they and theirs would suffer and suffer most, unless they see what the new civilization is to be—and then join as one man, determined to secure it."

The Advertiser and his Tools

Primarily a Craftsman He must make use of Stipulated Tools in Conducting Successful Advertising Campaigns.

"The advertising man, whatever he may become, is primarily a craftsman. The basic need of a capable, successful advertising man is an exact and thorough acquaintance with the tools of his profession—what they are; how to use them. A carpenter must first become a skilled workman before he can become an artisan, much less an artist. Technique must come before creative expression.

"What are the 'tools' of the advertising profession?" asks Carroll Westall in *Advertising and Selling*. In answer he enumerates the following:

- 1—Analysis, or the power which resolves things of greater or less complexity into their elements;
- 2—Imagination, which takes these elements and weaves them into new and different combinations;
- 3—Language, or the power to communicate the products of analysis and imagination to the minds of others;
- 4—Graphic Arts, or the powers of design, typography, and pictorial illustration in combination with paper, to present language in attractive, striking, and permanent form; and
- 5—Media, or the avenues by which the specific products of analysis plus imagination, expressed in appropriate language, and suitably designed, composed, and illustrated, may find the audiences to which they appeal.

"Having once gained a sure grasp on the tools or fundamentals of his profession, the developing advertising man must next study the application of these elementary principles to the larger problems of appeal and response. And here he is confronted by the fact that no problem of any dimension is isolated, but 'connects' with other problems, individually and en masse, so closely and consecutively, as virtually to compel a study of the individual problem in the light of similar and larger problems.

"The advertising bases represent rough and often unrelated data in process of collection and tentative arrangement. But in the application of these advertising bases to the larger problems which surround them we are fortunate in being able to summon to our aid a group of sciences which by virtue of their relatively longer existence

than advertising present an impressive array of well organized principles and knowledge. What are these sciences?

- I—Psychology, or the science of mental phenomena—their classification and application;
- II—Economics, or the science of political economy, industrial organization and methods;
- III—Sociology, or the science of the constitution and evolution of human society; and
- IV—Ethics, or the science of human morality and duty.

"How do these sciences connect with advertising problems? Take the first of these, psychology, the study of the human mind. The capable advertising man must study psychology for the power of self-analysis which it gives him, for with self-knowledge comes development along intelligent, effective lines. And he must study psychology equally to gauge unerringly the minds of those to whom he must appeal. And these two extremes, the one subjective, the other objective, he will find almost the alpha and omega of all advertising. All advertising is psychology to greater or less degree. The study of this great science is merely that we may do consciously and surely what we formerly did blindly and more or less ineffectively.

"Economics is an older science and surely needs no defence. Advertising which is not in keeping with sound economic principles may violate no other of our many principles yet fail utterly because not built on the solid rock.

Advertising is not static, but dynamic. It is a tremendous factor in the life of the modern world. It has power to change, is changing, the habits, beliefs, and mode of living of all civilized peoples. Since it can, and in part must do this to justify itself from the economic standpoint, it becomes necessary to study human society, to see how it is composed, and from the history of what it has been in the past, to gain some idea of what it is in process of becoming. Sociology, through its analysis of social development, points the way to the intelligent application of advertising as a great social tool.

"Of course, at bottom, advertising is merely the dissemination of information. Developed to efficiency, it is the scientific, attractive, and forcible presentation of the essential facts about a commodity. Raised to highest power, it is the expression of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"The successful advertising man in any real sense of the word may not be religious, perhaps, but he must at least be ethical. And every system of ethics is based on truth telling as one of the most essential of all virtues. Furthermore, advertising to be successful must be believable, and advertising to be believable, must be free, reasonably impartial, and dominated by the ideal of uncompromising truth.

"Here in these advertising bases working out and through the advertising sciences we have surely made possible a large and ever-widening horizon for the advertising man who will acknowledge no boundaries for the tidal power of his spirit. He will find unfolding to him the ideal of the true cosmopolite—the alertness, lively curiosity, and love of form of the Greek; the

Roman sense of order and proportion; the search for definiteness and concreteness of the Italian; German thoroughness and innovating power; French clarity and penetration; the balance, sturdy common sense, and self-control of the Anglo-Saxon; and towering above all else the majestic ethics of the Hebrew and his unconquerable passion for the right.

"He will find developing in him the love of truth of the scientist, the sense of professional responsibility of the architect and physician, and the creative instinct of the true artist. He must needs become a wide and catholic reader, a lover of music, the fine arts, the drama, literature, and outwardly a social being, in touch with and playing his part in the ethical, social, and political movements of the day.

"These things will enrich his life, and through this enrichment will inevitably increase his power and ability as an advertising man. For, after all, the man is greater than the profession. And to be a successful advertising man, one must first and always be a successful man."

Humanity In Business

"The Future lies with the Business Man"—Great Forces which Underlie the Business World To-day and Make for Prosperity.

The Organizer for July declares the most notable and encouraging feature of the present direction of thought is the prominence which is being given to the human element in business. As an example, we would point to the methods now adopted by retailers, whose ways are more apparent than those of any other section of business men.

"The retailer used to say himself, 'Here are my goods. I will sell them for as much as I can get; the greater the rate of profit the better for me.' The retailer now says, 'How can I best please my customers?'—at least, the most enlightened of them do.

"The most successful retailers to-day are those who devote the greatest amount of thought to finding ways in which they can please the people with whom they deal. The trader who is succeeding in finding the most ways in which he can please his customers is the man who is doing the biggest business and making the most money.

"Another outstanding example is that

of the employers who best comprehend the points of view of the people who work for them, and who train them best and encourage them most by good pay and good conditions to do their utmost.

"In fact, 'service to the community' is getting quite a hackneyed phrase, but it is going to get a deal more hackneyed in the future, and the man who is not doing much good for himself will do well to stop and consider whether he is doing much good for anybody else. The two things generally go together, and may supply him with a useful suggestion.

"Of course, there always was a large percentage of decent business men who preferred to give a square deal all round, and there always was, and probably always will be, a number who do not really know what honesty is. But what matters, is the fact that business men are now applying honesty more than before to their affairs, and the public is getting used to looking for it.

Soon the public will expect it instead of being surprised.

"Decent men are getting the 'service' idea into their heads, and in working out this idea they are going to solve many problems which other people have been playing with in the past.

"Take the case of the manufacturer, who not only builds a factory and an industry, but creates a community. There are not many such, but the number is increasing. These men, by taking more and more interest in their employees and dealing with

their difficulties, are getting down to the root of things. They are helping to solve some of our greatest problems. Not only are they doing their duty as producers and distributors, but they are dealing with such subjects as housing, unemployment, and even eugenics. As business attracts and develops men of greater calibre and power they will want to take a hand in matters outside the region of their own affairs, and will be better equipped to deal with national problems than any who have gone before them.

Problems Arising From Panama Canal

Government Ownership of Railways and the Canal Maintained Free of Tolls Advocated by Political Writer.

In a somewhat ingenious article in Pearson's Magazine, O. C. Barber, writing on "Our Panama Canal Opportunity" advocates the government ownership of railroads and the Panama canal maintained free of tolls as a master stroke of policy on the part of the United States.

"Government ownership of the railroads and the Panama canal maintained free of tolls to the shipping of the world," writes Mr. Barber, "would combine to bring the United States an era of prosperity and a position of world leadership which could never be successfully assailed."

This sounds rather reckless, but the writer figures out his proposition in detail. In brief his contention is the government could pay the annual actual cost of canal operation and maintenance with the railroad net earnings for two days, provided the government assumed charge. This would make the canal self-supporting even though free of tolls, which, it is held, it must be, in order to prove a success. Moreover, the people would benefit from this combined proposition in lower railroad and steamship rates. In Mr. Barber's opinion the combination is essential. He continues:

"Neither alone would do this. Separated they could scarcely be more independent of each other. Government ownership would bring undreamed-of prosperity, but it would have no effect upon international commerce. A free canal would make the

United States virtually the commercial centre of gravity of the world, but whatever of benefit would accrue to the railroads would be wholly lost to the country in general.

"But take the two together and the combination is invincible. It spells world leadership plainer than the handwriting Nebuchadnezzar saw and marveled at!

"There is grave danger whether, if the proposed toll of \$1.25 a ton is imposed, the canal will ever be made to pay interest upon its original cost and the expenses of maintenance and operation. In this respect it may prove a colossal disappointment. There is even greater danger that as an economic investment it may become a \$400,000,000 farce!

"Conceding that it will have cost \$400,000,000 when completed (the bonds being 3 per cent.), at least \$300,000,000 annually to operate and \$1,000,000 for the incidentals of maintenance, and you have an obligation of \$16,000,000 to meet each twelve months. This means that to make the canal even self-supporting it must register at least 13,000,000 tons annually.

"The most enthusiastic advocates of independent coastwise steamship lines estimate the probable transcontinental freight movement will not exceed 4,500,000 tons when the canal is opened. The New Panama Canal Company, the French syndicate from which the canal rights were acquired by the government, estimated that a tonnage of not less than 6,000,000 annually

would be available or 'in sight' on the opening day. It is safe to assume the Frenchmen did not under-estimate, for they figured upon the unwarranted assumption that all the New Zealand business with Europe would be handled via Panama.

"So if you concede the canal all the French company claimed in tonnage, and all the independent steamship line promoters are claiming, leaving not a ton of New Zealand shipping to go via Suez and not a ton of transcontinental freight for the railroads, you are still 2,500,000 tons short of the amount necessary to make the canal merely self-supporting.

"But don't despair!

"Suppose the government were to take over the railroads that last year showed a net earning of \$930,262,457 (Interstate Commerce Commission figures, twenty-third annual report).

"Uncle Sam could wipe out the entire Panama indebtedness with less than six months' earnings from these railroads!

"He could pay the annual actual expenses of canal operation and maintenance with the railroad net earnings of less than two days!

"And if independent steamships carried all of the estimated 4,500,000 tons of transcontinental freight at one-third the present railroad rates it would mean millions of dollars saved the public annually in the cost of living."

Next Mr. Barber considers the possible effect on the ocean shipping between Europe and the Orient, a phase of the question which is of particular interest to Canadians. As an illustration his reference to the shipping of coal may suffice:

"The trade routes for this shipping have been established for many years. They have been determined upon with a view to saving distance and taking advantage of the many coaling ports and important trading points along the way. Moreover, when trade is once established over a particular route it adheres thereto with great tenacity. An entirely revolutionary condition must develop to divert it.

"With a toll of \$1.25 a ton for the Panama canal, such a condition can never be brought about. No freight can be picked up between Europe and America. In the Pacific there is too little land and far too much water to produce any considerable volume of shipping. And coal is scarce and expensive. Whatever freight might be added to the original cargo between Europe and the Orient must come from American ports.

"Despite all this, once the Panama canal is relieved of tolls, the necessary revolutionary condition is provided.

"Coal is, and will continue to be, an all-important item in ocean traffic. Coal, as much as a free canal, will make for the solving of this next-world problem. But free tolls will force cheap coal where it is most needed to benefit American interests.

"To-day Welsh coal, with which vessels in Liverpool fill their bunkers at \$2.50 a ton, brings \$16 a ton at Puntas Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, and the same price in the several principal South American Pacific coast ports. A free canal will cut this price in two as far south at least as Valparaiso. It will supply the Pacific coaling stations, certain of establishment with a readjustment of trade routes, with coal at a trifle more than this price at most. Especially will this be so when the Alaskan coal deposits are developed. Ultimately Alaskan coal will give all competitors a battle royal for control of the markets of the Orient.

"Let us say, for the purpose of illustrating the possibilities of a free canal, that two vessels of 6,000 net tons sail from Liverpool for Hong Kong, one via Suez, the other via Panama. Incidentally a comparison more unfavorable to Panama could not be chosen. At Liverpool both vessels would load to the full capacity of their bunkers, say 1,000 tons, with Welsh coal, at \$2.50 a ton. The distance via Suez is approximately 20,000 miles for the round trip. This would require 2,500 tons of coal if the vessel made eight miles to the ton. I am taking the late Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans for authority in this estimate. In European ports coal would cost her \$4 a ton; beyond Suez \$6; making the average price \$5 for the 1,500 tons she would have to buy en route. So the coal bill would aggregate \$10,000. Add to this the \$2 a net ton for Suez canal tolls, \$24,000 for both ways, and the expense of tolls and fuel are \$34,000 for round trip.

"The vessel going via Panama, touching at New York and other Atlantic coast points, San Francisco, Yokohama and Shanghai, both ways, would cover approximately 32,000 miles and would consume 4,000 tons of coal. Of this 3,000 tons would be brought en route at prices ranging from \$6 to \$10, say an average of \$8. This would make the total fuel outlay \$26,500.

"So, on this longest of all routes to the Orient via Panama, the vessel choosing it has a clear advantage of \$7,500 a trip over her competitor going via Suez. And this

takes no account of the higher freight rates she would enjoy upon all consignments picked up in American ports for this long carriage across the Pacific.

"Going via Suez from Liverpool to Yokohama a vessel would cover 24,000 miles for the round trip, touching at Singapore, Hongkong and Shanghai. This trip would require 3,000 tons of coal, which, figured as above, would bring the fuel bill to \$12,500. The Suez tolls, adding \$24,000, would make the total expense outlay \$36,500 for the trip.

"Via Panama the total distance would be about 28,000 miles and the total fuel cost for 3,500 tons, figured upon the Panama basis, would be \$22,500.

The Panama route would have an advantage of \$14,000 a trip.

"Liverpool to Sydney, Australia, via Suez and Singapore, is 25,000 for the round trip. The 3,125 tons of coal needed would cost \$13,125. Suez tolls would add \$24,000. Aggregate expense, \$37,125.

"Via Panama the distance would be 26,000 miles, fuel necessary, 3,250 tons, total expense, \$22,500.

"This would mean a saving of nearly \$15,000 a trip via Panama.

"The round trip via Suez, Liverpool to

New Zealand via Singapore, Sydney and Melbourne, is approximately 30,000 miles. Fuel necessary 3,750 tons; cost \$19,000. Add to this the Suez tolls, \$24,000, and the expense, as against the Panama route, is made absolutely prohibitive.

"For the Panama route, approximately 24,000 miles, can be covered with a fuel outlay of \$18,500.

"A saving on each trip of \$24,500. And the larger the vessel the more advantage to the Panama route. Through Suez every added net ton means \$2 more of expense charge.

"Yet even this tremendous showing of advantage may not serve immediately to influence the nations of Europe to reshape their trade routes through the Panama Canal. The Suez Canal Company, a private concern, has been paying 20 per cent. dividends for years. Rather than lose the business, it would probably cut the present rates one-half. Were this done, and a rate of even one dollar a ton imposed at Panama, European shipping would still continue to go via Suez. But even with Suez making such a reduction, Panama, free of tolls, would be on better than an equal footing for all business save that to Chinese ports."

The Mastery of the Pacific

Responsibilities of the British Empire in Connection with the Yellow Peril—How the Situation Must be Met.

The Nineteenth Century in an article on "Some Strategic Problems of the Empire," written by Major Stewart L. Murray, makes these significant observations on the mastery of the Pacific and the yellow peril problem:

"The mastery of the Pacific is a most difficult and ungracious subject to touch, but nevertheless it is a question which we cannot shirk. Japan is our ally, our welcome and honored ally, and long may that alliance last. But our gallant allies would themselves be the first to admit that every sane nation, every sane statesman, every sane elector must recognize the ephemeral and kaleidoscopic nature of political groupings or alliance as a truth undeniably proved by universal history. In the light of history all alliances have been but tem-

porary, durable only so long as the temporary interests of the two contracting nations remained the same. So long and not longer. The longer our alliance with Japan shall last the better pleased we shall be. But how long will it last? And what then? Who can tell? In ourselves only can we trust.

"In the Pacific we have responsibilities to the Empire, to Canada, to Australia, to New Zealand which we are bound to look in the face. If there is one thing nearer than anything else to the hearts of our brethren in Australia it is the resolute determination that, come what may, Australia shall remain a White Australia. This determination we cannot ignore, nor refuse to back up by the force, potential or actual, of our navy, without breaking up the Em-

pire. Our brethren see the future commercial and military expansion of the Mongolian race, with uninhabited North Australia offering a tempting field thereunto. They see a Yellow Peril which they are arming and training themselves to meet if it should unfortunately ever become necessary. Hardly less vividly does the same peril loom before the eyes of our brethren in New Zealand and Pacific Canada. The warlike qualities and power of Japan, so recently and heroically proved to a wondering world, become of vast significance to them.

"The United States of America are also vitally interested, as has been so ably shown in that remarkable book the *Valor of Ignorance*, by Homer Lea. In that interesting study of the question as it stands to-day the British Empire is regarded as a negligible quantity, because Australasia is not yet powerful enough and because the British fleet is tied to Home waters. The question is regarded as one entirely between the United States and Japan. A truly humiliating position for us. A negligible quantity in a question so nearly affecting the Anglo-Saxon race the British Empire cannot consent to remain.

"The only way in which we can in this matter discharge our duty to the Empire is by restoring to our navy its strategic freedom to act in force in distant seas. We require to this end an Imperial Navy prepared for the double task of sending a fleet to Australian waters if required equal to that of Japan, and of retaining at the same

time in Home waters a fleet equal to that of Germany in case of intervention. Behind this Imperial Navy we require a national army capable of defeating any invasion, for otherwise (according to the Naval Note by the First Sea Lord in Compulsory Service) we shall have to keep tied to Home waters a fleet double that of Germany. If we do not build up to such a two-power, or two keels to one, standard, we shall prove ourselves false to the Empire and to the Anglo-Saxon race.

"A national army capable of dealing victoriously with the Russo-Indian problem will be capable of all that is required for the mastery of the Pacific problem by restoring to our navy its strategic freedom to act in the Pacific.

"In addition it is to be earnestly desired on both sides that the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, the British Empire and the United States, shall as soon as possible be united, not only by a treaty of arbitration, but a distinct naval understanding, followed by a distinct alliance, for the preservation of the status quo in the Pacific, to our mutual advantage and security.

"As regards the necessary Imperial Navy built up to the two-keels-to-one standard, so necessary for Western Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, can the Dominions guarantee their proper proportion on a basis of population, one-fourth, or even one-fifth? For the burden will become shortly almost too great for the Mother country to bear alone."

Westernization of the Holy Land

**Ideas of the New World are being introduced in Palestine Very Rapidly
—Some of the Recent Changes.**

"Very rapidly, and with so little publicity that the rest of the world scarcely recognizes it, the westernization of Palestine has been going on ever since the triumph of the Young Turkish party over Abdul Hamid, the late Sultan, some three years ago. In political, educational, and particularly in economic reforms there has been a great deal of progress. Important railroad and transportation concessions have been granted, while Jerusalem, Jericho, and Palestine's newest city, Beersheba have been given a much needed water sup-

ply." So writes H. J. Stepstone in *Popular Mechanics*.

Until quite recently the Holy City has been entirely dependent for its water upon the rainfall. Now it is brought to the city from Solomon's old pools, to the south of Bethlehem, by means of specially laid pipes. Thus the ancient cisterns, built to supply Jerusalem with water in Solomon's time, have been repaired and made to supply the Jerusalem of to-day with pure water. Then, what is believed to be the well used by Abraham at Beersheba now supplies that

town with water by means of a modern motor pump, while Jericho obtains fresh water from Elisha's Fountain by means of specially installed pumps and pipes.

"Both Damascus and Beirut have also recently had their water supplies greatly improved, and now boast of their electric tramway services. Damascus was the first city in bible lands to have electric trams and electric light. This is remarkable when we remember that it is the oldest city in the world, having been a place of great importance in the days of Abraham. In the near future, however, Jerusalem will undoubtedly possess electric trams, and representatives of an important American syndicate are now in the Holy City submitting plans for equipping it with an efficient tramway service as well as with electric light.

"Indeed, in every department of commercial enterprise and activity, modern methods are being rapidly brought into vogue. On the rich plains of Sharon and also on the tablelands between Jaffa and Jerusalem, steam-driven threshing machines and modern harvesters may be seen, taking the place of the primitive threshing floors. Then, all over the country, particularly in the orange groves, the primitive way of raising water for irrigation and other purposes is being superseded by pumps driven by kerosene motors.

"Then, in Jerusalem itself much has been done in widening some of the narrower thoroughfares, particularly in the business quarters of the town. The city is now better drained and its streets better kept. Two modern water-carts were recently imported and are now being used and the municipality has been supplied with a modern steam fire-extinguishing pump. It was but recently also that the Turkish authorities granted a concession to several American and English Companies for the construction and exclusive operation of telephones both in the Turkish capital and also in Jerusalem, while an English company is about to furnish the Jerusalem police with bicycles. The very latest appliances may be detected in the building operations that are now going on and reinforced concrete is being used in some of the more important edifices.

"On that historic sheet of water, the Dead Sea, there is now a motorboat, the only self-propelled craft at present on Palestine waters. For permission to run this craft its owner pays the government a monthly rental of \$50. The authorities

in Constantinople are now considering applications for permission to place similar craft upon the Sea of Galilee and the River Jordan.

"Perhaps it is in transportation facilities that the development is most marked. One has only to add that when the Turkish parliament met in the spring, there were submitted to it plans for the construction of no fewer than 1,500 miles of railroad with mineral and oil rights in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, to show the rapid development now going on in this part of the world. The lines of the Hedjaz Railroad are to be carried with all speed across the 285 miles of desert between Medina and Mecca. Starting from Damascus, this line runs almost due south through wild and sterile country for more than 820 miles to Medina, the burial place of Mohammed. It is principally used for carrying Mohammedan pilgrims. At many of its more important stations one can now send telegrams in any European language to all parts of the world. Until quite recently they had to be written in either the Turkish or the Arabic language.

"This, of course, is by no means the only railroad in Palestine. The first to be opened was that which connects the seaport of Jaffa with Jerusalem. Then followed one from Beirut, on the coast, to Damascus, and more recently, the line from Haifa, also on the coast, round the southern end of the Sea of Galilee to Damascus. Of the lines yet to be built in Asiatic Turkey, one will extend from Samsoon, on the Black Sea, in a southeasterly direction to a point near the Persian border. Another will start from some port on the Mediterranean, not yet determined, and stretch in a northeasterly direction to Lake Van, crossing the other line. When the famous Bagdad Railroad has progressed another 200 miles, with the Bosphorus spanned by a bridge, and the Hedjaz enterprise completed, Mecca will be in direct railroad communication with Constantinople, and also with the great centers of Europe. When the other lines now projected are completed, Persia will be connected with the Mediterranean Sea, and Nineveh, the ancient capital of Sennacherib, will be a halfway station between a reformed kingdom of the Shah and a Palestine which has been quickened to modern life by steel rails, telegraphs, telephones and western business methods."

Employers and Employees

The Gospel of the Square Deal as Exemplified in Co-Partnership Arrangement, which Results in Mutual Benefits.

Of increasingly interesting value to the business world to-day is any feasible means of bettering the relationship between capital and labor. In the July issue of *The Organizer*, W. J. Chinneck has an excellent article on the fair treatment of employees by employers, in the course of which these suggestions appear:

"Now that employers are beginning to realize that it pays to treat their workers honestly, just as it pays to treat their customers honestly, they are beginning to wonder how to do it. Fortunately, they have not far to seek.

"They have the example of a few wise men who thought this matter out years ago, and have evolved various schemes by which they and their employees are working for the success of the business which provides for them, instead of using up mental force in scheming to get the better of each other.

"Now, there is one scheme above all others which stands out as the best if only it can be worked, and that is full co-partnership. Co-partnership is as far beyond profit-sharing as the latter is beyond no scheme at all, and to-day we are hearing a great deal about co-partnership. It is being advocated by politicians and by business men.

"But the meaning of co-partnership is not at all clear in the minds of a number of people, and there are many different forms and many different degrees to co-partnership. It is as well to emphasize that co-partnership does not mean that payment for work done is made partly in cash and partly in shares or in kind. Payment should be entirely in cash, and the workers, or at least a large portion of them, being actual partners in the concern, should receive a dividend as shareholders in addition to full wages as workmen.

"In the fullest sense of the word co-partnership also means that one partner should have just as clear a title to his invested capital as another partner, although the practicability of this does not always commend itself to the employer.

"It is exceedingly difficult in the case of a private firm or a private company to make such an arrangement as has been indicated. A workman having become a partner may leave and go to a rival firm, in

which event it would clearly be desirable to regain possession of his shares on behalf of the other employees.

"In the case, however, of public companies, the value of whose shares is generally quoted, the adoption of full co-partnership is much simplified, because the capital is split up conveniently into units, and there are always a number of shareholders who are ready to sell at a price which the market itself fixes, and which is presumably a fair price.

"The plan adopted by one or two large public companies is that a certain share of the profits, after paying dividends at an agreed rate, shall be distributed amongst the employees. This is the worker's share of the profit, and in order that they may become partners it is necessary that they should apply the whole or a certain part of this bonus to the purchase of shares.

"It has sometimes been objected that employers make it obligatory that at least a portion of this profit should be applicable only to the purchase of shares, but it will be seen that unless this is done the scheme is not co-partnership, but profit-sharing. In order to get co-partnership you must provide for a proprietary interest, and the whole principle of co-partnership is to make the interests of the worker identical with those of other stock holders.

"If a man wishes to take his bonus and not apply for shares he is not looked upon as the most desirable type of employee; but in practice it is found to work out that the great majority of the employees want to buy the shares. I was informed by a large employer, who has an arrangement that only half of the bonus need be applied towards the purchase of shares, that 90 per cent. was actually used by the men to increase their holdings.

"The acquisition of the shares is, of course, a simple matter when they are quoted on the market. They are bought at their value by an official on behalf of the employees, and are then held by the latter, who, in future, receive the dividends payable thereon in addition to the share of the profits which still goes to them each year as employees.

"It will readily be seen that if the company is prospering, as profit-sharing com-

panies generally do, the worker is adding every year to his capital, and gradually acquires a very respectable holding. The plan has been found to have a very great moral effect on the workers, and the man who previously never dreamed of ever having property worth more than a few pounds gradually begins to see the value of thrift; and, in addition to the shares which he acquires more or less automatically, it frequently induces him to put aside a share of his wages, which is also used to increase his stock holding.

"I have heard that Sir George Livesay, before he started co-partnership, went down to South Wales in connection with a local strike. He saw a man still working on a small locomotive in the docks and said, 'And why are you not on strike?' The man replied, 'I am a shareholder in the concern. Pretty foolish I should look to be striking against myself.' This undoubtedly sums up the attitude of the

workers where co-partnership has been in operation.

"Provided a fair day's wage is paid in the first place—and that is always contemplated by co-partnership—it makes the interests of everyone concerned identical. It means that the men are going to think for the business, and are going to be in favor of anything which makes for the prosperity of the business. From this point it is easy to get the co-operation of the men in effecting savings and in working honestly. It makes a man anxious that his mate should work as hard as he does rather than that he should not work harder than his mate. Under some schemes employees have the right to appoint representatives from amongst themselves to the board of directors, and this leads not only to co-operation, but to good counsel, since it is a means by which employers and their workers are led to understand each other's difficulties."

Social Justice and Socialism

Chief Measures of Relief Offered by Socialist Party as Preparation for Workers to Seize Powers of Government

The editor of The North American Review shows by the figures the growth of the Socialist party in the United States, and, as of more significance, how the responses, elicited by skilful but specious appeal, have been favorable to Socialistic doctrines. He says:

"It clearly behooves us to examine and study the latest declaration of doctrines made by the Socialist party in the hope of winning a more general support from the American people.

Assuming as a major premise that "the overwhelming majority of the people of America are being forced under a yoke of bondage by soulless industrial despotism," the Socialist party proposes to remedy the condition thus depicted by affirmative acts designed to accomplish the following results:

"Abolition of the Senate and the veto power of the President.

"Adoption of Initiative Referendum, and Recall, nationally as well as locally."

In other words, vest all power of legislation in the mass of the people, retaining only a semblance of representative govern-

men in the House of Representatives, whose members would be subject to recall. Under this system, as now practised in Oregon, a majority of the votes cast throughout the country would enact any proposed law.

Abolition of the power usurped by the Supreme Court of the United States to pass upon the constitutionality of the legislation enacted by Congress."

This would enable the majority of voters to pass upon the constitutionality of the laws which they themselves had enacted. The effect would be identical with that of the proposed plan to permit the people to recall decisions, but the operation would be less cumbersome.

"Abolition of the Federal district courts and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The election of all judges for short terms."

Thus virtually establish popular government on the bench as well as in legislative halls.

"Abolish the profit system in government work and substitute direct hire of

labor or awarding of contracts to co-operative groups of workers.

"Establish minimum wage scales.

"Establish old-age pensions and enforce upon the State and all employers a system of insurance against industrial diseases, accidents, and deaths without cost to the workers.

"The immediate government relief of the unemployed by the extension of all useful public works to be engaged directly by the government under a work-day of not more than eight hours, and not less than the prevailing union wages. The government also to establish employment bureaux; to lend money to States and municipalities without interest for the purpose of carrying on public works, and to take such other measures within its power as will lessen the wide-spread misery of the workers caused by the misrule of the capitalist class."

A comprehensive programme involving enormous expenditures of moneys whose sources are not indicated.

"Collective ownership and democratic management of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and all other social means of transportation and of all large-scale industries."

Government ownership is understand-

able, but "collective ownership," even as defined by Jaures, has yet to be made clear to American minds. "Democratic management" of great organizations is wholly enigmatical. . . .

"Collective ownership of land wherever practicable, and in cases where such ownership is impracticable, the appropriation by taxation of the annual rental value of all land held for speculation."

Obviously the question of "practicability" is here so transcendent as to render speculation as to method futile.

"Collective ownership and democratic management of the banking and currency system."

Again arises the Socialists' distinction between government and collective ownership. As stated, the proposition might easily be deprived of the word "system," which seems to be curiously lacking in co-relationship with either democratic or collective direction of fiscal business.

Such are the chief "measures of relief" which are offered by the Socialist party, not as an end, but frankly as only "a preparation of the workers to seize the whole powers of government in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of socialized industry and thus come to their rightful inheritance."

Costliest Telephone Line Ever Built

Temporary Line Erected by Japanese Army Experts Carries Off the Record for Expenditure—Resourcefulness and Courage

The costliest mile of telephone line ever erected is the temporary line which the Japanese army experts constructed from the foot to the top of 203-Meter Hill, just outside of Port Arthur, during the siege in the Russo-Japanese war. It might also be asserted that few lines represented the expenditure of so much energy, resourcefulness and courage, to say nothing of human life, or were used for so short a space of time with such tremendous results. The story is told in *Popular Mechanics* for July:

Early in the siege of Port Arthur the Japanese, finding field guns wholly inadequate to reach the town and harbor, set up half a dozen or more great 10-in. guns, "Osaka babies" they called them. These

were placed as near as possible to the main defences of the town which were located along a semicircular chain of hills, surrounding the harbor. The guns were some four or five miles distant from their main objective, the town and fleet. Between them and their targets interposed this chain of hills, tall and almost impregnable. Hence, using the guns was purely guesswork, something like throwing a stone at a man on the other side of a house. The gunners could not get the slightest idea as to where their shells struck.

Far over to the Japanese right, near the end of the Russian hill forts, was the loftiest point in the district, 203-Meter Hill. From its summit one could look squarely down into the town and harbor of Port

Arthur. It was strongly protected by fortifications and also flanked by other Russian forts.

To gain possession of the summit of that hill General Nogi addressed all his skill and force. Its sloping sides were lined with intrenchments protecting thousands of Russian riflemen, while from either side the neighboring forts could pour shot and shell into any attacking force. For a few days the Japanese assaults were simply slaughters. At length Nogi obtained a foothold at the base, and slowly, day by day and by night as well, he worked his way up while 30,000 Russians and hundreds of guns poured their fire into him. Finally he gained the summit, built a small bomb-proof and left there—two men and a telephone!

That was all, but it was all he needed. Thousands of Japanese soldiers protected these two from Russian attacks, which continued ceaselessly, for those two men with the telephone could do more harm than all the rest of the Japanese army. Their telephone line ran down the hill and, thence, to the great "Osaka babies." At a signal

from the man at the phone, great shells were flung over the hills toward Port Arthur. The men on the hill watched their landing through field glasses; then they telephoned that gun No. 1 had struck too far right or left of some battleship or arsenal. Thus corrected, the next shots dropped closer; the telephone man again corrected the gunner. And so, through that single wire, the man at the phone directed the fire of the great guns until the Russian fleet, batteries, and arsenals, powerless against such an enemy, were abandoned.

The fate of Port Arthur was decided by the man at the phone. But it had cost dearly. What the Russian loss was is not exactly known, but the Japanese lost 10,000 killed and wounded, expended hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition, besides the time and energy of a great army for a period of more than a fortnight, in running that last mile of wire to the top of the hill. It is therefore safe to say that the cost of no other mile of wire ever even approached such a tremendous sum. But, from the Japanese point of view, it was worth it.

Will Save Ships From Icebergs

Repetition of Such a Disaster as that of the Titanic Rendered Impossible by Invention of Canadian University Professor

A story of particular interest to Canadians appears in the August number of the Technical World Magazine, in which C. L. Sibley writes of the success of Prof. Barnes, of McGill University, the inventor of the iceberg detector for use of ships at sea. Says the article:

"A repetition of such an accident as that which caused the destruction of the Titanic is now declared to be impossible, provided a recently invented instrument be installed, and its indicator faithfully observed on all ocean lines. Professor Howard T. Barnes, D. Sc., F. R. C. S., director of the physical laboratories at McGill University, Montreal, is the inventor of this instrument, which is attracting much attention among scientific men both on this continent and in Great Britain. He calls his invention the micro-thermometer. It is, in reality, a super-sensitive thermometer which, it is claimed, will infallibly detect an iceberg at a distance of two miles on the

windward side, and seven miles on the leeward side. Professor Barnes has conducted numerous experiments with the instrument on the Canadian government vessels in the river and gulf of the St. Lawrence, and these have in every way borne out his claims. In May of this year, when on his way to England, to lecture on his invention, by invitation, before the Royal Institute, he conducted experiments on the Canadian Northern liner, Royal George, sailing from Halifax to Liverpool. This was soon after the Titanic disaster, when ice was still plentiful along the steamship tracks on the Atlantic, and again the instrument fully established the assertions of its inventor, never once failing to record the presence of ice.

The instrument is really an adaptation of the electrical resistance thermometer. It is permanently attached to the prow of the vessel, and is connected by electrical wires to a dial in the chart room, where every

slight variation in the temperature of the water may now be recorded. Professor Barnes says that at present navigators rely almost entirely on the lookout to detect the presence of ice, and the danger of this practice has been emphasized by the Titanic disaster.

"‘A show is also made,’ he said, ‘of taking the temperature of the water, but the method of doing this is so crude that little reliance is placed upon it by navigators. Captain Lecky, in his ‘*Wrinkles on Navigation*,’ shows this conclusively. The method now in use is to pull a bucket of water up over the side of the vessel, and to dip a mercury or alcohol thermometer in it to get a record of the temperature. It is just an ordinary house thermometer that is used. It is a hap-hazard and unscientific method of taking observations of sea temperature—first, because records are only obtained at more or less long intervals; second, because it is impossible by this means to detect small variations, while variations of half a degree, or even a whole degree, are apt to go unnoticed.

"‘Now the micro-thermometer is so sensitive that it will record a variation of one-thousandth of a degree, and so striking is its record that whereas on an ordinary thermometer a single degree is usually represented by only one-eighth of an inch, the micro-thermometer represents a single degree by an interval of two feet.

"‘Moreover, the micro-thermometer is designed, not to be dipped into buckets of water at frequent intervals, but to be permanently attached to the ship under the water line, and, by means of wires leading from it to the chart room, to make a continuous record in the chart room of the water temperature. With this thermometer being towed along with the ship, and with a continuously-recording instrument attached to it in the chart room, the presence of an iceberg unerringly makes itself known by the persistence of a gradient of temperature.

"‘Here is how I would equip a ship. An iceberg, of course, is continuously giving off a current of water all around it. This cold water, being fresh water, is lighter than the salt water, and spreads out over the surface of the sea for two miles on the windward side, and seven miles on the leeward side. Now if a micro-thermometer were fitted at the bow, about two feet below the water line, and another micro-thermometer at the stern, as deep down as the draught of the ship would allow, the bow thermometer would catch the cold sur-

face current, while the stern thermometer would remain at the normal sea temperature. In this way whenever the differential record read so that the bow thermometer was colder than the deep stern instrument, this would be taken as an indication of disturbance due to the presence of ice—an unmistakable indication, because it could be due to no other cause. If the recording instrument showed this temperature to persist and become greater, the ship would be approaching the ice; if it decreased the ship would be leaving the ice behind.”

The invention of this thermometer is the outcome of many years of research work, and it rose from the need of a better instrument to assist him in his study of calorimetry. It was he who developed the continuous flow method of calorimetry—a great advance both for simplicity and accuracy on the older methods. Subsequent to this development, his researches on the specific heat of water became a classic, and, after occupying the attention of the Royal Society of London, England, in special session, were made the basis of a report on the subject to the conference of physicists at the Paris Exhibition.

Professor Barnes has for two years been looked upon as one of the world's greatest authorities upon ice, and for his researches in ice formation he has received widespread recognition. His book on “*Ice Formation and Frazil*” was the first authoritative work on the subject. It attracted such attention among scientific men that he was invited to read a paper upon his researches before the British Association, at its annual meeting held in Leicester, England, in September, 1907. The paper he presented on that occasion, entitled “*The Ice Problem in Engineering Work in Canada*,” demonstrated the feasibility of coping with a situation which up till then had been regarded as involving inevitable interruptions to the continuous operation of water power plants in Canada during the severe winters to which that country is liable.

He had great difficulty in making people believe that he had achieved the seemingly impossible task of making water powers continuous despite long periods of zero weather. His method, the injection of heat under water upon its entrance into power plants, seemed ridiculous, but at last Mr. John Murphy, of Ottawa, had the courage to try the methods he recommended. The result is that now, at practically no expense, the floating needle ice called “*frazil*,” which causes all the trouble, is coun-

teracted, and power houses in Ottawa using these methods are running full load when all others not so equipped are completely blocked and have not a wheel turning.

Professor Barnes is now turning his attention to dealing with the ice difficulty in the St. Lawrence route from Montreal to the sea. This route is now closed up for four or five months every year, and for much of that time is to a large extent frozen over. Professor Barnes has conducted many ice-breakers in the ship channel. These experiments throw an altogether new light on ice-formation, and Professor

Barnes now declares that not only can the season of navigation be considerably lengthened, but that a moderate expenditure of money will keep the channel open and the route secure throughout the winter.

"I believe this so firmly," he says, "that I have no hesitation in predicting that Montreal, one thousand miles as it is from open sea, will be a yearly port just as soon as the commercial interests demand it."

Professor Barnes' scientific work proves to be of a nature applicable to some of the problems of everyday life.

Fear of Food is Latest Disease

And it is Often a Difficult One for the Physicians to Overcome—
Imaginary Character of the Fear

Avoidance of food, or of some particular kind of food, is, it appears, a recognized disease, and has been named "sitophobia." Prof. George M. Niles, of the Atlanta School of Medicine, who discusses it in *The Medical Record* (New York), tells us that it is in the same class of "phobias" or diseased fears as "agoraphobia," the fear of open spaces, or "claustrophobia," the fear of being shut in—both of which have been discussed in these columns. Generally this food-fear is confined to certain classes of viands, often to a single article of food, in which case the person entertaining it may be in other respects a sane and even intelligent citizen. Writes Dr. Niles:

"Probably every physician who reads this study will call to mind a patient who fancies that some ordinarily harmless article contains for her or him a dreadful potentiality for evil. The patient will explain that since a child this article has been tabooed, and that to eat it would invite direful consequences. Close inquiry may elicit the admission that the aforesaid article has never been eaten, but perhaps it disagreed with some other member of the family, and the inference has been drawn that it would necessarily act as a poison to this particular individual.

"I have in mind a neurotic traveling salesman, who is morbidly afraid of butter or any dish prepared from it. The sight of butter on the table before him fills

his mind with fearful forebodings, while much of his pocket money is spent in tips to waiters and cooks that nothing may be served him containing this evil agent. An eminent neurologist of New Orleans, some months ago, related to me the experience of a citizen of Louisiana, who developed a phobia for garlic, a flavoring-agent of high repute in some sections of that State. As nearly all of the savory French and Spanish dishes there contain a 'touch' of this somewhat pungent condiment, the patient, who lived in a hotel, found his protein diet extremely restricted. One day, however, in desperation, and at the earnest solicitation of his physician, he partook of a dish containing a little garlic, but he required his medical attendant to stay by his side for six hours to save him from the disastrous consequences anticipated by his abnormal imagination. Finding that he was not injured, nor even distressed, his phobia fortunately disappeared, and he has since relished the toothsome flavor imparted by this bulb of ancient use, the same that confronted the laborers as they built the pyramids for Cheops, and for which the Children of Israel yearned on their dreary journey in quest of the Promised Land."

It does not follow from the imaginary character of most of these fears, however, that they may always be safely disregarded, for:

"The mental impress of food as it is

eaten may regulate the supply and character of the necessary juices for its digestion; . . . a placid and cheerful frame of mind may aid the organs concerned in the bodily upkeep, or . . . a distaste or antipathy may, as it were, 'dry up the fountains' for certain articles, converting them to all intents and purposes into foreign bodies. Thus it is apparent that a violent dislike or fear amounting to a phobia for any particular foods will . . . exert a real and tangible inhibitory effect on the special agencies required for their digestion, and that to force a fearful patient to eat them might result in serious damage."

What is the source of such dislikes? They may often be ascribed, Dr. Niles tells us, to temperamental peculiarities, to education, or to environment, and to trace them to their starting-point is often interesting. He gives several instances that have come under his personal observation. One man has never been able to eat June apples because on his father's farm a tree of this variety grew next to a stable. Another has never been able to eat a catfish since seeing a large school of them in a dirty stream. We read on:

"Another etiological factor in producing a sitophobia is a disagreeable or painful personal experience with some food or food product, as the following shows: A lady of mature years informed me that, when a little girl, she was inordinately fond of apple dumplings, thinking she could never get enough. On one occasion, however, the cook made a special baking of the coveted delicacy, so as to permit this youthful epicurean to have her fill. The result was a severe attack of indigestion, leaving in its wake a phobia for apple dumpling that time has not erased.

"One of the most fruitful causes of the various sitophobias lies in the 'half-baked' writing of self-appointed health teachers, who with lurid phillippics hurled at some of our most wholesome articles of food, couched as they are in attractive language, and bolstered up by specious arguments, create injurious dietetic fads. I have in mind one religious sect who constantly inveigh against meat, so that some of its members possess a real sitophobia for this most economical protein. Thus we find the cults and isms, the schools of 'new thought,' the

vegetarians and fruitarians, and others, who with a cheerful ignorance, flavored with more zeal than discretion, are constantly sowing the seeds of fear for the very classes of food most necessary for the well-being of the bodily economy."

The way to treat these "sitophobias," or "food-fears," is generally by suggestion or at any rate by acting on the mind more than on the body. Instruction in cooking will stop many of them, for they frequently arise, as seen above, from a single case of indigestion. If the dislike is powerful enough to constitute an idiosyncrasy, it should be respected as long as it exists. A systematic onslaught upon it can be made only by gaining the patient's confidence, getting him to eat, unwittingly, the article he fears and then pointing out that it has done him no harm. The physician should be quite sure of his ground, however, before risking this procedure, for breaking the news might result in both indignation and retroactive disgust, defeating the desired end. Says Dr. Niles:

"Some sitophobias, limited to unimportant articles, are best ignored. If the patient is well enough nourished, if other foods in the same class are taken in sufficient quantities to furnish ample calories, and if no special inconvenience is given other members of the family, strenuous efforts to abate such harmless phobias are not justified.

"Change of environment, of food, of habits, and of occupation, all exert a helpful influence on fearful and unreasoning appetites. Muscular exercise to the point of fatigue is perhaps the best of all remedial measures in overcoming a sitophobia. Manual labor in the open air, if pushed to the physiological limit, seldom fails to produce a keen hunger. . . . Thus, if we can induce our ill-nourished and timorous patients to enter into a complete change of habits and diet, so that, as far as practicable, muscular effort may take the place of sorrowful meditation; that live, outward interests may banish morbid introspection; that real, bodily fatigue may replace microscopic self-analysis, then may we confidently anticipate a healthy desire for those articles of food demanded by a normal body."

Usefulness and the Universities

One of the Big Problems of Modern Education is Discussed from a British Standpoint—Trained Men as a National Asset

Writing in *T. P. O'Connor's Weekly* Leslie Beresford discusses usefulness and the universities: "To the average man who aspires to a life of public utility," he says, "whether in the church law, or any administrative department of the State, a university training is generally conceded to be a *sine qua non*. In the same way it seems to have been from time immemorial a generally accepted theory that, having acquired university training, such a man becomes immediately equipped with all the faculties and knowledge necessary to achieve success in the particular sphere of public service to which he aspires. He occupies, as it were, an exalted niche in the intellectual fabric of the nation's brains, and it is therefore assumed that he cannot fail, when his hour comes, to attain a similarly high level of excellence in the nation's service. When you come to trace the long genealogy of university men which has practically made our history, this line of argument appears to be in need of little defence. Even when you revert to these periods in university annals during which the diffusion of knowledge was of less apparent consequence than was the social side of college life, the output of successful public servants was not so meagre as might have been expected. It was sufficient, at any rate, to retain for the university the reputation of being the royal and only road to a public career. That, while having proved a most comforting theory, is, however, now in danger of refutation. Even universities cannot successfully batten on a reputation for all time. And time is moving with much rapidity in these years of grace. It moves so rapidly and with such disregard for accepted theories that the question has been plainly asked whether the assertion that university training prepares a man or woman to fulfil properly the civic and national duties—which should be its natural sequel—in a way no other training can, is a truism or hypocrisy. If it be the latter, there must be a good reason. Given the reason, a remedy ought to be speedily found, unless our university products are to cease to be worthy of recognition as a national asset.

Such a reason has in fact been put forward by those in a position qualified to

speak; eminent statesmen, scientists, and pillars of commerce, men among whose names are, for instance, those of Lord Strathcona and Lord Brassey. These authorities argue that what university training achieves in loftiness it loses in breadth; that it is too conservative to be valuable in shaping the minds and characters of its products, too insular to prove of practical use at the time when that practical use will be most demanded. The argument is an attractive one; it touches the most vulnerable spot in university education—its loftiness. For university education is nothing if not lofty. The university student of ability is a Mount Everest among intellectuals; and, as with Mount Everest, his higher slopes are in the clouds. Consequently, when he stoops from his rarefied atmosphere to fumble among the brutal facts and figures of prosaic life, it is quite consistent with human nature if his sense of vision be somewhat ill-proportioned. For it is much easier to be learned than to know a great deal. The didactic Dr. Johnson once said: "Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it." That, I think, most appropriately describes my view of university education, and what it most lacks in relation to everyday life. The university is the storehouse in which information may be found; it is not the medium by which may be obtained that first quality in knowledge, the knowledge which is self-acquired, whilst it may rise to great heights and probe into unmeasured depths, its breadth must naturally be limited to within the covers of books. With so musty an intellectual equipment, even the hallmark of a university degree can scarcely be accepted as a guarantee that the graduate is fitted as no other man could be to properly control his allotted portion of the great machinery of State.

This principle has given rise to a movement, the ultimate practical results of which are, of course, not apparent, but which has, at any rate, set out to remedy a palpable defect. I am alluding to the Association for the International Interchange of Students during the first year of their labors, an association which was

formed a couple of years ago under the presidency of Lord Stratheona, and which has proceeded in an unobtrusive way to prove the advantages of travel as an educational factor by sending selected students on tour in our colonies and foreign countries. The progress made has so far proved gratifying, and from the Association's report I gather the word "student" is interpreted as widely as possible, and professors and lecturers, as well as other graduates and undergraduates, have availed themselves of the great advantages offered by the Association. Moreover, the Committee recognized that it is not only for those who need actual financial assistance to enable them to travel that the Association must provide. Innumerable difficulties face those provided with the necessary funds, and desiring to travel for educational purposes. Much time is often wasted examining the non-typical and superficial, while the most valuable places or types are passed by. To come into contact with leaders in the spheres of activity in which his interests lie is by no means easy for the student in most cases. To keep his expenses within a really small compass is another problem. The Association have set themselves the task of removing these difficulties, and the experience of the past would seem to indicate that their efforts have been remarkably successful.

Here, in a few words, we have the regenerating programme of this Association placed before us for approval and active assistance, or for indifference and rejection. It can scarcely be the latter. However firm our belief in the efficiency of the average

university product, it must be admitted that the broadening influence of travel cannot fail to bring fresh blood into university life and breed a keen and responsible type of public man. It was written by Sterne in his "Sentimental Journey" that "an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen." That is true. The insular Britisher does not usually travel until circumstances oblige him. When he does travel, his eyes are ceaselessly awake, and his brain active. He sees, not from his insular standpoint, not his own people, but other nations and other ways. He sees as others see. He realizes his recent insularity, and hastens to cast it from him. The mass of great men among Britons were traveled men, but it was only after travel that their greatness really came to them. How immense then must be the value of travel to the undergraduate who stands not even upon the threshold of greatness itself, but only at the door of the school of public utility? I think the Association I have referred to should help to mould great men for the nation's work. It ought, at least, to translate the reputation of the university as the only recruiting ground for the public service from a solemn farce into a living reality. It should, as Sir Gilbert Parker said last week, speaking at the Association's meeting at Caxton Hall, prove a death-blow to provincialism and priggishness, to both of which vices universities are notably addicted. There is no room for the prig or the provincial in our social and commercial circles. There should be still less at our Seats of Learning.

Housewives Need Drudge No Longer

"Down With Drudgery" is the Slogan of the Scientific Housekeeper of the Day—How Science Has Come to Her Aid

There are better times coming for the housewives. All they need do to realize is read what Bailey Millard has to say on the subject of downing drudgery in the *Technical World Magazine*:

"Down with drudgery! That is the slogan of the scientific housekeeper of the day. To be sure science has for years aided the housewife, but it has not decreased her care, labor or expense. What she has lacked has been that economic conserva-

tion of energy and money which lately have been attained in the factory and the mill. The hiring of more and more servants has not added to her ease, but rather to her discomfort. The problem, however, is not how to eliminate the housemaid, for the housemaid is eliminating herself. She has turned to the factory as a far more dignified and lucrative place of occupation, and the servants that remain in the home are there on a high pay, far higher than the average

family can afford. So that the real problem is how to get along comfortably without hired help.

"There is a brainy woman in Colonia, New Jersey, who is doing this. What is more, along with the work required to maintain in spotless condition a house of sixteen rooms, and big ones at that, and the providing of meals for the family; she actually finds spare time in which to teach other women how they may keep house without servants. This woman is Mary Pattison, formerly President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of New Jersey. What Frederick W. Taylor, the father of industrial efficiency, has done for the factory, Mrs. Pattison is doing for the home.

"Mrs. Pattison lives in a large country house set upon rising ground. She has few neighbors in the new hamlet of Colonia and plenty of elbow-room, which such energetic women always need. Her broad-eaved, cedar-shingled house is flooded with sunshine from many mullioned windows. On the west is a two-storey annex which is entirely devoted to the exhibition and demonstration of hundreds of wonderful labor-saving devices, and to this domestic experiment station, as it is called, three thousand women have come during the past year to learn how to keep house scientifically and without servants. This station is said to be operated under the auspices of the New Jersey Federation of Women, but Mrs. Pattison conducts the show, does most of the work and pays all the bills.

"Verily the Pattison annex is a wonder-shop. It opens the eyes of the housewife.

"Why, it must be more fun to run a house the way you do it," said one of Mrs. Pattison's visitors, "than it is to go to the theater."

"And so it is, considering the bad plays one often sees on the stage. But there is nothing theatrical about Mrs. Pattison or her scheme of housekeeping. She has reduced the preparation and serving of food to their lowest terms. The coffee is ground, the eggs are beaten and the ice cream frozen with a mere twist of the wrist—that is, simply by pressing the button that starts the electric motor. The electric heating and cooking are done in the same economical way, expense being reduced by the use of fireless cookers. In this way the stoking of the stove, which occupies a quarter of the time of the cook, is dispensed with and the kitchen is comfortably cool instead of being hot and stuffy. Beside, Mrs. Pattison has discovered that coal is a great

extravagance. The model kitchen is a pretty, tiny affair of small floor space and few footsteps. If the housekeeper wants a spoon, a toaster, a strainer or a quart measure she doesn't take a dozen steps to the closet drawer and back again. She simply reaches up to a convenient rack, hung with many useful implements and utensils and takes it down with a simple motion of the hand. If she wants a piece of meat, some eggs or butter from the refrigerator she puts her foot upon a button and lo, the ice-chest, springing swiftly from the cellar, is before her. The door flies open, she takes out what she desires, removes her foot from the button and down drops the refrigerator into the cellar where it belongs; for there it is cooler and the ice consumption is far less than it is on an upper floor.

"Dining at the Pattison home is simplicity itself.

"You sit at a bare circular table, above the centre of which is a round revolving waiter. Upon this waiter all the food has been placed in receptacles that insure the desired heat or cold. If you want the bread or the potatoes you simply turn the waiter, take down the dish, help yourself from it and replace it.

"A pretty and really serviceable kind of paper plate is used at all save formal meals instead of china or porcelain, together with paper napkins, and, if desired, paper cups and wooden fork and spoons. When the meal is over dish-washing consists of dropping the dishes into the incinerator. This is simply an upright, airtight steel case, chiefly used for the chemical reduction of garbage.

"Now we shall go into the neat, sweet-smelling Pattison laundry and there we shall see an amazing array of washers, boilers and wringers worked by electric motors. 'All good,' says Mrs. Pattison, 'but none any better than this simple hand device which, considering that you work it without artificial aid, is a wonder.'

"She holds up an implement that looks like a plumber's plunger—a small funnel-shaped affair fastened to the end of a three-foot stick. On examination the device is found to be a series of funnels within a funnel, all of which work on the suction principle when the instrument is thrust down upon the wet clothes in the tub. The way this plunger cleanses clothes is marvelous. It is also very cheap and requires but a moderate expenditure of elbow-grease.

A Working Program for the British Suffragists

British women are said to have solution of problem of participation in politics well within their grasp.

There seems to be a lull in Woman Suffrage affairs on the other side of the Atlantic. Possibly the rejection, on its second reading in the House of Commons, of the so-called Conciliation Bill has taught the lesson that militant tactics are a failure. This at any rate should be the logical result. In the opinion of those qualified to judge, this latest turn in events should "make earnest and thoughtful suffragists reconsider the whole position of their cause." This view is expressed in the Contemporary Review by Mr. E. Crawshay-Williams, M. P., who says further:

"If they (the suffragists) are wise, they will see that . . . any attempt to attain Woman Suffrage by a conciliation of almost opposite schools of thought must be in all probability a fruitless endeavor. The outstanding difficulty is that, argue as the suffragists may, there is a large number of convinced democrats who hold an unshakable belief that it is as important sternly to uphold the principle of democracy as it is to abolish the sex bar to the franchise, and who believe that to introduce a property qualification for women almost at the moment when it is supposed to do away with it for men would be an illogical and foolish proceeding. It is hardly too much to say that if Woman Suffrage is to be attained, this section of thought must inevitably lend its co-operation. It follows that the real conciliation measure of the future must be so framed as to bear on its face the impress of democracy, and go hand in hand with the Government Reform bill.

The suffragists will doubtless say that the country is not ready for adult suffrage, and that they cannot wait until it is ready. But, if woman is to obtain the vote in the near future, she must obtain it by a policy which has neither an undemocratic savor nor the defect of swamping the electorate with a mass of women. Is this intermediate policy between the Conciliation bill and adult suffrage a possibility? If it is, surely suffragists would be wise to adopt it instead of wasting their energies on futile compromises."

The Contemporary writer sets forth a number of standards to which, if it is to succeed, the new bill must conform:

"It must not set up a property qualifica-

tion. It must be obviously democratic at first sight, and it must not need argument to prove it so. It must not admit to the franchise a larger number of women voters than there are, or will then be, men voters; and, if possible, it must restrict the numbers so as not to frighten the more timid woman suffragists."

Presuming that the Government Reform bill, promised for this year by the Prime Minister, is to introduce manhood suffrage at a certain age, "all that it is necessary to do in order to graft on to this a harmonious, simple, and moderate form of Woman Suffrage, is to provide for womanhood suffrage at a suitably higher age."

"It is quite evident that by a process of raising the age-limit for the women's vote, the number admitted to the franchise could be fined down to any extent; but since to restrict the vote to ancient dames of over eighty would be not only open to criticism, but possibly also to ridicule, it is clear that any substantial and adequate measure must provide for the admission of a considerable number of women. It is no good blinking the fact that no democratic solution of the franchise question can avoid a large number of new women voters; but it is obvious that the adoption of an age-limit as the basic qualification opens the way to a scale of modifications, all of them of an essentially democratic nature, and that at least the great argument against complete adult suffrage, that it would enfranchise more women than men, is at once overcome. In other respects, the policy of adult suffrage with a higher age-limit for women than for men fulfils all the requirements laid down for a true conciliation measure. Nor need advocates of complete adult suffrage look askance at the proposal. Adult suffrage in its entirety is the only ultimate and logical solution of the franchise question; and it would not take many years to reduce the age-limit for women down to that for men, if, as is certain, the new department proved a success."

This is the policy which appears to offer the greatest hope to woman suffragists in England. Indeed, this writer asserts that the solution of the problem of participation in political life is now well within their grasp.

Thirty Thousand a Year from Twelve Acres

Every cent is made from the soil itself; nothing is manufactured except with the assistance of the soil and nature.

"Thirty thousand dollars extracted from twelve acres of ground every year, of which at least twelve thousand dollars the farmer puts in the bank as profits after paying all expenses!"

This is the record of a farmer near Cleveland, Ohio, who was formerly a city man, but who went back to the soil and made good. His name is Martin L. Ruetenik, and the story is told in *Technical World Magazine* by Stanley L. McNicholl:

"From the city with its blare of noises and its dusty streets," we are told "this man sought out a little farm, settled down and is now making as much money as the head of many a successful business corporation. After a weary struggle of several years the ground gave forth its bounty and to-day he is clearing over a thousand dollars a month, owns and operates two automobiles and several carriages—has a cosy home and a happy family.

"In one year—1907—the farm returned twenty thousand dollars in profits, the gross receipts being about double that sum. For this year Ruetenik hopes to realize a total of about fifteen thousand dollars in profits, after all expenses are paid.

"Thus this enterprising farmer is making one thousand dollars an acre per year from his land. It is true that he has become a specialist, yet it is also true that every cent is made from the soil itself. Nothing is manufactured except with the assistance of soil and nature.

"Ruetenik's little farm contains eighteen acres in all, but only twelve acres are under cultivation. Eighteen men are employed on these twelve acres, every square inch of which is made to produce revenue in the way of vegetables.

"Martin Ruetenik is a brilliant example of a man who has learned to use his brains. Beginning on a piece of land without any special advantages as to fertility or adaptability and without any experience as a farmer this man, by dint of hard work, intelligently directed, has converted the little farm into a veritable gold mine, yielding as it does twice the value of the land per year, after all expenses are paid.

"Scoff as the average farmer does about 'book larnin' and the farmers who attempt to sow and reap their crops from

advice bound between cloth covers, this farmer makes them sit up, for Ruetenik is a 'book-made' farmer. In addition, he has been a very close student of government and experiment station reports. He has also cultivated a penchant for experimenting. Although cautious to a degree, he is constantly at work seeking to improve the quality of his vegetables and to discover new means for getting them to the people when the prices are highest.

"Back in 1883, H. J. Ruetenik, President of Calvin College, Cleveland, grew inexpressibly weary of city life. He decided to go back to the soil and rest his brain and exercise his body. He had a sixteen-year-old son, Martin L. Ruetenik, whom he decided to take with him.

"The Rueteniks started in to do some scientific gardening. They read up the newest methods of fertilizing their land, discussed the best ways of planting, cultivating and harvesting their crops.

"When the college professor and his son balanced their books at the beginning of the first year, they discovered that they had lost about five hundred dollars. The same thing happened the second year. The third year the balance was somewhat smaller. So it was the fourth year. The fifth year they broke even and thereafter the profits began to appear.

"The younger Ruetenik began studying the use of hothouses in raising farm crops. Doing a general gardening business from the very first the young man discovered that more money could be made from certain crops, and as money was what he was after, he promptly began to specialize in these crops—celery, tomatoes, asparagus, lettuce, pie plant, beets and several other vegetables. The main crops, however, were celery, tomatoes and lettuce.

"It was about 1888 that young Ruetenik built his first greenhouse. It was ten by fifty feet in size and has since been torn down. He started growing lettuce and tomatoes for the early spring and later fall markets, when it could be obtained from other sources.

"The greenhouse didn't pay its way the first year nor the second year either. A little thing like that, however, didn't discourage Ruetenik, who about this time

purchased his father's interest in the farm and began running it alone. He kept right along and the third year the greenhouse broke about even on receipts and expenditures. Thereafter it began to pay big money. Ruetenik built three or four greenhouses each year for five or six years until he had a total of about twenty-five houses in 1900, since which time he had made no new extensions, being kept busy looking after their contents and always maintaining them in first-class order. He had 120,000 square feet or nearly three of the twelve acres of land under glass.

"In a number of these houses crops of lettuce are raised all winter. Beginning about the end of July the little plants, some 255,000 of them this year, were set out. The crop was in shape for the market about the end of August and from that time until the first of the next June lettuce is being sent to market almost every day. The garnish on the roast at Thanksgiving or Christmas in many a home comes from Ruetenik's hot-houses. He plants and raises three crops of lettuce in his hot houses each year. In the fall, he sells a case of forty heads for as low as 35 cents or as high as \$2.00, according to the season, the supply and the demand. Lettuce which he sells to the Cleveland wholesaler for five cents a head the grocer sells to the consumer for about fifteen cents, so that there is considerable profit for others from Ruetenik's business.

"Tomatoes are another of Ruetenik's profitable crops. He sows his seed in the hot houses about February first. While the snow is swirling above the glass roof the tender plants shoot up, the temperature being kept from sixty to eighty degrees as required. The little plants are carefully tended and trained in one tall vine, being hung with twine to a series of wires above. Some vines grow six and eight feet high, with tomatoes hanging ripe

and red every three or four inches. A year ago Ruetenik sold 12,000 baskets of ten pounds each from fourteen greenhouses at \$1 a basket, or a total of \$12,000. The crop which is sowed early in February is marketed from June fifteenth to August fifteenth—long before home-grown tomatoes are available in the Cleveland territory and when they sell at from eight to twenty cents a pound.

"Cucumbers are another profitable crop raised by this gardener. He begins his crop early in the spring and harvests it late in May and early in June. His crop the past year consisted of 500 bushels which he sold at \$2.00 a bushel, realizing \$1,000.

"Four of the nine acres outdoors are set to celery, some 200,000 plants being grown. These plants are put out in June and July and are harvested in September, October and November, when they sell for about \$2.00 per 100 plants. Such a crop is worth to Ruetenik about \$4,400.

"Pie plant is raised on sections of the twelve acres which are on a hillside and which cannot well be cultivated for other purposes. Over \$200.00 a year per acre is realized on the pie plant. Each plant of rhubarb lasts about five years and is then replaced. Each year about fifty tons of manure, costing \$1.00 a ton, are scattered over the area devoted to pie plant.

"Several acres are devoted to asparagus, beets, carrots and other vegetables, which are set out just as early as possible so they can be marketed a few weeks ahead of the regular crop. A patch of about an acre of sweet corn was grown this year and sold at 25 cents a dozen ears. Three weeks later a neighbor living almost next door sold his sweet corn on the Cleveland market for two cents a dozen! Such is the difference in men. Ruetenik uses his brains and the other fellows don't.



NO STORY.

"Say," said the city editor to the young reporter, "what about the story of the Vere de Vere wedding that I sent you for yesterday?"

"Oh," replied the cub, "I went up to the church and we all waited, but I didn't get a story. The bridegroom didn't show up."

HIS COMPANY.

A society woman wrote to an army officer:

"Mrs. Smyth requests the pleasure of Captain Bunker's company at a reception on July 16th."

Next day she received this note of acceptance:

"With the exception of three men who have the measles, and one who is in the guard-house, Captain Bunker's company accepts Mrs. Smyth's kind invitation for the 16th."

AN INGENIOUS METHOD.

There were twin boys in the Murphy family, six months of age. Neighbors often wondered how Mrs. Murphy knew them apart. One day Mrs. O'Flaherty said to her, "Foine pair of boys you've got, Mrs. Murphy; but how do you lver till thim apart?" "Faith, and that's aisy, Mrs. O'Flaherty," replied Mrs. Murphy. "I put me finger in Dinns' mouth, and, if he bites, it's Moike."

AN ORGAN RECITAL.

At the meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society it took some time to get down to business. Mrs. Wiggins told of her recent operation for appendicitis, and Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Biggins had reminiscences of similar experiences. At last a lady rose to go. "I thought," she exclaimed to her hostess in the hall, "that it was to be a business meeting, but I find it is an organ recital."

THE IMPOLITENESS OF CURIOSITY.

The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I evah see, Bruddah Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, pahson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reticence, "when you preaches a speshul good sermon, I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show me de same consideration."

THE LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Sir Horace Plunkett, chum of Colonel Roosevelt, once delivered a lecture in Dublin, Ireland, on the best way to improve conditions among the poor. At that time Sir Horace was not

exactly a finished speaker. His tongue could not do justice to the riches of his mind.

The day following his address he received from a lady a note containing this statement:—

"What you need is two things: (1) a wife, and (2) lessons in elocution."

To this Plunkett sent this reply:

"I have received your letter saying that I need two things: (1) a wife, and (2) lessons in elocution. Those are only one."

ANOTHER KIND OF FINANCE.

Norman B. Mack, who is a politician, and who, therefore, never tells anything but the truth, relates this story about himself:

On one of my trips to New York I had to visit a bank that is not very well known. I got mixed up in my sense of location, and finally I asked a newsboy to direct me to the building, telling him that I would give him half a dollar for his services. He agreed, and led me to the bank, which was only four doors away.

"That," I remarked, as I gave him the money, "was half a dollar easily earned."

"I know it," he said, "but, boss, you must remember that bank directors are paid high in New York."

THE SINECURE IS DEAD.

A man who gets a job nowadays under the civil service has to work. If he doesn't, he is fired and a real man is put in his place. But it was not like this in the good days of old. Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, tells the story of a man he met on the street in Washington years ago when civil service in the Government had just been established.

"Well," said the man, "I've been working myself to death for the last three months trying to get a civil service appointment, but you can bet your life I'm going to take it easy now."

"Well, I suppose you failed through lack of influence," sympathized the senator.

"No," said the man. "I've gotten the appointment."

THE CANNY MR. CHOATE.

Joseph Choate, a big figure in law and diplomacy, was once associated in a law case in New York with a young Hebrew attorney, who, when the case had been won, felt uncertain as to what fee he should charge for his services. He decided to ask the advice of the senior counsel, Mr. Choate.

"That's all right, my boy," said Choate kindly: "I'll attend to it. I am about to send in my bill, and I will just double the amount and send you a cheque for your half."

In a few days the young Hebrew received a cheque, which was ten times as big as the amount he had thought would be due him. He immediately wrote to Mr. Choate and expressed his delight and gratitude, and, in a postscript, he added this:

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

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No. 5

Big Features This Month

There are some particularly expensive features in this number, among the most notable being:

The National Political Situation: The first of a series of talks on Canadian problems.—E. W. Thomson.

Short Stories: "Beautiful Sebastiana," by Marie Van Vorst; "Smoke Bellew," by Jack London; "The Gold That Glittered," by O. Henry—all fine stories by writers of the first rank.

The Success Series: What the World Owes to Dreamers and Where Would Civilization Be But For Them.—Dr. O. S. Marden.

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Summer house and bungalows of a modern Community Court.



A typical entrance to an attractive Community Court.

See "The Community Court Idea," page 73.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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No. 5

The National Political Situation

CANADA AND THE PROBLEM OF NAVAL DEFENCE—THE GERMAN PERIL—ARMAMENTS AND TAXES—DEFENCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
—CANADIAN ELECTIONS PROBABLE NEXT YEAR

By Edward William Thomson

Herewith is presented the first of a series of articles on "The National Political Situation," by E. W. Thomson, the well-known Canadian political writer. The opening "talk" deals with armaments and taxes. In it, as also in the subsequent articles which will appear monthly, Canadians will find a vigorous presentation of the big national issues of the day. Mr. Thomson has been given a free hand; as he says himself, his articles will not be in any degree or particular dictated or moulded by any person save himself, nor with the least regard for any political party or moneyed interest. The outcome should be interesting reading for MacLean Magazine subscribers.

CANADA'S existing House of Commons is necessarily short-lived. It does not represent the provinces according to the census of June, 1911. A redistribution of Representation Act allotting the West its due of largely increased representation cannot be delayed beyond the next session of parliament. There is no sign that the Borden Ministry mean to delay it an hour. Upon that Act a general federal election will necessarily follow soon. Its probable date would appear to be in September, 1913, because an election then would enable the winning party to assemble the new Parliament in November, as is most convenient for public business and desired by federal politicians in general. Also,

September is the Conservatives' "lucky month," since they beat both Alexander Mackenzie and Wilfrid Laurier therein.

The present House seems likely to have one year more life. This implies that the Borden Ministry may be equally short-lived, or may obtain secure tenure of power for the usual term of five years. Meantime that Ministry can commit the country to nothing important that must require more than a year for its firm establishment or completion. This reflection should allay perturbation in some who imagine Premier Borden about to vote thirty millions or a brace or trio of Dreadnaughts to the London Admiralty, and who go on to rejoice or lament that he will bring Im-

perial Federation, or something very like it, to pass. He has not time to work any real wonders for good or harm before he must come up for judgment, for approval, or dismissal. About all he can do is construct the planks of his platform for the next general election. To me he appears a sensible, prudent, cautious imperialist, most unlikely to ask the electorate to implement some of the amazing designs with which he is credited by less rational persons.

It may be assumed certain that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Opposition would resolutely obstruct passage of any and every proposal to commit Canada to a radically new policy in affairs of profound present and future importance. Why impute to Mr. Borden a wish or design to hurry the country into any serious departure without first obtaining the electorate's consent at the polls? As to the "Navy" and "Imperial Federation" he seems to me to have carefully and skilfully kept his freedom, despite all London blandishments and counsels of the Harmsworth School. Has he not indicated that a direct Canadian contribution to Old Country funds or armament will be impossible until such time as the Old Country shall have arranged to give Canada a voice in respect of war, of peace, and of expenditure on and shaping of armaments? Does any political being conceive that such "voice" can be arranged for in a twelvemonth? Could the Old Country electorate, always face to face with great predatory powers, and always aware that need for prompt action may arrive to their executive any hour, be persuaded in a year to embarrass that executive by some novel arrangement for giving Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, anything more than a "me too" voice in London's foreign affairs, or resolutions touching war? Who can seriously believe that Canadians in general would not only consent to supply Old Country brethren with immense moneys or immense battleships, but thus necessarily pledge themselves, by the precedent, to evince similar generosity in

any future similar emergency, unless under a political arrangement which would secure to Canada not merely a "voice" but a choice—the choice of engaging in or withdrawing from any course favored by London?

MR. BORDEN'S CAUTION.

Our judicious Premier plainly kept in mind, during all his London banquets, the immense difficulty of establishing such a political arrangement as he indicated to be a necessary preliminary to Canadian direct contributions of money or ships.

It seemed to me that he virtually said, what surely almost every Canadian would heartily echo:—"If the politically impossible could be done, we might delight to supply cash or armaments in support thereof." Did not Sir Wilfrid Laurier say virtually the same when he remarked "If you wish for our aid, call us to your councils." Were we called? Can we be called? Is not the only possible course of Britons in general to carry on the most successful of empires by developing it on the voluntary system through which the success has been achieved? Does that question insinuate or allege that we Canadians do not perceive and acknowledge the awful emergency of the Mother Country inhabited by our brethren? Not so.

GERMAN STRENGTH.

The present writer is one firmly convinced that Germany is most formidable by science, training, foresight, resolution, a sense of her need to expand. He is convinced that Germany means to dispute with Britons the supremacy of the seas; that this supremacy is almost vital to Canada, to all the other Dominions, and even to the United States: and that all who speak the English language should hasten to actions that will secure that supremacy. But to what actions?

A little while ago we were being reproached by the Harmsworth School, with meanly, pusillanimously leaving upon the poor of Great Britain the re-

sponsibility and the burden of our defence. No need to exclaim just here: "Why not put it on the idle rich of Great Britain?" The reproach against Canadians was and is largely sound. How free ourselves therefrom?

DEFEND OURSELVES.

Surely by assuming our own defence? And would this be to refrain from aid to Old Country brethren? Not so. It would be, first, to relieve them, and thus enable them to direct their thoughts and plans solely to their own defence. Second, it would be to put ourselves in shape to aid them most effectually at a pinch. As a healthy man, who has so trained himself that his hands can keep his head, is able, and usually willing, to bring his fists to his brother's help, so we, having once made us secure on our own coasts, could bruize in to the Old Country's aid whenever the brethren needed us. Yea, and exult in the exercise! Should we be unable to do so, had we amply secured ourselves? What is here meant by amply?

An ample defence implies one sufficient to meet the heaviest brunt that may come. It is on that idea that our Old Country brethren maintain coast defences and a navy meant to ensure safety and liberty to their islands. Are we Canadians, (so vastly given to brag of late years), too mean or too poor to follow that example? If not, then our defences against the worst conceivable brunt should be so ample that we could detach forces to the Old Country's aid in every other case, as surely as she could and would detach forces to our help in every case but that worst possible one in which her own vitals were threatened.

THE COST.

But a Canadian defence, ample in that sense would involve, oh, such a dreadful expense! It would require not only certain forts, torpedo boats and stations, submarines, destroyers, land forces capable of securing this purely coastal equipment from seizure

by landing parties of an invader, but perhaps also some great battleships and cruisers. In the name of God and common sense, why not?

By our own will we remain in the realms of our fathers' crown; in an empire the most glorious and beneficent ever known or dreamed of; in the enjoyment of benefits world wide as to facility in commerce and in law; in a pride of memories and hopes and travel and welcome and outlook priceless to the human spirit.

THE STAKE.

In these immeasurable possessions we are threatened by a most worshipful rival, formidable to the last degree. The skill of diplomacy, the determination shown in armaments of huge and increasing cost, the dangers to both of the kindred rivals, consideration of peril to civilization and to all the hard-won blessing of mankind, seem of no avail to bring about a cessation of the ever more dangerous rivalry. If a German-British war does not impend, then all the signs are misread by statesmen as cautious as Rosebery, and Chancellors as eager as Lloyd-George to let go into armaments not one penny that might be devoted to social betterments in happier times. It is obvious that the British fleets, if our old pride will not permit us to believe they can be destroyed by ships and seamen and guns, may be wiped out by dirigibles and dropped explosives. It is plain that such destruction would end the mighty career of the Islanders, reduce them to dependence on the victor, set the whole armed world scrambling for fragments of the Empire that was. It is obvious that Canada, if without an ample defence, would be claimed and invaded by the victor. It is no less certain that Canada, amply defended as to her shores and coast coal mines, could stand off Germany as perfectly as a porcupine can defy a wolf. It is clear that this Dominion, if so defended—and no such defence can be improvised—would be the preferred refuge and future home of millions of the best of

our Old Country kin, who could not and would not endeavor to endure the beaten Islands' future condition of semi-servitude to Germany.

NO HELP FROM U. S.

It must be plain to any student of the American military and naval situation that there can be no more insensate drivel than the allegation that the United States could and would step in to save a Canada which had neglected the duty of ample defence?

Why is this clear? Because the United States lack armaments that would warrant them in meddling with a victor over Great Britain's fleets. How instantly would sane Japan—sane and therefore armed to the teeth in her children's noble contempt of the belly-God and the clothes-God and the pleasure-God—forget a treaty that was made dead by the utter defeat of the Britain that was, and hasten to threaten not only the Phillipines and Hawaii but the Californian coast with her never-beaten sailors and soldiers. The prospect of such invasion already scares the military-wise among our neighbor brethren. And do you imagine that Washington would take on Germany, for Canada's beloved sake, when the eyes of Japan, freed from all fear to encounter dissent from England, were glaring with hunger to seize the vineyards of California, and revenge the innumerable insults of 'Frisco hoodlums on Japs who have sought but opportunity to exchange good labor for good gold?

A NEW WORLD.

Try to understand that the world, with Great Britain's navy scored off its waters, would be a new world, not one in which navally and militarily "slob-nations" could expect any deference, or have any more safety than they could hasten to provide, in desperate remorse for their neglect to keep well-armed in a world of bristling robber-nations. Our neighbor brethren have always, since the Monroe doctrine was invented by a British Prime Minister, depended

extensively if more or less unconsciously, as they did in the Spanish war and as they do now, on the British supremacy at sea, and on British brotherhood with them. It is so important to them that they ought to stand, even as ourselves, ready at all times to conserve and promote it. Because of its existence they, even as we, have not amply defended their own coasts. That is why it is sheer silliness to suppose that they, immediately after the very possible early destruction of that supremacy, could undertake our defence against the victor, and against the allies he would promptly acquire in the business of dividing the British raiment. Uncle Sam would then have all he could do, probably more, in securing his own hide against the skinners.

SUPPOSE OTHERWISE.

Even if he were secure, and were able and willing to save us, what would be his price? And if he did it from pure friendliness, how could that be endured by the valuable persons, now purporting to be influential with our government, who have endlessly derided and cursed him, ever since I can remember? Just now some of them seem deep in remorse, since one observes many of their names in the impressive lists of those Canadians who wish to rejoice publicly that Jonathan and John have not been fratricidal during a century now nearly past—thanks to their own good sense in ignoring the provocations trumped up by our Canadian truculents.

WEST COAST OPEN.

If the present writer seem an alarmist, one newly impressed by the need of Canada for coast defence, it may be because he has very lately returned from six weeks in British Columbia, where he traveled 550 miles up and down an undefended, many-islanded shore, between Victoria, Vancouver, and Prince Rupert, besides twice traversing the whole length of the settled portion of wondrously beautiful Vancouver Island. This journeying enabled him to perceive why Sir Richard

MacBride, who is a wise man and no alarmist, so insists, publicly and privately, that a prime naval duty of Canada is to make ample defence of that coast. Except by some not very formidable guns in the neglected fort at Esquimalt, that shore is wholly without armament.

JAPAN'S FORCE THERE.

It swarms, everywhere, with hardy Japanese fishermen, doubtless all well weaponed, all trained in the Mikado's army, every man entitled to be considered among the bravest of the brave, the most efficient of the efficient. They could, on wired or secret orders from Tokio, seize and hold that entire coast instantaneously. So I was assured on the best possible authority. They have under control all the boats they fish in, no matter who may be ostensible owners. There is no military force worth noting in that province. The cruiser *Rainbow* is a movable shadow of force, incapable of being in more than one place at a time, or of guarding more than a few miles of one of several main channels of approach, all of which should be fortified, and secured by easily-laid torpedoes and floating mines. Nanaimo, the chief coaling station, is wholly undefended as to approach from the north. Were it seized by a thousand resolute old soldiers with Winchesters, they could hold the mines until the arrival of a cruiser friendly to them. Thus invasion in force would be made easy, secure. Vancouver Island would be the invaders' stronghold, and the contiguous mainland open to them. It has wealthy cities, utterly undefended. Established along the shore the Japanese could not be ousted by any force Canada could ever muster.

Of course the attack would not arrive before British defeat were published. That defeat is held to be not improbable by those Canadians who ceaselessly clamor for reinforcement of the King in the North Sea. Did that dreaded event arrive, the Japs could do as they might choose in British Columbia, since it is, as above argued, mere bosh to im-

agine that our neighbor brethren would not, in that case, be exceedingly shy of meddling with any strong, well-armed Power that did not directly challenge or invade them.

DEFENCE EASY.

Now, it would be no difficult nor very expensive matter, to secure British Columbia perfectly, by fortifying and mining the few main channels of approach to her cities and coal mines. Whatever the cost, the thing ought to be done speedily as possible. I venture to assert that the Right Honorable Premier at Ottawa, if he fail to hasten to this duty, may be provided with abundance of trouble by the wise and charming Premier at Victoria.

Is British Columbia not important to Canada? The shores of that Province are essentially those of the great prairies of Alberta, whose exports of grain and imports of needments, after completion of the Panama Canal, cannot but mostly go and come via Vancouver and Prince Rupert, on the main line of the G.T.P. and of its branch from Fort George to Vancouver. The valuable transcontinental, or European-Asiatic traffic of our three Transcontinental railways—the C.P.R., the G.T.P. and the C.N.R.—belongs to Canada only inasmuch as British Columbia does. That traffic benefits Ontario, Quebec and our eastern maritime provinces. East-Canada's sales to British Columbia are large, and her children are conspicuous in the B. C. population. The Dominion's western ocean frontier is as absolutely necessary to the Dominion's interior provinces as is the Atlantic ocean frontier. Every reason for amply providing for the defence of one applies equally to the other.

It may be objected that such ample defence will cost a lot of money—for forts, guns, torpedoes, mines, craft serving the stations, men for holding, regiments and batteries organized with a view to backing them up. Surely! Life costs a lot of money! Its protection, its security cost a lot of money. National existence cannot be promoted and

guarded on the cheap in these times, when a foremost power goes armed, and arms more dangerously every fresh year, with obvious intent to hold our national existence, or all we have been long accustomed to value it for, at the mercy of the Lord of Spiked Helmets. Who counts the cost of what appears necessary to his continuance in life and freedom? The ample defence of both Canadian coasts is well within the pecuniary power of our eight millions. Surely the expense should not be grudged.

WHO SHOULD PAY?

But who is to bear it? The farmers, the lumbermen, the miners, the fishers, the operatives—I mean the actual manual workers, the poor? Surely not—if common sense and common justice can rule this Dominion. I have been in every one of its main cities, and many of its towns of late years; in most of those west of St. John very recently. Everywhere I have seen the almost monstrous spectacle of extravagant waste on Pleasure, Dress, Houses, Furniture, Autocars, sumptuous Hotels—not waste by the Workers, the real producers, the only people essential to Canada's development and progress. The money thrown away by Business Classes that have become infected by the craze of London and New York and Paris for Luxury, would, were it taken from them by a direct graduated federal tax on incomes, not only supply ample coast defences on both our shores, but vastly reduce the number of Hands and Dollars diverted from production to further Waste.

LLOYD-GEORGE'S PLAN.

Four years ago Mr. Lloyd-George proposed, in effect, to put the cost of defence for the United Kingdom on the Classes of Luxury and Waste. Until Great Britain shall have done so, it would surely be rather unbecoming of her statesmen to seek, or to accept, defences provided for that Kingdom in any degree by the farmers and the working classes of Canada, who must

pay, under our present abominable system of indirect taxation, every dollar and provide every battleship this Dominion may give. Between 1883 and 1909 the accumulated capital of the United Kingdom rose from \$47,675,000,000, when the population was 37,000,000, to \$88,725,000,000, when the population was 45,000,000. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, on October 17, 1910, remarked, "of £300,000,000 that passes annually at death of about 420,000 persons, about half belongs to something under 2,000 persons."

ENGLAND'S IDLE RICH.

In the same speech he said of the Idle Rich—"After devoting the first third of their lives in preparing and equipping themselves for work, they devote themselves to a life of idleness," precisely as do very many of the families of our not idle rich Canadian business men. "It is," he went on, "a scandalous and stupid waste of first class material, and the worst of it is, the system requires that they should choose some of the best men that wealth can buy to assist them in leading their life of indolence with a degree of luxurious ease. It is a common but shallow fallacy that inasmuch as these rich men find employment for, and pay good wages to, those who personally administer to their comfort, to that extent they are rendering a service to the community. Quite the reverse. They are withdrawing a large number of capable men and women from useful and productive work.

There is a larger number of people of this class in this country than probably in any other country in the world. You will find them in the London Clubs, or in the country, walking about with guns on their shoulders and dogs at their heels, or upon golf courses, or tearing along country roads at perilous speeds, not seeking to recharge exhausted nerve cells spent in useful labor, but as the serious occupation of their lives. If you want to realize what a serious charge

they impose on the community I will put it in this way: If you take these men, with their families, and with their very large body of retainers, you will find that they account for something like

TWO MILLIONS OF THE POPULATION

of this country. It is exactly as if the great commercial and industrial cities of Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow were converted into great privileged communities in which no man was expected to engage in any productive or profitable enterprise—allowances running up to scores of thousands being made to some of the citizens, and running down the scale until the lowest of them received a remittance three times as large as that of the average wage in this country. Can you think of anything more wasteful, more burdensome to the community, more unintelligent than a system of this kind?"

WILL CHURCHILL DO IT?

Can Canadians think of anything more impudent than would be the conduct of Mr. Winston Churchill if he came out, inviting Canadians to supply thirty millions dollars, or three dreadnoughts to a community whose own favorite Chancellor shows that it can do to itself, and to all concerned, nothing but good by taxing its idle luxuri-

ous classes until they have got to go to work?

Yes, something even more impudent can be imagined. It would be proposing that the luxurious classes of the Dominion shall stay free of direct, useful, graduated, federal taxation on income and profits—taxes laid for the purpose of supplying Canada with necessary coast defences on both shores. Nay, you can imagine even a sillier audacity. That would be to put the cost of those defences on our working farmers, lumbermen, miners, fishers and operatives, by increasing "protective" duties in the name of getting the money. This increase appears to be precisely what our manufacturing flag-wavers are after, while they clamor that thirty millions, or three dreadnoughts, should be voted to the North Sea with incidental relief to the Old Country Idle and Luxurious, who would otherwise be sooner or later compelled to supply the needed money.

Enough for once. This is but the first of an intended series of informal monthly talks in MacLean's Magazine by the present writer. You may be sure that, so long as his humble name be attached to them, they will not be in any degree or particular dictated or moulded by any person save himself, nor with the least regard for any political party or moneyed interest.





The Truth Teller

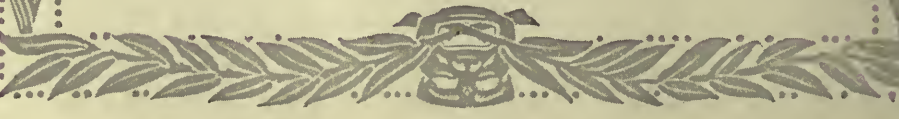
The Truth Teller lifts the curtain
And shows us the people's plight;
And everything seems uncertain,
And nothing at all looks right.
Yet out of the blackness groping,
My heart finds a world in bloom;
For it somehow is fashioned for hoping,
And it cannot live in the gloom.

He tells us from border to border,
That race is warring with race;
With riot and mad disorder,
The earth is a wretched place;
And yet, ere the sun is setting,
I am thinking of peace, not strife;
For my heart has a way of forgetting
All things save the joy of life.

I heard in my youth's beginning,
That earth was a region of woe;
Of trouble and sorrow and sinning—
For the Truth Teller told me so.
I knew it was true, and tragic;
And I mourned over much that was wrong;
And then by some curious magic,
The heart of me burst into song.

The years have been going, going,
A mixture of pleasure and pain;
But the Truth Tellers books are showing
That evil is on the gain.
And I know that I ought to be grieving,
And I should be too sad to sing;
But somehow I keep on believing
That life is a glorious thing.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *in Ainslee's*.



Beautiful Sebastiana

By Marie Van Vorst

ON the balcony of the Trinacria Hotel in Messina a young American tourist sat finishing what had been a very welcome luncheon. Beneath him lay the noisy, populous city, and farther out around its coast spread the divine sea.

The flies took possession of his piled plate of figs and dates. Dentwater called the *cameriere*, and the servant, who had waited upon him excellently, came eagerly running toward the stranger.

"*Vuole, signore?*"

Dentwater gave his order, and the man beamed and bowed and took away the fruit. The traveller's eyes followed the man who slipped softly back into the shade of the inner dining-room.

The Sicilian waiter, a slender fellow, presented a pitiful figure to his patron. He was evidently ill-paid, mean, and poor. His linen, though spotless, was ragged; and his clothes, too large in the legs, too short in the coat, and too wide about the thin shoulders, had served for other men of his profession before his era.

In the southern atmosphere of light and sun, poverty is one of the lesser evils; but the servant in the dark restaurant, slipping from table to table, bowing, receiving guests and speeding them away, running back and forth to the kitchen, returning with his service of food, agile, careful, touchingly eager, arrested Dentwater's attention.

It was his eagerness that obliged Dentwater to consider him. The dark face, the painfully neat hair, the waxed mustache, were typical, not distinctive; but the eager eyes, the sensitive mouth over which a smile hovered lightly and as quickly disappeared, appealed strongly to the Englishman.

"*Cameriere!*" he called, and again the shabby figure of Francesco flitted forward. The traveler paid his bill with intention. Francesco bowed, took the money to the desk, and when he returned found his gentleman reading a letter.

"The change, *Signore*."

"Oh, that's for you, *amico*."

"*Mille grazie, Signore!*" Francesco's face flushed.

"Speak any English?"

"No, *Signore*."

"Never been to America, then?"

"No, *Signore*."

"Better go over." Dentwater lit a cigarette. "You can make plenty of money there. You people do."

"*Scusi*, is the *Signore* an American? I thought," Francesco added, "that he was an Englishman."

Dentwater smiled. "Very keen of you."

Dentwater held a letter he had written, sealed, and addressed: "Alla Contessa di Fiori Mille, Palazzo Fiori Mille."

To the left opened the passage from the dining-room on the kitchens—to a long window at the end of the corridor, which looked on the sea. Dentwater could see the blue sweep of the Mediterranean—the reddish sails of the boats, and a white sail here and there, like the petal of a camelia. All framed for him by a few feet of glass, there stretched before him the exquisite picture of a sunny Mediterranean port. Close to the window embrasure, as if a giant pair of shears had cut out of profound shade the picture of a human man and set him there, Dentwater saw Francesco huddled against the light. The wait-

er's arms hung limply at his sides; he too was looking out at the port and on the placid sea. The poor figure was the profound expression of desolation and disaster. As he just then turned about, Dentwater saw the patient creature's face scarred by flowing tears.

Not wishing to intrude on such an intimate moment in a human life, Dentwater stepped back, and found at his side the little proprietor, with whom downstairs he had exchanged some few words before luncheon. The traveler touched the hotel-keeper's arm and nodded toward the man in the window.

"What's happened to that poor devil? What is the matter with him?"

And, not without sympathy, the proprietor shrugged at the inevitableness of each man's tragedy.

"Oh, somebody has just told him about 'Bastiana.'"

* * *

"They never seem real," the Contessa Fiori Mille said to Dentwater.

On yet another Sicilian balcony, above the snow-white and pinkish town, he looked down over the hill-slopes into the cup-like circle that held Messina. Rows of houses—a dash of brilliant green, a blaze as of rose-petals where the pinkish buildings scattered here and there like flowers; contour of graceful buildings, and the sharp edge where the shore met the azure of the lapping, captivating sea.

"You think they are not real? Well, I expect you should know, for you are familiar with the *Messinese*."

"I know them. They are all emotion, all excitement, all sensation."

"*Emotion* is not real, then?"

She shrugged. "H'm, I don't know. At any rate, the *Messinese* are perfectly adorable, but they are children."

"I fancy that if you had seen a certain chap's face down there at the Trinacria, as I saw it an hour ago, you would have thought that there was something real in him."

"Don't let me shock you, my friend," the Contessa said seriously. "I love my husband's people. I couldn't be happy

in Messina otherwise, could I? And many of them *are* my friends. But I am more Anglo-Saxon than you are, I really think. And it is like living in a picture-book here—in this white villa in perpetual sunshine—in perpetual summer. Sometimes I feel as though I were a part of an illustrated story—with highly-colored illustrations, most of the time. I have got used to the glow, of course."

"But doesn't it ever seem dull?"—with something like eagerness in his words. "Isn't it ever very lonely?"

"Yes," she acknowledged; "one cannot make companions of children, pictures and fairy-stories."

"But your friends come here——"

"Yes, and go; and so do I, of course—to Paris, Naples, and Rome; but the fogs and the rain drive me home to this sunlight."

Dentwater stretched his hand out across the table.

"One of your friends has come to-day," he said, and he held out his hand.

"It all seems so unreal," she murmured again.

Dentwater, his hand outstretched, murmured more intently still:

"Oh, there *are* real things! There *are* real things; and I have a thousand minds to tell you some of them!"

And he proceeded to do so.

* * *

When he reached the Trinacria it was past midnight. He ordered something in the cafe, where the proprietor himself served him. Looking about, Dentwater asked:

"And where is Francesco?"

"Gone," the innkeeper replied. "He took the boat you came in, back to Naples. He is to sail from Naples to America to-morrow."

"To look for 'Bastiana?'"

"To look for 'Bastiana.'"

"Why, he is a *real lover*!" Dentwater exclaimed delightedly.

"*Ecco!*" shrugged the innkeeper, as though to be a real lover was to him the most natural thing in the world.

The Englishman, draining his glass,



"Falling by her side, Francesco gazed upon the face of 'the most beautiful woman in all Sicily.'"

drank in silence to the departure of the Sicilian; and said to himself with satisfaction: "A man in love will find there are real things everywhere!"

* * *

"... So are death and the stiletto," Richard Dentwater said; "and as we go on you will some time see how realistic this candy-colored place can be."

The Contessa replied to him:

"There are quantities of tales such as the one you have just told me."

And he accepted, undisturbed:

"Of course, and you know the tragedy in the Chinese Empire, when after the garden party there was nothing new to tell the Emperor?"

"I can imagine!" The Contessa laughed. "And I beg your pardon. If you really want to make me sad by your narrative, I won't prevent you."

"Bellissima 'Bastiana is the most beautiful creature on the coast; and 'Bastiana was engaged to be married to Francesco. There was a family debt of honor to be paid off in some fashion or other by some one or another."

"As I said before," the Contessa laughed, "those things are usually paid off with a stiletto."

But her friend was not prevented. "No, this was only a vulgar money affair—no romance in it—and they, poor dears, in some way or another had to discharge that liability. So 'Bastiana, following the trail of rich Americans, went to America, and Francesco stayed here to work. When the last soldi had been paid up, 'Bastiana was to return to Messina, and the wedding-bells were to ring."

Here the Contessa began to be troubled.

"Poor things! I wish you had told me this before, Richard Dentwater."

"I only knew it yesterday, myself."

"I will pay off the rest of that debt at once for them," she offered, and Dentwater kissed her hand.

"Very sweet and kind of you, but they wouldn't take it. It seems they are as proud as peacocks, and, moreover, the debt is all paid."

"How perfectly wonderful, Richard!"

Dentwater nodded solemnly. "Paid up soldi by soldi."

He lit a cigarette and smoked thoughtfully, going on with the story which had touched him.

"The poor old chap kept the girl's courage up from this side, and from her side she kept up his courage."

The Contessa was leaning very near to him.

"Of course she is dead," she murmured. "Why don't you tell me so? After all, why *do* you tell me such a melancholy love-story?"

Looking toward her devotedly, Dentwater said:

"Because I shall always be selfish enough to share with you everything that pleases or grieves me; as a man shares with a perfect companion everything in the world."

She forgave his egotism.

"But 'Bastiana is *not* dead," he went on after a little. "Francesco has not heard a thing about her for a long, long time. That meant, of course, a great deal of suffering and anxiety, I expect, in the humble heart. At any rate, yesterday he heard enough to make up for no end of a wait. A native of this town has just come back from America (on the same boat that fetched me from Naples), and before his heels could cool, of course, he came and told Francesco just that which a man would rather learn his sweetheart dead than hear. 'Bastiana has grown to be a fine lady, and it has been comparatively easy for her to get the money which went so promptly and regularly to pay her debt."

"Oh, dear!" breathed the Contessa. "Poor thing! She was, of course, far too pretty—you said she was the most beautiful woman on the coast."

"The most beautiful *Italian* on the coast," Dentwater corrected. "But I didn't say she was the most beautiful woman in the world!"

The Contessa admitted that he had not been so absurd.

"This Francesco," her friend went on, "is a perfectly ripping sort of chap—he strikes me as being rather *real* for a picture book. Directly I had gone he went out, found his communicative and loquacious compatriot. and stabbed him within an inch of his life, effectually shutting his mouth for him. That fellow, at least, will not talk in Messina about 'Bastiana's reputation! Then, much appreciated and protected by his friends, Francesco girded up his loins and got on the ship. He has gone to America to fetch his old sweetheart home."

The Contessa was beginning to be interested.

"Oh, *she* won't come back."

Dentwater admitted that very probably she wouldn't come. "And the poor fellow's troubles are only just beginning. But he has gone, and while he believes in his heart all that he has heard, I haven't a doubt, at any rate, he denies everything stoutly and calls his informant a liar."

"He is decidedly a brick!" conceded the Contessa, who remembered some American expressions.

* * *

In the latter part of December of the following year Dentwater again found himself on shipboard, steaming toward Messina.

As though a magnet of destiny drew them together, he had, singularly enough, found Francesco. Not in America, but on this self-same boat, engaged in the same dreary occupation in which he had been employed when he first arrested Dentwater's attention. Dentwater thought the man had the face of a martyr. He had not seen him until they had been some hours at sea, and in his own happier state he almost turned from the misery in the look of the humble Italian. But Francesco sought him out. Coming softly up to Dentwater, the only occupant of the smoking-room, he laid a fresh ash-tray near the Englishman.

"*Scusi, Signorino* does not remember the Trinacria last April!"

"Why, hello!" Dentwater greeted him. "It's *you*, is it? Why, of course I remember it. How are things going with you, Francesco?"

"They are going well," the other said simply.

"I am glad of that," Dentwater nodded to him affably. "You have been in America?"

Francesco told him yes and was returning home.

"Then you are not a regular man on this boat?"

Francesco further told his friend that he was working his passage back.

"Why, didn't you have any luck in the States?" Dentwater asked him in some surprise.

"I traveled much. I went from Nuovo Yorke to Santa Francesco. I visited many towns and many cities."

"What were you doing?" Dentwater asked hypocritically.

"I was looking for a friend, *Signorino*."

"Did you find him?"

"No, *Signorino*, I learned that they had returned to Messina."

"Your friend was a woman, I suppose?"

"*Signorino*," returned the other gently, "the most beautiful woman on the coast of Sicily."

And Dentwater at the tone smiled at the lover as at a brother. "Barring one," he said with sudden fraternity; "barring one."

"*Ecco*," the Sicilian gravely agreed, and continued: I had heard terrible lies of her at home, *Signorino*, and I went to see and to fetch her back. I found out how hard she had worked; how cold it is; how hot it is; how much money is needed to be well there; and the lies——"

And the American reminded him: "Why, *were* they lies, then?"

With a shrug of his shoulders and the lifting of his head in a way Dentwater thought majestic, Francesco replied:

"I did not ask about them. I did not ask."

"I expect you were right there."

And the other went on eagerly: "Oh,

isn't it so, *Signorino*. One does not bother about *lies*—they are not *real*.”

“Quite so, *Francesco*.”

“And when they had told me that Bastiana had gone home to Messina, then *naturellemente* I understood that if those things about her had been true, she would never have gone home. So I followed her.”

The manner in which he had displayed his hands at this last phrase was not needed to make Dentwater remark them. They were scarred and roughened.

“I have worked my passage over, *Signorino*, and to-morrow we will be in Messina.”

Then the waiter placed his scarred hands behind his back and stood quietly by the red-cushioned side of the room, looking out through the window at the sea: gray, wintry, its waves like wolves' mouths fanged with foam.

So near to port, the Englishman the next morning could not rest in his cabin, and at dawn dressed and went up on deck. Lighting a cigarette, he leaned against the rail and gazed out in an effort to see the city which held his heart and all his desire.

The 30th of December was cloudy and overcast. Light did not break with its usual beautiful clarity over Sicily. The blue ravishing atmosphere of dawning day seemed banished forever, and gray clouds hung over the gray sea, into which the coast-line cut black and sharp. Every now and then big drops of rain fell, the brief storms followed by cold, ugly winds. Under the stormy morning, under the black sky, Messina itself was sharply white and trenchant. Stucco and plastered buildings appeared made out of spotless shells strewn all along the beach. Here and there in some window a light still burned—a little, starlike light. A few only of these small lamps shone out into the bluish dark, and over the city full of sleep, from the hillsides down to the sea, silence rung like a living thing.

The hour was so still and the desolation of the place was so intense that Dentwater was unaccountably depressed and overwhelmed. He listened almost

superstitiously for a sound to come out to him to the sea from the sleeping city. He could not distinguish the Palazzo of the Countess Fiori Mille; it was too dark and obscure; and his eyes wandered down to the shores where along the port lay lines of barrels filled with oranges and sea-water, and where along the promenade Messina's palaces lined, dignified and stately.

It grew dreadfully cold. Nothing could be more unlike the kindly, warm, effulgent port he had thought to find than this icy welcome. He turned the collar of his coat up to his ears. This was no southern breeze that came whistling about his head.

A new storm of rain broke afresh and fell so heavily this time that he left the deck and went toward the cabin. Just as he did so he heard a sound from the shore—from the sea—from the heavens—from the very bowels of the earth—from the pit of the ocean, as though the earth and its elements all mingled in one tremendous cry.

The deck rose and fell under his feet. The ship mounted aloft toward the black pall-like skies, lifted up upon the crest of the waves, upon the upheaval of the sea. It rose on the air as though in desire to reach the land. By the creaking of the timber, by the strain at the anchor-chain, Dentwater looked to see his boat capsize or cast itself upon the shore; but the anchor chain snapped and in a second more the ship was released, while the wave which had lifted it up set it free and went on—on—and on, gaining volume and tremendous size, rising between Dentwater and the shore like a veil of the infernal regions.

He clung to the rail, his face fixed toward Messina—toward the white block of it, toward the sunny square of it; and the whole of it, as he looked with his distended eyes, moved like a scene in a cinematograph: Messina palpitated, reeled, shook, quivered, and from it arose one long, sharp cry—a cry like the composite appeal from thousands of throats, from thousands and thousands of calls upon God. Then—Messina fell: wall upon wall; house upon house; tower upon tower; palace upon palace.

The whole mass became a great pile of dust, of terrible destruction, appalling, yawning remains; and the powder and smoke of it, the ashes of what had been home and hearth and altars not a minute before, arose in veils upon the air.

Dentwater felt his limbs give way under him as he looked upon the city which for him as for many held everything in the world. Surrounded by the ship's people, his ears deafened with their cries and clamor, and by the orders which he could hardly distinguish from the appeals to God and to the Virgin, the cries that "*Reggio non e piu*" did not touch him. He did not even look at the other side, where Reggio's fate was that of the town. Often before he had heard cries from this golden port when he had come by boat, cries that came musically out to him at sea; but now from the shores out of which seemed the silence of the shades began to come cries for help, as if from an infernal dream. From the charnel house that Messina was; from the powdery, smoking piles, from the wrecked roofs and the gaping eyes and doors out of which the flames began to rise, there seemed to pour shadowy people; and as he looked the shores were thickly black with refugees. Crying, calling, their voices audible, their imploring hands stretched out to the ships, all that was left of Messina supplicated the sea.

The sight of this stirred him to life, and just then some one grasped him by the arm with a force that nearly made him fall. He was torn from the rail. In his shirt and trousers, Francesco, the waiter, was by his side. His icy face, from which every spark of life had fled, turned itself to Dentwater.

"*Viene*," he said. "*Viene*. A boat is going in. Let us go, too."

A long groan broke from the Englishman; a shudder transfused his body; tears rushed to his eyes, which he thought must be filled with blood and mist. He seized Francesco, actually clung to him, following him to

the ship's side. There, after a few words to the superior officers with an authority and power which proved to Dentwater that he still had an arm to raise and feet to stand upon, the two men clambered down into the boat, and, with the captain and first mate and a dozen sailors, they put to shore. Out through a mass of objects which the tidal wave had fetched out to them as it receded from Messina, came barrels, oranges, fruit, upturned boats, dirt and filth. Already the beach was black with people who had crawled like rats from holes, and the air was wild with cries that Dentwater would hear ring in his ears for the rest of his life: "Jesus!"—"Madonna!"—"Dio, Dio, *pieta de noi*!"—"Spare us!"—"Help us, Mother of God;"

As the little boat made the beach, another terrible shock shook the earth, and the remainder of the line of palaces fell forward almost into the sea. Wild and appalling as the scene was, filled as the air was with death, for Dentwater there was but one fact, one idea: *her* presence in that horror, her destruction. He set his teeth and clenched his hands. Before the boat touched the shore he had leaped out and staggered up the pebble beach, from thence to the terrace and the port.

Before he had gone many steps toward the main street, where the lamps lay up in the earth, Francesco's hand seized him again by the arm.

"Will you come with me to find 'Bastiana?"

Dentwater turned on him a face that was hardly human. "I am going to the hills to find a woman of my own. Let me free."

He might as well have tried to shake off the earthquake itself. The hand upon him was like fate.

"'Bastiana will be easy to find, she is so beautiful. You will know her at once." And he dragged the other on.

Dentwater had his pistol in his hip-pocket. He drew it, and without hesitation put it at Francesco's head.

With a scream the other let go his hold of Dentwater's arm. "*Dio, Dio!*

You will kill me now when there are so few living men!" And he fled like a wild man into the heart of Messina—into the muffled cries and calls more like sounds from Purgatory and Hell than from anything on earth. Dentwater, after glancing desperately at the ruins before him, began to run toward the left, where on the outskirts he thought he could thread his way to the hills.

He was surrounded by the people—women in night-clothes; women half-naked, covered by men's coats; many children, and a hundred arms outstretched to him. "Aid for the love of God!"—"Are you a doctor? My arm is broken."—"Give me aid, for the love of Christ!"—"My children are all buried there. Come!"

The young man shook them off brutally. He himself half-mad, he fled to the mound of ruins—toward the horror and the honeycombs and the hecatombs that held more than one hundred thousand dead and buried alive. Everything assailed him and obstructed him and held him back. The debris was so high that he had to climb through it and around it. The dead and the dying were everywhere. The wounded cried to him. Three or four times he stopped at the risk of his life under the walls of a tottering ruin, whilst the dislodged stones came crashing down.

Passing one gaping house, above the cries and supplications he heard the sob of a child. He went on, however. "Somebody else will find it," he thought stubbornly, "and I must go on." But the sound beat in his ears and clamored in his heart. He had turned a corner, yet he could not lose it. When the sobs ceased to be audible, he retraced his steps in agony, and found the house too readily, led by the cries of the child. The entire front had fallen out into the street, and thus dismantled rooms were exposed with shameless effrontery to the world. He thought that by climbing a pile of crumbling stucco he could make the casement, and did so, stepping over a man and a woman, dead, and so man-

aged to crawl into the room from whence the crying sounded. On an iron bed under the fallen ceiling lay those who could have silenced the child's cries. Close by in its crib, unharmed, convulsed with tears and grief, a dark-eyed child stood up, naked. Dentwater, well-nigh cursing it for the delay it meant, took it in his arms and crawled back, the child stifling his sobs and tears against his savior's neck.

"An hour lost out of her life," he muttered, and then came the prayer: "Grant some one may have turned to her as I have turned here."

A woman caught at him as he passed. "For the love of God, come with me! My children——"

Dentwater cried to her, "Take this one," and thrust the child upon her. "It has no one. They are all dead. For the love of God, let me go! I go to my own." He pushed brutally on, turning from the cries and the supplications, with joy on finding himself free, until he reached the outlet of the street which he knew he must take in order to reach the part of Messina he sought.

Great heavens, the street was impassable! Into it, across it, on both sides of it, the houses had fallen into a mass, from which smoke and dirt and cries arose. The mass was full of dead and wounded and dying. All around him were weeping people. Every now and then the earth shook under their feet. The ruins rocked, and that fell which had not yet fallen. Each tremor was followed by prayers and lamentations, and upon these wrecked buildings and dishevelled beings the rain poured with cruel consistency, mingling with mud and dirt and blood. Dentwater, black with despair, stared at the obstruction through which it would take him three hours to retrace his dreadful way.

He had landed at Messina a little before five. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. His excitement and labor had kept him from conscious hunger and fatigue. The people blessed him as he went, and a group of men joined him and worked under his ord-

ers. But towards five, as he lifted his eyes from digging out a buried creature, and saw his companions raise a woman into the air and life, he grew faint and his head reeled. The horrors he had seen, the human carnage, sickened him. He put his hand to his head and leaned against what seemed to be a solid wall.

They had now reached the end of the street down which Dentwater had come like a messenger of life. It had ceased to rain and hail. As he gave himself breathing space, his thoughts went back to the object of his search, and the fact that he had been kept from the hills by a power stronger than himself.

"I have been mad," he murmured. "Mad! Why have I delayed?"

He stirred, and discovered he was too faint to move—not astonishing, as he had been working without respite for nearly twelve hours. And just then coming up the ruined street, he saw in a group of people about whom the crowd gathered some one distributing bread and food. A few soldiers, scarcely dressed but still with somewhat of military dignity, kept off the famished folk with their drawn swords. "*Patienza! Patienza!*"

In the centre of the escort was a woman—the one presentable human being, the one creature in this dreadful place dressed with pretense of decency. She wore a short linen skirt, a short jacket, a little *beret* on her head. Around her neck by a cord was suspended a huge basket filled with bread, which she distributed with her own hands. Three other women, evidently her servants, loaded down in the same way, walked behind her.

Pressed against the wall, Dentwater stared at the woman as a man brought back to life might gaze upon a familiar face. She called out cheerily to the stricken people as she came, and her presence in that sea of disaster was benignant. Near her a stretcher blocked her way. A man lay on it, his head swathed in crimson rags. The lady blanched as they brought the man close

to her, and, bending down, she put drink to the man's lips, speaking to the creature with a life and spirit and courage that cheered and helped every one who heard her voice. The dreadfully wounded man murmured a blessing. As she lifted herself up, they swung her basket around her neck, and she started on.

Then Dentwater stalked forward as a man might walk just free from a sepulchre. There was blood on his face, where a falling stone had grazed him, nearly taking his life. He was covered with dust and mud, with blood and rain and stucco and dirt, and his hands were bruised where he had lifted stones and turned away obstacles from buried life. Crossing the lady's path, he stood before her and held out both his hands:

"*Madonna*, will you give me some of your bread?"

The lady cried out; but Dentwater's eyes, staring from his ashen face, cautioned her.

"Don't—don't! It's a time for those who have struggled out alive from this horror to be still. Give me to eat, *Madonna*, and to drink, if you have anything to spare."

* * *

Dentwater was a guest under the only roofed dwelling left standing in that part of Sicily. The house of the Contessa di Fiori Mille remained almost intact, though walls were cracked and seamed, and there was not a window-pane through which to look down upon Messina. The terrace from which one saw the port and the ships was strewn with fallen columns and masses of broken piles and earthen jars. The villa, having still its roof and its own walls, had become a hospital filled with those of the wounded who would let themselves be cared for here. There was a strong prejudice among the survivors against any roof or any walls, and in their fitful slumbers, in their waking dreams, the victims cried: "For the love of God, save us! The earthquake—the earthquake; *Il terremoto.*"

Ah, the earthquake indeed!

She was dressed for her mission in a rough dark dress, covered by a linen apron which came up over her bosom, a great red cross shining in the middle. Under a small dark cap, the sun and glory of her hair made what had been the only light for Dentwater during many days. But her face was what he loved best to look upon. There was compassion there, and tenderness; but more than all, there was glory and uplift, and he recalled that twenty times a day, during their work among the sufferers, there had been an indescribable comfort in her presence to them all. The Queen had shuddered and wept the first day she returned to her ship, but Bianca di Fiori Mille had gone on through all.

During the days in which Dentwater had worked in Messina he had not seen Francesco. The man had scarcely crossed his mind. But on this morning, picking his way among the fallen debris, he heard a voice crying to him, "*Signorino!*" and a man whose nervous grasp he remembered seized his arm. It took a second for Dentwater to recognize Francesco, stained with dirt and blood and sweat. There were tears too on that face, through which the vast dark eyes looked fixedly. Francesco was a skeleton, emaciated by horror and despair.

"*Signorino! Signorino!*"

With infinite pity, Dentwater murmured:

"My good Francesco!"

"*Signorino!*"—the man's voice was a husky whisper—"Bastiana— she is *there!*"

"Mother of God! Where, Francesco?"

"Under these ruins. Under these walls. This was her cousin's house. This was Ciccio Ferri's. This was his wine-shop. That is what it *was*; *this*," moaned the man, *is what it is!* But Bastiana is *there*. Come!"

Francesco, who fell on his knees and continued with his hands what had evidently been a work of continued systematic intent, simply glanced up at

Dentwater and continued: "Help! Help! The sailors have been with me all day; *they* are exhausted, but I am not even tired. The family are all dead, but Bastiana is alive!"

"How do you know, my poor fellow?"

"Know?" the Italian repeated. "Why, I hear her voice. She calls me night and day."

Dentwater thought it a futile effort to clear away the ruins of houses with naked hands.

"She has talked to me in these days and nights," continued Francesco. "She has told me much, *Signorino*. She is good; she is a saint: She is always praying now that we might save her. And she is the most beautiful——"

To the lady who came up to their side, Dentwater said:

"*Madonna*, this is the waiter of the Trinacria, of whom I spoke to you months ago. Under these ruins, he tells me, his Bastiana is buried."

Francesco staggered up and, lifting a weight of brick, threw it down into the street.

"*Si, si,*" he nodded to the Contessa; "Bastiana is the most beautiful woman in Italy, and she is down there, alive."

Dentwater shook his head. "Poor devil, poor devil!"

But the Countess, impressed by the Italian's faith, asked the same question Dentwater had asked:

"How do you know she is alive?"

"Why should she die?"

And the lady murmured: "Why, indeed?"

"She is good and beautiful, and she calls me night and day."

"Why in Heaven's name do you work alone like this? Help him, Richard. I will go and get some men."

"Get the sailors, *Madonna*." Francesco used the title Dentwater had conferred upon the lady. "Get the sailors, *Madonna*, they are kind and very strong."

"If she is not crushed to death," Dentwater said to him cruelly, "Bastiana will be starved. She has been there five days."

"She is at prayers," Francesco repeated calmly. "She is praying for light. Courage, *Signorino*, courage."

And impressed and touched, Dentwater set himself to his task.

Ah, melancholy house of Ciccio Ferri, dealer in small fruits and the sharp sour wines in basket bottles! Ferri, the good neighbor and good merchant, had felt his house fall in one sole chaotic sweep and bury under its walls and ruins his entire family. 'Bastiana, on a visit to her cousin, occupied a small room at the back, completely blocked in, buried by the falling material and by the houses next.

The Contessa at the noon hour, when she stopped for a moment, brought him food.

"Be as hopeful as you can, Richard. Who knows how much of our thoughts goes down to her in her tomb."

Dentwater shrugged. "If she were alive, *Madonna!*"

And the Countess replied: "*She is alive!*"

They worked with torches at night, and the spluttering flare lit fantastically the dreadful place. At this hour it was not difficult to believe Messina unreal, for it was like a dreadful inferno, horrible with the cries of animals—of hungry dogs; cries of cats for prey, or of maddened animals driven from their meat—the stench and odor, the smell of fire and the scent of blood.

The Contessa di Fiori returned at night to the villa, at Dentwater's insistent command. For night-work a tent had been put up by the officers of the American ships, and towards ten o'clock, too exhausted to lift his arm for another effort, Dentwater went in to rest. He had taken Francesco forcibly from his work, threatening him that they would all desert if he did not take some repose. His face was thinner than ever, and the look in his eyes made one afraid.

Dentwater fell into a heavy slumber, but he had hardly slept when awakened by Francesco, whom he saw bending over him. It was dawn.

"*Signorino. Signorino,*" he whispered, "come at once, for the love of God!

'Bastiana has called me three times. She begs us to hurry. Come, for the love of God!"

"My good fellow!" Dentwater cried. But the other dragged him bodily from the bed and lifted him upon his feet.

"*Signorino,*" he said, "you and I together, you and I together." But Dentwater demurred:

"We are not equal to what there is to do."

To shame him, the Russian sailors who had turned in not four hours before, blonde and strong and willing, their picks in their hands, waited without the tent. Francesco had routed them out, and without parley the little band followed the enthusiast, the fanatic, the lover, through the stench and the inferno of the streets, through the silence broken by the howling of dogs.

At the ruins, as they had left them, were their extinguished torches stuck in the debris. Between them and the back of Ferri's house there now rose a single wall of ruin, in order to pierce which the mass had to be cut into with great skill and precaution.

When they had begun to excavate, the skies were scarcely light. The stars still shone, and one by one all went as morning broke in beauty over stricken Messina. The cry of the watch, the change of the guard, the tapping of a drum, the report of a cannon from the port, the salute of a band of sailors as they passed ready to similar occupations, greeted the day. It was nine o'clock when Dentwater threw down his pick and stretched his arms in supplication for relief. Francesco's renewed faith, his determination, infused them; the obstruction was so thin that every now and then a handful of stucco tumbled in to the other side and disappeared.

Francesco put his face down and called: "*'Bastiana, corragio!*" Otherwise, no one spoke.

At nine o'clock the Contessa brought them coffee and food. Dentwater's appearance might have startled a less brave woman, but she did not urge him to desist or even to rest.

Towards noon Francesco, who aided by the sailors, had dislodged and carried away a last bit of wall, crouched down and with ferret-like motion of his hands pushed the plaster, made a hole, and peered through it; then called: "'Bastiana! *Corragio, e me.*"

When they had made ingress possible, they let Francesco down, and stood above him, waiting, peering to see. The room was intact. The hot, close air, in which it was inconceivable even a brute could subsist for seven days, rushed to them. An iron bed, a chair, a coarse toilet-set, comprised the furniture. Over in a corner was the shrine of the Virgin. The red lamp before it still burned low in the oil. Before the shrine, stretched on the floor, her hands on her breast, lay 'Bastiana. They saw Francesco lift her and carry her toward them: he handed her up to them into the light.

The beautiful creature, across whose breast was folded a little black shawl, lay on a bed made for her out of marine jackets; her head was on the knee of the Countess di Fiori Mille.

"She is dead," Dentwater and the sailors said in their language.

Falling by her side, Francesco gazed upon the face of "the most beautiful woman in all Sicily." With his scarred hands, cut, bruised, and bleeding, he touched her hands. "Bastiana, courage, it is I—Francesco."

The lids of the girl's eyes did not quiver.

"But she is alive," Francesco said to the Countessa.

"Tell her so, Francesco."

Leaning close to his sweetheart's lips, Francesco in a voice which might have infused a mummy with vitality whispered:

"Speak, speak! You are alive, 'Bastiana, you are alive!"

"Give her wine!" Dentwater commanded; he had bent down and was trying to hold a glass to the girl's icy lips.

'Bastiana opened her eyes. They were as dark as the shades of the earth from which the shock had come. She

raised herself up and with an instinct of modesty gathered the shawl across her breast; she drew her bare feet under the sailors' coats.

"Ciccio, Ciccio!" she cried. "You heard me! I called, I called, I called!"

She opened her arms wide with a gesture as grave as it was divine. With a sob in which his agony of weeks and months went forth and died, the lover gathered 'Bastiana against his faithful heart.

Dentwater stood by the side of the Countess di Fiori Mille on the terrace of her dismantled villa, where the ruins were strewn about. They were ready to leave Messina. Not until the last worker had been sent away, not until the city could spare them, would the Contessa consent to depart.

Francesco and 'Bastiana waited on the hillside, to bid their friends goodbye. The Contessa kissed 'Bastiana on both cheeks.

"You are really going to stay, 'Bastiana?"

And Francesco said: "Yes, Eccellenza, we are going to stay. We have permission. We will build a new home when the Americans build a new city."

"I should think," Dentwater said to him, "that you have had enough of Sicily, Francesco."

"Why?" asked the Italian innocently. "It is a garden."

The Countessa smiled at Dentwater's expression.

"We are not afraid of earthquakes," continued 'Bastiana peacefully. "There was an earthquake in America when I was there. I am more afraid of America." And she glanced at Dentwater as though she thought they might understand. With a pretty gesture, she said:

"The earthquake did no harm to Francesco and me, though my poor, poor family——!"

And Dentwater bade the two goodbye and the figures of these survivors in a ruined city were the last he saw as he turned the road to go out of Messina with his lady by his side.

The Warders of the Silence

LIFE OF CANADIAN FOREST RANGERS, THE WOODLAND POLICE
OF GREAT GAME RESERVES AND TIMBER LIMITS,
PRESENTS MANY STRIKING FEATURES

By H. Mortimer Batten

THERE is something national in scope and character about this article on the work of the Canadian Forest Rangers. "Warders of the Silence" we have called them, and such, indeed, they are, as guardians of the great game and forest reserves of the Dominion. Comparatively few Canadians actually realize the nature and extent of this work, the splendid type of men who are enlisted in the service, the rugged life they lead in the performance of their duties as woodland police, and the importance which attaches to the faithful discharge of their commission. To read of the public service they render is but to admire the men the more.

THE name of the Royal North-West Mounted Police—those hardy riders in red—is well known to everyone, but there exists in Eastern Canada a corresponding body of men, whose work it is to patrol the vast muskeg forests that extend from the border line far into the Dominion of Canada, and regarding whose existence little seems to be known beyond their own country.

The duties of the Canadian forest rangers—the forestry police of the great game reserves of Ontario—are almost as varied and multifarious as those of the mounted police, and whereas good horsemanship is one of the most necessary accomplishments of

the guardian of the prairies, the woodland police, whose work for the most part calls them far into the heart of the densest forest, must be able to handle a canoe with the skill and confidence of a Chippeway Indian.

In the great forests of Ontario one is forced to rely almost solely for transportation upon the lakes and rivers with which the country is seamed. The forests are so dense that no woodsman would contemplate attempting to force his way through them, and the forest rangers are entirely reliant upon their canoes in getting from place to place. This involves the negotiation of many dangerous



The forest ranger, "shouldering his outfit, continues his journey on foot till navigable waters are again reached."



"As the forest rangers see dense smoke arising—it may be many miles away—they at once take to their canoes and head for the scene of conflagration."

rapids, where a single blunder would mean certain disaster or the loss of provisions.

It often happens that the most peaceful looking river in these solitudes suddenly plunges downwards at an appalling angle, its waters roaring and hissing into a turbulent cataract—or perhaps emptying itself bodily over some great shelf of rock to fall giddily through space for a hundred feet or more. When such a place is reached it is necessary for the canoeman to make a portage. Unpacking his belongings and shouldering the entire outfit he continues the journey on foot till navigable waters are again reached. Sometimes in traveling across country it is necessary to leave the water and make over the adjoining watershed into the next valley—a long tedious business

which calls for considerable strength and endurance when laden with canoe and camping outfit.

Consequently it is of great importance that the forest ranger should travel as lightly as possible, carrying no more weight than he is absolutely forced. His entire outfit—food, tent, blankets, and cooking utensils, he carries on his back throughout the sweltering heat of summer, and every extra pound makes a difference at the end of a long day's pull. Sometimes, however, he may remain in the woods for weeks on end, when it is usual to build a central cache in the country to be patrolled, and there store away the bulk of the provisions—to be called for as required.

The forest ranger must not only be an excellent canoeman and an excellent woodsman—able to find his way

through the most difficult country under the least favorable conditions—but he must also be physically fit and in sound condition. His duties are arduous and many. He is called upon to protect the fish and game that abound in the rivers and lakes and forest; he is there to see that Johnnie Indian does not set his moose snares in the shadowy runways, and to watch that no poaching takes place along the boundary line of Minnesota. There are many incidents that come to break the uneventfulness of his existence. One day, perhaps, a party of poachers, equipped with a powerful gasoline launch, will cross the boundary line intent on returning with a cargo of fish from Canadian waters. Alone in the woods, the

forestry men—relying solely upon their canoe—are called upon to bring the malefactors to boot. By strategy and their superior knowledge of the country, they are often successful in rounding up the raiders, though sometimes exciting chases take place, and the poachers escape by the skin of their teeth to contemplate at their leisure the folly of their misdoings.

Usually the forestry men work in pairs. Penetrating far into the heart of the wild, where they may not see a brother white man for days on end, these hardy woodsmen watch over an immense tract of country. In the summer months they are ever on the lookout for forest fires, which each year destroy immense quantities of timber.



"Many of the forests of Ontario would be hard to surpass for romantic grandeur; for scenery—wonderfully watered and wooded, the vast solitudes stretch to the skyline in every direction."



When the mature timber on a forest reserve is sold it is logged under such regulations as will guarantee the permanency of the forest. The forest rangers are here shown burning the brush.

When fire breaks out the rangers are quickly upon the scene, and if possible, keep the flames in hand or extinguish them by the liberal use of water.

This, as it may be imagined, is a most perilous business. As soon as the men see smoke rising from a certain direction—it may be many miles away—they at once take to their canoe and head for the scene of the conflagration. Providing the fire is in its infancy they are generally able to prevent it from spreading, though the process is often long and exhausting. For their efforts to be of any avail they are forced to use their utmost energy, and only those who have actually fought a bush fire can imagine what this means. Starting fresh fire belts here to cut off the advancing body of flames, felling timber in another place so as to make a breach in the forest, and finally guiding and

coaxing the fire till it reaches the margin of some great lake, where it can spread no further, many a strong man has dropped at his post and perished miserably before his chum could snatch him from the flames.

It may be days, however, before the two rangers who have arrived upon the scene have the fire well in hand. In the meantime they have suffered considerably with their eyes and throats—especially if the forest happens to be one of cedar—for the acrid smoke that arises from these woodland holocausts is of the most stringent nature. On the other hand, if a strong wind gets up, their efforts are useless, and they are forced to flee for their lives from the rising fury. Sometimes they find that their retreat has been cut off even while they were fighting the central flames. With the terrible roar of the fire so

near at hand, and the darkness of night over all, only the best of woodsmen stand a chance of escape on such occasions as these. The danger of suffocation is the most potent of all, and the only chance the ranger has is that of reaching water before the flames overtake him. Standing submerged to the neck, and screening his face with his jacket or hat, no great harm is likely to befall him so long as he can survive the heat, for there is always a narrow air space just above the surface of the water to supply him with oxygen till the worst has passed.

The horror of such an experience, however, is likely to live long in his memory. Often these forest fires will leap a lake two miles in width and light the country on the opposite side,

which gives some idea of their fierceness and immensity.

The scorched and ragged clothing of the forest rangers when they appear at camp after the fire season often bears evidence of the many fierce battles they have fought. Nevertheless, it is seldom that one returns without his partner. Many of them would rather not return at all, for out in the bush the bonds of partnership must be strong indeed if either are to survive. But usually, when they see that there is any great danger from the rising flames, the rangers keep near to the lakes or rivers, and it is not very often that a tragedy occurs.

Sometimes the forest rangers see strange sights and meet with extraordinary adventures when fleeing



A well-managed European forest. There is a maximum production of clear timber per acre and in all the open spaces left by the removal of mature timber there is a dense stand of seedlings.



Thousands of square miles of Canadian forests have been devastated by fire.

from these dreadful outbreaks. All manner of woodland animals flee with them, their fear of man forgotten in their awful dread of the flames. In the face of so terrible a foe a truce is called between man and beast. It is no uncommon sight to see partridges hurl themselves into the lakes, or even into the woodsman's canoe to escape the flames and heat. Wood hares will sometimes leap into the bushman's arms, as though seeking his protection from the oncoming fury. The writer himself witnessed such an incident during the great bush fires by which so many lives were lost only last year. On the same day—the memory of which will live long in Canada—two forest rangers were forced to seek protection from the flames in the “mudwallow” of an old black bear. Scarcely had they been in their precarious shelter three minutes, when the bear himself appeared. Without hesitation he huddled down between the two men, and thus

they remained, side by side, for over three hours. When the fire at length passed over the bear bade his companions adieu, and they left the “wallow” on respective sides without a word of disagreement.

Bush fires begin in various ways. A flash of lightning, or one spark, wafted from the camp fire, is sufficient to start an outbreak. Deep down in the bush, where the air is stagnant, the fire smoulders deep into the earth, spreading slowly in a circle with silent treachery, till at last it finds its way to the edge of an open space where the air can circulate. Fanned by the breeze it creeps up into the branches, and unless the fire rangers are quickly upon the spot it will rapidly increase in strength, till eventually the efforts of an entire army would fail to extinguish it.

In the meantime a great wind seems to have sprung up—though in reality it is the fire that has created the wind. Sweeping across country in a great cres-

cent, both man and beast are hard put to escape with their lives, and it is only after the fire has passed that the rangers can be of use. Once, after such an outbreak, which involved great loss of life, the writer and a companion were told off to search for the dead. After traveling about fifty miles into the fire belt, we were paddling one morning up a small creek when we saw a birchbark canoe drifting towards us through the blue smoke that overhung the water. Inside the canoe the hunched up figure of a prospector sat supported against one of the thwarts, his face buried in his arms. Thus the poor fellow had perished, without even a thought, perhaps, that the end was near. Pressed by the fire, he had taken to his canoe, and though his clothing was hardly scorched, he had died of suffocation even before the flames neared him. It is some satisfaction to know, therefore, that those who are overtaken by these awful catastrophes, and whose scorched remains are left for the forest ranger to

deal with, seldom suffer the acute anguish that our over-sensative imaginations lead us to think. Long before the flames reach them their sufferings are put to an end—thanks to the fumes that no living creature can endure to inhale for more than a few seconds.

But the duties of the forest rangers are by no means limited to the warding of game and the fighting of bush fires. They are there to be useful whenever occasion arises. Sometimes it happens that a brother white man will lose his bearings while traveling across country, or while endeavoring to make his way through the dense smoke that often shuts out the light for days together. Sooner or later the forest rangers find him—perhaps in a pitiable condition, and convey him safely back to civilization. Or it may be too late when they appear upon the scene, and there is nothing for them to do but to bury his poor remains, keeping by them such articles as may lead to his identity.

The forest ranger, as a rule, is a



Forest Ranger estimating timber loss by fire on mountain side.

happy independent individual. His precarious calling goes to develop the spirit of self reliance and watchfulness that are the chief characteristics of the frontiersman. At any moment he may be called upon to face danger at the call of duty, and it is always danger in the least expected form. But his life is one of absolute freedom, and during his wanderings he is constantly face to face with the wild folk of the woods. Deer, moose and caribou he sees in almost every ravine and valley, while skunks, bears and porcupine often pay him a visit at camp.

Many of the forests of Ontario would be hard to surpass for romantic grandeur for scenery. Severed by great ravines, and wonderfully watered and wooded, the vast solitudes stretch to the skyline in every direction. Here and there one finds a string of lakes, dotted with countless islands; the whole scene resembles one gigantic fairyland, tinted with colors most exquisite. Here again extends a long line of rapids, winding in and out of the forest till ultimately they empty themselves into a wide, deep river, while every jagged ridge away into distance is capped with a shimmer of blue evergreens.

In the midst of this vast panorama the forest rangers make their camp as evening comes on. They boil the kettle, fry the flapjacks, and cut a liberal supply of brushwood. The latter, when properly laid, closely rivals the best spring mattress, and with two Hudson Bay blankets to keep them warm the woodsmen are not likely to suffer from sleeplessness. Before darkness comes on, however, one of them mounts a high point of land, and scans the horizon. The air is perfectly clear, and away in the distance he describes a single streak of smoke rising heavenwards. His trained eye is quick to note whether it is the starting of a bush fire or merely the smoke from an Indian camp. If it be the former the two break camp immediately, however tired they may be, for the fire is sure to burn down during the night, whereas if an-

other day passes by it will have taken a firmer hold.

It is not to be imagined, however, that the glory and freedom of such a life are never counterbalanced by disheartening trials. During the spring months the mosquitoes and blackflies often make the lives of the forestry men unbearable. Swarming in great clouds out of every thicket, these little pests get to work in deadly earnest upon every vulnerable portion of the woodsman's anatomy. It is almost impossible to evade them, and under such conditions life becomes burdensome.

Then there are the long wet days in the fall of the year, when nothing out of the ordinary is likely to happen, and when the woodsman is forced to turn in between damp blankets night after night, with sombre thoughts of home and comfort. But such trivial drawbacks only make him appreciate the more the days of warmth and sunshine when the insect pest is over, and when he may enjoy to its full the calm freedom of the woods, with never a thought for his brothers and sisters toiling in the dust of far-off cities.

Altogether the forest ranger is a man to be envied. Every turn in the creek is likely to reveal to him something new and unexpected. Long ago, before he joined the police, he had learned to use his eyes and ears, and there is very little escapes him as he glides noiselessly through the lily pads. He is a master of woodcraft, and a thorough, all-round scout. If he is a good cook he fares all the better, and it may be taken for granted that he soon learns to use to the best advantage the few culinary equipments he carries with him. He is a friend to the Indians, and teaches them many things regarding the ways of the white man, while the Indians, in turn, teach him—if he wishes to learn—the use of various roots and herbs that grow in the woods, and show him, perhaps, something he has never seen before in the art of woodcraft.

The Movable Feast

By Herbert Footner

MRS. GASSAWAY was mixing batter for a cake in a yellow earthenware bowl on the kitchen table. She was a tall, angular woman, slightly bent in at the waist, like a wasp. Her faded yellow hair was tied at the nape of her neck with a butterfly bow of black silk, much ironed. Unlike most thin people, she was very good natured.

"Well, Sophie, what do you think of the house?" she asked. She spoke in the hushed tones of the incorrigibly romantic, and she had the short-sighted, impractical, ecstatic eyes of the same.

"Very nice, I'm sure," answered her sister primly. Miss Sophie Waddy was oppressed by her green silk Sunday waist and her inactivity in the kitchen.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gassaway, "this is what I dreamed of all the years we lived in rooms! A parlor with the blinds pulled down! An upstairs! A back-yard!"

"Can't I do something?" asked Miss Waddy, moving uncomfortably on her chair.

"You sit right where you are, Sophie," said Mrs. Gassaway firmly. "You have never been treated as company in all your life, and it's high time. Why, as soon as we moved in, three weeks ago, I said to myself, 'I'll have Sophie for a visit, and she shall have her chance.' Eulalia, my dear, get me the vanilla extract from the cupboard."

Eulalia Gassaway was a pale child of sixteen, with the crushed, resentful air of one long subject to a romantic tyranny. As she turned to the cupboard, her mother, with the assumption that she was now out of hearing, asked in a loud aside:

"What did you think of Alfred, Sophie?"

Miss Waddy bridled and tossed her head. "I don't think of him at all," she said tartly.

"I sent him to the station on purpose with the wagon, instead of Pa," said Mrs. Gassaway. "Alfred is quite excited about you. What did you talk about on your way home?"

"Nothing at all," said Miss Waddy. "He was showing off with my trunk how strong he was, and he dropped it and broke a hinge! Afterwards he just sat on the seat of the wagon beside me, and talked to the horse, making out I wasn't there at all!"

"You're twenty-nine, my dear," said Mrs. Gassaway mildly. "Alfred is saving up his wages, and as soon as he has enough to buy a horse—an old one, to begin with—Pa is going to take him into partnership, so he won't have to pay him wages. Gassaway & Garvey. General Express! And you and I sisters. It would be so fitting!"

Miss Waddy tossed her head again.

"There ain't no vanilla, Ma," said Eulalia, turning around.

"'Ain't,' my love," said Mrs. Gassaway reproachfully. "How often must I tell you?"

"Well, there aren't none, then," said Eulalia, sulkily.

"We'll do without," said Mrs. Gassaway brightly. "Oh, I'm so full of plans!" she went on. "There's you, and there's Eulalia. Here she is growing up, and I want her to have advantages. So as soon as we got settled, I decided to kill a bird with two sticks and that is why I am giving this party to-morrow. I have asked Mrs. Bigger-bite from next door—"

"Bickerdike, Ma," corrected Eulalia.

"Of course," said Mrs. Gassaway. "A dear soul, though she has let her figure get away from her. And Mrs. Easter, Mrs. Bassenger, Mrs. Prissy, and the lady in the big house at the corner, Mrs. Pincus Finkel."

Miss Waddy was impressed. "How did you get to know them all so soon?" she inquired.

"Well, at first I *was* at a loss," confessed Mrs. Gassaway, "but it all came around quite naturally. One day Royal George brought in a yellow cat from the street. It had been fighting. I smoothed its fur down as well as I could, and tied one of Eulalia's hair-ribbons around its neck, and put it in a basket, and called on the different ladies that I wanted to know, to see if it belonged to them. It didn't, but we got quite friendly, and before I left I asked each one to take tea with me."

"Do you think they'll come?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gassaway. "They will all want to see what we have. Oh, I have it all planned! We'll give them tea and cake, and, just by good luck, Pa brought home a keg of Malaga grapes last night that was refused because they were spoiled. But there are lots of good ones! We'll pick them over to-morrow morning. Eulalia shall play the piano for them, and you and I will make conservation, Sophie. Do you mind if I call you Sopha after this? Sophie sounds so like what common people say. Dear me! All my life I have dreamed of giving a party. I can hardly believe that to-morrow is the day!"

With a great preliminary scraping of feet outside, the door opened and Pa came in. Mr. Gassaway had unmistakably the look of the driver of a light wagon, an aspect only slightly horsey and brisk, as of one accustomed to hopping off and on frequently. He had red cheeks and plenty of hair, except on his head.

"What brings you home so early, Pa?" asked Mrs. Gassaway, after greetings had been exchanged all around.

"Great news! Great news!" said Pa. "We're going to move!"

Mrs. Gassaway's spoon clattered into the bowl. "What, again?" she cried.

"Hold on a bit!" said Pa. "Wait till you hear. The landlord come to me to-day, and says he, 'Gassaway, I've sold that lot your house is built on—'"

"My sweet little back-yard!" murmured Mrs. Gassaway.

"Hear me out, can't you?" said Pa fretfully. "'But,' says he, 'I don't want to put you out in the street, so I'll make a deal with you: I'll make you a present of the house you're living in if you'll move it to a lot I have at the foot of the Sherman Avenue hill. You can pay me for the lot in instalments.'"

Mrs. Gassaway began to look up again. "Then, it would be our very own," she said, looking around the kitchen. "That would be nice."

"Sure," said Pa. "That's what I says. I jumps at the chance, and inside an hour we had everything fixed up. The wreckers will be here first thing to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow!" cried Mrs. Gassaway. Sophie, and Eulalia in simultaneous tones of horror. "To-morrow's the party!" Mrs. Gasaway collapsed weakly in a chair.

Pa scratched his head. "Sho!" he said. "And I've made the contract and paid over the money. And I've turned over our route to Wickens for the day, so Alfred and me can be free. You'll have to put it off."

Mrs. Gassaway, sitting on the chair with her hands in her lap, made a picture of restrained despair. "Think of the grapes!" she said, raising her eyes. She extended a tragic hand towards the bowl. "And the cake—it's mixed! If you'd only let me know before I broke the eggs!"

They were all confounded by her emotion. It was Mrs. Gassaway herself who finally broke the silence.

"What do they do to a house when they move it?" she asked.

"Well," said Pa, "a little frame cottage like this is no great shakes of a job. After the wreckers jack her up

and put her on the trucks, me and Alfred is going to do the rest. I've borrowed the rigging, and our own horse will pull you."

"Down the middle of the street?" asked Mrs. Gassaway.

"Sure," said Pa; "but no call to be uneasy. We'll handle you as gentle as a case of eggs."

After a period of cogitation, Mrs. Gassaway got up with the air of a woman who has made up her mind. Her lips were squeezed together, and her eyes had a far-away gleam of romantic determination. "We will give the party, anyway," she said. "It will be different from any party that ever was given. It will be the talk of the neighborhood!" She recommenced stirring the cake.

At three o'clock the next afternoon the Gassaway house was being drawn slowly through Parr Street, kitchen foremost. Seen from behind, with the roof coming down over the door like a bang over a low forehead, windows at either side for eyes, the door for a nose, and the bare spot beneath where the step had been taken off; for a mouth, it had strongly the look of a face. It was a shocked face, with wide open eyes, as if the respectable little house, through no fault of its own, found itself in a position it was unable to explain before the houses which kept their places.

Into the roadway ahead an iron stake was driven, to which was attached a drum with a long projecting pole, and an arrangement of pulleys and ropes. The Gassaways' horse, Job, was hitched to the pole. As he walked around he turned the drum and wound up the rope, a long rope that creaked back and forth between the pulleys ever so many times, and drew the house forward inch by inch. Job was a slender bay. Like all mature beings, he expressed great character in his face, and at present it was wearing a depressed and disgusted look as he made his endless little rounds. He often stopped and looked over his shoulder at the drum, as much as to ask what ailed the infernal contraption that it should make a horse dizzy.

Alfred, a serious young Hercules with a ruddy complexion, held the rope in his hands, and coiled it as it came off the drum, while Pa stood on the sidewalk, proudly watching the progress of events, and conversing with the passers-by. Royal George Gassaway, aged twelve, had taken a day off from school without rebuke, in honor of the great event. He acted as ring-master. When the house overtook the drum they pulled up the stake, and drove it in further down the street.

From the sidewalk of Parr street, Mrs. Gassaway, Miss Waddy, and Eulalia could be seen through the kitchen window, polishing the best cups, and making the thousand and one other preparations necessary to a party. Within, everything was much the same as on the day before, but it was the same with a difference. Mrs. Gassaway was full of a suppressed excitement; her eyes looked bigger and more ecstatic than ever.

"Isn't it funny?" she said. "To be housekeeping in the middle of the street! It gives me such a turn every time I look up and see Mrs. Prissy's front door going by, instead of my own back fence!"

"It has a kind of a crawly feeling all over inside, like it was alive," said Miss Waddy apprehensively.

"That's only when the horse stops and starts up again," said Mrs. Gassaway. "Eulalia, my dear, you had better dust the parlor again. I can't imagine where it all comes from!"

"It's shook out of the cracks," said Eulalia dejectedly.

"How will the company like it, do you suppose?" suggested Miss Waddy apprehensively.

"We won't let on," said her sister. "I have always read that the extract of good manners was never letting anything on. You just watch me, and see what I do."

"They won't come," said Eulalia morosely. "When they seen us turn the corner, they thought that was the last of us."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Gassaway.

"I suppose I ought to have let them know. What should I do?"

"Write notes," said Miss Waddy, "and send Royal George around with them."

"There isn't time to write so many," said Mrs. Gassaway. "I'll have to write one for all." She hastily provided herself with writing materials, and sat down at the kitchen table. "How should I put it?" she said, biting her pen reflectively.

"Write it like they do cards of thanks in the newspapers, as if you was somebody else," suggested Miss Waddy.

"Of course!" said Mrs. Gassaway, beginning to write. "Call Royal George," she said to Eulalia over her shoulder.

She sat back presently, holding the letter off at arm's length. "How does this sound?" she asked. "Mrs. Gassaway begs to inform all that there will be no postponement of her party on account of the house unexpectedly moving this afternoon. Follow us down Parr to Sherman, and you can't miss us."

"Just enough and no more," said Miss Waddy approvingly.

Royal George was despatched on his rounds.

Half an hour later the first guest arrived in the person of Mrs. Easter, wearing her feather boa. She was the wife of a grocery salesman, a small, sharp woman, a Christian scientist, and much looked up to in Parr street. The front door was a good three feet above the roadway, but Royal George was in attendance with a soap-box, and Mrs. Easter was easily boosted on board. Mrs. Gassaway received her in a glow.

"How do you do, Mrs. Easter!" she cried. "Let me make you known to my sister, Miss Sopha Waddy. My Eulalia you have met, of course. Have the rocking-chair. Isn't it a lovely day!"

Mrs. Bassenger and Mrs. Prissy were next seen hovering uncertainly on the sidewalk. Mrs. Gassaway threw up the window and stuck her head out. "Come

right in!" she cried. "Royal George, help the ladies to mount."

With the assistance of a passer-by pushing from below, and Mrs. Gassaway pulling from above, they were safely drawn on board. Mrs. Gassaway was hospitably flustered. "Welcome to our little home!" she cried. "Our Gumbalow, as we call it. Sit right down. You'll find the sofa comfortable, but don't pull it out from the wall!"

The next to show up was Mrs. Bickerdike. Mrs. Bickerdike was of more than ample proportions. She was dressed in countless yards of black cashmere, which she hung upon herself in a peculiar style. She came trundling down the street without any evidences of feet, looking like a short, fat funeral urn voluminously draped. She surveyed the gap between roadway and door-sill dubiously, but Royal George assured her that the other ladies had had no trouble, and the rattle of tea-cups from the kitchen tempted her.

By this time quite a large and interested group had gathered in the street, watching the progress of the bungalow with the party going on inside. Half a dozen volunteered their assistance to Mrs. Bickerdike, and with a deal of shoving and hauling and gasping she was finally placed on top of the soap-box, where she stood teetering dangerously, one hand clutched in Royal George's hair.

But so much time had been consumed in this operation that the house had gone on a couple of feet, and Mrs. Bickerdike said she couldn't make the remaining step. They had to take her down again, and move the box up. Mrs. Bickerdike wanted to go home, but her helpers would not hear of such a thing. Another grand effort was made, and this time she got one foot planted on the door-sill. But there she stuck—and the house still moving relentlessly inch by inch away from the box. They couldn't let Pa know in time, because the house was between. An expression of piteous dismay overspread Mrs. Bickerdike's rose countenance. In the very

nick of time, Mesdames Gassaway, Easter, Bassenger, and Prissy, with a united effort, hauled her aboard. There was a loud ripping sound from somewhere, and cheers from the crowd.

"How do you do!" said Mrs. Gassaway delightedly. "So good of you to drop in!"

"How'm I ever going to get out again, I should like to know!" said Mrs. Bickerdike desperately.

"Never fear," said Mrs. Gassaway. "We'll be there by that time. Do sit down."

Mrs. Bickerdike gloomily surveyed the chair her hostess drew up, and shook her head. "Rush bottoms never hold me," she said.

Mrs. Gassaway hastened to get the pastry-board to lay across the seat, and Mrs. Bickerdike sank down, fanning herself feebly. She was the last to come. Mrs. Pincus Finkel disappointed.

"Tea, Sopha," said Mrs. Gassaway brightly. "Meanwhile, my daughter will favor us on the piano. Eulalia, my love."

Ahead of the house, Pa had decided that they would never get there at this rate, and Royal George was putting Job through his smartest paces. Eulalia sat down at the piano and played: "Sailing, Sailing, Over the Bounding Main."

"The motion is not at all unpleasant," said Mrs. Prissy politely.

"They say at sea no amount of tossing will affect you if you eat hearty," said Mrs. Bassenger, with a glance toward the kitchen.

"There is no such thing as sea-sickness to a Christian Scientist," said Mrs. Easter.

Mrs. Bickerdike placed one hand below her bosom and feebly waved the other at Eulalia. "Please, *please*," she murmured. "It reminds me of something I would rather forget. I am a very poor sailor."

A diversion was created by the appearance of Miss Waddy in the kitchen doorway, wearing an expression of dis-

may. "There ain't no water in the tap," she faltered.

"It was disconnected," said Mrs. Easter smartly.

"Of course," said Mrs. Gassaway. She had an inspiration. "Pass out the kettle to Royal George, Sopha, and tell him to borrow from a street-sprinkler."

There is a hole on Parr Street near Sherman. Load after load of broken stone has been dumped there. The bungalow reached the place at this moment. There was a shake and a tremble, and Pa in crayons came down from the wall on the run. A piece of glass cut a sickening gash in his forehead. The callers gasped, and looked desirously toward the door; but the soap-box had been left up the street.

Mrs. Gassaway rose to the occasion heroically. "The dust-pan, Eulalia," she said sweetly. Turning to Mrs. Easter, she went on, "Christian Science must be such a comfort! I should like to know it."

There were untoward sounds from the kitchen, too, and presently an extraordinary black apparition appeared in the doorway. The callers screamed. Upon a close inspection, Mrs. Gassaway recognized her sister, almost completely blanketed with soot.

"The stove-pipe's fell down," said Miss Waddy hysterically. "I tried to stick it up, and it come out all over me!"

Mrs. Gassaway swallowed hard. "Then we'll have lemonade instead of tea," she said instantly. Eulalia, darling, get the lemons from the cellar."

Eulalia obediently hastened to the cellar door. There was a cry, and a muffled thump from beneath the floor.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Gassaway. "I forgot we had to leave the cellar behind! The poor child!"

However, Eulalia was presently assisted through the front door, a little dusty, but otherwise uninjured, except as to her feelings.

By this time Pa had the bungalow straightened out on the Sherman Avenue hill, and they enjoyed a quiet moment inside while Job was dragging the

drum ahead, and Alfred prepared to drive the stake in a new place. However, the respite was brief, for the bungalow, left to its own devices, suddenly gave a little shake like a person making up his mind, and started to move slowly down-hill of its own volition.

The onlookers in the street started, gasped, and rubbed their eyes. Everybody began to shout advice at once. Pa, hearing the racket, looked around and turned pale. He had not counted on the assistance of gravity in moving his domicile. Inside the house they did not immediately guess what had happened. Only the heaving and bumping began again, but worse than before. The clock fell from the mantel to the floor, the hands flew around the face in the most extraordinary way, it struck nineteen times and came to a dead stop.

"We shall get there sooner than I expected," she said happily.

The callers, however, were losing their nerve. "It's so unusual to see the floor bend," faltered Mrs. Prissy.

"Do you suppose there's anything the matter?" inquired Miss Waddy. "See the people, how they are running and waving their arms!"

"I think we had better sit on the floor," stammered Mrs. Bickerdike. "It's nearer!"

Eulalia and Miss Waddy burst in from the kitchen. "Ma! Sister! The house is running away!" they cried, casting themselves upon Mrs. Gassaway.

Everybody made haste to sit on the floor, where they remained in a circle during the terrible moments that followed, clutching the carpet, and staring wildly into one another's pale faces.

By this time the house on wheels was careering down the middle of Sherman Avenue like some nightmare monster running amuck. The fixed houses seemed to look on in astonishment that one of their number could so far forget itself. Pa, Alfred, Royal George, and Job in a daze watched it sweep past them. Job was the first to recover himself. He hurriedly returned to his stable. Roaring with excitement, the crowd pursued the bungalow. Not one

of them had ever seen a house coasting down-hill before. The people who came running to the doors almost collapsed at what they saw—a house, heaving, staggering, bumping, down the street, as if it were possessed of devils.

Inside, the state of things can better be imagined than described. The glass shook out pane by pane; the chimneys collapsed with a pounding of bricks like cannon-balls on the roof, crash succeeded crash like half a dozen thunderstorms rolled into one. Finally, at the foot of the hill, the bungalow swerved into the gutter and fetched up against a telegraph-pole with a crack that knocked the house endwise, and slewed around everything inside, opposite to where it was before.

For an instant perfect silence succeeded in the parlor. The ladies sat up among the ruins, and blinked at one another through a dense cloud of plaster dust. Fortunately, their hats and their coiffures had saved them from injury when the ceiling came down; but the millinery was wrecked.

Mrs. Gassaway, as befitted the hostess, was the first to find speech. "Well, here we are!" she said, shaking the plaster out of her hair.

"Let me out! Let me out!" moaned Mesdames Easter, Prissy, Bassenger, and Bickerdike in unison.

Then the populace swarmed aboard, and confusion reigned. The first to come through the front door was Alfred. He swooped on the prostrate Miss Waddy. "My darling, are you killed?" he roared.

Mrs. Gassaway could never have described what happened after that. The guests were taken home. The firemen, the police, and the newspaper reporters arrived. The populace struggled for bits of plaster to take home as souvenirs of the great day. She was reduced to tears at last.

"Well, anyway," she said to her husband, pointing to the unresisting Miss Waddy, who, soot and all, was still clasped in Alfred's arms—"well, anyway, there's one of the things accomplished that I set out to do!"

The Frog in Canadian Diet

TIMES AND CONDITIONS HAVE CHANGED AND THE FROG NOW
HOLDS AN HONORED PLACE ON POPULAR MENU
CARDS OF FASHIONABLE HOTELS

By C. Lintern Sibley

Perhaps you have never eaten frogs' legs. And then again, perhaps you have no thoughts of ever doing so. Be that as it may, you should nevertheless read this article. No, you may not be at all concerned about the subject, but you will surely like the raey style, and before you have finished you will be genuinely interested. This is a sort of article presenting unique features which we like to run occasionally. Look it over.

OF course, when you see the nasty, wet, hoppy, jumpy things, you can't think how people can do it—especially if you are a girl, with nice frou-frou skirts to gather up to the tune of that adorable little scream you fetch the boys with.

"You horrid creature," I fancy I hear our womenfolk say, "You're never going to write an article about that. Do you really, truly mean to say that people here—and women, too—have taken to eating frogs?"

That indeed is what they have taken to doing, and when you have had a breakfast of frogs' legs you will understand the fascination of them. Yes, breakfast! For they are one of the dainty little delicacies that just suits the fastidious that doth hedge about matutinal assimilation.

I wouldn't have believed it—couldn't have believed it—if a very pretty, dainty French girl—one of the kind, you know, that seem to caress the French language whenever they speak it—hadn't brought me to it.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" I said to her, as she passed along the footpath by the trout stream.

"I'm going frog-hunting, sir," she said.

And, mind you, she was, too.

What's more, I believe she had counted on me going with her, because I afterwards came in so useful punting the flat-bottomed boat about a marshy back-water that was teeming with frogs.

She did the spearing. I will say no more about that, except that we took home forty cold little corpses, which yielded eighty hind legs for the feast that followed.

I approached the subject with a squeamish stomach and an unprejudiced mind, and I am bound to admit that I was surprised. Fried in bread crumbs and daintily served, frogs' legs are—well, you know what a tender little broiled chicken is like. Frogs' legs are like that, with a certain added indescribable deliciousness all their own.

After all, the prejudice which many people entertain against frogs is a very silly one. We eat fish, and we eat birds. Considering that a frog is higher in the scale of evolution than a fish, and that it represents the class of creature from which birds themselves evolved, why shouldn't they be good to eat?

However, I am not engaged in any propaganda in favor of the eating of frogs. I only want to state the facts as

they are—and the facts are that not only the French, but the Canadians and the Americans are frog-eating nations. In France frogs are popularly recognised as food products, and frog culture has long been looked on as a profitable and stable enterprise. In this country frog-eating was probably first confined to the French-Canadian settlers, but it has spread to all classes of the community, to such an extent that the supply has been seriously diminished, and frog-farming has already become an industry that is attracting more and more attention. Indeed, one frog farm in the Trent Valley has for years yielded on an average 5,000 pounds of dressed frogs' legs annually, and 7,000 living frogs for scientific purposes, and for the stocking of other waters.

In Canada the principal supply is obtained in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Hitherto the market for them has been largely found in the United States, where they are in such demand that frogs have been practically exterminated in some parts of New York State.

But Canada is providing an increasing market for the home product, the principal centre of distribution being Montreal, where last year over \$200,000 worth of frogs' legs were disposed of, and it is a moderate estimate to say that \$100,000 of this went into the pockets of the country people of the province of Quebec.

The industry has attained tremendous proportions in the United States. A return prepared by the United States Fish Commission shows that as far back as 1889 the annual catch was estimated at \$1,000,000, and it is estimated that the business has doubled at least since then.

The price of frogs' legs varies considerably. Dressed legs yield the hunter from 12½ to 50 cents a pound, and live frogs from 5 cents to \$4 a dozen. In the Montreal market they are never sold for less than 30 cents a pound, often running up to 40 or 50 cents. Fresh and attractively packed in ice, they always find ready buyers.

There is considerable uncertainty among many people as to which kinds of frogs are edible, and which are not. As a matter of fact, practically all frogs are edible, but there are one or two of the smaller varieties which from their disagreeable odor and diminutive size are regarded as inedible.

There are, however, three staple varieties of frogs for the supply of the market. They are the Bull Frog (*Rana catesbiana*), the Green Frog (*Rana clamata*), and the Spring Frog (*Rana virescens*).

The most valuable of these varieties is the Bull Frog, primarily because of its large size, and also because of its uniformly good flavor. It reaches a length in body of over 8 inches, and sometimes yields legs that weigh as much as half a pound the pair. It is essentially a deep water frog. It is readily distinguished from the more common green frog by reason of the complete webbing of the fourth toe, and the absence of dorsal folds of the skin.

In color it varies from an olivaceous brown to that of iron rust, with darker blotches half the size of its eye. Sometimes it is a yellowish green. The legs are barred, and the buttocks have nearly black markings. Its voice has enormous volume. People hearing it for the first time have often mistaken it for the angry roaring of a bull.

The Spring Frog, which is the most widely distributed of all the frogs, is found all across the continent, but it is most numerous in the east. It reaches a length of three and a half inches, exclusive of the legs, and is bright green in color, with irregular spots of black, dark brown or olive.

The Green Frog, which is found throughout the east, has a body that is more stout and massive. It is a bright green on the fore part of the body, passing to dark olive behind. It is the least noisy of the frogs, and is easily distinguishable by its quaint cry—a nasal "chung."

There are many other varieties of frogs practically all of which are edible,

but these three varieties are the only ones worth practical consideration for the purpose.

Now there are many ways in which frogs may be caught. In places where they abound, plenty of them may often be taken in the same way as fish, namely, with lines baited with red cloth, worms, or insects. Frogs are particularly fond of flies. When catching flies, the swift dash that a frog will make, from a state of absolute immobility, is remarkable. At the same time its long tongue shoots out like a dart on its prey. It is true that a frog often misses its quarry, but then it is more often successful.

An air gun, or a small bore rifle, is a still better method of taking frogs, for it despatches them at once, and seems more humane than spears or crossbows, both of which the country people employ.

Frogs are hunted very successfully at night by means of lantern light. Along river banks I have known scores of frogs to jump into a boat, attracted by lantern light.

Although the whole of a frog's body, after the removal of the viscera, is used by some country people for food, the only parts really worth considering are the hind legs.

These are skinned, and may be cooked in the same way as chicken or fish. Boiled and served with white sauce, they are most palatable. Broiled they are fine, but the favorite method of preparing them for the table is to fry them with bread crumb dressing.

The food value of the frog is becoming to be widely recognized. The meat is white, delicate, and very wholesome and palatable; in fact it is a real delicacy.

Frogs may be eaten at all times, but

they are in best condition in the fall and winter, and they are relatively inferior in the spring.

Marshy places may easily be stocked with frogs, either by means of the spawn, which is easily obtainable in the spring, or by the mature frogs. They require no feeding, for the insects of marshy places provide them with an abundance of nourishment.

The bullfrog, which is the only variety raised for market, begins to breed at three years, and reaches marketable size in four years.

Where produced for the market the frogs are taken alive at night and confined in small pens, from which they can be taken as required.

Those who are engaged in raising frogs for the market at the present time are making money at the business, for the supply is hardly ever equal to the demand, and as high as fifty cents a pound can often be got for well-graded frogs' legs, nicely packed.

People used to turn up their noses at the idea of eating frogs. But now frogs are frequently seen on the menus of the most exclusive hotels.

It is well to keep an open mind in these days of innovation. And those who have never known the joys of frog should keep an open mind about this little creature. When next you hear the bull-frog bellowing, or the spring frog skirring, or the green frog calling "Chung," don't think of them as nasty, wet, hoppy, jumpy things. Think of them as useful little creatures lifting up their voices in innocent joy at the thought that at last they have come into their own.

And when you pass the fish store and see a sign, "Frog's legs fresh today," don't shudder.

Buy some.

The Gold That Glittered

By O. Henry

A STORY with a moral appended is like the bill of a mosquito. It bores you, and then injects a stinging drop to irritate your conscience. Therefore let us have the moral first and be done with it. All is not gold that glitters, but it is a wise child that keeps the stopper in his bottle of testing acid.

Where Broadway skirts the corner of the square presided over by George the Veracious is the Little Rialto. Here stand the actors of that quarter, and this is their shibboleth: "'Nit,' says I to Frohman, 'you can't touch me for a kopeck less than two-fifty per,' and out I walks."

Westward and southward from the Thespian glare are one or two streets where a Spanish-American colony has huddled for a little tropical warmth in the nipping North. The centre of life in this precinct is "El Refugio," a cafe and restaurant that caters to the volatile exiles from the South. Up from Chili, Bolivia, Colombia, the rolling republics of Central America and the ireful islands of the Western Indies flit the cloaked and sombreroed senores, who are scattered like burning lava by the political eruptions of their several countries. Hither they come to lay counterplots, to bide their time, to solicit funds, to enlist filibusterers, to smuggle out arms and ammunitions, to play the game at long taw. In El Refugio they find the atmosphere in which they thrive.

In the restaurant of El Refugio are served compounds delightful to the palate of the man from Capricorn or Cancer. Altruism must halt the story thus long. On, diner, weary of the culinary subterfuges of the Gallic chef, hie thee

to El Refugio! There only will you find a fish—bluefish. shad or pompano from the Gulf—baked after the Spanish method. Tomatoes give it color, individuality and soul; chili colorado bestows upon it zest, originality and fervor; unknown herbs furnish piquancy and mystery, and—but its crowning glory deserves a new sentence. Around it, above it, beneath it, in its vicinity—but never in it—hovers an ethereal aura, an effluvium so rarefied and delicate that only the Society for Psychical Research could note its origin. Do not say that garlic is in the fish at El Refugio. It is not otherwise than as if the spirit of Garlic, flitting past, has wafted one kiss that lingers in the parsley-crowned dish as haunting as those kisses in life, "by hopeless fancy feigned on lips that are for others." And then, when Conchito, the waiter, brings you a plate of brown frijoles and a carafe of wine that has never stood still between Oporto and El Refugio—ah, Dios!

One day a Hamburg-American liner deposited upon Pier No. 55 Gen. Perico Ximenes Villablanca Falcon, a passenger from Cartagena. The General was between a claybank and a bay in complexion, had a 42-inch waist and stood 5 feet 4 in his Du Barry heels. He had the mustache of a shooting-gallery proprietor, he wore the full dress of a Texas congressman and had the important aspect of an uninstructed delegate.

Gen. Falcon had enough English under his hat to enable him to inquire his way to the street in which El Refugio stood. When he reached that neighborhood he saw a sign before a respect-

able red-brick house that read, "Hotel Espanol." In the window was a card in Spanish, "Aqui se habla Espanol." The General entered, sure of a congenial port.

In the cosy office was Mrs. O'Brien, the proprietress. She had blond—oh, unimpeachably blond hair. For the rest she was amiability, and ran largely to inches around. Gen. Falcon brushed the floor with his broad-brimmed hat, and emitted a quantity of Spanish, the syllables sounding like firecrackers gently popping their way down the string of a bunch.

"Spanish or Dago?" asked Mrs. O'Brien, pleasantly.

"I am a Colombian, madam," said the General, proudly. "I speak the Spanish. The advisement in your win-say the Spanish he is spoken here. How is that?"

"Well, you've been speaking it, ain't you?" said the madam. "I'm sure I can't."

At the Hotel Espanol General Falcon engaged rooms and established himself. At dusk he sauntered out upon the streets to view the wonders of this roaring city of the North. As he walked he thought of the wonderful golden hair of Mme. O'Brien. "It is here," said the General to himself, no doubt in his own language, "that one shall find the most beautiful senoras in the world. I have not in my Colombia viewed among our beauties one so fair. But no! It is not for the General Falcon to think of beauty. It is my country that claims my devotion."

At the corner of Broadway and the Little Rialto the General became involved. The street cars bewildered him, and the fender of one upset him against a pushcart laden with oranges. A cab driver missed him an inch with a hub, and poured barbarous execrations upon his head. He scrambled to the sidewalk and skipped again in terror when the whistle of a peanut-roaster puffed a hot scream into his ear. "Valgame Dios! What devil's city is this?"

As the General fluttered out of the streamers of passers like a wounded

snipe he was marked simultaneously as game by two hunters. One was "Bully" McGuire, whose system of sport required the use of a strong arm and the misuse of an eight-inch piece of lead pipe. The other Nimrod of the asphalt was "Spider" Kelley, a sportsman with more refined methods.

In pouncing upon their self-evident prey, Mr. Kelley was a shade the quicker. His elbow fended accurately the onslaught of Mr. McGuire.

"G'wan!" he commanded harshly. "I saw it first." McGuire slunk away, awed by superior intelligence.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Kelley to the General, "but you got balled up in the shuffle, didn't you? Let me assist you." He picked up the General's hat and brushed the dust from it.

The ways of Mr. Kelley could not but succeed. The General, bewildered and dismayed by the resounding streets, welcomed his deliverer as a caballero with a most disinterested heart.

"I have a desire," said the General, "to return to the hotel of O'Brien, in which I am stop. Caramba! senor, there is a loudness and rapidness of going and coming in the city of this Nueva York."

Mr. Kelley's politeness would not suffer the distinguished Colombian to brave the dangers of the return unaccompanied. At the door of the Hotel Espanol they paused. A little lower down on the opposite side of the street shone the modest illuminated sign of El Refugio. Mr. Kelley, to whom few streets were unfamiliar, knew the place exteriorly as a "Dago joint." All foreigners Mr. Kelley classed under the two heads of "Dagoes" and Frenchmen. He proposed to the General that they repair thither and substantiate their acquaintance with a liquid foundation.

An hour later found General Falcon and Mr. Kelley seated at a table in the conspirator's corner of El Refugio. Bottles and glasses were between them. For the tenth time the General confided the secret of his mission to the Estados Unidos. He was here, he declared, to purchase arms—2,000 stands of Win-

chester rifles—for the Colombian revolutionists. He had drafts in his pocket drawn by the Cartagena Bank on its New York correspondent for \$25,000. At other tables other revolutionists were shouting their political secrets to their fellow-plotters; but none was as loud as the General. He pounded the table; he hallooed for some wine; he roared to his friend that his errand was a secret one, and not to be hinted at to a living soul. Mr. Kelley himself was stirred to sympathetic enthusiasm. He grasped the General's hand across the table.

"Monseer," he said, earnestly, "I don't know where this country of yours is, but I'm for it. I guess it must be a branch of the United States, though, for the poetry guys and the schoolmarns call us Columbia, too, sometimes. It's a lucky thing for you that you butted into me to-night. I'm the only man in New York that can get this gun deal through for you. The Secretary of War of the United States is me best friend. He's in the city now, and I'll see him for you to-morrow. In the meantime, monseer, you keep them drafts tight in your inside pocket. I'll call for you to-morrow, and take you to see him. Say! that ain't the District of Columbia you're talking about, is it?" concluded Mr. Kelley, with a sudden qualm. "You can't capture that with no 2,000 guns—it's been tried with more."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the General. "It is the Republic of Colombia—it is a g-r-reat republic on the top side of America of the South. Yes. Yes."

"All right," said Mr. Kelley, reassured. "Now suppose we trek along home and go by-by. I'll write to the Secretary to-night and make a date with him. It's a ticklish job to get guns out of New York. McClusky himself can't do it."

They parted at the door of the Hotel Espanol. The General rolled his eyes at the moon and sighed.

"It is a great country, your Nueva York," he said. "Truly the cars in the streets devastate one, and the engine that cooks the nuts terribly makes a

squeak in the ear. But, ah, Senor Kelley—the senoras with hair of much goldness, and admirable fatness—they are magnificas! Muy magnificas!"

Kelley went to the nearest telephone booth and called up McCrary's cafe, far up on Broadway. He asked for Jimmy Dunn.

"Is that Jimmy Dunn?" asked Kelley.

"Yes," came the answer.

"You're a liar," sang back Kelley, joyfully. "You're the Secretary of War. Wait there till I come up. I've got the finest thing down here in the way of a fish you ever baited for. It's a Colorado-maduro, with a gold band around it and free coupons enough to buy a red hall lamp and a statuette of Psyche rubbering in the brook. I'll be up on the next car."

Jimmy Dunn was an A.M. of Crookdom. He was an artist in the confidence line. He never saw a bludgeon in his life; and he scorned knockout drops. In fact, he would have set nothing before an intended victim but the purest of drinks, if it had been possible to procure such a thing in New York. It was the ambition of "Spider" Kelley to elevate himself into Jimmy's class.

These two gentlemen held a conference that night at McCrary's. Kelley explained.

"He's as easy as a gum shoe. He's from the Island of Colombia, where there's a strike or a feud, or something going on, and they've sent him up here to buy 2,000 Winchesters to arbitrate the thing with. He showed me two drafts for \$10,000 each, and one for \$5,000 on a bank here. 'S truth, Jimmy, I felt real mad with him because he didn't have it in thousand-dollar bills, and hand it to me on a silver waiter. Now, we've got to wait till he goes to the bank and gets the money for us."

They talked it over for two hours, and then Dunn said: "Bring him to No. — Broadway, at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

In due time Kelley called at the Hotel Espanol for the General. He found

that wily warrior engaged in delectable conversation with Mrs. O'Brien.

"The Secretary of War is waitin' for us," said Kelley.

The General tore himself away with an effort.

"Ay, senor," he said, with a sigh, "duty makes a call. But senor, the senoras of your Estados Unidos—how beauties! For exemplification, take you la Madame O'Brien—que magnífica! She is one goddess—one Juno—what you call one ox-eyed Juno."

Now Mr. Kelley was a wit; and better men have been shriveled by the fire of their own imagination.

"Sure!" he said with a grin; "but you mean a peroxide Juno, don't you?"

Mrs. O'Brien heard, and lifted an auriferous head. Her businesslike eye rested for an instant upon the disappearing form of Mr. Kelley. Except in street cars one should never be unnecessarily rude to a lady.

When the gallant Colombian and his escort arrived at the Broadway address, they were held in an anteroom for half an hour, and then admitted into a well-equipped office where a distinguished looking man, with a smooth face, wrote at a desk. General Falcon was presented to the Secretary of War of the United States, and his mission made known by his old friend, Mr. Kelley.

"Ah—Colombia!" said the Secretary, significantly, when he was made to understand; "I'm afraid there will be a little difficulty in that case. The President and I differ in our sympathies there. He prefers the established government, while I—" the Secretary gave the General a mysterious but encouraging smile. "You, of course, know, General Falcon, that since the Tammany war, an act of Congress has been passed requiring all manufactured arms and ammunition exported from this country to pass through the War Department. Now, if I can do anything for you I will be glad to do so to oblige my old friend, Mr. Kelley. But it must be in absolute secrecy, as the President, as I have said, does not regard favorably the efforts of your revolutionary

party in Colombia. I will have my orderly bring a list of the available arms now in the warehouse."

The Secretary struck a bell, and an orderly with the letters A. D. T. on his cap stepped promptly into the room.

"Bring me schedule B of the small arms inventory," said the Secretary.

The orderly quickly returned with a printed paper. The Secretary studied it closely.

"I find," he said, "that in Warehouse 9, of the Government stores, there is a shipment of 2,000 stands of Winchester rifles that were ordered by the Sultan of Morocco, who forgot to send the cash with his order. Our rule is that legal tender money must be paid down at the time of purchase. My dear Kelley, your friend, General Falcon, shall have this lot of arms, if he desires it, at the manufacturer's price. And you will forgive me, I am sure, if I curtail our interview. In am expecting the Japanese Minister and Charles Murphy every moment!"

As one result of this interview, the General was deeply grateful to his esteemed friend, Mr. Kelley. As another, the nimble Secretary of War was extremely busy during the next two days buying empty rifle cases and filling them with bricks, which were then stored in a warehouse rented for that purpose. As still another, when the General returned to the Hotel Espanol, Mrs. O'Brien went up to him, plucked a thread from his lapel, and said:

"Say, senor, I don't want to 'butt in,' but what does that monkey-faced, cat-eyed, rubber-necked tin horn tough want with you?"

"Sangre de mi vida!" exclaimed the General. "Impossible it is that you speak of my good friend, Senor Kelley."

"Come into the summer garden," said Mrs. O'Brien. "I want to have a talk with you."

Let us suppose that an hour has elapsed.

"And you say," said the General, "that for the sum of \$18,000 can be purchased the furnishment of the house and the lease of one year with this gar-

den so lovely—so resembling unto the patios of my *care* Colombia?"

"And dirt cheap at that," sighed the lady.

Ah, Dios!" breathed General Falcon. "What to me is war and politics? This spot is one paradise. My country it have other brave heroes to continue the fighting. What to me should be glory and the shooting of mans? Ah! no. It is here I have found one angel. Let us buy the Hotel Espanol and you shall be mine, and the money shall not be waste on guns."

Mrs. O'Brien rested her blond pompadour against the shoulder of the Colombian patriot.

"Oh, senor," she sighed, happily, "ain't you terrible!"

Two days later was the time appointed for the delivery of the arms to the General. The boxes of supposed rifles were stacked in the rented warehouse, and the Secretary of War sat upon them, waiting for his friend Kelley to fetch the victim.

Mr. Kelley hurried, at the hour, to the Hotel Espanol. He found the Gen-

eral behind the desk adding up accounts.

"I have decide," said the General, "to buy not guns. I have to-day buy the insides of this hotel, and there shall be marrying of the General Perrico Ximenes Villablanca Falcon with la Madame O'Brien."

Mr. Kelley almost strangled.

"Say, you old bald headed bottle of shoe polish," he spluttered, "you're a swindler—that's what you are! You've bought a boarding house with money belonging to your infernal country, wherever it is."

"Ah," said the General, footing up a column, "that is what you call politics. War and revolution they are not nice. Yes. It is not best that one shall always follow Minerva. No. It is of quite desirable to keep hotels and be with that Juno—that ox-eyed Juno. Ah! what hair of the gold it is that she have!"

Mr. Kelley choked again.

"Ah, Senor Kelley!" said the General, feelingly and finally, "is it that you have never eaten of the corned beef hash that Madame O'Brien she make?"

Hush

O, my beloved, very gently tread,
Tread softly for the sleeping garden's sake,
Lest any rose should wake,
Uplifting from her leaves a dewy head.
I would not that the smallest rose should hear
The words that are for my beloved's ear.

O, my beloved, from those happy skies
The moon and all her stars keep watch indeed;
Yet wherefore should we heed
The quiet laughter in their twinkling eyes.
Even the nearest star could scarcely hear
The words that are for my beloved's ear.

—HELEN LANYON in *Pearson's Magazine*.



Elaborate gates at entrance to a Community Court.

The Community Court Idea

GROUPS OF BUNGALOWS ERECTED IN OPEN COURTS PRESENT ATTRACTIVE FEATURES AND POSSESS NUMEROUS ADVANTAGES

By Charles Alma Byres

The "community court" idea is somewhat new in Canada. But it possesses many features which are attractive and could no doubt be introduced in this country to advantage. A general conception of the plan will be gained from the accompanying article and illustrations, bearing on the success with which it has been adopted in California. Conditions, of course, are different in Canada, but in the main essentials the scheme might be followed with beneficial results.

DURING the last two or three years there has been developed in certain localities in the United States a new idea in the building of apartments that, as a marked departure from the old-style apartment house, seems to be, for several reasons, particularly commendable. Of course, owing to the seeming necessary congestion of the "close-in" sections of our cities of to-day, the old-style apartment house, for long so popular with city dwellers, will probably never be crowded from the field entirely, or even ever become conspicuously rare, but for the suburban and other

residential districts of cities the idea herein referred to will no doubt ultimately be very commonly employed. In some localities, especially in Southern California, it has already been quite largely made use of, and the builders employing it have found the new-style apartments extremely popular. The idea is particularly adaptable to resort cities, and it is probable that it will be in such places that it will become most in vogue.

Apartments built from the employment of the idea are virtually little individual bungalow homes, grouped



A four-room Community Court Bungalow.



A close view of one of the pretty bungalows.

around a sort of common court, to which collective arrangement has been given the name of "community court." The plan of constructing such courts consists of taking two or more city lots, each something like 50 by 150 feet in size and erecting on the plot thus created a number of small, one-storey bungalows. The most common plan is to use a strip only two lots in width, but

itself, and entirely independent of the others, except in its claim upon the court space, the rest rooms and other such features, which naturally belong to the "community." Each bungalow contains either three or four rooms, the three-room size being the more popular. In the three-room house there are kitchen, bed room and living room, the latter also serving as the dining room,



A Community Court decorative feature, with fountain.

with considerable depth. This will allow the building of a row of houses along each side with a court running through the centre, toward which all of the houses are arranged to face. A plot of ground 100 by 150 feet in size will allow sufficient space for the erection of about nine bungalows.

COMPACT BUT COMPLETE.

The bungalows should be up-to-date and modernly equipped. Each is intended to be a complete home within

while in the four-room house the living room and dining room are separate. It is preferable that no two bungalows of a court be exactly alike in design. A variation in roof lines and structural materials not only helps to make the court attractive, but also gives to the prospective tenant an opportunity to exercise a preference of style.

SOME FURNISHING FEATURES.

In the most cases the bungalows of such a court are for rent completely fur-

nished, although it may be sometimes advisable to leave a few unfurnished. It is at least essential that the interior finish be always given artistic attention, so that it may compare favorably with the apartments of the ordinary apartment house. The living room should contain a fireplace of attractive, simple design and probably built-in window seats and book cases. A disappearing bed, so constructed that it may be used either inside or on a small out-door sleeping porch, also forms an admirable feature possibility for the living room. This arrangement is effected by concealing the bed, when not in use, with box-like seats in the living room and on the porch. If the bungalow is furnished, the furniture should be tasty and of a style and finish to match the woodwork of the room.

COURT IS ATTRACTIVE.

The court space is kept in order by the owner's attendant. There should be cement walks, street lights, well-kept lawns, artistic arrangements of flowers and shrubbery, and, if possible, a few grand old trees, to give the court an attractive and homelike appearance. Out-door lounging retreats, and perhaps a rustic summer house, also are desirable, and will insure greater demand for the houses. Aside from supplying the gardener, the court owner also furnishes free water and free electric lights. Gas for cooking purposes, however, is charg-

ed for extra, each family possessing an individual meter.

A CALIFORNIA COURT.

The court illustrated by the accompanying photographs is located at Pasadena, California, and is an excellent illustration of the idea. It is considerably larger than the ones usually found, however, a total of thirty-two bungalows comprising the apartments. It also contains a rustic two-story summer house and a small club house, both of which are for the use of all tenants. The furnished bungalows rent for from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a month and the unfurnished ones for from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars. The houses are always in demand at these prices, and the money invested in the court yields a steady and highly satisfactory interest. The tenants enjoy all of the conveniences of the modern old-style apartment house, besides more privacy and purer out-door air.

COST OF OUTLAY.

The cost of constructing each bungalow of a court of this kind varies from \$900 to \$1,100, which means that the structural work of a court with nine bungalows should not exceed a total of \$9,000. The other items comprising the investment will naturally depend upon the cost of the lots, the amount of landscape work to be done, and the quality of furniture selected.

Because It Is Right

Form the habit of doing things because it is right, not because others do them, not because it is a good policy or the best thing for you, but simply because it is right. If it is right, you need ask no other question.—DR. O. S. MARDEN.

Wooing Dorothea

By Jessie A. McGriff

I WAS drowsing in one of those canvas chairs with canopied top which dot the beach at Atlantic City, and letting the sun bake the rheumatism out of my legs, when I heard the approach of murmuring voices, followed by two soft thuds on the sand near-by. Upon raising the flap of my chair, I perceived that the murmurs and thuds were occasioned by Anthony and Dorothea, who, judging from their wet bathing suits, had just emerged from the sea. They were plainly too intent on their own business to mark my proximity.

Anthony is my impetuous young nephew, who, along with quite aggressive good looks, possesses many other pleasant qualities. Dorothea is—well—simply Dorothea. Just at the moment, as she pulled off her cap and shook the salt spray from her hair, which instantly sprung into tight little spirals about her neck and ears, she presented the sweet, wholesome, rubicund look of a freshly tubbed youngster.

"It'll not dry before dinner—my hair," she exclaimed ruefully, "and Auntie will ask me where I've been, and I'll have to tell her, and she'll be shocked." Dorothea always uses her "ands" as pins with which to fasten her conversation together.

Anthony gave the mound of sand he was heaping about his legs a final pat and turned to look at her.

"Why shocked?" he asked.

"She doesn't approve of my going in bathing with boys."

Anthony looked annoyed. "I was twenty-two last September," he asserted.

"With young men, then," she corrected.

"Are you certain there are no exceptions?" he queried.

"Oh, of course, your Uncle Jack!"

"Well, he's only thirty-six, and that isn't antique in our day. His hair has only been white like that since he had that beastly spell of typhoid two years ago. Comparatively speaking, he might still be called a young man. And, anyway, I don't think it safe, his going in with a lady. He can't swim on account of his game leg, and it's rotten taste his expecting a girl like you, who swims like a perch, to paddle about the shore with him in water up to her ankles."

I softly dropped the side curtain of my chair and wearily closed my eyes. It was true, what the boy had said, and a twinge, not altogether rheumatic, shot through me. I had taken advantage of the child's sweet consideration, not only in this, but in other ways. Because of my whitened hair and shortened leg, and perhaps, of the fact that I was senior member of the firm of Cromarty & Cromarty, the women about the place, according to their age and interests, had attempted, with insufferable solicitude, to mother or sister me—until the advent of Dorothea. Dorothea, dear, dimpled, dewy-sweet, who sympathised but never pitied; who, when I had explained with a smile that I was prescribed to stumble through life on an odd pair of legs, had merely smiled back at me, a tender smile of utter comprehension that somehow curled about my heart and lifted it into the sunshine. She never observed my infirmity, not by the merest flutter of an eyelid, but no day passed that she did not brighten it with some little act of unobtrusive kindness.

A stinging suspicion that perhaps I was indebted to Anthony for her consid-

eration caused me to restrain the impulse to rise and make myself apparent. If I possessed no identity for her save as an avuncular shadow, reflected only by the sun of Anthony's presence, I would remain where I was and learn the truth, so I boldly raised again the flap of my chair.

Dorothea, arms braced behind her, eyes closed, was coaxing the rays of the sun to her dainty face. Anthony was surveying her with growing approval, which culminated in an expression of daring resolve. He edged a bit nearer, and she opened her eyes.

"Why are you staring at me?" she asked.

"I'm not."

"But you *were*."

"How do you know? You had your eyes shut."

"I could *feel* you." She turned away her face, but not before he had glimpsed the sweet color staining her cheek and ear. Few women, doubtless, had ever blushed so ingenuously for him before. He looked elated and impudently masterful, and, edging still nearer—the pestilent puppy!—thrust his arm behind her.

"Dorothea——" he began.

"Don't!" she exclaimed, in a shrinking flutter.

"Don't what?"

"Put your arm back there."

"Why? You don't want me to?"

"It isn't that. I suppose it doesn't really matter—but—others might see and think—think—you had your arm round me, although, of course, it wouldn't be, really."

A slow grin overspread his face. "I see. So you object because 'it wouldn't be really'?"

"I didn't mean that. You know I didn't. She ground her small heel furiously into the sand." "I think you're hateful, and I'll not speak to you again."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"No, not another word." She closed her lips stubbornly and gazed with feigned interest out to sea.

"Dorothea! Do you know what?"

She began to hum a little tune and raised a curved palm to shield her eyes from the brilliant water.

"Of course, if you don't want to hear it——" challenged the boy, with an air of mystery.

The little tune continued to be hummed.

"It was awfully rich," he insinuated. "That is, not exactly rich, either. It came nearer being thrilling, or rather it would have been thrilling if——" he paused.

"If——" he insisted.

A dimple flashed for an instant in the girl's cheek, and went out.

"If the thing had come off as I'd planned it," he finished; then waited anxiously.

She turned and surveyed him disdainfully from under her lashes.

"You're simply *dying* to tell me, aren't you, Anthony?"

"Oh, I guess I could manage to retain it a bit longer and survive. But if you really wish to know——"

"Go on."

"You won't get mad, will you?"

"Oh, *go on*."

"Well, then, just now, when you had your eyes shut—when you had your eyes shut—now, don't get mad—well, I was going to kiss you!"

"That would surely have been very silly of you," she reproved, but her voice was unsteady, which doubtless emboldened him.

"Would you have been vexed if I *had* kissed you? Would you have cared, Dorothea?"

"I—I—never let a boy kiss me in my life, Anthony." The words were spoken low, with a little catch at the end.

"Do you think it wrong?" he presently asked.

"I—yes, I suppose so."

The boyish banter in my nephew's eyes was replaced by very definite resolve.

"But it wouldn't be wrong if we were engaged!"

"No-o, I suppose not, *then*."

"Then, let's be engaged, Dorothea."

"You mean *really*—for keeps?"

"I'm not a trifle," he rebuked, with lofty reproach. He looked very earnest as he said it, and his eyes, as they searched her face, were tender and very blue and dear. He put his hand over hers where it lay half-buried in the sand. "Let's, dear," he persisted gently.

For a moment she gazed at him fascinated, then her face paled slowly, and, folding her arms across her knees, she bent her face upon them.

"Sweetheart!"

"Oh, Anthony, *dont!*" Don't ask me," she almost sobbed. "I haven't thought about such things. When you look at me as you did just now, I seem to care—but, oh, I'm not *sure!* You must wait, Anthony, *please!*"

"But sweetheart——"

"Oh, don't—don't! Wait! *Can't* you understand?"

Anthony looked grieved; then a trifle sulky.

"Of course, just as you wish," he agreed curtly, rising and brushing the sand from his knees. "Come and wash this grit out of your clothes. You look like a mud-pie."

She sprang to her feet. "All right! I'll race you!" and off they tore down to the sea.

I sat and stared after them with varied emotions. Anthony, it appeared, was in earnest. He was always in earnest—at the time. The last four years of his vehement young life were punctuated with periods of similar earnestness. Never by any chance did he apply a qualifying interrogation point to the state of his emotions. It would have been as incongruous to fasten a mild summer flirtation upon him as to bewhisker the countenance of Dante Alighieri. Therein lay his fascination and menace to a girl like Dorothea. She could raise no defense against his artlessness, his profound self-unconsciousness. I knew this only too well, having been reduced, on more than one occasion, to abject helplessness by a translucent stare from his heavenly blue eyes. Of course I was fond of him; but I was

fonder of Dorothea. I longed to shield her, to steer her safely into some harbor less ominous of shadows and gusty amatory excursions than Anthony's.

As I watched him out there in the water, lifting her clear of the breakers with a vigorous sweep of his young arms, I wanted to shout warningly to her to beware of those arms to protect her from the brine of her own tears, should she entrust herself to them.

But, after all, it was Anthony's affair, not mine. Perhaps there were depths to his nature that only Dorothea's clear eyes could discern, and to her slender hands should be entrusted the mould for his maturer manhood. Youth and life and love—of what moment were they to me, distorted onlooker that I was, clinging desperately to a vague possibility that the doctors might finally succeed in boiling the ache out of my bones by means of a hellish hot-box contrivance in the basement of the hotel where I was staying. I drew out my watch and discovered that the inquisitional roasting hour was already at hand, and as I stumbled out of my chair I vowed that hereafter I would pay rigid attention to my bath and my diet and leave Anthony and Dorothea to build castles in the sand if they would.

I was sitting in a secluded corner of the sun parlor a week later when Dorothea approached, with a book under her arm and a bag of fancy work dangling at her side.

"I've come to plague for an hour," she said. "Do you mind?"

"Mind? Heavens, no! I have been famishing for a sight of you all week."

"It's been a case of voluntary starvation, then, for I've been quite accessible."

"I didn't see you at lunch."

"No; I stayed in my room. A headache."

"Headache? How conventional! You've taught me to expect better things of you. Miss Dorothea. By-the-bye, where's Anthony?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Shall I read to you?"

"Do, please. What have you there?"

I reached over for the book. "*Isn't It So?*" Humph!" I turned a few pages and handed it back to her with a quizzical smile. "Of course it isn't so. It's sickly rot. Cut it out!"

"It isn't rot," denied Dorothea, pressing the book against her breast. "It is so. Why, listen to this: 'A man will leave no stone unturned to get the woman he loves. After he has her and has to replace some of the stones, he wonders and curses at their weight.' Now, isn't that so?"

"Nonsense! Pure nonsense."

"And this—here—listen: 'When a woman loves, she has neither eyes nor ears—nor ears—nor—'" Her voice trailed off indistinguishably, then stopped. Her eyes had left the printed page and were following a chair on the opposite side of the street, that was being wheeled towards the board-walk. Two-thirds of the chair was taken up by a voluptuous creature in a scorching red dress, which seemed to envelope her like a flame; the remaining third was given over to Anthony.

"Well, I'll be—devilled! If it isn't Anthony and Cleopatra!" I gave vent to a low whistle of amazement and half rose to command a better view of the phenomenon.

"Is it Anthony?" drawled Dorothea, with marked unconcern. "Who is that—that—person he has with him?"

"Haven't you noticed her before? She sits near me in the dining-room—a Mrs. Radcliffe. She's taking hot hydro baths to reduce her weight. I meet her mornings in the basement corridor enveloped in a rain-coat, and from the boisterous color in her cheeks and the sweat of agony on her brow, I judge her to be a valiant soul determined to do or diet."

"Poor thing! She *is* fat." Dorothea's tone conveyed dulcet commiseration.

"Fat? Oh, I say! I think her rather stunning. So does Anthony, it appears."

"She's thirty-five if she's a day, and she tries to act girlish, and she blacks her eyebrows, and—and—— I don't

think it kind of you to taunt me with Anthony." Her pretty under-lip was caught quickly between restraining teeth.

"Why, my dear child! I beg your pardon. I didn't mean——"

"I know you didn't. I guess I'm a goose." She veiled her eyes and rapidly turned the leaves of her book. Presently a great tear splashed down upon the page.

"Why, little girl, is it as bad as that?" I laid my hand for a moment on her arm. "Tell me about it, won't you? Can't you?"

She wavered an instant, then: "There isn't much to tell except that Anthony—that I—that we—are nearly engaged. That is, Anthony wanted me to, and I said wait, and—and—he's waiting."

"Well, I'll be knocked into a cocked hat! Engaged! You two babies! How old are you, Dorothea?"

"I'm almost twenty," she defended stoutly.

"So much as that? Dear me! And Anthony's twenty-two and in the toils of a grass widow."

"Is she a grass widow? Oh, I'm so glad! I knew she was something horrid."

"What a vindictive little kitten you turn out to be! I should never have dreamed it. But tell me this—do you seriously wish to marry Anthony?"

She threw me a look half-startled, half-appealing. "I've got to marry some day, haven't I, or be an old maid? And I'd loathe being an old maid. I'd rather even be a widow, that is, a really truly widow, not a grass affair."

I leaned back in my chair and howled with mirth.

"I'm glad to afford you so much amusement." Dorothea arose, chin held high, face pink with mortification.

"Oh, don't go yet, please. I know I was a beast to laugh, but I couldn't help it, really. Sit down. I've something to say to you. I want to help you out. Won't you sit down?" I caught the ribbon of her fancy-work bag and tugged at it coaxingly.

"Well," she conceded, resuming her seat. "I don't see how you can help. Still—if you mean well——"

"I do. I assure you I do. Now see here, if you really want Anthony back——" I paused and gazed intently into her honest young face. How far dared I trust her intuitions? How far dared I interfere? "I mean this," I ventured finally. "Anthony is a mighty nice boy. I'm uncommonly fond of him—but—frankly, I don't think he'd make a girl like you happy. Of course he may grow; but—you see, he's immoderately handsome, and all the women know it, and they know also that he's junior member of the firm of Cromarty & Cromarty, a name synonymous with a house on Fifth Avenue and a place up the Hudson. It's odious taste my mentioning such things, but, my dear, you're very young, in spite of your age, and I'm very fond of you, and even though Anthony stands a fair show of growing up into a mighty fine chap, life for him just now is apt to be a bit heady, you understand. However, if you're sure you care for him and it's making you miserable, why, hang it all! you shall have him back!"

"I don't want that fat, florid, flashy widow to have him," admitted Dorothea plaintively.

"I see. Well, give me a week, and at the end of it I'll wager to bring him to your feet whining to be noticed, but in the meantime you'll have to obey orders and be surprised at nothing you may see or hear. Are you game?"

"Of course I'm game. What must I do first?"

"First, you must be nice to me—uncommonly nice, I mean, as if you really enjoyed it."

"That's very easy. What next?"

"That's about all, at first. Later on—but never mind. For the present, let's hail a chair and join the board-walk procession."

During the delightful week Dorothea, true to her word, was extravagantly nice to me. She assumed a sweet monitorship over my comings and goings, demanded that my diet be rigidly ad-

hered to, kept a wary eye on her watch lest I neglect my daily grilling in the basement; read to me, took trolley rides with me, taught her swift, springy steps to keep pace with my halting ones, tossing Anthony, the while, a nod or preoccupied smile of tolerant friendliness which caused him at times to stare at me with an air of incredulous and lofty reproach.

Upon the afternoon of our finishing the last chapter of a new novel, Anthony deliberately rose from beside Mrs. Radcliffe and sauntered over to our corner of the piazza, where he stood uneasily at Dorothea's elbow. She kept on reading with exquisite unconcern.

"I say——" Anthony began.

She looked up, her finger marking the place. "Oh, it's you, Anthony! Have you read this? The hero's such a duck! He reminds me greatly of your Uncle Jack."

"Dorothea, will you come with me for a swim later this afternoon?"

"Thanks, I'd love to—but—— Wait! I'll ask Aunty." She tripped over to where her aunt sat writing letters and returned with a wicked little gleam in her eyes.

"Aunty says I may—if Mrs. Radcliffe will chaperon us."

"Mrs. Radcliffe doesn't care for sunbathing," informed Anthony stiffly.

Dorothea turned and took deliberate stock of the lady in question: the perfectly magnificent coiffure, the peculiar dead white of her skin, the intense black curve of her brows. "I see," she said, lifting her eyes guilelessly to his. "She's afraid of the water, isn't she?" Then, turning her back upon him, she bent over my chair. "I'm going down-town for some embroidery silk—do you mind? When I come back we'll finish that last chapter;" and off she tripped, leaving Anthony staring stupidly after her.

"I'll tell you what's what, Uncle Jack!" He turned suddenly upon me, his eyes very earnestly blue, his ears very startlingly pink. "I don't think you're being quite fair to Dorothea."

"How so, son?"

"Well, she's not getting enough exercise, for one thing, nor enough fun, for another. She came down here to freshen up after an awful stuffing last term at Vassar. The girl needs relaxation and recreation. Her aunt told me so. And here you are letting her tie herself to your coat-tails just because she's too tender-hearted to let on it's boring her. Of course I know it's none of my blooming business, and I hate like thunder to throw a wet blanket over your fun. Upon my word, I wouldn't think of it if I didn't see how much better you are and able to take care of yourself. But there's Dorothea. I can't help noticing that she looks a bit peaked and unlike herself lately, and I keep wondering, that's all. You're not crusty at my mentioning it, are you, old man?"

"My dear Tony, why should I be? What you say is undoubtedly true. I've been infernally selfish, and shall take your tip and mend my ways."

I managed to smile pleasantly up at him as I said it, but Lord, how the fellow had stung! My palms itched to box his ears.

For a moment he stood staring wistfully at Mrs. Radcliffe's profile, then he squared his shoulders, tossed the hair from his forehead, and put on his hat.

"Well, so long!" he said, and made off in the direction taken by Dorothea.

Plainly he was determined to do his duty by the young girl, at whatever cost. It was, therefore, incumbent that I should follow his lead. I had shilly-shallied long enough.

Just then Mrs. Radcliffe turned her head and fixed her sleepy cow-eyes upon me. I immediately made personal application of the look and returned it for all it was worth. Patting the seat of Dorothea's chair invitingly, I called out softly:

"Kind lady, won't you take pity on a poor old man?"

She replied with a slow, intense smile, and when Anthony and Dorothea returned, half an hour later, she was finishing aloud the last chapter of the new novel.

"And so the treatment is really curing you? Oh, I'm *so* glad, Mr. Cromarty!" Mrs. Radcliffe heaved a sigh of marked relief and rested her hand on my sleeve. We were seated in a dim corner of the veranda surrounding the "Solarium" on the roof of the hotel. The place was deserted save for two quiet figures on my left, half-screened by an intervening palm. The rays from a young moon caught the jewels on the white fingers resting on my sleeve and seemed to flash a signal into the surrounding shadows.

"Do you know," she went on, in her deep, resonant contralto, "that my heart went out to you in silent sympathy from the very first? One day—but you'll think it *too* absurd. I'd best not mention it. You won't believe me."

I shook my head at her in playful remonstrance. "*Please!* I'm mad with curiosity. Don't be cruel. Tell me."

"Well, you know, I've always been frightfully interested in thought transference, mental healing, and all that, but I never dreamed of experimenting with it until one day as I passed your chair you seemed *so* depressed and tormented that I started right in *willing* your recovery. I just felt *compelled*, some way, and oh, you can't know the happiness it has given me to think that perhaps *I* have helped just the tiniest bit to restore your health, Mr. Cromarty."

"Dear lady! How kind you are! I must tell Anthony. It will please him greatly, I'm sure, to know I've won such charming immunity from my ills."

"Anthony? Oh, no!"—her voice flattened curiously. "I don't think he'd appreciate anything of that sort. He's dear and sweet, and I'm dreadfully fond of him, but—do you know, Mr. Cromarty, I often long to shake him for his inconsideration of you? I can't help seeing it and resenting it. Although, of course," she added hurriedly, "it's none of my business."

"Dear lady!" I ventured to repeat, with non-committal fervor.

With a slow, caressing movement, she smoothed out a fold in her dress,

and dropped her voice to the complacent purr of a well-fed tabby, "We always feel a certain—certain—*tenderness*, Mr. Cromarty, for those who, like yourself, suffer greatly and uncomplainingly, and this—this *indifference* of Anthony's—but"—she broke off with a sigh of seemingly infinite regret—"I suppose boys will be boys."

I was on the verge of some safe and suitable rejoinder when the two silent figures behind the palm rose, with one accord, and moved hurriedly away.

Mrs. Radcliffe turned in her chair and looked long and anxiously after them.

"Do you suppose they *heard*?" she inquired, in a voice of unmistakable perturbation.

"Doubtless. But what if they did?" I reassured her cheerfully.

She did not reply, and appeared so distraught that, under cover of her preoccupation, I made my escape with vehement apologies for having bored her.

It was Anthony who, a couple of days later, informed me with a self-conscious air that Dorothea and her aunt were leaving Atlantic City in the morning. I felt surprised, even a little sore, at the news. Dorothea had said nothing to me about leaving. Moreover, she had lately avoided me with a persistency that bordered on rudeness. This was surely unnecessary. If she had finally decided that Anthony, of all men, promised her hope of future happiness, could she doubt that my hand and heart were quite ready for her, full of the loyalty and devotion of an elder brother? Why, then, this strange distrust of me?

As I pondered the matter, rolling along the board-walk in my chair, I spied her coming out of a Japanese junk-shop, her arms laden with useless bric-a-brac. Immediately upon recognizing my approach she turned quickly and a treacherous package wiggled from under her restraining elbow. In her spasmodic effort to rescue it, all her treasures came tumbling and sliding to the ground.

"Here!" I commanded, drawing up beside her. "Dump all that trash in my go-cart and let me get you away from here before you are mobbed."

With a little gasp of relief, mixed with chagrin, she obeyed. When she had settled herself beside me I cast an amused glance at the ruins at our feet.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"I'm sure I don't know. It's a weakness I can't overcome. I never mean to buy when I go in, and I always come out staggering."

I laughed indulgently. "I can foretell you will never reach years of discretion, Miss Dorothea. I'll have to play guardian over both you and Anthony in the days to come."

She gave me a startled glance and turned to arrange the cushions at her back. "Anthony—Anthony—" she stammered.

"There, there. I didn't mean to tease. You have something to say to me. Just a moment and I'll tell the man to draw up here by the railing and leave us to ourselves for half an hour. 'Now,' I encouraged, when he was out of earshot, 'tell me.'"

"Anthony—" she began again, and stopped.

I reached over for the little hand lying in her lap. It was trembling and quite cold.

"Dear girl, you needn't go into details if they embarrass you. I understand."

"Oh, but you *don't*!" she hurriedly exclaimed. "You see, there isn't any Anthony now."

"You mean that he didn't—?"

"Oh, but he *did*. I wouldn't. You see"—she withdrew her hand and faced me doggedly—"as soon as I began to be nice to you, Anthony resented it and began to notice me again. But I don't think he really wanted me—at least, he wouldn't come out and say so—until one night we were sitting on the porch of the Solarium. He had been trying to make me admit that I cared for him, and when I wouldn't he said something so silly and absurd that I became furious and refused to speak to him. Just

then you and Mrs. Radcliffe came up and sat near us, and we couldn't help hearing what you said. Afterwards, Anthony insisted that he'd only pretended to like Mrs. Radcliffe to test my confidence in him. He said she was a vain, silly woman, who was making a fool of you, and wouldn't I please let him announce our engagement right away and——" She paused for breath.

"You wouldn't?" I searched her face anxiously.

"I shouldn't have, anyway, because—well, because I seem somehow to have grown up lately. But even if I had cared, I'd have refused when I saw how fearfully sore he was because you dared to make love to Mrs. Radcliffe."

"I? Make love to that woman? Great suffering Socrates! When did that strike him?"

"It struck us both, I suppose, the night you were squeezing her hand and calling her your 'dear lady.'"

I gazed at her in silent wonder, then burst into a shout of delight at her dear simplicity. "Why, you blessed little silly," I chuckled, wiping my eyes, "do you suppose a man would deliberately select witnesses for that sort of thing? Do you?"

She bent towards me in sudden eagerness. "Do you mean to say——?"

"I mean that I purposely wheedled her along for Anthony's special benefit, knowing that he'd turn to you to bind up his wounded dignity, and daring to hope that you would refuse. It was neither a graceful nor chivalrous thing to do, perhaps, but"—my voice grew confoundedly husky—"as I've said before, I'm uncommonly fond of you, and jealous that life should yield you her greatest gift. Some day, somewhere, you will meet a wholesome, splendid chap eager to offer you infinitely more than Anthony ever will or can. Wait for him, dear girl."

Dorothea turned upon me soft, sweet eyes, brimful of tears. "You are the kindest man in the world," she said.

"Nonsense!" I gulped gruffly.

"I——" she began, then caught her breath hastily, and for an eternity, it seemed to me, we both stared stupidly out to sea.

"Tell me," I remarked finally, with a commendable effort at cheerful curiosity, "what absurdity Anthony tormented you with the other night? The thing that made you so furious with him?"

The color flew into her face, and I felt her arm tremble against mine as she faltered:

"He accused me of caring for you."

I smiled grimly, a trifle bitterly. "I don't wonder you felt insulted," I said shortly and closed my eyes to hide the stinging pain that shot into them.

"Oh!" There was a stifled sob, then I felt her fingers closing gently about my hand, lifting it, laying it against her soft, wet cheek. It was a lovely little silent act, her dear, pretty way of removing the sting, but because of its very sweetness, how intolerable!

"Don't!" I jerked out harshly. "You don't need to. It hurts."

She quickly dropped my hand, and then—I caught sight of her face, all sweetly shamed and tremulous—and *her eyes!* She was a child no longer. A divine madness swept through me, claiming her as mine!

"Dorothea!" I protested unsteadily. "I never dreamed—— I've tried to be decent, God knows, but I've grown so selfish, so hungry for you, dear—I—but it's all wrong, preposterous! Look at my white hair!"

"Yes. It is beautiful."

"And I'm close on forty, child."

"So much as that?" I felt rather than saw the dimple that trembled in her cheek.

"And—there's my game leg, dear."

"Yes," she agreed, "there's your game leg. All that and," she added, oh, so gently, "there's *you!*"

Canada a Land of Opportunities

WITH PROPER INVESTIGATION INVESTORS MAY MAKE SAFE
AND PROFITABLE USE OF CAPITAL IN MANY LINES IN
THIS COUNTRY DURING PERIOD OF EXPANSION

By Frank J. Drake

What does Canada offer to investors? In any country which is in progress of development the question of investments is always a vital one. Capital is essential to the opening up of territory and the unearthing of resources. In Canada there are many opportunities for the profitable use of money; indeed, the rapid and steady expansion of the country has made the appreciation in value of investments practically certain if care and judgment are exercised in making a choice. Some of the attractive channels are outlined in this article.

CANADA offers to the investor more opportunities than perhaps any other country in the world. As a rapidly expanding and fast growing nation it is still reliant upon outside capital for the uninterrupted continuation of her growth, but need have little fear that the interest of capital will wane in the face of such opportunities as the Dominion offers.

There is activity in many lines throughout the country. Railroad construction is being carried on apace. Provision is being made for the handling of the fast increasing traffic that moves from East to West and from the West to the seaports across the country. This construction work involves the expenditure of large sums, and from time to time gives to the investor an opportunity to purchase securities of Canadian railroads. In Canada railroads should be operated with a good margin of profit; there is no lack of paying business.

The extension of present systems and the construction of the two new trans-continents, however, are to-day not a cause of the quick growth of Western

Canada, but the result of such growth. Population in the prairie provinces is fast increasing, and this increase is directly reflected in the industrial communities in the East. A big market is offered to Eastern manufacturers, who derive benefit from successful crops just as surely as the farmers who produce the grain. In fact, the crops are the pivot of Canada's prosperity. While the land continues to produce wealth each year the country will be prosperous. With a crop failure there will be cause for a tightening of the nation's purse-strings, while two failures in succession would create a serious condition. Canada's soil is fertile, however; there is no reason to look for such calamities as crop failures. This year the harvest will probably be late, but the growing crops are in good shape, and there is every indication that the harvest this fall will be abundant.

This general situation has a bearing on the opportunities for the investor. The West offers chances of wealth in its vast expanses of growing grain. Farm lands are still to be had at reasonable prices in many parts of the coun-

try, and to the man with a small amount of money to invest, and who has the desire to take a part in the building up of the great Western country, there are many opportunities to share most generously in the prosperity of the Western farmer.

The towns, too, offer many an opportunity for the profitable investment of funds. There are many examples of success from a small venture in the newer West as the growth of the country carries along with it all those who have faith sufficient to become associated with it. We are not referring here to real estate speculation, but to the opportunities for a man, who with a little capital wishes to settle in the West and grow up with the country.

To the investor who devotes only his money and not himself Canada holds out many attractive chances for profit. Real estate has been the source of a great deal of wealth in the past few years. There is now, however, a doubt in many minds if the real estate "boom" has not gone far enough. This refers to speculation, of course, and not to proper investment. As an investment improved land in Canada is attractive.

In many Western towns there is a dearth of buildings, and it would seem that there is a great field in this country for the successful operation of companies with funds available for the erection of dwellings for sale and rent. If properly conducted by public spirited men, such undertakings would be profitable and at the same time a great help in the proper development of the country. A civic housing scheme is planned for Toronto, and similar plans will doubtless be put into effect elsewhere.

Canadian issues have for a long time been favorably received in London, but of late there has been evidently a slight feeling against them. As regards municipalities it is because capital everywhere is demanding (and receiving) larger returns. As regards industrials, there is some distrust of new issues, a distrust that is the outgrowth of the efforts of a few unprincipled promoters to

unload on the British public worthless or watered stock in companies whose prospects were not as painted or which were heavily over-capitalized.

Despite this, however, there are many securities offered for sale, and quoted on Canadian Exchanges, that offer to investors splendid chances for safe disposal of funds in securities with every chance of appreciating in value. Canadian industrials and public utilities (there are some few exceptions, of course) offer more to the average investor than any other class of securities anywhere. The rapid expansion of the country almost makes certain the success of any well managed industrial corporation. Many stocks are now selling at prices which yield a handsome return on a purchase, and which if held for a few years are sure to command much higher prices than at present. The earnings of leading Canadian industrial companies for the past year show substantial gains as compared with the previous year, which is the more significant when it is remembered that 1910 was, on the whole, a most satisfactory year for Canadian industrials. The prospects are that 1912 business will show gains as large or even larger when compared with 1911. In fact, there is no reason to doubt that these increases will continue for several years as the increase in population and in national wealth makes a constantly widening market for manufactured goods. Special circumstances may influence some industries, of course, as the keen competition from the United States hurt the Canadian steel companies last year, but as a whole, industrials are sure of a prosperous future.

Public utility companies, too, offer unusual advantages. If Canadian controlled companies are included, the successes of the Mexican and South American ventures of Canadians are at the present time a subject of discussion. In Canada itself, however, there are many fine opportunities for the successful operation of street railway, lighting and power companies. Some companies have already become rich while

their securities reflect this condition in high prices. Other and newer companies have this aim still before them, and many of these are attractive purchases. Public ownership, however, is quite popular in many parts of the country, and for that reason the public utility field is being somewhat curtailed.

Mining is in a way an unpopular word to many Canadians. Not because there was no paying ore in the mines put on the market a few years ago, but because the promoters for a time found it easier to extract gold from the public than ore from the mines. As a result, mining stocks are still in disfavor among many.

To the investor Canada is a land of opportunities. With proper investigation and care in the selection of investments, there is no reason why every dollar invested should not only be safe, but yield a good return. As regards speculators, however, gambling in Canada is not much different from gambling elsewhere. In some lines the growth of the country puts odds in

favor of the speculator. In real estate speculation this has been true, but a turning or halting point may be near. As regards the security markets there is little chance for the average speculator to keep ahead of the game. In the market the odds are against the plunger. Even here, however, many have ridden along on the crest of the wave of prosperity, if not securely at least successfully.

To sum up, it may be said that Canada as a prosperous, well-governed and rapidly growing nation offers much to the investor. Perhaps the most profitable field of all is on industrials. Of course, there are municipal bonds and other forms of security highly suitable to investment for safety, but for the successful employment of funds Canadian industrials offer many splendid opportunities. Business is growing, and the prospects are that it will continue to expand. Earnings will show a proportionate gain. For years to come capital can be usefully and profitably employed in standard industries in Canada.

Effort That Counts

Did you ever realize how very little of your time is actually put into effort that counts? Just deduct the wasted hours, the lost time that drifts away, that is not effectively employed because your moods are not favorable, because you do not feel like doing what you ought to, deduct the poor work you do because you are not in the mental or physical condition to do your work, which comes from loss of sleep because you over-ate, and see how little time you have left for doing the things that count, the things that are worth while, your life-work. I know a man who apparently tries hard to do effective work, and yet I doubt if he puts in one single hour a day into that which tells, his great life-work. The time that is lost from interruptions often caused by people dropping into his office during business hours for social visits, the time wasted through telephone calls from people who have no right to his time—the losses from time-thieves are so great that the man has almost no opportunity to do his work.—DR. O. S. MARDEN.

Before Dollars Came

HOW DIRECTORS OF BANK OF UPPER CANADA FRUSTRATED PLOT
TO WRECK INSTITUTION WHEN REBELS MADE
RUN ON IT IN 1837

By Lyman B. Jackes

An interesting chapter is contributed to the history of Canadian banking in this brief story of an attempt to wreck the Bank of Upper Canada at Toronto during the stormy days marking the rebellion of 1837. A daring stratagem was resorted to in meeting a run on the bank which was made by rebels, and the institution was saved. But the attempt was fraught with danger, and the situation was not without peril. The early struggle of the promoters for a charter, the manner in which they met this crisis, and the ultimate closing of the institution are covered in this sketch.

THE evening of June 18th, 1822 was exceedingly warm, so warm indeed that the group of men sitting around the goodly and generous table of D'Arcy Boulton at his hospitable Toronto home were fain to rest well back in the comfortable chairs and use their soft silk kerchiefs freely upon the face. By nine of the old clock in the corner, business was concluded and all the gentlemen excepting Mr. William Allen and Thomas Ridout arose from their seats and sought relief from the oppressing humidity on the broad veranda of the Grange. Mr. William Allen had just been elected to the office of president of the newly formed Bank of Upper Canada and remained at the head of the table in order that he might instruct Mr. Ridout, the cashier-elect, upon certain transactions

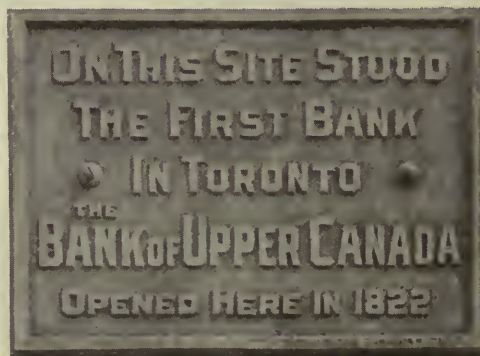
about to be entered and also to secure his opinion of the dimensions and safety devices of the strong room to be in the basement of the bank building, then almost completed and ready for occupancy.

Upon the veranda, Mr. Samuel Ridout was reviewing the history and struggle of the bank charter for the benefit of two directors, almost strangers to Canada.

"Mr. Cameron," he remarked, "this is a great achievement for us. Here we

are after many years and numerous attempts, with the Royal Charter of the Bank of Upper Canada in there on that table. It's been a long time coming, sir, but here it is at last."

To satisfy himself that he was not in a dream he withdrew his pipe from his mouth



Old plate which marks site of the first bank in Toronto, opened in 1822.



Building of the first chartered Bank in Canada west of the Ottawa River.

and looked at the precious document through the open window. Sure enough there it was under the heavy paper weight, right before the president and the cashier. After once more satisfying himself that it was true he again turned to his companions and proceeded to recapitulate the bank history.

"Let me see," he at length remarked, "This is the eighteenth of June, eighteen twenty-two: Well, this thing was started about fourteen years ago, away back in eighteen hundred and eight, just about four years previous to the war. It was then that the question of establishing a bank was first seriously considered.

"The governor at that time was Sir James Craig, and when the formal application was presented to the Legislature he persuaded them to vote against

the project, and the charter was refused on the grounds that the people were too ignorant to understand the different notes and guard against counterfeits."

"And the speaker, when he had repeated the last remark, laughed so heartily that the attention of the other gentlemen was attracted to the three, and when Mr. Ridout was prepared to proceed he had an audience of fourteen persons who had been waiting some minutes for him to regain his composure and wipe the tears from his eyes.

"Yes sir," he began again, "a people with sufficient intelligence and backbone to prevent the United States from merging us into their union by a force of arms, too ignorant to understand the different denominations and guard against counterfeits."

And when he had finished they all

saw the humor of the thing and joined the speaker in another hearty laugh.

"Well, then the war came," continued the speaker, "and we had a Governor then."

Many of the gentlemen saluted in honor of General Isaac Brock when Mr. Ridout made this reference to the illustrious commander.

"And he understood the people and the people loved him. There was no arrogance about Sir Isaac Brock. I tell you gentlemen, never did a finer man come into this country. Well, when the war finally came the Governor issued the first lot of Army Bills and I wish old Sir James Craig could have witnessed the loyalty and understanding of Canadians when we exchanged our Mexican and United States currency for the Governor's Army Bills. And I'll tell you further, gentlemen, it was only through those same bills that His Majesty, King George the Fourth, was made to see that the people of Canada, both Upper and Lower, were given possession of banks named after their respective provinces."

Following this short discourse of Mr. Ridout's an informal and general discussion was indulged in and the group gossiped about the glorious future that must surely attend the opening of the bank on Thursday morning of the next week.

In due time the bank was opened and the old premises stand in Toronto to this day with a big clumsy bronze sign on the door to prevent the fact becoming obliterate. The old vault is still in the basement with a rusty old door still displaying the two gigantic key holes that once were relied upon to defend the treasure from theft and despoilation. Customers came and customers went, and the stately building at the corner of King and Frederick Streets in the town of York was looked upon with importance almost equal to



An early Canadian penny.

that of the Government buildings.

In 1834 the town of York assumed the name of Toronto and the old bank was still doing business on the corner; the next year brought great prosperity to the institution, and the year 1836 closed with a fine balance on hand.

But all was not destined to be continuous and uninter-

rupted progress for the new concern. While the year 1837 opened under favorable auspices, dark clouds gathered as it waned, and the latter part of it witnessed the most daring financial stratagem ever resorted to in the history of Canadian banking, if not in the history of banking anywhere.

The mail from Montreal, brought by the stage coach, of December 1st, 1837 was of momentous importance to the Bank of Upper Canada. There was very little of it, for banking and other business was partially crippled owing to the daring and open attitude of political agitators, but the first letter that Mr. Crompton, the bank manager, opened struck terror to his very being. The letter was written in a bold hand and read:—

Montreal, L.C., Nov. 24, 1837.

Mr. J. L. Crompton,

Manager, Bank Upper Canada,
Toronto, U.C.

Dear Sir:—

Banks in Quebec and Montreal have suspended specie payment owing to a run on the institutions following the recent harrangues of the insurrectionists. I am advised that the Bank of Upper Canada is to be the object of their next attack.

I trust that this warning will prove of effect in staying off a similar calamity for your establishment.

I have the honor to be,
Your humble servant,

Hansit Garabue.

Mr. Crompton moved towards the door after he had grasped the meaning of the



Another view of early penny.

contents and steadied his trembling frame. His object in seeking the outer office was to despatch the messenger for the directors and hold an emergency meeting to frame a program of defence for the funds of the Bank. As he reached the partition which separated the public office from his own he saw that Mr. Ridout was engaged in conversation with Mr. Aldster and Mr. Fleming, two of the directors. Stepping quickly to the group he wished the directors a good morning and requested Mr. Ridout to prepare a rough report on the amount of specie then in the strong room in the basement. Noting by the expression of the manager's face that something was amiss the two directors, at the bidding of Mr. Crompston, followed him into the private office and placed their wraps and hats on the great walnut rack at the end of the room.

"Gentlemen," said the manager slowly, "I am afraid the bank of Upper Canada is insolvent."

The effect of this statement on the directors was indescribable and they gazed at the bank manager in an abstract manner until he placed the letter before them for their perusal. When they had looked the missive over to their complete satisfaction they requested an explanation from Mr. Crompston who was holding his aching head between his trembling hands, his whole body bent over his desk.

A knock at the door and Mr. Ridout entered the room. He formed a strange

contrast to the other three with his tall, powerful body and military bearing as he placed the statement on the table before the manager. When he had left the room Mr. Crompston glanced at the statement and saw that the ready funds of the bank were made up thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Notes	-	4,356	18 0
Silver	-	-	129 4 0
Copper	-	-	14 9 8½

PLANNING TO MEET EMERGENCY.

Mr. Fleming stepped to the door and requested a junior clerk to summon the balance of the directors to appear in the manager's office at once. When he had started upon his errand, Mr. Ridout was made aware of the facts of the predicament. Several schemes were suggested and banished as impractical

and the four men walked the floor as if in search of an idea that would remove the peril from the bank. Hearing several footsteps in the larger office Mr. Ridout opened the door and admitted several other directors. While these gentlemen were listening to the letter the remainder of the board arrived and all took their accustomed places at the table. There was very little speech, and at length, as if to break the silence, the president made a motion that a movement be started beginning with Mr. Martts on the right.

Mr. Martts was in a deep state of despondency and could make no suggestion. The next gentlemen acted likewise and in due course it was Mr. Ridout's turn to speak. He arose quickly and clenching his hand, struck the table a heavy blow, remarking, when



Old vault in basement of the Bank of Upper Canada.

the look of astonishment had subsided from the faces of the others, "Gentlemen, if you will leave this matter to me I will see that the specie now in the vault downstairs is not exchanged for paper notes."

The man formed a remarkable contrast with the other members of the bank. Here was the soldier who had piloted the funds of the Canadian Government to safety through the war of 1812; here, the man who had successfully performed the duties of the office of Deputy Assistant-Commissionary-General during that stormy period; here, the man who had taken part in many engagements against the troops from the United States and on more than one occasion had been in the foremost ranks when the enemy had failed to gain their point against the Canadians.

His commanding manner as he stood before the down-hearted members of the Bank Board was sufficient to cause his word to be accepted by a majority of the members, and after the lapse of a moment or two the president put a motion that Mr. Ridout be appointed convener of a committee consisting of the manager and Mr. Janson and himself. This was quickly carried and the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Ridout, after giving instructions to a junior clerk re the cash window, left the building to seek his old friend John Gallson. The noon hour being at hand, the two were soon engaged in conversation and after a slight repast sought a few of their intimate acquaintances and by half-past one had the details of their scheme perfected.

That evening the insurrectionary leaders gathered their adherents in the large outhouse of John Doel's brewery, now at the corner of Bay and King Streets, Toronto, and made arrangements for a run on the Bank of Upper Canada.

THE RUN ON THE BANK.

Next morning, long before banking hours, a long line of men was to be

seen near the bank premises. They were, for the most part, followers of Mackenzie, but the friends of Mr. Ridout held the positions in the front portion of the line.

In due time the bank doors were opened and the first person to enter was old John Gallson. Stepping to Mr. Ridout's cage he laid two one pound notes on the counter and demanded payment in farthings. It took so long to count the money that one hour in time was gained for the bank. Then stepped another of the bank supporters and demanded payment of four one-pound notes in the smallest silver. This continued till nightfall and Mr. Ridout's friends still kept up the ruse. When the line had departed for the night, all the monies paid out during the day were placed in the vault. After another day carried out in a similar manner the rebels saw the impossibility of draining the bank of its funds, and not noticing that the men carrying out the monies were royalists, they gave up in despair and a few days later took to open revolt with Mackenzie at their head.

The old bank continued to do a thriving business at the same corner for a few years following this defeat of the insurrectionists and then, the quarters becoming cramped, the bank transferred its offices to larger premises, where it enjoyed prosperity for many seasons.

On the 29th of July, 1861, however, Mr. Ridout's desk was vacant and customers on making enquiries were told that he would no longer handle the funds of the institution. After the death of this fine old Canadian the bank's business began to fall off and about the year 1866 the doors were shut for the last time. The new cashier could not tide the establishment over a second stormy period. The bank failed and there disappeared the occupants of the two old buildings which still stand—all that is left of one of the first banking ventures of magnitude in Canada.

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE NINE: "THE MISTAKE OF CREATION"

By Jack London

"WHOA!" Smoke yelled at the dogs, throwing his weight back on the gee-pole to bring the sled to a halt.

"What's eatin' you now?" Shorty complained. "They ain't no water under that footing."

"No; but look at that trail cutting out to the right," Smoke answered. "I thought nobody was wintering in this section."

The dogs, on the moment they stopped, dropped in the snow and began biting out the particles of ice from between their toes. This ice had been water five minutes before. The animals had broken through a skin of ice, snow-powdered, which had hidden the spring water that oozed out of the bank and pooled on top the three-foot winter crust of the Nordbeska River.

"First I heard of anybody up the Nordbeska," Shorty said, staring at the all but obliterated track, covered by two feet of snow, that left the bed of the river at right angles and entered the mouth of a small stream flowing from the left. "Mebbe they're hunters and pulled their freight long ago."

Smoke, scooping the light snow away with mittened hands, paused to consider, scooped again, and again paused.

"No," he decided. "There's been travel both ways, but the last travel was up that creek. Whoever it is, they're there now. There's been no travel for weeks? Now what's been keeping them there all the time? That's what I want to know."

"And what I want to know is where we're goin' to camp to-night," Shorty said, staring disconsolately at the sky-

line in the southwest, where mid-afternoon twilight was darkening into night.

"Let's follow the track up the creek," was Smoke's suggestion. "There's plenty of dead timber. We can camp any time."

"Sure, we can camp any time—but we got to travel most of the time if we ain't goin' to starve, an' we got to travel in the right direction. They ain't no grub for side trips an' diversions. Them dogs is pretty well tuckered out, an' we've got to pare it almighty fine to reach the mouth of the Stewart, an' you know, sure as apples is apples, they ain't no grub this side of that."

"But what are they doing up that creek?" Smoke insisted. "How do you know but what they've the fattest kind of a find up there and are working it for all it's worth?"

"Don't know," was Shorty's positiveness. "Don't want to know. Ain't no time to know. All I know is we've sure got to hustle for Stewart before our grub's give out. An' I ain't honin' to eat dog or lose dog neither."

"We might pick up a moose."

"Ain't seen a moose in a coon's age."

"Might find a bunch in that creek."

"If you do I'll eat 'em at one settin'."

Smoke set his jaw. "Look here, Shorty. You know what honing is. Well, I'm just honing to go up that creek. There's something there. I know it. It's a hunch, as sure as apples an't artichokes."

"Don't unbelieve you for a moment, Smoke. You're the hunchiest huncher I ever seen. When you got a hunch you got it. No talk back about that."

But I got a hunch that'll run team-mate to you. You go up that creek an' you go to trouble sure as the sparks fly upward. That creek spells trouble, or they ain't nothin' in the alphabet of hunchin'. An' we ain't lookin' for trouble, now are we? Nix on goin' up that creek that's all I got to say."

"I'm a-honing," Smoke warned, then gazed solemnly at his partner. "Shorty, suppose you sold out your share in our holdings right now, not counting Surprise Lake that's got more of the yellow in it than all the rest put together—what would you sell for, lock, stock, barrel, and everything else, clear, clean, net, sacrifice auction sale?"

"A million," was the prompt answer. "An' it 'd sure be a fire sale at that."

"You could afford a trip to Paris, now, couldn't you?"

Shorty nodded, and surveyed his partner with speculative eyes.

"We're going to find something up that creek," Smoke went off at a tangent.

"Sure. Trouble."

"I don't know whether it's trouble or not. My hunch doesn't carry that far. But we're agreed we're going to find something."

"Now look here," Shorty broke in impatiently. "Just what is your drive? I ain't no language expert."

"Just this, Shorty; if you've money enough to afford a trip to Paris, haven't you enough to afford a diversion to your side-kicker of a trip up a creek?"

"But look at the grub!—look at them dogs!" Shorty cried. "Look at . . . oh, hell, all right. You will have your will."

"It won't make the trip a day longer," Smoke urged. "Possibly no more than a mile longer."

"Men has died for as little as a mile," Shorty retorted, shaking his hand with lugubrious resignation. "Come on for trouble. Get up, you poor sore-foots, you—get up! Haw! You Bright-Haw!"

The lead-dog obeyed, and the whole team strained weakly into the soft snow.

"Whoa!" Shorty yelled. "It's a pack trail."

Smoke pulled his snowshoes from under the sled-lashings, bound them to his moccasined feet, and went to the fore to press and pack the light surface for the passing of the dogs.

It was heavy work. Dogs and men had been for days on short rations, and few and limited were the reserves of energy they could call upon. Though they followed the creek bed, so pronounced was its fall that they toiled on a stiff and unrelenting up-grade. The high rocky walls quickly drew near together, so that their way led up the bottom of a narrow gorge. The long lingering twilight, blocked by the high mountains, was no more than a semidarkness.

"It's a trap," Shorty said. "The whole look of it is rotten. It's a hole in the ground. It's the stampin' ground of trouble."

Smoke made no reply, and for half an hour they toiled on in silence that was again broken by Shorty.

"She's a workin'," he grumbled. "She's sure a workin', an' I'll tell you if you're minded to hear an' listen."

"Go on," Smoke answered.

"Well, she tells me, plain an' simple, that we ain't never goin' to get out a this hole in the ground in days an' days. We're goin' to be stuck in here a long time an' then some."

"Does she say anything about grub?" Smoke queried unsympathetically. "For we haven't got grub for days and days and days and then some."

"Nope. Nary whisper about grub. I guess we'll manage to make out. But I tell you one thing, Smoke, straight an' flat. I'll eat any dog in the team exceptin' Bright. I got to draw the line on Bright. I just couldn't scoff him."

"Cheer up." Smoke girded. "My hunch is working overtime. She tells me there'll be no dogs eaten, and, whether it's moose or caribou or quail on toast, we'll all fatten up."

Shorty snorted his unutterable dis-



"Amos Wentworth went away alone, dragging a sleigh loaded with provisions."

gust, and silence obtained for another quarter of an hour.

"There's the beginning of your trouble," Smoke said, halting on his snowshoes and staring at an object that lay to one side of the old trail.

Shorty left the gee-pole and joined him, and together they gazed down on the body of a man beside the trail.

"Well fed," said Smoke.

"Look at them lips," said Shorty.

"Stiff as a poker," said Smoke, lifting one arm, that, without moving, moved the whole body.

"Pick 'm up an' drop 'm and he'd break to pieces," was Shorty's comment.

The man lay on his side, solidly frozen. From the fact that no snow powdered him, it was patent that he had lain there but for a short time.

"There was a general fall of snow three days back," said Shorty.

Smoke nodded, bending over the corpse, twisting it half up to face them, and pointing to a bullet wound in the temple. He glanced to the side and tilted his head at a Colt's revolver that lay on top of the snow.

A hundred yards' farther on they came upon a second body that lay face-downward in the trail.

"Two things are pretty clear," Smoke said. "They're fat. That means no famine. They've not struck it rich, else they wouldn't have committed suicide."

"If they did," Shorty objected.

"They certainly did. There are no tracks beside their own, and each is powder-burned. Smoke dragged the corpse to one side and with the toe of his moccasin nosed a revolver out of the snow into which it had been pressed by the body. "That's what did the work. I told you we'd find something."

"From the looks of it we ain't started yet. Now what'd two fat geezers want to kill themselves for?"

"When we find that out we'll have found the rest of your trouble," Smoke answered. "Come on. It's blowing dark."

Quite dark it was when Smoke's snowshoe tripped him over a body. He

fell across a sled, on which lay another body. And when he dug the snow out of his neck and struck a match, he and Shorty glimpsed a third body, wrapped in blankets, lying beside a partially dug grave. Also, ere the match flickered out, they caught sight of half a dozen additional graves.

"B-r-r-r," Shorty shivered. "Suicide Camp. And all fed up. I reckon they're all dead."

"No—peep at that." Smoke was looking farther along at a dim glimmer of light. "And there's another light—and a third one there. Come on. Let's hike."

No more corpses delayed them, and in several minutes, over a hard-packed trail, they were in the camp.

"It's a city," Shorty whispered. "There must be twenty cabins. An' not a dog. Ain't that funny?"

"And that explains it," Smoke whispered back excitedly. "It's the Laura Sibley outfit. Don't you remember? Came up the Yukon last fall on the Port Townsend Number Six. Went right by Dawson without stopping. The steamer must have landed them at the mouth of the creek."

"Sure. I remember. They was Mormons."

"No. Vegetarians." Smoke grinned in the darkness. "They won't eat meat and they won't work dogs."

"It's all the same. I knowed they was something funny about 'em. Had the all-wise steer to the yellow. That Laura Sibley was goin' to take 'em right to the spot where they'd all be millionaires."

"Yes; she was their seeress—had visions and that sort of stuff. I thought they went up the Nordensjöld."

"Huh! Listen to that!"

Shorty's hand in the darkness went out warningly to Smoke's chest, and together they listened to a groan, deep and long-drawn, that came from one of the cabins. Ere it could die away it was taken up by another cabin, and another—a vast suspiration of human misery. The effect was monstrous and nightmarish.

"B-r-r-r," Shorty shivered. "It's gettin' me goin'. Let's break in an find what's eatin' them."

Smoke knocked at a lighted cabin, and was followed in by Shorty in answer to the "Come in," of the voice they heard groaning. It was a simple log cabin, the walls moss-chinked, the earth floor covered with sawdust and shavings. The light was a kerosene lamp, and they could make out four bunks, three of which were occupied by men who ceased from groaning in order to stare.

"What's the matter?" Smoke demanded of one, whose blankets could not hide his broad shoulders and massively muscled body, but whose eyes were pain-racked and whose cheeks were hollow. "Smallpox? What is it?"

In reply, the man pointed at his mouth, spreading black and swollen lips in the effort; and Smoke recoiled at the sight.

"Scurvy," he muttered to Shorty and the man confirmed the diagnosis with a nod of the head.

He spluttered foully, but the fearful condition of his mouth precluded articulation.

"It's scurvy all right," spoke a man from another bunk. "Look at that." He threw aside his blankets, exposing legs hugely swollen at knees and ankles and discolored by a purplish rash. "It's got me in the legs. We're brothers, the three of us. It's got my other brother there, arms and legs. Take a look at that right forearm of his. It was broke and set when he was a little shaver twenty-two years ago. Look at it now. The fracture's wide open.

"Gee! I've saw scurvy"

Shorty gazed at the spectacle in awe. "But never like this. It's the . . . the limit."

"That's nothing," bragged the man of the rebroken arm. "You take a squint at the case in the next cabin. Old soldier of the Civil War. Got his cheek slashed open by a sabre in a cavalry charge. That was in '62—thirty-six years ago. And that old wound

has opened wide again. Where did you come from?"

"Just drifted in down the Norbeska," Smoke answered. "Saw the trail up your creek and followed it."

"You ought to know us," the man went on. "We're the Lentill Brothers—bicycle riders, you know."

"I remember," Smoke nodded. "The Vegetarian Trio. You rode for that Soy Soup and Salad concern, and you were in that six-days-go-as-you-please in New York two or three years ago."

"Yep. You got us. And look at us now. Couldn't ride in a six-second-go-as-you-please. All in, finished, gone to smash."

The man with the unspeakable mouth cursed in guessable sounds, long and steadily, in a stream of despair that culminated in a chest-groan of anguish.

"Plenty of grub?" Shorty asked.

"Yep," was the answer from the rider with the opened arm. "Help yourself. There's slathers of it. The cabin next on the other side is empty. Cache is right alongside. Wade into it."

II.

In every cabin they visited that night they found a similar situation. Scurvy had smitten the whole camp. A dozen women were in the party, though the two men did not see all of them. Originally there had been ninety-three men and women. But ten had died, and two had recently disappeared. Smoke told of finding the two, and expressed surprise that none had gone that short distance down the trail to find out for themselves. What particularly struck him and Shorty was the helplessness of these people. Their cabins were littered and dirty. The dishes stood unwashed on the rough plank tables. There was no mutual aid. A cabin's troubles were its own troubles, and already they had ceased from the exertion of burying their dead.

"It's almost weird," Smoke confided to Shorty. "I've met shirkers and loafers, but I never met so many all at

one time. You heard what they said. They've never done a tap. The steamboat crowd stayed, according to contract, boated their supplies up the creek, helped them build their cabins (which meant they did it all), and then pulled out when the snow began to fly. And then the whole blessed bunch crawled into their cabins and stayed there. They haven't prospected. I'll bet they haven't washed their own faces. No wonder they got scurvy."

"But vegetarians hadn't ought to get scurvy," Shorty contended. "It's the salt-meat eaters that's supposed to fall for it. And they don't eat meat, salt or fresh, raw or cooked, or any other way."

Smoke shook his head. "I know. And it's vegetable diet that cures scurvy. No drugs will do it. Vegetables, especially potatoes, is the only dope. But don't forget one thing, Shorty; we are not up against a theory, but a condition. The fact is these grass-eaters have all got scurvy."

"Must be contagious."

"No; that the doctors do know. Scurvy is not a germ disease. It can't be caught. It's generated. As near as I can get it, it's due to an impoverished condition of the blood. It's cause is not something they've got, but something they haven't got. A man gets scurvy for lack of certain chemicals in his blood, and these chemicals don't come out of powders and bottles, but do come out of vegetables."

"An' these people eats nothin' but grass," Shorty groaned. "And they've got it up to their ears. That proves you're all wrong, Smoke. You're spielin' a theory, but this condition sure knocks the spots out a your theory. Scurvy's catching, an' that's why they've all got it, an' rotten bad at that. You an' me'll get it, too, if we hang around this diggin'. B-r-r-r!—I can feel the bugs crawlin' into my system right now."

Smoke laughed skeptically, and knocked on a cabin door.

"I suppose we'll find the same old thing," he said. "Come on. We've got to get a line on the situation."

"What do you want?" came a woman's sharp voice.

"We want to see you," Smoke answered.

"Who are you?"

"Two doctors from Dawson," Shorty blurted in, with a levity that brought a punch in the short ribs from Smoke's elbow.

"Don't want to see any doctors," the woman said, in tones crisp and staccato with pain and irritation. "Go away. Good night. We don't believe in doctors."

Smoke pulled the latch, shoved the door open, and entered, turning up the low-flamed kerosene lamp so that he could see. In four bunks four women ceased from groaning and sighing to stare at the intruders. Two were young, thin-faced creatures, the third was an elderly and very stout woman, and the fourth, the one whom Smoke identified by her voice, was the thinnest, frailest specimen of the human race he had ever seen. As he quickly learned, she was Laura Sibley, the seeress and professional clairvoyant who had organized the expedition in Los Angeles and led it to this death camp on the Nordbeska. The conversation that ensued was acrimonious, Laura Sibley did not believe in doctors. Also, to add to her purgatory, she had well nigh ceased to believe in herself.

"Why didn't you send out for help?" Smoke asked, when she paused, breathless and exhausted, from her initial tirade. "There's a camp at Stewart River, and eighteen days' travel would fetch Dawson from here."

"Why didn't Amos Wentworth go?" she demanded, with a wrath that bordered on hysteria.

"Don't know the gentleman," Smoke countered. "What's he been doing?"

"Nothing. Except that he's the only one that hasn't caught the scurvy. And why hasn't he caught the scurvy? I'll tell you. No, I won't." The thin lips compressed so tightly that through the emaciated transparency of them Smoke was almost convinced he could see the teeth and the roots of the teeth. "And

what would have been the use? Don't I know? I'm not a fool. Our caches are filled with every kind of a fruit juice and preserved vegetable. We are better situated than any camp in Alaska to fight scurvy—potatoes, onions, parsley, parsnips, asparagus, soup vegetables, carrots, turnips, chives, orange juice, lemon juice, lime juice, raspberry juice, dried apples, peaches, pears, plums, nectarines, apricots, raisins, prunes, nuts of every sort, fruit phosphates, and fruit salts. There is no prepared vegetable fruit, and nut food we haven't, and in plenty."

"She's got you there, Smoke," Shorty exulted. "And it's a condition, not a theory. You say vegetables cures. Here's the vegetables, and where's the cure?"

"There's no explanation I can see," Smoke acknowledged. "Yet there is no camp in Alaska like this. I've seen scurvy—a sprinkling of cases here and there; but I never saw a whole camp with it, nor did I ever see such terrible cases. Which is neither here nor there, Shorty. We've got to do what we can for these people, but first we've got to make camp and take care of the dogs. We'll see you in the morning, er—Mrs. Sibley."

"Miss Sibley," she bridled. "And now, young man, if you come fooling around this cabin with any doctor stuff I'll fill you full of birdshot."

"The divine seeress—she's a sweet one," Smoke chuckled, as he and Shorty felt their way back through the darkness to the empty cabin next to the one occupied by the Lentills.

It was evident that two men had lived until recently in the cabin, and the partners wondered if they weren't the two suicides down the trail. Together they overhauled the cache and found it filled with an undreamed variety of canned, powdered, dried, evaporated, condensed, and dessicated foods.

"What in the name of reason do they want to go and get scurvy for?" Shorty demanded, brandishing to the light packages of egg-powder and Italian mushrooms. "And look at that—And

that!" He tossed out cans of tomatoes and corn and bottles of stuffed olives. "And the divine steerness got the scurvy, too. What d'ye make of it?"

"Seerness," Smoke corrected.

"Steerness," Shorty reiterated. "Didn't she steer 'em here to this hole in the ground?"

A few minutes later, he broke off from the cooking to watch Smoke at work outside in the light of the doorway, stick-tying the dogs after the Indian method. This was accomplished by fastening the end of a short stick to a dog's neck by a thong, and of fastening the other end of the stick to a tree. Thus, the dog, unable to gnaw through the thong around his neck, was prevented by the stick from gnawing the thong that fastened the other end.

"Now what in thunder are you tying up them poor brutes for?" Shorty cried indignantly. "Can't you let 'em range like always?"

"Because I, for one, am not going to start out burying to-night. That gravel is frozen, and we'll have to burn down every inch of it."

"I never thought of that," Shorty grunted apologetically. "By the time you're done, grub'll be on the table. Get a hustle on."

III.

Next morning, after daylight, Smoke encountered a man dragging a light sled-load of firewood. He was a little man, clean-looking and spry, who walked briskly despite the load. Smoke experienced an immediate dislike.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," the little man answered.

"I know that," Smoke said. "That's why I asked. You're Amos Wentworth. Now why under the sun haven't you the scurvy like all the rest?"

"Because I've exercised," came the quick reply. "There wasn't any need for any of them to get it if they'd only got out and done something. What

did they do? Growled and kicked and grousched at the cold, long nights, the hardship, the aches and pains and everything else. They loafed in their beds until they swelled up and couldn't leave them, that's all. Look at me. I've worked. Come into my cabin,"

Smoke followed him in.

"Squint around. Clean as a whistle, eh? You bet. Everything shipshape. I wouldn't keep those chips and shavings on the floor except for the warmth, but they're *clean* chips and shavings. You ought to see the floor in some of the shacks. Pig pens. As for me, I haven't eaten a meal off an unwashed dish. No sir. It meant work, and I've worked, and I haven't the scurvy. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"You've hit the nail on the head," Smoke admitted. "But I see you've only one bunk. Why so unsociable?"

"Because I like to. It's easier to clean up for one than for two, that's why. These lazy, blanket-loafers! Do you think I could have stood one around? No wonder they got scurvy."

It was very convincing, but Smoke could not rid himself of his dislike of the man.

"What's Laura Sibley got it in for you for?" he asked abruptly.

Amos Wentworth shot a quick look at him.

"She's a crank," was the reply. "So are we all cranks for that matter. But heaven save me from the crank that won't wash the dishes he eats off of, and that's what this crowd of cranks is like."

A few minutes later, Smoke was talking with Laura Sibley. Supported by a stick in either hand, she had paused in hobbling by his cabin.

"What have you got it in for Wentworth for?" he asked, apropos of nothing in the conversation and with a suddenness that caught her off her guard.

Her green eyes flashed bitterly, her emaciated face for the second was convulsed with rage, and her sore lips writhed on the verge of unconsidered speech. But only a splutter of gasping unintelligible sounds issued forth, and

then, by a terrible effort, she controlled herself.

"Because he's healthy," she panted. "Because he hasn't the scurvy. Because he is supremely selfish. Because he won't lift a hand to help anybody else. Because he'd let us rot and die, as he is letting us rot and die, without lifting a finger to fetch us a pail of water or a load of firewood. That's the kind of a brute he is. But let him beware. That's all. Let him beware."

Still panting and gasping, she hobbled on her way, and five minutes afterward, coming out of the cabin to feed the dogs, Smoke saw her entering Amos Wentworth's cabin.

"Something rotten here, Shorty, something rotten," he said, shaking his head ominously, as his partner came to the door to empty a pan of dish-water.

"Sure," was the cheerful rejoinder. "An' you an' me'll be catchin' it yet. You see."

"I don't mean the scurvy."

"Oh, sure, if you mean the divine steeress. She'd rob a corpse. She's the hungriest-lookin' female I ever seen."

IV.

"Exercise has kept you and me in condition, Shorty. It's kept Wentworth in condition. You see what lack of exercise has done for the rest. Now it's up to us to prescribe exercise for these hospital wrecks. It will be your job to see that they get it. I appoint you chief nurse."

"What?—me?" Shorty shouted. "I resign."

"No you dont. I'll be able assistant, because it isn't going to be any soft snap. We've got to make them hustle. First thing, they'll have to bury their dead. The strongest for the burial squad; then the next strongest on the firewood squad (they've been lying in their blankets to save wood); and so on down the line. And spruce tea. Mustn't forget that. All the sourdoughs swear by it. These people have never even heard of it."

"We sure got ourn cut out for us," Shorty grinned. "First thing we know we'll be full of lead."

"And that's our first job," Smoke said. "Come on."

In the next hour, each of the twenty-odd cabins were raided. All ammunition and every rifle, shotgun and revolver, was confiscated.

"Come on, you invalids," was Shorty's method. "Shootin' irons—fork 'em over. We need 'em."

"Who says so?" was the query at the first cabin.

"Two doctors from Dawson," was Shorty's answer, "An' what they say goes. Come on. Shell out ammunition, too."

"What do you want them for?" the Lentill cabin demanded.

"To stand off a war party of canned roast beef comin' down the canyon. And I'm givin' you fair warnin' of a spruce tea invasion. Come across."

And this was only the beginning of the day. Persuading, bullying, and, at times by main strength, men were dragged from their bunks and forced to dress. Smoke selected the mildest cases for the burial squad. Another squad was told off to supply the wood by which the graves were burned down into the frozen muck and gravel. Still another squad had to chop firewood and impartially supply every cabin. Those who were too weak for out-door work were put to cleaning and scrubbing the cabins and washing clothes. One squad brought in many loads of spruce boughs, and every stove was used for the brewing of spruce tea.

But no matter what face Smoke and Shorty put on it, the situation was grim and serious. At least thirty fearful and impossible cases could not be taken from the beds, as the two men, with nausea and horror, learned; while one, a woman, died in Laura Sibley's cabin. Yet strong measures were necessary.

"I don't like to wallop a sick man," Shorty explained, his fist doubled menacingly. "But I'd wallop his block off if it'd make him well. And what all

you lazy burns needs is a wallopin'. Come on! Out of that an' into them duds of yours, double quick, or I'll sure mess up the front of your face."

All the gangs groaned, and sighed, and wept, the tears streaming and freezing down their cheeks as they toiled; and it was patent that their agony was real. The situation was desperate, and Smoke's prescription was heroic.

When the work gangs came in at noon, they found decently cooked dinners awaiting them, prepared by the weaker members of their cabins under the tutelage and drive of Smoke and Shorty.

"That'll do," Smoke said at three in the afternoon. "Knock off. Go to your bunks. You may be feeling rotten now, but you'll be the better for it to-morrow. Of course it hurts to get well, but I'm going to get you well."

"Too late," Amos Wentworth sneered pallidly at Smoke's efforts. "They ought to have started in that way last fall."

"Come along with me," Smoke answered. "Pick up those two pails. You're not ailing."

From cabin to cabin the three men went, dosing every man and woman with a full pint of spruce tea. Nor was it easy.

"You might as well learn at the start that we mean business," Smoke stated to the first obdurate, who lay on his back groaning through set teeth. "Stand by, Shorty." Smoke caught the patient by the nose and tapped the solar plexus section so as to make the mouth gasp open. "Now, Shorty! Down she goes!"

And down it went, accompanied by unavoidable splutterings and stranglings.

"Next time you'll take it easier," Smoke assured the victim, reaching for the nose of the man in the adjoining bunk.

"I'd sooner take castor oil," was Shorty's private confidence, ere he downed his own portion. "Great jumpin' Methuselem!" was his entirely public proclamation the moment after

he had swallowed the bitter dose. "It's a pint long, but hogshhead strong."

"We're covering this spruce tea route four times a day, and there are eighty of you to be dosed each time," Smoke informed Laura Sibley. "So we've no time to fool. Will you take it? Or must I hold your nose? His thumb and forefinger hovered eloquently above her. "It's vegetable, so you needn't have any qualms."

"Qualms!" Shorty snorted. "No, sure, certainly not. It's the deliciousest dope!"

"Well?" Smoke demanded peremptorily.

"I'll . . . I'll take it," she quavered. "Hurry up!"

That night, exhausted as by no hard day of trail, Smoke and Shorty crawled into their blankets.

"I'm fairly sick with it," Smoke confessed. "The way they suffer is awful. But exercise is the only remedy I can think of, and it must be given a thorough trial. I wish we

had a sack of raw potatoes. That's the only stuff. Why, they've told me, one and all, that they've taken gallons of fruit acid and preserved lime juice."

"Sparkins he can't wash no more

dishes," Shorty said. "It hurts him so he sweats his pain. I seen him sweat it. I had to put him back in the bunk he was that helpless."

"If we only had raw potatoes," Smoke went on. "The vital, essential something is missing from that prepared stuff. The life has been evaporated out of it."

"An' if that young fellow Jones in the Browlow cabin don't croak before morning I miss my guess."

"For heaven's sake be cheerful," Smoke chided.

"We got to bury him, ain't we?" came the indignant snort. "I tell you that boy's something awful—"

"Shut up," Smoke said.

And after several more indignant snorts, the heavy breathing of sleep arose from Shorty's bunk.

V.

In the morning, not only was Jones dead, but one of the stronger men who had worked on the firewood squad had hanged



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON-12

"LAURA SIBLEY."

himself. A nightmare procession of days set in. For a week, steeling himself to the task, Smoke enforced the exercise and the spruce tea. And one by one, and in twos and threes, he was

compelled to knock off the workers. As he was learning, exercise was the last thing in the world for scurvy patients. The diminishing burial crowd was kept steadily at work, and a surplus half dozen graves were always burned down and waiting.

"You couldn't have selected a worse place for a camp," Smoke told Laura Sibley. "Look at it—at the bottom of a narrow gorge, running east and west. The noon sun doesn't rise above the top of the wall. You can't have had sunlight for several months."

"No, we haven't," she admitted. "But how was I to know?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see why not, if you could lead a hundred fools to a gold mine."

She glared malevolently at him and hobbled on. Several minutes afterward, coming back from a trip to where a squad of groaning patients was gathering spruce boughs, Smoke saw the seeress entering Amos Wentworth's cabin and followed after her. At the door he could hear her voice, whimpering and pleading.

"Just for me," she was begging, as Smoke entered. "I won't tell a soul. Just for me."

Both glanced guiltily at the intruder, and Smoke was certain that he was on the edge of something, he knew not what, and he cursed himself for not having eavesdropped.

"Out with it," he commanded harshly. "What is it?"

"What is what?" Amos Wentworth asked sullenly.

And Smoke could not name what was what.

VI.

Grimmer and grimmer grew the situation. In that dark hole of a canyon, where sunlight never penetrated, the horrible death list mounted up. Each day, in apprehension, Smoke and Shorty examined each other's mouths for the whitening of the gums and mucous membranes—the invariable first symptom of the disease.

"I've quit," Shorty announced one

evening. "I've been thinkin' it over, an' I quit. I can make a go at slave-drivin', but cripple-drivin' 's too much for my stomach. They go from bad to worse. They ain't twenty men I can drive to work. I told Jackson this afternoon he could take to his bunk. He was gettin' ready to suicide. I could see it stickin' out all over him. Exercise ain't no good."

"I've made up my mind to the same thing," Smoke answered. "We'll knock off all but about a dozen. They'll have to lend a hand. We can relay them. And we'll keep up the spruce tea."

"It ain't no good."

"I'm about ready to agree with that, too, but at any rate it doesn't hurt them."

"Another suicide," was Shorty's news the following morning. "That Phillips is the one. I seen it comin' for days."

"We're up against the real thing," Smoke groaned. "What would you suggest, Shorty?"

"Who? Me? I ain't got no suggestions. The thing's got to run its course."

"But that means they'll all die," Smoke protested.

"Except Wentworth," Shorty snarled; for he had quickly come to share his partner's dislike for that individual.

The everlasting miracle of Wentworth's immunity perplexed Smoke. Why should he alone not have developed scurvy? Why did Laura Sibley hate him, and at the same time whine and snivel and beg from him? What was it she begged from him and that he would not give?

On several occasions Smoke made it a point to drop into Wentworth's cabin at meal time. But one thing did he note that was suspicious, and that was Wentworth's suspicion of him. Next he tried sounding out Laura Sibley.

"Raw potatoes would cure everybody here," he remarked to the seeress. "I know it. I've seen it work before."

The flare of conviction in her eyes, followed by bitterness and hatred, told him the scent was warm.

"Why didn't you bring in a supply of fresh potatoes on the steamer?" he asked.

"We did. But coming up the river we sold them all out at a bargain at Fort Yukon. We had plenty of the evaporated kinds, and we knew they'd keep better. They wouldn't even freeze."

Smoke groaned.

"And you sold them all?" he asked.

"Yes," she nodded. "How were we to know?"

"Now mightn't there have been a couple of odd sacks left?—accidentally, you know, mislaid on the steamer?"

She shook her head, as he thought a trifle belatedly, then added, "We never found any."

"But mightn't there?" he persisted.

"How do I know?" she rasped angrily. "I didn't have charge of the commissary."

"And Amos Wentworth did," he jumped to the conclusion. "Very good. Now what is your private opinion—just between us two. Do you think Wentworth has any raw potatoes stowed away somewhere?"

"No; certainly not. Why should he?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

Struggle as he would with her, Smoke could not bring her to admit the possibility.

"Have you any potatoes?" he asked Wentworth that afternoon.

"Yes. Want some?" came the ready answer.

"You bet." Smoke assured him.

"Then go out in the cache and help yourself. There's more than a hundred tins there."

"I don't want that evaporated dope. I mean fresh potatoes, raw potatoes, potatoes with their skins on and smelling of the earth. That's what I want."

"Sorry," said Wentworth. "We sold them all out at Fort Yukon."

"I'd give five hundred dollars for a raw potato," Smoke ventured; and he could have sworn to a gleam of avarice in the other's eye.

"Would you now?" was all Wentworth said.

"A sack of potatoes right now would be worth more than a gold mine," Smoke continued, convinced that the other was sparring.

"It isn't everybody that has five hundred dollars."

"I have," Smoke declared. "Some several times, too."

VII.

"Wentworth's a swine," was Shorty's verdict, when Smoke told his suspicions.

"And so is Laura Sibley," Smoke added. "She believes he has the potatoes, and is keeping it quiet and trying to get him to share with her."

"An' he won't come across, eh?" Shorty cursed frail human nature with one of his best flights, and caught his breath. "They both got their feet in the trough. May God rot them dead with scurvy for their reward, that's all I got to say, except I'm goin' right up now an' knock Wenworth's block off."

But Smoke stood out for diplomacy. That night, when the camp groaned and slept, or groaned and did not sleep, he went to Wentworth's unlighted cabin.

"Listen to me, Wentworth," he said. "I've got a thousand dollars in dust right here in this sack. I'm a rich man in this country and I can afford it. I think I'm getting touched. Put a raw potato in my hand and the dust is yours. Here, heft it."

And Smoke thrilled when Amos Wentworth put out his hand in the darkness and hefted the gold. Smoke heard him fumble in the blankets, and then felt pressed into his hand, not the heavy gold sack, but an unmistakable potato, the size of a hen's egg, warm from contact with the other's body.

Smoke did not wait till morning. He and Shorty were expecting at any time the deaths of their two worst cases, and to this cabin the partners went. Grated and mashed up in a cup, skin, and clinging specks of earth, and all, was the thousand-dollar-potato—a thick fluid, that they fed, several drops at a time, into the frightful orifices that had

once been mouths. Shift by shift, through the long night, Smoke and Shorty relieved each other at administering the potato juice, rubbing it into the poor swollen gums where loose teeth rattled together and compelling the swallowing of every drop of the precious elixir.

By the evening of the next day the change for the better in the two patients was miraculous and unbelievable. They were no longer the worst cases. In forty-eight hours, with the exhaustion of the potato, they were temporarily out of danger though far from being cured.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Smoke said to Wentworth. "I've got holdings in this country, and my paper is good anywhere. I'll give you five hundred dollars a potato up to fifty thousand dollars' worth. That's one hundred potatoes."

"Was that all the dust you had?" Wentworth queried.

"Shorty and I scraped all we had. But straight, he and I are worth several millions between us."

"I haven't any potatoes," Wentworth said finally. "Wish I had. That potato I gave you was the only one. I'd been saving it all winter for fear I'd get the scurvy. I only sold it so as to be able to buy a passage out of the country when the river opens."

Despite the cessation of potato juice, the two treated cases continued to improve through the third day. The untreated cases went from bad to worse. On the fourth morning, three horrible corpses were buried. Shorty went through the ordeal, then turned on Smoke.

"You've tried your way. Now it's me for mine."

He headed straight for Wentworth's cabin. What occurred there, Shorty never told. He emerged with knuckles skinned and bruised, and not only did Wentworth's face bear all the marks of a bad beating, but for a long time to come he carried his head, twisted and sidling, on a stiff neck. This phenomenon was accounted for by a row of four

finger marks, black and blue, on one side of the windpipe and by a single black and blue mark on the other side.

Next, Smoke and Shorty together invaded Wentworth's cabin, throwing him out in the snow while they turned the interior upside down. Laura Sibley hobbled in and frantically joined them in the search.

"You don't get none, old girl, not if we find a ton," Shorty assured her.

But she was no more disappointed than they. Though the very floor was dug up, they discovered nothing.

"I'm for roastin' him over a slow fire an' make 'm cough up," Shorty proposed earnestly.

Smoke shook his head reluctantly.

"It's murder," Shorty held on. "He's murderin' all them poor geezers just as much as if he knocked their brains out with an axe only worse."

Another day passed, during which they kept a steady watch on Wentworth's movements. Several times, when he started out, water-bucket in hand, for the creek, they casually approached the cabin, and each time he hurried back without the water.

"They're eached right there in his cabin," Shorty said. "As sure as God made little apples, they are. But where? We sure overhauled it plenty." He stood up and pulled on his mittens. "I'm goin' to find 'em if I have to pull the blamed shack down a log at a time."

He glanced at Smoke, who, with intent and absent face, had not heard him.

"What's eatin' you?" Shorty demanded wrathfully. "Don't tell me you've gone an' got the scurvy!"

"Just trying to remember something, Shorty."

"What?"

"I don't know. That's the trouble. But it has a bearing, if only I could remember it."

"Now you look here, Smoke; don't you go an' get bughouse," Shorty pleaded. "Think of me! Let your think-slats rip. Come on an' help me pull that shack down. I'd set her afire, if it wa'n't for roastin' them spuds."

"That is it!" Smoke exploded, as he

sprang to his feet. "Just what I was trying to remember. Where's that kerosene can? I'm with you, Shorty. The potatoes are outs."

"What's the game?"

"Watch me, that's all," Smoke baffled. "I always told you, Shorty, that a deficient acquaintance with literature was a handicap, even in the Klondike. Now what we're going to do, came out of a book. I read it when I was a kid, and it will work. Come on."

Several minutes later, under a pale-gleaming, greenish aurora borealis, the two men crept up to Amos Wentworth's cabin. Carefully and noiselessly they poured kerosene over the logs, extradrenching the door frame and window sash. Then the match was applied, and they watched the flaming oil gather headway. They drew back beyond the growing light and waited.

They saw Wentworth rush out, stare wildly at the conflagration, and plunge back into the cabin. Scarcely a minute elapsed when he emerged, this time slowly, half doubled over, his shoulder burdened by a sack heavy and unmistakable. Smoke and Shorty sprang at him like a pair of famished wolves. They hit him right and left, at the same instant. He crumpled down under the weight of the sack, which Smoke pressed over with his hands to make sure. Then he felt his knees clasped by Wentworth's arms, as the man turned a ghastly face upward.

"Give me a dozen, only a dozen—half a dozen—and you can have the rest," he squalled. He bared his teeth and, with mad rage, half inclined his head to bite Smoke's leg, then changed his mind and fell to pleading. "Just half a dozen," he wailed. "Just a half a dozen. I was going to turn them over to you . . . to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow. That was my idea. They're life! They're life! Just half a dozen!"

"Where's the other sack?" Smoke bluffed.

"I ate it up," was the reply, unimpeachably honest. "That sack's all

that's left. Give me a few. You can have the rest."

"Ate 'em up!" Shorty screamed. "A whole sack! An' them geezers dyin' for want of 'em. This for you! An' this! An' this! An' this! You swine! You hog!"

The first kick tore Wentworth away from his embrace of Smoke's knees. The second kick turned him over in the snow. But Shorty went on kicking.

"Watch out for your toes," was Smoke's only interference.

"Sure; I'm usin' the heel," Shorty answered. "Watch me. I'll cave his ribs in. I'll kick his jaw off. Take that! An' that! Wisht I could give you the boot instead of the moccasin. You swine! You swine! You swine!"

There was no sleep that night in camp. Hour after hour Smoke and Shorty went the rounds, doling the life-renewing potato-juice, a quarter of a spoonful at a dose, into the poor ruined mouths of the population. And through the following day while one slept the other kept up the work.

There were no more deaths. The most awful cases began to mend with an immediacy that was startling. By the third day, men who had not been off their backs for weeks crawled out of their bunks and tottered around on crutches. And on that day, the sun, two months then on its journey into northern declination, peeped cheerfully over the crest of the canyon.

"Nary a potato," Shorty told the whining, begging Wentworth. "You ain't even touched with scurvy. You got outside aw hole sack, an' you're loaded against scurvy for twenty years. Knowin' you, I've come to understand God. I always wondered why he let Satan live. Now I know. He lets him live just as I let you live. But it's a cryin' shame just the same."

"A word of advice," Smoke told Wentworth. "These men are getting well fast. Shorty and I are leaving in a week, and there will be nobody to protect you when these men go after you. There's the trail. Dawson's eighteen days' travel."

"Pull your freight, Amos," Shorty supplemented. "Or what I done to you won't be a circumstance to what them convalescents 'll do to you."

"Gentlemen, I beg of you, listen to me," Wentworth whined. "I'm a stranger in this country. I don't know its ways. I don't know the trail. Let me travel with you. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you let me travel with you."

"Sure," Smoke grinned maliciously. "If Shorty agrees."

"Who? Me?" Shorty stiffened for a supreme effort. "I ain't nobody. Woodticks ain't got nothin' on me when it comes to humility. I'm a worm, a maggot, brother to the pollywog an' child of the blow-fly. I ain't afraid or ashamed of nothin' that creeps or crawls or stinks. But travel with that mistake of creation!—Go 'way, man. I ain't proud, but you turn my stomach."

* * * * *

And Amos Wentworth went away, alone, dragging a sled loaded with provisions sufficient to last him to Dawson. A mile down the trail Shorty overhauled him.

"Come here to you," was Shorty's greeting. "Come across. Fork over. Cough up."

"I don't understand," Wentworth quavered, shivering from recollection of the two beatings, hand and foot, he had already received from Shorty.

"That thousand dollars—d'ye understand that? That thousand dollars gold Smoke bought that measly potato with. Come through."

And Amos Wentworth passed the gold sack over.

"Hope a skunk bites you an' you get howlin' hydrophoby," were the terms of Shorty's farewell.

Satisfied With Reflected Glory of Ancestors

I WAS recently talking with a man who was bragging about the wonderful things his ancestors had done. He seemed very proud of his pedigree and of the coat-of-arms his family used. He was a fine appearing man, and after he boasted a long time of the achievements of his ancestors both here and in England, I tried to find out what he had accomplished himself, and I discovered that he had never done anything in his life that is worthy of mention. And I wanted to ask him what his children would have to look back upon with pride as far as he was concerned. Here was a man who had a remarkable pedigree, but his father's money absolutely paralyzed him so that he never discovered himself, never tested his powers, never called out his initiative. He has no idea of his own resourcefulness because there was no necessity to call it out, and the result is that he is a well-dressed nobody, with a pedigree. He does not amount to anything in his community, carries no weight. He is just a society drone living on the reputation and the money of his ancestors. Is this living; is this answering the call that runs in the blood?—DR. O. S. MARDEN.



A Typical Alberta Farm.

Breaking Irrigation Records

ONE OF THE LARGEST SYSTEMS IN THE WORLD IS BEING CONSTRUCTED IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA, WHERE ONE MILLION, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES WILL BE RECLAIMED BY BRITISH CAPITALISTS

By W. A. Craick

One of the things we are trying to accomplish through the medium of this magazine is to give Canadians in all parts of the Dominion a better conception of their country. In this connection we have been running from month to month articles descriptive of big undertakings in Canada. This month we give the facts regarding the irrigation of over a million acres of land in Southern Alberta. British capitalists are making farmsteads on a big scale, and their system is said to be the largest of its kind in the world.

One million, three hundred and thirty thousand acres! By the time the works now under construction are completed and the water is turned on, this will be the extent of the territory which will be irrigated artificially in Southern Alberta. It is a vast slice of the earth's surface, capable of supporting a big population, with potentialities for a huge production of food; and yet by the time it is all settled, there will doubtless be further projects under way that will add considerably to the total.

One is inclined to think of the irrigated tracts as of fairly good size; of the systems as containing some remarkable engineering triumphs; but it takes a consolidation of figures, such as the

above, to bring home vividly the really tremendous scope of these undertakings. One of the systems is reputed to be the largest of its kind in the world, which is saying a great deal, when one recalls facts and figures concerning some of the immense conservation works in the arid regions of the western states.

There are to-day three main systems in Southern Alberta, of which the largest, that controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, is divided into three sections. Following this in size is the project of the Southern Alberta Land Company, a British corporation, and lastly there is the pioneer scheme of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company, which passed at the begin-

ning of the year into the hands of the C. P. R. A comparatively small tract of land has been acquired by the Aylwin Syndicate, on which a fourth system will doubtless be constructed in the near future.

A good deal of interest naturally centres in the undertaking of the British syndicate, which is now practically complete. With characteristic reserve the directors have permitted very little information to get into print concerning their work and, with the exception of brief descriptions which have appeared in certain Anglo-Canadian publications, there seems to have been little publicity accorded their enterprise. To observe the way in which their engineers have carried through a difficult piece of construction work, to trace the course of the main canal over hill and dale, to note the reservoirs, the dams, the siphons and the flumes, all built at heavy expense, is to engage in quite a fascinating study. It illustrates, as scarcely anything else can do as well, the specialized attention which is being paid nowadays to agriculture. It is in the cause of agriculture that all these forces of capital, science and labor have combined.

The British syndicate has as its head no less distinguished an individual than Major-General Sir Ronald B. Lane, K.C.V.O., C.B. It numbers in its ranks many noted Englishmen, including not a few members of the nobility. On this side of the Atlantic its opera-

tions are under the control of James D. McGregor of Brandon, one of the best known agriculturists on a large scale in Western Canada, who occupies the position of managing director; while the engineer-in-chief is Mr. Arthur M. Grace, a civil and hydraulic engineer of great ability, whose experience in irrigation work has specially qualified him for the task in hand.

It was as manager of a 100,000-acre ranch in the valleys of the Bow and Belly Rivers that Mr. McGregor became

intimately acquainted with Southern Alberta and its potentialities. He began making farming experiments, which proved successful and it was not long before he had 1,700 acres under crop, raising wheat, oats, vegetables and fruits, including apples and field corn. Seeing a great future for the country if only irrigation could be provided, he conceived the present scheme, went to England, secured the support of British capital and launched the Southern Alberta Land Company.

Five hundred thousand acres lying to the south of the Bow River and between it and the Belly River have been acquired by the company, of which it is proposed at present to irrigate 350,000 acres. The actual work of constructing the system was commenced five years ago and operations have been continued steadily since then, with a fair prospect that the finishing touches will be put to it this year. It has been a big undertaking in more ways than one, and the moneyed interests behind the company



Arrow-wood syphon. A continuous wood stave pipe 1,400 feet long and under 142 foot head on the Feeder Canal, with a thousand second-foot capacity.



The country flattens out in great plains, with a superior style of farm residence.

have had to put up in the neighborhood of four million dollars to finance it. However, the sale of land at greatly increased prices has begun and the affairs of the syndicate are now reported as being on a dividend-paying basis. At the last annual meeting held in London last March, Sir Ronald Lane announced the sale of 21,760 acres of fifty per cent. irrigable land at \$35.00 an acre, which netted a profit of nearly half a million dollars.

Meanwhile, it will perhaps be of interest to describe the irrigation system and trace its course from the intake of the main canal to its termination, thereby affording readers some idea of just what an irrigation plant consists of and how it is constructed. The water for the system is taken from the Bow River, the company having the right to divert 2,000 cubic feet of water per second at high and flood stages, which is later stored in reservoirs along the route of the canal, for use as required. A dam and intake have been constructed on the river at a point about twenty-five miles west of Gleichen and forty miles south-east of Calgary. An island one-third of a mile wide in the middle of the river afforded a natural means of reducing the cost of diversion. A concrete dam was thrown across the main channel, an earthen embankment spanned the island and a spill dam was run

over the minor river bed. The dams are 500 feet long, 22 feet high and 10 feet above the bed of the canal. They are so amply planned that they will permit the passage of the entire flood discharge of the river, before the earth embankment can be overtopped and injured by erosion. It is figured by the engineer that sixteen thousand cubic yards of concrete were required for the dams and the intake.

Running eastward from the intake, the canal parallels the river, following the slope of the river valley, for about five miles. Then the river swerving to the north, it became necessary to swing the canal out of the valley. This was achieved by making a heavy cut out of the river basin towards the east. To do this it cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars, for the division necessitated an excavation extending for 7,700 feet at a maximum depth of 65 feet, which required the removal of 1,200,000 cubic yards of material.

However, what was lost in cutting through the hillside was more than compensated for later on, as will subsequently appear. The canal following the height of land presently reached the valley of the West Arrowwood Creek. Here was a second obstacle to progress. To overcome the depression the canal was carried across the valley in an overhead flume, built on heavy trestles.



A charming ranch scene at Allx, Alta. Note the luxuriant tree growth.

The flume is 1,056 feet long and at the highest point is 45 feet above the water level. Not far beyond the West Arrowwood Creek, the East Arrowwood Creek is encountered. Here was another obstacle to progress and a somewhat more serious one, because the valley was wider and deeper. Instead of running a second flume across at the canal level, the engineers found it more economical to employ the siphon system. Two big inverted siphons, made of seven foot wood stave pipes, were accordingly constructed and these are today picturesque features in the landscape, running with a graceful curve down one side of the valley and up the other.

And now, following the canal as it proceeds in a southerly direction, the observer emerges into a great natural valley, which has become the keystone of the whole system. Without this valley it would have been impossible to have carried the undertaking to a successful conclusion. By damming both ends, the depression has been converted into an immense reservoir or lake, which to-day bears the name of Lake McGregor. Twenty-one miles in length, two and one-half miles broad at its widest point and nowhere less than half a mile in breadth, it ranks fifth among the great storage basins of

the world. Its average depth is 38 feet. The utility of the lake is self-evident. It provides sufficient storage capacity to tide over the driest season, making the system entirely independent of the uncertainty of the river's flow. Had it not been for the existence of Snake Valley, the consulting engineers would have condemned the whole enterprise.

From the southern end of Lake McGregor to the valley of the Little Bow River some stiff work was required. Over 200,000 cubic yards of solid rock had to be removed, entailing heavy expense. But after this section had been passed the great obstacles were at an end and the canal proceeded out on to the prairie. It now extended along the table land lying between the valleys of the Bow and Belly Rivers, a district which lies beautifully for irrigation purposes. A depression, known as Mile Wide Valley is crossed by means of a second flume, fifty-six feet high, built on concrete pedestals.

The canal next approached the valley of the Bow River again and to overcome the grade, several concrete drops have been built, which are nothing more nor less than troughs down which the water can shoot. In time these drops will doubtless be used for the generation of electric energy, which will be



"The Big Cut," 1,500,000 cubic yards of material were removed from this cut.

utilized for various power purposes on the farms. For the passage of the Bow River, heavy and costly construction has been required. Here the maximum head is 180 feet. An inverted siphon, eight feet in diameter and built of wood staves, hooped with steel, fills the requirements. It is 6,500 feet long and has a capacity of 650 cubic feet per second.

After crossing the Bow River Valley, the canal divides, the main portion running in a north-easterly direction and a lateral paralleling the Bow River south to the neighborhood of its junction with the Belly River. The next interesting feature to be encountered is Reservoir No. 2, a smaller storage basin intended to equalize the flow and economize water. It has a capacity of 36,-

000 acre feet and will be found useful for supplementary purposes, when the canal to the west is carrying a heavy load. Like Lake McGregor, it has been formed from the damming up of a natural depression in the land.

Beyond Reservoir No. 2, the canal again divides, one arm running in a northerly direction into a block of 64,000 acres owned by the Canadian Wheatlands, Limited, a subsidiary company in which several of the directors of the Southern Alberta Land Company are interested and the other proceeding eastward towards the valley of the South Saskatchewan River. About 32,000 acres of the Canadian Wheatlands' section will be irrigated at present.

The entire canal system of the South-



Sluice gates at the intake. Spill dam on the right.

ern Alberta Company will extend to 123 miles, not counting laterals, which of course will be numerous as development work and settlement proceed. It is 46 miles from the intake to Lake McGregor, 21 miles down the lake, and 56 miles across country afterwards. These figures give a good idea of the extent of the system. As for the main canal it averages from 15 to 30 feet in width and 7 to 10 feet in depth, and has had to be concreted for a considerable portion of the route.

prospects are that a fine town will grow up there, as a sort of capital for the district.

So far as rail communication is concerned the property, lying as it does between the main line of the C. P. R. and the Crow's Nest Branch, is not well served. To obviate this a new line is to be constructed from the neighborhood of Medicine Hat right through the centre of the property, which will be a great incentive to settlement. The prospects are that this line will be completed



Flume, 1,056 feet long and 45 feet above water level, built on heavy trestles, to carry an Alberta canal across a valley.

So much for the engineering side of the project. In 1910 a town site was laid out at Suffield on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and quite a settlement has now sprung up there. Town lots to the extent of 30 acres were sold at an average price of \$1,500 per acre and Suffield is to-day in the centre of the Canadian Wheatlands' district. The Southern Alberta Land Company, however, are about to throw open other townsites throughout their property, first of which will be a place on the Bow River near the siphon crossing, to be called Ronalane in honor of the chairman of the company. An ideal location has been selected and the

this year, as there are no engineering or other difficulties in the way. It is further anticipated that the company will have 12,000 acres in shape for settlement this season, and will go in at once for ready-made farms on an extensive scale. Dairy farms will be started and every endeavor made to have a good class of settler take up the land.

As an assistance to settlers, the company has maintained a demonstration farm on their property for several years and have had the utmost success with all sorts of crops and trees. They have now forty-four varieties of English trees growing there, as well as native trees. Yields of grain have been highly satis-

factory; two years ago oats threshed 102 bushels to the acre, while last year it ran 70 bushels per acre, with equally good results in wheat and barley.

Farms of from 80 to 640 acres will be sold, carrying with them water rights. After that a charge of \$1.00 per acre will be levied each year for maintenance of works. Of course irrigation is not always a necessity, nor is it regarded as such. It is, however, a form of insurance, which safeguards the agriculturist from dangers resulting from dry seasons. The method of applying the water to the land need not be detailed here. The illustrations give a fairly good idea of how it is carried along in ditches and applied as required.

The original irrigation system in Southern Alberta, which was also built by Mr. Grace was a much less spectacular undertaking, though it was of considerable magnitude. It was the project of the Alberta Railway & Irrigation Company, of which C. A. Magrath, ex-M.P., was the leading spirit. This was on the whole, a pretentious undertaking. Not only did the company propose to irrigate a big block of land and to settle it, but also to supply railway communication. The tract which amounts to about 100,000 acres of irrigable land lay along the St. Mary's, Belly and Milk Rivers in the southern part of the province near the International boundary. A main canal 51 miles in length, with two branches, the Lethbridge, 32 miles long and the Stirling, 22 miles long, were constructed at a cost of nearly half a million dollars, the water supply being derived from the St. Mary's River, and a railway was built from Lethbridge into the district.

Development work progressed steadily, following the completion of the irrigation system, and the land became fairly well settled. The growing of sugar beets became a feature of the district, and a large sugar beet factory was started at Raymond. However, during the past winter, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company secured control of the independent company and now operates both the irrigation system and the

railway with a prospect of enlarging the scope of the whole undertaking.

This brings the reader to the largest system of all, that of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, about which a great deal has been written. As it stands this project is divided into three sections, a fact which often escapes the attention of those who take an interest in the subject. The whole C. P. R. irrigation tract covers over three million acres, extending from the city of Calgary in a strip forty miles wide and 150 miles long in the Bow River Valley. The only section to be complete is what is called the western section, which lies in the immediate vicinity of Calgary. The character of the work here is cheap as compared with the far more elaborate plans now being put through in the eastern section.

At any rate, the western section has under irrigation 370,000 acres. A canal system, including main and secondary branches and distribution ditches, of 1,600 miles in extent covers the district, in the construction of which ten million cubic yards of earth had to be excavated. Most of the land in this section has now been sold. At Strathmore a few miles east of Calgary is located a fine large demonstration farm, where practical training in the use of irrigation is given. It is from this farm that the railway draws its dining-car supplies.

In the western section also, the earliest experiments in settling ready-made farms have been made. Here again is a subject about which a great deal has been written. These farms were started fourteen miles from Strathmore in the year 1910. They comprised 80 acres of irrigated land and 160 acres of non-irrigated land, on which a two-roomed house and a barn were built, a well dug and fifty acres fenced, broken in and sown. In 1911, seventy-five more farms were sold similarly equipped, and the idea will be carried on as an annual feature until the land is all taken up. The main point is that it has been irrigation which has made this plan so fascinating.

The eastern irrigation system is still under construction. It is to this section that the famous Bassano dam belongs, work on which is now nearly complete. The big dam is being thrown across the Bow River at the Horseshoe Bend, three miles south-west of the station of Bassano on the main line of the C. P. R. An embankment 7,000 feet long and 45 feet high stretches out from the south bank of the river. In the river channel there is a 700 feet spillway, 40 feet high, terminating in the head-gates of the canal at the north end. Immense quantities of steel and concrete have gone into its construction.

The main canal leading from the dam is 70 feet wide, with eleven feet of water, giving a flow of 3,000 cubic feet per second. The estimated length of the canal system is 2,500 miles, including canals, laterals and ditches, and twenty million cubic yards of earth will have to be removed in constructing it. When finished, as it is hoped it will be this year, an area of 440,000 acres will be brought under irrigation.

In addition to the eastern and western

sections there is a central section in the C. P. R. system, comprising 70,000 acres of irrigable land and lying between the other two. The preliminary surveys for this section were made last year and construction work will soon begin. The water supply will be taken from the western section.

If the irrigation system built by the Alberta Irrigation & Railway Company and the western section of the C. P. R. system be excepted, it may be said that the idea is still in its infancy in Southern Alberta. Both these pioneer systems are comparatively crude and while they have served to demonstrate the efficacy of the remedy for droughts, they have not been altogether successful. Not until the more elaborate systems described have got into working order will an accurate idea of the possibilities of the scheme be obtainable. Meanwhile the tendency will be to encourage small holdings, intensive cultivation of the soil and mixed farming, which will result in a denser population in these parts. That this is not a bad result is obvious and if for no other reason, these irrigation projects are to be commended.



Breaking the first field on the farm.

An Odd Case

By Ed. Cahn

THERE was an interesting magazine article which I wished to read, so after making my patient comfortable and seeing her fall asleep, I prepared to enjoy it.

I had nursed Mrs. Vincent through a severe case of nervous breakdown and had left her for another case, when I was sent for again. She had suffered some shock, just what I was not told, but at any rate was in even worse condition than before and it took my most skilful nursing to pull her through.

She was a cultured, intelligent woman of thirty, not at all given to hysterical imaginings like so many women, but of an exceedingly high-strung temperament.

I confess that certain phases of her case puzzled me, and I was hoping to gain some light from this article.

I had not been reading long, when I felt her eyes upon me. As I looked up, she asked what I was reading with such interest that I could not refuse to tell her by taking refuge in the usual nurse's 'you must not talk,' for the doctor had said that she might, and had urged that I interest her in something if possible, for she was unnaturally listless. So I replied that it was an account of the findings of a society interested in the unseen world.

"Do you believe in those things, Miss Andrews?"

"Yes," I answered, "I think there may be something in them."

"I am glad to find someone who does, and who will not scoff at me. I want to tell you what made me ill again. I have always wondered what life and death are and so longed to know that once I tried to solve the rid-

dle by suicide. Doctor Shank said I was morbid and my nerves shattered and that I was suffering with hysteria, just as he always does. But he knows there are things beyond his comprehension, though doctor-like he will not admit it to me. I thought for once I would take him completely into my confidence and told him the whole story of this last happening, in the hope that he would investigate it and perhaps report it to one of those learned societies for the investigation of the apparently supernatural.

"I believe it all really did happen, in fact, I can prove it, at least to my own satisfaction, though Mr. Vincent insists that it is no proof and that the whole thing was only a vivid dream.

"One warm morning in June, just after the other illness, I found myself entering an old cemetery. Not by the main gate, but by means of a gap in the fence. The tombstones were sunken and twisted and overgrown with weeds, the flowers and vines running wild, and the paths long since hidden by wild grass. It was a peaceful place and I sat down on a pile of slabs to rest and enjoy the solitude. I gathered a handful of dandelions and wondered what impulse made me come here, leaning my head against a tree and listening lazily to the hum of the city.

"It is a deserted Spanish cemetery set on a sloping hillside, close to the heart of the city. I remember hearing bells and all the indescribable sounds of modern life, so you see, so far I was sane enough. Many of the graves had been removed and an open vault not far away was empty. Naturally, I fell to musing on life and death. The roses

filled the air with delicious perfume, it grew warmer and the noises became a low hum. I roused myself after a little, finding that I had fallen into a sort of a doze, sat up and made my flowers into a chain, and took off my hat, feeling sure that nobody would disturb me. Then I pulled out my beloved Omar and determined to stay all morning.

"Looking up I saw a shadow before me. There was a patch of sunlight at my feet and in the centre of it there was the shadow of a hand and finger, nothing else. I looked about thinking perhaps it was cast by some statue nearby which I had not noticed, but there was nothing of the kind in sight. A dozen explanations came to my mind but I rejected them all as it grew plainer and plainer. The finger pointed without a waver toward the vault across the path.

"I do not say that I was not frightened nor that I was. I felt as nearly as I can express it, impressed. I thought that it was supernatural, that it was meant for me and that I must try to understand its meaning. At the same time I felt my blood chill but I calmed myself by thinking that fear is foolish. Whatever or whoever had sent this message to me must be superior to me. Surely nothing superior would harm me.

"With this thought in mind I rose and took a few steps in the direction it indicated. It vanished! This unnerved me and I almost collapsed. It reappeared as suddenly as it had gone and I went straight on to the vault and through the narrow door.

"I remember how cold and damp the air seemed. It was dark and at first I could not distinguish anything. After a moment though I made out that there were vaults across the farther end. I stepped over to them and tripped, falling against one of them. It gave forth a hollow sound and so did the others when I rapped them with my knuckles. Some of the doors were almost falling. I pulled one open; it was empty.

"I felt this was not what I was there for and let my eyes wander over the lit-

tered floor. There was the finger again! Pointing to the left! I was not even startled, but relieved to know what was expected of me. Pushing some withered branches aside with my foot, I found a rusty iron ring. Grasping it without any hesitation I pulled up a wooden door. A gust of musty air greeted me as I peered down the steep stairs which it disclosed. But even that did not daunt me, for I gathered up my skirts and descended.

"Curiously? Perhaps. I did not stop to analyse my feelings but went on with as little question as I live and breathe. I soon found myself in a dim corridor. It was apparently hewn out of rock and was very lofty and white. These details I felt rather than saw as I hurried along. After a little I heard music. A chant, Oh, so beautiful! Like nothing I have ever heard on earth, or ever will hear. I smelled incense and flowers and when I came to a wide door I pushed it open, not surprised to find myself in a chapel.

"Oh, it was heavenly! Such masses and masses of white flowers, their perfume sweet beyond all our earthly conception of sweetness. I recall thinking as I paused on the threshold, that this must be Paradise, it is not of our earth, and of feeling sure that I was not dreaming.

"The glittering altar, magnificent beyond all dreams, encrusted with jewels and lit by thousands of candles, was a reality. I was alone, though the unseen choir sang on, the celestial melody growing more beautiful and inspiring as I listened, spellbound. I sank to my knees. My rosary was gone! Someone touched my arm. It was a little boy and the smile in his beautiful dark eyes as he handed me a rosary, seemed to come straight from Heaven. I opened my lips to thank him but could not speak. For an instant he stood there radiant, then was gone!

"The choir sang a gloria as an aged priest came toward me and I rose and followed him to the altar. There was a great book and as he opened it he said, 'Thou hast been a good child and

shalt have thy wish. Read, my child that thou mayest know and be content.'

"There was the finger pointing to a single sentence, the secret of life—and Death!

"Yes, the reason for all things! It was so simple, so plain, to think that nobody ever thought of it!

"Think that I read it there in that great book in letters of flame! The thing I was almost ready to take my own life to know! The grand chant was ringing in my ears, the perfume of the unearthly flowers in my nostrils and I put out my hand to be sure of the book; as I did so everything was dark and I felt myself falling, falling, falling. It was terrible!

"When I awoke I was on the floor of that dirty evil smelling vault. Weak and dazed I managed to reach the door and stagger out. My hat and book were across the path. I started toward them and must have fainted for that is all I remember until I came to myself at sundown and realized where I was. The shadow was gone.

"I recalled it all just as I have told you. All but the words in the big book. Those I cannot remember, though it seems as if I can the next moment, like the familiar name which slips one's mind.

"A dream? Yes, it may have been. And yet, where did I get this rosary? I had it wound around my fingers so tightly in my terror that it cut my flesh."

Mrs. Vincent handed it to me with an inscrutable smile. It was a long string of perfect pearls strung on a fine gold chain of exquisite workmanship and very ancient design.

"If it was a dream, or if it was not, I know it does not matter, for I no longer wonder, I am content now and some day, perhaps soon, I shall read the book again and know then forever."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Vincent!" I said vigorously as she finished.

"That is what my husband says and I will agree with you both if you can tell me where I got the rosary."



Retrospect

Look back across the vista of the years,

And say: What is most worth remembering?

The struggle after fame with toil and tears?

Nay—Love; with its mysterious hopes and fears—

Love's crimson roses, with their hidden sting!

Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO DREAMERS AND WHERE WOULD
CIVILIZATION BE TO-DAY BUT FOR THEM

By Dr. Orison S. Marden

In the numerous letters which are received monthly by the publishers of MacLean's Magazine reference is nearly always made to the inspirational articles which are being run by Dr. Marden. This series covers a wide range of timely subjects, and is exclusive for this magazine. Indeed, Dr. Marden does not contribute regularly each month to any other magazine in the world. In this issue will be found a most interesting "talk" on "What the World Owes to Dreamers."

WE hear a great deal of talk about the impracticability of dreamers, of people whose heads are among the stars while their feet are on the earth; but where would civilization be to-day but for the dreamers?

Take the dreamers out of the world's history, and who would care to read it? Our dreamers! They are the advance guard of humanity; the toilers who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut smooth roads over which man marches forward from generation to generation.

Most of the things which make life worth living, which have emancipated man from drudgery and lifted him above commonness and ugliness—the great amenities of life—we owe to our dreamers. Were it not for them, we should still be riding in the stage-coach or tramping across continents. We should still cross the ocean in sailing ships, and our letters would be carried across continents by the pony express.

Our visions do not mock us. They are evidences of what is to be, the fore-glances of possible realities. The castle in the air always precedes the castle on the earth.

The present is but the sum total of the dreams of the ages that have gone before—the dreams of the past made real. Our great ocean liners, our marvelous tunnels, our magnificent bridges, our schools, our universities, our hospitals, our libraries, our cosmopolitan cities, with their vast facilities, comforts and treasures of art, are all the result of somebody's dreams.

The very practical people tell us that the imagination is all well enough in artists, musicians and poets, but that it has little place in the great world of realities. Yet all leaders of men have been dreamers. Our great captains of industry, our merchant princes, have had powerful, prophetic imaginations. They had faith in the vast commercial possibilities of our people.

If it had not been for our dreamers, the American population would still be hugging the Atlantic coast. It was the persistency and grit of dreamers that triumphed over the congressmen without imagination who advised importing dromedaries to carry the mails across the great American desert; because they said it was ridiculous, a foolish waste of

money, to build a railroad to the Pacific Ocean, as there was nothing there to support a population. The dreams of men like Collis P. Huntington and Leland Stanford bound together the East and the West with band of steel, made the two oceans neighbors, reclaimed the desert, and built cities where before only desolation reigned.

The most practical people in the world are those who can look far into the future and see the civilization yet to be; who can see the coming man emancipated from the narrowing, hampering fetters, limitations and superstitions of the present day; who have the ability to foresee things to come with the power to make them realities. The dreamers have ever been those who have achieved the seemingly impossible.

Edison is a dreamer because he sees people half a century hence using and enjoying inventions, discoveries and facilities which make the most advanced utilities of to-day seem very antiquated.

"It cannot be done," cries the man without imagination. "It can be done, it shall be done," cries the dreamer; and he persists in his dreams through all sorts of privations, even to the point of starvation, if necessary, until his visions, his inventions, his discoveries, his ideas for the betterment of the race, are made practical realities.

How many matter-of-fact, unimaginative men, who see only through practical eyes, would it take to replace in civilization an Edison, a Bell, or a Marconi?

The dream of Cyrus W. Field, which tied two continents together by the ocean cable, was denounced as worse than folly. How long would it take to get the world's day-by-day news but for such dreamers as Field?

What does the world not owe to Morse, who gave it its first telegraph? When the inventor asked for an appropriation of a few thousand dollars for the first experimental line from Washington to Baltimore, he was sneered at by congressmen. After discouragements which would have disheartened most men, this experimental line was

completed, and some congressmen were waiting for the message which they did not believe would ever come, when one of them asked the inventor how large a package he expected to be able to send over the wire. But very quickly the message did come, and derision was changed to praise.

How people laughed at the dreamer, Charles Goodyear, who struggled with hardships for eleven long years while trying to make india-rubber of practical use! See him in prison for debt, still dreaming, while pawning his clothes and his wife's jewelry to get a little money to keep his children from starving! Note his sublime courage and devotion to his vision even when without money to bury a dead child; while his five other children were near starvation, and his neighbors were denouncing him as insane!

What a picture the dreamer Columbus presented as he went about exposed to continual scoffs and indignities, characterized as an adventurer, the very children taught to regard him as a madman and pointing to their foreheads as he passed! He dreamed of a world beyond the seas, and, in spite of unspeakable obstacles, his vision became a glorious reality.

Christ Himself was denounced as a dreamer, but His whole life was a prophecy, a dream of the coming man, the coming civilization. He saw beyond the burlesque of the man God intended, beyond the deformed, weak, deficient, imperfect man heredity had made, to the perfect man, the ideal man, the image of divinity.

When William Murdock, at the close of the eighteenth century, dreamed of lighting London by means of coal gas conveyed to buildings in pipes, even Sir Humphry Davy sneeringly asked, "Do you intend taking the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer?" Sir Walter Scott, too, ridiculed the idea of lighting London by "smoke," but he lived to use this same smoke-dream to light his castle at Abbotsford. "What!" said the wise scientists, "a light without a wick? Impossible!"

It was the dreaming Baron Haussmann who made Paris the most beautiful city in the world.

Think what we owe the beauty dreamers for making our homes and our parks so attractive!

Every place, every beautiful structure is first the dream of the architect. It had no previous existence in reality. The building came out of his ideal before it was made real. Sir Christopher Wren saw Saint Paul's Cathedral in all its magnificent beauty before the foundations were laid. It was his dream which revolutionized the architecture of London.

As it was the dreamers of '49 who built the old San Francisco and made it the greatest port on the Western Coast; so after the great earthquake and fire, when the city lay in ashes and three hundred thousand people were homeless, it was the dreamers of to-day who saw the new city in the ashes where others saw only desolation, and who, with indomitable grit, and the unconquerable American will that characterized the pioneers of a half-century before, began to plan a restored city greater and grander than the old.

It was such dreamers as those who saw the great metropolis of Chicago in a straggling Indian village; who saw Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and San Francisco many years before they arrived, that made their existence possible.

It was such dreamers as Marshall Field, Joseph Leiter and Potter Palmer, who saw in the ashes of the burned Chicago a new and glorified city, infinitely greater and grander than the old.

Women called Elias Howe a fool and "crank" and condemned him for neglecting his family to dream of a machine which has proved a blessing to millions of their sex.

The great masters are always idealists, seers of visions. The sculptor is a dreamer who sees the statue in the rough block before he strikes a blow with his chisel. The artist sees a vision of the finished painting in all its perfection and beauty of coloring and form

before he touches a brush to the canvas.

What do we not owe to our poet dreamers, who like Shakespeare, have taught us to see the uncommon in the common, the extraordinary in the ordinary?

The modern luxurious railway train is the dream of those who rode in the old stage-coach.

George Stephenson, the poor miner, dreamed of a locomotive engine that would revolutionize the traffic of the world. While working in the coal pits for sixpence a day, or patching the clothes and mending the boots of his fellow-workmen to earn a little money to attend a night school, and at the same time supporting his blind father, he continued to dream. People called him crazy. "His roaring engine will set the houses on fire with its sparks," everybody cried. "Smoke will pollute the air;" "carriage makers and coachmen will starve for want of work." See this dreamer in the House of Commons, when members of Parliament were cross-questioning him. "What," said one member, "can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as horses? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We trust that Parliament will, in all the railways it may grant, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which is as great as can be ventured upon." But, in spite of calumny, ridicule, and opposition, this "crazy visionary" toiled on for fifteen years for the realization of his vision.

It was the wonderful dream in steel of Carnegie, Schwab and their associates, together with that of the elevator creator, that made the modern city with its sky-scrapers possible.

On the fourth of August, 1907, New York celebrated the centennial of the dream of Robert Fulton.

It was the men, who, a quarter of a century ahead of their contemporaries,

saw the marvelous Hoe press in the hand-press that made modern journalism possible. Without these dreamers our printing would still be done by hand. It was the men who were denounced as visionaries who practically annihilated space, and enabled us to converse and transact business with people thousands of miles away as though they were in the same building with us.

Scarcely a dozen years ago the horseless carriage, the manufacture of which is now one of the largest businesses in the world, was considered by most people as a luxury to be enjoyed only by millionaires. But there has recently been an exhibition of these "dreams" in Madison Square Garden, New York, on a scale so vast in the suggestiveness of its practical possibilities as to stagger credulity.

Fifteen years ago there were only five horseless vehicles in this country, and they had been imported at extravagant prices. To-day there are hundreds of thousands in actual use. Instead of being a toy for millionaires, the automobile is now being used in place of horses by thousands of people with ordinary incomes.

This dream is already helping us to solve the problem of crowded streets. It is proving a great educator, as well as a health giver, by tempting people into the country. The average man will ultimately, through its full realization, practically travel in his own private car.

Daring aviators have recently crossed the highest channel and the American continent in flying machine dreams.

The achievements of every successful man are but the realized visions of his youth, his dreams of bettering his condition, of enlarging his power.

Our homes are the dreams that began with lovers and their efforts to better their conditions; the dreams of those who once lived in huts and in log cabins.

The child lives in dreamland. It creates a world of its own, and plays with the castles it builds. It traces pictures

which are very real to it; it enjoys that which was never on sea or land, but which has a powerful influence in shaping its future life and character.

Our public parks, our art galleries, our great institutions are dotted with monuments and statues which the world has built to its dreamers—those who saw visions of better things, better days for the human race.

The divinest heritage of man is the capacity to dream. It matters not how much we have to suffer to-day, if we believe there is a better to-morrow. Even "stone walls do not a prison make" to those who can dream.

Who would rob the poor of this dreaming faculty, that takes the drudgery out of their dry, dreary occupations, that makes a paradise out of a hovel? Who would deprive them of the luxuries which they enjoy in their dreams of a better and brighter future, of a fuller education, of more comforts for those dear to them.

I know a lady who has gone through the most trying and heartrending experiences for many years, and yet everybody who knows her marvels at her sweetness of temper, her balance of mind, and beauty of character. She says that she owes everything to her ability to dream; that she can at will lift herself out of the most discordant and trying conditions into a calm of absolute harmony and beauty, and come back to her work with a freshened mind and invigorated body.

There is no medicine like hope, no incentive so great and no tonic so powerful as expectation of something better to-morrow.

The dreaming faculty, like every other faculty, may be abused. A great many people do nothing but dream. They spend all their energies in building air castles which they never try to make real; they live in an unnatural, delusive, theoretical atmosphere until the faculties become paralysed from inaction.

It is a splendid thing to dream when you have the grit and tenacity of pur-

pose and the resolution to match your dreams with realities, but dreaming without effort, wishing without putting forth exertion to realize the wish, undermines the character. It is only practical dreaming that counts—dreaming coupled with hard work and persistent endeavor.

Just in proportion as we make our dreams realities, shall we become strong and effective. Dreams that are realized become an inspiration for new endeavor. It is in the power to make the dream good that we find the hope of this world.

Dreaming and making good, this was what John Harvard did when with his few hundred dollars he made Harvard College possible. The founding of Yale College with a handful of books was but a dream made good.

It is this creative power of the imagination, these dreams of the dreamers made good, that will ultimately raise man to his highest power; that will break down the barriers of caste, race

and creed, and make real the poet's vision of the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

"The Golden Age lies onward not behind.

The pathway through the past has led us up:

The pathway through the future will lead on,

And higher."

Do not stop dreaming. Encourage your visions and believe in them. Cherish your dreams and try to make them real. This thing in us that aspires, that bids us to look up, that beckons us higher, is God-given.

Aspiration is the hand that points us to the road that runs heavenward. As your vision is, so will your life be. Your better dream is the prophecy of what your life may be, ought to be.

The great thing is to try to fashion the life after the pattern shown us in the moment of our highest inspiration; *to make our highest moment permanent.*

With a Mirror to a Lady

Little mirror, go and say
To a lady far away,
 She may look at you and see
 What seems loveliest to me
 Of all lovely things that be.

Show her the sweet reason why
For her constantly I sigh;
 Prithee, help me thus to woo,
 Giving her my point of view
 As reflected fair in you.

As no other image there
In your silvery depths may share,
 While her own assumes the space;
 In my heart there is no place,
 Now, for any other face.

—R. D. Lucas.

Riel's Religion of Rebellion

DID THE NORTH-WEST AGITATOR BELIEVE IN THE JUSTICE OF HIS CAUSE AND HAVE FAITH IN THE PURPOSE OF HIS MISSION?

By Frank Yeigh

With the approaching anniversary of the execution of Louis Riel, the attention of Canadians once again will be directed to the "strange character who for a few troublous years played a part in the drama of the West." It is a different country to-day to that over which Riel attempted his domination during the stirring times of thirty years ago which culminated in the North-West Rebellion. And yet the story of the uprising is none the less interesting on that account. With the lapse of time, however, a new light has been thrown upon the character of the turbulent-spirited Metis leader, as will be seen from this sketch.

ON November 16, 1885, twenty-seven years ago, Louis David Riel was executed at Regina.

With his death there passed away a strange character who for a few troublous years played a part in the drama of the West. In the storm and stress period that marked the transition of the Great Lone Land from a Hudson's Bay Company Preserve to a trio of thriving provinces; in the period represented by the transfer of the Indian from an untrammelled roamer of the plains to a Reserve Child of the Government, Riel flits across the stage

like a meteor, creating unrest and breeding discontent alike in tepee and cabin and pioneer settlement.



Louis David Riel.

He whose dust rests to-day in the quiet St. Boniface Churchyard, was responsible, directly or indirectly, for the filling of many another grave as the result of the rebellious twain. The tomb of the turbulent-spirited Metis leader looks across the river to old Upper Fort Garry within which he set up his short-lived Provisional Government and proclaimed his Revolutionary Bill of Rights and where he ordered the execution of Thomas Scott.



Louis Riel's grave at St. Boniface churchyard, Winnipeg.

What a flood of water has passed beneath the St. Boniface bridge since the stormy days of 1870 and 1885! Winnipeg has been born since the first date; a new Canada has come into being since the second, and the echoes of the half-breed uprisings sound faintly over the intervening spans. To the new and latest generation, the story of Riel and his rebellions must needs be told as history—history that to the school child appears to be very remote, so swiftly does time travel in the growing West-land.

THE HISTORY OF RIEL.

Harking back to 1869, for the purposes of a brief historic review, the following edict was issued under the signature of Riel:—

“To Hon. W. Macdougall,”

Sir,—The National Committee of the Metis (Half-Breeds) of the Red River order Mr. W. Macdou-

gall not to enter the territory of the North West without the special permission of this committee. By order of the President, John Bruce. Louis Riel, Secretary. Dated at St. Norbert, Red River, the 21st October, 1869.”

Such was the reception given the governor of the North West Territories, on reaching the boundary line of his domain at Pembina. The little colony of half a thousand whites and half-breeds was marked by incessant intrigue and mutual jealousies. Interests of race and religion, as well as of commerce, clashed in the contest for control. The local condition could be likened to a powder magazine, and the man with the match—and with the will of purpose to strike it—was discovered in Riel. Possessing exceptional gifts of speech, and closely associated with the half-breeds, Riel voiced the sentiments of that element in the population

and by so doing became their leader. When the question of the transfer of the Hudson Bay possessions in the North West to the recently constituted Dominion became imminent, and the discontent of the disaffected elements in the country was fanned to a danger point, the Metis orator took up the role of a



Gabriel Dumont, leader of rebel forces in second Riel Rebellion in 1885.

revolutionist and the position of a dictator, leading what has passed into history as the first Red River revolt. From the place the uprising takes in the history of Canada, it may mistakenly be regarded as a trivial tempest in a very small teapot, and the loss of the Red River country would at that time, as a historian has written, have probably prevented, or materially postponed the Confederation of the provinces and thereby the consolidation of British power in the New World.

Proclamations succeeded proclamations with a frequency that marked the

rule of the Dutch in New York under the redoubtable Peter De Stuyvesant as chronicled in Irving's Knickerbock History. But they were unavailing in both cases. The "National Committee" continued to defy Governor Macdougall, and the Half-Breed Council called a National Convention. The authority of the Hudson Bay Company was flaunted, the books of the Council of Assiniboine seized and action was taken to form a Provisional Government, which in turn issued its famous "Bill of Rights." It was but a step to open rebellion, and this was soon taken by Riel, whose first act was to imprison some of the protesting inhabitants in Fort Garry, of which possession had been taken. Terrorism reigned on the banks of the Red and the Assiniboine. As Governor Adam writes, "insurgency now reigned, and the year closed on loyalty abashed and law discomfited."

Riel and his insurgent deputies, Leppine and O'Donoghue, issued "The New Nation," "in which the whole miserable farce of playing at Government may be read with the pitiful gasconade of gallic cockiness, Fenian sedition and Half-breed insolence."

FIRST SHOOTING IN REVOLUTION.

The first bloodshed in the revolt was the shooting of Thomas Scott by Riel's orders, after a so-called court martial—a cold-blooded murder that for long years after stirred the indignation of many Canadians. A reign of terror ensued in the Western plains. A force of troops was despatched under Colonel Wolseley. Stirring was the scene when the little army left Toronto on May 25, 1870, proceeding by water to Fort William and following the six-hundred-mile trail of the Dawson route to Fort Garry, which was reached on August 24th after a long and toilsome three-months' journey.

But the Fort was minus its commander and its government. A brief hour before the troops arrived, Riel had fled. Both the "government" and the rebel army melted away, and the *emeute* of 1870 was at an end.

One of the surviving members of the expedition was Mr. S. Bruce Harman, of Toronto, who was aide de camp to Col. Wolseley, and who has preserved some of the mementoes found by him in the evacuated rooms of the primitive little stronghold. By Mr. Harman's kind permission, some of the interesting proclamations issued at that time are here reproduced.

The time passed and 1885 was reached in the calendar of the years, and

force of eighty Mounted Police, with forty civilians and volunteers, was on its way from Fort Carlton to Duck Lake to convey the government stores to Prince Albert. In a few minutes the first blood of the rebellious uprising was shed. In a trice scores of the Police force fell, victims not alone to the rebel band, but to all the causes of discontent that had led to the uprising. As in 1870, another military force was turned to the prairies. All Canada was



Louis Riel and his counsellors, 1869-70.

with it the second North West Rebellion. Again, a revolutionary Bill of Rights appeared; again it bore the marks of Riel's handiwork. The embers of half-breed discontent, that had been smouldering for years, broke out into war when the first rebel act took place in the seizure of the Batoche stores. A half breed and Indian force of 200 mustered near Duck Lake, under Gabriel Dumont, mounted on serviceable Indian ponies and armed with Winchester rifles and shot guns. A

agitated and war rumors accentuated the public unrest. "Once more Toronto witnessed the marching of an expeditionary force through its streets, every man eager for the work awaiting him and for the long two-thousand mile journey to the front. Other parts of Canada contributed their quota of fighting men, whose transport over the incomplete Lake Superior section of the Canadian Pacific Railway involved the surmounting of colossal difficulties, and no survivor will ever forget the

PROCLAMATION

To the People of the North-West.

Let the Assembly of twenty-eight Representatives which met on the 9th March, be dear to the people of Red River! That Assembly has shown itself worthy of great confidence. It has worked in union. The members devoted themselves to the public interests and perfectly to the sentiments of good will, duty and generosity. Thanks to that public conduct, public authority is now strong. That strength will be employed to maintain and protect the people of the country.

To pay the Government pensions all those whom political differences had strayed only for a time. Amity will be generously accorded to all those who will submit to the Government, who will communicate or inform against dangerous gatherings.

From this day forth the public highways are open.

The Hudson's Bay Company can now resume business. Themselves contributing to the public good, they circulate their money as of old. They pledge themselves to that course.

The attention of the Government is also directed very specially to the Northern part of the country, in order that trade there may not receive any serious check, and peace in the Indian districts may thereby be all the more securely maintained.

The disastrous war which some time threatened us, has left among us fears and various deplorable results. But let the people feel reassured.

Elevated by the Grace of Providence and the suffrage of my fellow-citizens to the highest position in the Government of my country, I proclaim that peace reigns in our midst this day. The Government will take every precaution to prevent this peace from being disturbed.

Warfare internally all is thus returning to order, externally also, matters are looking favorable. Canada invites the Red River people to an amicable arrangement. She offers to guarantee us our rights and to give us a place in the Confederation equal to that of any other Province.

Interference with the Provisional Government, our national will, based upon justice, shall be rejected.

HAPPY country, to have escaped many misfortunes that were prepared for her! In seeing her children on the point of a war, she recollects the old friendship which used to bind us, and by the ties of the same patriotism she has reunited them again for the sake of preserving their lives, their liberties, and their happiness.

Let us remain united, and we shall be happy. With strength of unity we shall retain prosperity.

Our fellow-countrymen, without distinction of language or without distinction of creed—keep my words in your hearts! Never the time should unhappily come when another division should take place amongst us, such as foreigners heretofore sought to create, that will be the signal for terrible disasters which we have had the happiness to avoid.

In order to prevent similar calamities, the Government will treat with all the severity of the law those who will dare again to compromise the public security. It is ready to act against the liberators of parties as well as against that of individuals. But let us hope rather that extreme measures will be unknown, and that the peace of the past will guide us in the future.

LOUIS RIEL.

Government House, Fort Garry, April 9, 1870.

Riel's proclamation to the people of the North-West, issued in 1870.

painful negotiation of the gaps in the rail route.

"On to Qu'Appelle!" was the slogan of Middleton's army. "On to Battleford!" the cry of Otter's flying column. It is not necessary to recount all the incidents of the subsequent struggle—of the Frog Lake massacre, of the fight at Cut Knife Hill, of the Fish Creek campaign, of the battle of Batoche, of the dread counting of the cost of war, with its cruel human toll of death. But the end finally came, and with it a gaol full of prisoners and a cry for punishment of Riel and his fellow rebels.

THE FINALE OF RIEL.

The finale of the unfortunate and unsuccessful rebel leader was a pathetic one, as all unsuccessful revolutionists ultimately discover. Success means a

monument, a niche-filled place in the national hall of fame, an adulatory chapter in history; but failure—an arrest, a prison cell, a trial by jury, and a hangman's rope.

The final scenes in the tragedy of a misdirected life were enacted in Regina—the Regina of the Pile-o'-Bones day, covering but little territory and surrounded by vast unpeopled stretches, the Regina that never then dreamed of being the capital city of a province yet-to-be.

Rarely has a trial been held in Canada in which a more dramatic interest centred. The second uprising was still fresh in the public mind, the participating soldiery had not had time to meet



TO THE LOYAL INHABITANTS OF MANITOBA.

Her Majesty's Government having determined upon stationing some troops amongst you, I have been instructed by the Lieut. General Commanding in British North America to proceed to Fort Garry with the force under my Command.

Our mission is one of peace, and the sole object of the expedition is to secure Her Majesty's sovereign authority.

Courts of Law, such as are common to every portion of Her Majesty's Empire, will be duly established, and Justice will be impartially administered to all races and to all classes. The Loyal Indians or Half-breeds being as dear to our Queen as any others of Her Loyal Subjects.

The Force which I have the honor of commanding will enter your Province representing no party, either in Religion or Politics, and will afford equal protection to the lives and property of all races and of all creeds.

The strictest order and discipline will be maintained and private property will be carefully respected. All supplies furnished by the Inhabitants to the Troops will be duly paid for, should any one consider himself injured by any individual attached to the force, his grievance shall be promptly enquired into.

All Loyal people are earnestly invited to aid me in carrying out the above mentioned object.

G. J. WOLSELEY,

COLONEL

Commanding Red River Force.

Printed at New Station.

Wolseley's proclamation to people of the North-West.



Cathedral of St. Boniface, Winnipeg. Riel's grave is located under the trees to the left of the walk.

in annual reunion of Batoche or Duck Lake or Cut Knife Hill, while the fact that the miniature war and its corollaries had become a political theme only added to the feverish interest.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the eyes of Canada were on the little prairie city, on the dingy barracks of the Mounted Police, where Riel was a prisoner, and on the circumscribed court room where his fate was to be determined. On the bench sat His Honor Hugh Richardson, then one of the Stipendary Magistrates of the North-West Territories, a man who played an important part in the foundation laying of the West, and in the establishment and maintenance of law and order.

The leading legal lights of the Dominion faced each other, with the late Christopher Robinson as Crown Counsel, and associates in Messrs. B. B. Osler

of Toronto, Burbidge of Ottawa, Casgrain of Quebec, and Scott of Regina. The counsel for the defence of Riel were Messrs. Charles Fitzpatrick and F. X. Lemieux of Quebec.

Into the court room is led the manacled prisoner, who hears read the three-fold indictment charging him "as a British subject, or as a resident enjoying Her Majesty's protection in the North-West Territories, with having levied war against Her Majesty; first at Duck Lake, secondly at Fish Creek, and thirdly at Batoche." Even at this distance of time one can easily believe that, as the jury was one by one selected, the accused anxiously watched the face of every man as though he could read their inmost thoughts. One can easily picture the arraignment of the prisoner by that peer among arraigners, the late B. B.



Louis Riel's Council in 1885.

Osler, as he brought home to Riel his guilt, and as he dwelt on the death and suffering caused to others by the ambition of one man. Little wonder that every prisoner who ever stood before the bar of justice trembled, if guilty, when facing the great criminal lawyer.

Witness after witness—white settlers, loyal half-breeds, Batoche prisoners, Indian traders, military commanders and Mounted Policemen, missionaries, medical experts—tell their stories that were so many strands in the rope that was gradually being woven for the prisoner's final undoing. The evidence was in effect a verbal history of both rebellions.

Suddenly the orderly quiet of the judicial proceedings is interrupted by an excited demand on the part of Riel to interrogate a hostile witness, and thus to help in conducting his own case. Riel's counsel objects to his client being allowed such a privilege, but Riel persists and hours are spent in fruitless altercation until the court is summarily adjourned as a way out of the tangle.

The chief cause of the prisoner's excitement was his counsel's effort to press the claim of insanity, a plea which he strongly objected to all through the

trial. One of the allegations of his insanity was a reference to a book of prophecies written by Riel in buffalo blood. One authority on insanity described the prisoner's disease as megalomania, one who often imagines he is a king and divinely inspired—suffering from supreme egotism in a word as one of the complications of paralytic insanity.

Dramatic in the extreme was Riel's address to the jury. One eye-witnessing chronicler commented at the time "At any rate he spoke with a belief that he was right, but as he proceeded the quiet and low tone was discarded, the body swayed to and fro in strong agitation, his hands accomplished a series of wonderful gestures as he spoke with impassioned eloquence. His hearers were spell-bound, and well they might, as each concluding assertion with terrible earnestness was uttered with the effect and force of a trumpet blast."

"It would be an easy matter for me to play the role of a lunatic," cries the man on trial. "The natural excitement and anxiety which my trial causes me is enough to justify me in acting in the manner of a demented man."

Then the prisoner, fighting, it must be remembered, for his life, broke into a

strange mixture of speech: "Oh, my God, help me through the grace and divine influence of Jesus. Oh, my God, bless me, bless this court, bless this jury, and bless my good lawyers who have come nearly 700 leagues to defend me. Bless the lawyers for the Crown, for they have done what they considered their duty. God grant that fairness be shown. Oh, Jesus, change the curiosity of the ladies and others here to sanctity. The day of my birth I was helpless, and my mother was helpless. Somebody helped her. I lived, and although a man I am as helpless to-day as I was as a babe on my mother's breast. But the North-west is also my mother; although the North-west is sick and confined, there is someone to take care of her. I am sure that my mother will not kill me after forty years of life. My mother cannot take my life. She will be indulgent and will forget."

But his mother of the North-west did not forget, or forgive. The trial ends.

The jury is sent to its work and for an hour deliberates as to a man's life. During those terrible sixty minutes the prisoner is on his knees praying incessantly. What must it be to live through such a space of time, brief as the clock travels; eternally-long in the suffering of suspense!

"Is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy."

The trial of Riel is at an end. When the judge pronounces the death sentence and the date, the doomed man is again in control of himself. Not a muscle moves as, bowing to the court, he quietly asks "Is that on Friday, your Honor?" And the curtain rings down on this act of the tragedy as the ex-rebel leader is driven under a strong escort to the guard room which is now to be his death cell.

Appeals to other courts are in vain, a new trial is refused, the fatal sentence stands. The judge, however, grants a

To His Honor Hugh Richardson,
Judge. Regina
Your Honor,

I thank you for having goodly postponed the execution of the sentence against me. I shall make use of those days, added to my life, so as to prepare better. And if by God's mercy and favorable human decision, my life is to be spared, I will endeavour to render it more useful

than it has been in the past. I pray to God that twenty nine years be added to your life, in reward of the twenty nine days to which you have kindly consented to grant me.

My thanks to all those who have so generously contributed and worked to secure me such a precious addition of my days to you, and to them all, my thanks, but the warmest of my thanks.

Very respectfully

Your humble and obedient

Louis "David" Riel

17 Sept.
1885.
Regina
P.C.

brief respite—a favor that the doomed man evidently appreciated as the following letter shows:—

“To His Honor Hugh Richardson,
Judge, Regina.

“Your Honor: I thank you for having goodly postponed the execution of the sentence against me. I shall make use of those days, added to my life, so as to prepare better. And if by God's Mercy and favourable human decision my life is to be spared, I will endeavor to render it more useful than it has been in the past. I pray to God that twenty-nine years be added to your life, in reward of the twenty-nine days which you have kindly consented to grant me.

“My thanks to all those who have so generously contributed and worked to secure me such precious addition to my days. To you, and to them all, my thanks, but the warmest of my thanks.

Very respectfully

Your humble and obedient

Louis ‘David’ Riel.”

17th September, 1885.
Regina Jail.

One need not dwell at length on the final scene. According to the account given by G. Mercer Adam, Riel met his fate bravely and displayed more forti-

tude than had been thought possible. Throughout his last night on earth he was constant in his devotions. As the last hours sped by, he dropped his new and strange religious ideas and decided to die a devout Catholic, receiving the solemn last sacrament.

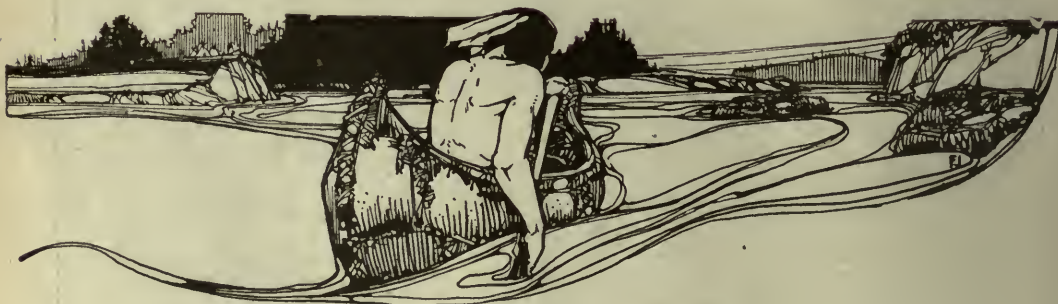
The fatal morning broke. The cell was dimly lighted by a small window, covered with a rime of frost through which the sun shot a few weak rays. The prisoner wore a loose woollen sur-tout, grey trousers, and woollen shirt. On his feet were moccasins, the only feature of his dress that marked the Indian that was in him. He received the notice to proceed to the scaffold in the same composed manner he had shown the previous night on receiving the warning of his fate, and, somewhat against his desire, abstained from making a speech.

“Courage, Pere,” spoke the condemned one, to Father Andre. “I believe still in God.”

“To the last,” added Father Andre.

“Yes, the very last. I believe and trust in Him. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on me. Jesus, Marie, Joseph, assistez moi en ce dernier moment.”

And then the darkness! Riel was no more! The Metis leader had met the demands of the inexorable law!



Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

Britain's Interest in the European Situation

The Mediterranean once again the centre of Europe's contending ambition.

British strategic points are insufficiently protected

WITH the descent of Italy's warships upon the North African coast, the Mediterranean once more assumes its historic character as the centre of Europe's contending ambitions, declares the American Review of Reviews, in its summary of the "Progress of the World" for August. Ever since the beginning of Rome's supremacy the Middle Sea has been one of the chief highroads along which the great powers of the world have pursued their policies of war or alliance. Statesmen have dreamed of making it a French and Italian or an Austrian "lake," as their own nationality might inspire their patriotism. Since the first years of the past century, however, when Britain checked the grandiose schemes of Napoleon by her victories in Egypt, and her acquisition of Malta and Cyprus, the Mediterranean has been dominated by British power. Before the breaking out of the Turco-Italian war there seemed no possible challenge of Britain's supremacy. She held Gibraltar on the West, Egypt and Suez on the East, with Malta and Cyprus in between. The Entente Cordiale with France connoted the acquiescence of Spain. With Morocco, Algeria and Tunis under French domination, the Austrian navy in embryo, Turkey and Greece impotent on the sea, Egypt in her own hands, and Italy, if not actually an ally, at least friendly, the Mediterranean was indeed well-nigh a British lake.

All this time the advance of German sea power was hastening the day when Britain must choose whether she would withdraw

part of her naval force from the Mediterranean in order to be secure against the German threat in the North Sea, or make some shift by which she would assign to another power the maintenance of the balance in her favor in the Middle Sea. Just when the German warship program had brought the Fatherland in its building so uncomfortably close to Britain that some of the graver English reviews were insisting upon "either agreement or strike," the Italians attacked Tripoli, and the whole balance in the Mediterranean was upset.

The preservation of the equilibrium of the Mediterranean is the question of the hour in the European foreign offices. On the satisfactory settlement of the problems presented by it depends the peace of the continent. No nation is more vitally concerned in this than Great Britain. Indeed, if a general understanding on this question is one of the immediate aims of European diplomacy, it is one of the vital questions in English foreign policy. During the first week in June, at the suggestion of Lord Kitchener, a conference was held at Malta. Premier Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the British Admiralty, and the British Consul-General at Cairo together with a number of prominent generals and admirals discussed all phases of the Mediterranean question. The proceedings were secret, but it is reported that they resulted in the determination of the British admiralty to withdraw a certain portion of British naval strength from the Mediterranean to add to that in the North Sea;

and to transfer to the French navy the task of maintaining the dominance of the Entente Cordiale in the Middle Sea.

Britain realizes that she must protect her route to India, but so great has the burden of warship building become that she cannot keep pace with German advance in the North Sea unless she retires from the Mediterranean at least some of the naval force she has long maintained there. There has been a good deal of criticism of this move. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, the well-known fighting admiral of the British navy, has been writing to the London newspapers protesting that if the conclusions of the Malta conference be carried out, in a few weeks' time England will have in Mediterranean waters no more than four second-class battleships based not on Malta but on Gibraltar; that in addition, the garrison at Malta is deficient in numbers and guns, and that, in fact, England has at last abandoned her traditional policy of maintaining naval supremacy on the main road to India. Admiral Mahan has said that if the interior line to India is lost, Malta and Egypt are exposed and the British Empire falls to pieces. The extent of Britain's confidence in France in this matter is realized when we consider the present status of things in southern Europe. Two Mediterranean powers are now at war; the Dardanelles has already been closed; and the Ottoman Government has announced its intention of closing it again to the ships of all Europe; Italy has seized many of the islands in the eastern Mediterranean; Crete is in a state of ferment; and an actual state of war extends from Sicily to Aden.

The Italian attack on Tripoli and seizure of the Egean Islands threatens to take the preponderance of power in the Mediterranean from France and England and give it to the Triple Alliance. That this is being dimly realized by European chancelleries can be seen by three recent moves on the chessboard of continental diplomacy. These are a radical increase in Austria's army; French sympathy openly expressed for Turkey; and the pro-Italian declarations of Russia's Foreign Minister, Dr. Sassonov. Last month the German Kaiser and the Russian Czar had one of their periodical love-feasts in the Baltic. At the little town of Baltischport on the Gulf of Finland near the city of Reval, in the presence of their ministers and generals in full regalia, the German and Russian monarchs discussed the general European situation, particularly the Italian-Turkish war. The Kaiser's chief concern, it is further alleged, is to assure

the neutrality of Russia in the event of an Anglo-German conflict. This, we are told, was discussed at Baltischport.

Last month the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Berchtold, went to Berlin to discuss the question of ending the Mediterranean war, and this month it is expected that Premier Poincare of France will visit St. Petersburg on a similar mission. It is evident that the telegraph and post will not do as mediums for the discussion of matters of this importance. The personal contact of the men who have in charge the peace of Europe seems to be necessary. The recent appropriation by Russia of more than \$600,000,000 for a new Russian navy is considered by the Turks to be a menace to them, since it probably means Russian insistence upon the opening of the Straits. Furthermore, there are the ever troublesome Cretan question, the Albanian uprising, only temporarily suppressed, and Bulgarian activity in Macedonia.

It is said that at the Malta conference alluded to above Lord Kitchener called the attention of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill to the fact that the Italian attack upon Tripoli had resulted in serious political and commercial conditions in Egypt. Riots of grave proportions have taken place in Cairo and Alexandria, and business conditions have suffered. There was also the recent plot against the lives of the Khedive and Lord Kitchener. The Egyptian nationalists are becoming impatient under the restraints which prevent their joining their Mohammedan brothers in Tripoli against the Italians. On another page this month we quote some English opinions of Kitchener's position and achievements since becoming British Resident-General in Egypt. England's stern, fighting man at Cairo, who has been called her watchdog, standing on the road between Europe and Asia, informed the British statesmen at the Malta conference that he was much concerned about the insecurity of commerce in the Egean caused by the action of the Italian fleet. The British garrisons in the Egean, at Malta and at Gibraltar, have hitherto been based upon the theory that the British possessions in the Mediterranean would make their position invulnerable. Lord Kitchener is believed to have emphatically protested to Premier Asquith and Mr. Churchill against any international combination which would leave the British strategic points in the Mediterranean insufficiently protected and expose her trade routes to India and the East to the attacks of ambitious continental powers.

The Business Side of Baseball

People of United States spend fifteen million dollars per year—

Attendance of fifty million at professional game

THE people of the United States spend approximately fifteen million dollars a year to see baseball games. The total number of persons registered at all professional ball games during a season reaches fifty millions. So rapid has been the growth of baseball enthusiasm that—so we are told by Edward Mott Woolley—owners of baseball teams predict the time when the aggregate of baseball patronage, including major and minor leagues, will be three hundred millions. They believe baseball to be still in its infancy, and on this prophecy they are staking their cash in monster stadiums of iron and stone, and laying out business plans to take care of their profits that they count up in millions. As a business investment, we are assured, baseball has United States Steel and all the stocks quoted on the Stock Exchange “beaten to a frazzle.” Baseball magnates, Mr. Woolley goes on to explain in McClures, pay salaries of \$10,000, \$12,000, \$15,000, even \$18,000 to their managers and players. One baseball magnate paid no less than \$22,000 bonus for the right to employ a single player. Millionaires like Charles P. Taft, brother of the President, invest in baseball franchises as they do in railroads and industries. Mr. Taft, backed by his wife's fortune, is the Morgan of American baseball, his investments reaching into the millions. Baseball, we are told, is a business—a wonder business.

The business of baseball requires quick judgment and unlimited financial backing. To the private office of an Indianapolis baseball owner came one day a long-distance call from New York. “This is John T. Brush,” said a voice. “I’ll give you five thousand for Marquard.” The Indianapolis man laughed: “Nothing doing.” Brush at once increased his offer. Again his terms were rejected. At last, after a prolonged wrangle over the wires, followed by silence, the voice was again heard: “I’ll make it eleven thousand—and this is final. I want an answer quick.” “I’ll take you.” “Done.” Ten minutes later Brush mailed his check. This was the highest bonus paid for a baseball player up to that time. “And what,” Mr. Woolley asks, “did the purchaser get?”

“A lanky, awkward, bashful boy of nineteen years that Brush had never seen, a boy

that had never pitched an innings of major league baseball, that had never undergone the acid test of facing in a row the mighty batting eyes of Clark, Leach and Wagner, or Sheekard, Schulte and Chance. But Brush knew his record. By that marvelous system of newspaper publicity that has made baseball, Brush and his great manager, John J. McGraw, knew that Marquard had won for Indianapolis the championship of his own league, that he had won a marvelous proportion of his games, that he had struck out so many men, and who those men were and how good they were and how hard they were to strike out. And McGraw's scouts, whose business it is to hunt ball-players, had seen the ‘Rube’ in action. Brush knew what he was buying—or thought he did.

“Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the nerve, daring and judgment required of the modern baseball magnate. Within recent years this business of owning ball teams has grown into a calling that has enlisted the brains and capital of many big men—big altogether aside from the technique of the diamond. It is a business that is unique, strenuous and often health-destroying; and it has put the owners in a class with the Wall Street broker or the operator on the Chicago Board of Trade.”

John T. Brush began his baseball career twenty-five years ago in Indianapolis when he invested twenty-five thousand dollars in an Indianapolis baseball team. He secured a membership in the National League for his team, but not long afterward received notice that the membership was to be reduced and that he must get out. He refused to quit, but finally compromised for \$76,000—more than has often been paid for a seat on the Stock Exchange. Even then he would not relinquish his membership nominally. Shortly afterward he bought the “Reds” for a song and sold them out ten years later to August Herrman and others for \$416,000. But his tale did not assume the real tinge of magic until he bought the “Giants” for \$200,000 from Andrew Freedman, traction financier. Then he touched the team with his magic business wand.

“If you wish to know the ingredients of business management in baseball, you must study Brush's method of building up his

aggregation of players. It was he more than any one who developed this art as it is practised by all modern owners. The scouts from the 'Giants' are scouring the land continually for players whose peculiar abilities, one way or another, fit in with Manager McGraw's analyses of his needs. When McGraw says the word, Brush pays the money—three, four, five thousand dollars for a youngster, ten thousand dollars for a veteran, whatever is necessary to get the man he wants. And then, of course, you must study the Brush financial methods, and the enterprise that has given New York, at the Polo Grounds, the most magnificent baseball stadium in the world. 'Yet the finest grand-stand will not make a successful baseball business,' says Brush. 'The organization and upbuilding of the team must be given the first place. Without this, baseball ownership fails. . . .'

"The 'Giants' now constitute the most valuable baseball property in the country, being held at more than a million dollars, not including the grounds, which are leased. Brush has made immense profits from the team, ranging from \$100,000 to \$300,000 or more annually.

"The risks and strain of the business are illustrated in Marquard, the pitcher whom Brush bought for \$11,000. Dealing in human muscle and skill is full of strange contradictions and unforeseen happenings. For three seasons after Brush bought him, Marquard 'fell down' ignominiously. Hailed as the '\$11,000 beauty,' he soon became known to the 'fans' as the '\$11,000 lemon.' Then he suddenly emerged from his disgrace and became a sensation. It was the limelight of the big club that broke him up temporarily. But Brush never lost faith in the youngster, and Marquard has justified his judgment. To-day the announcement that Marquard is going to pitch at the Polo Grounds is good for a crowd that will more than pay his \$11,000 purchase price at the gate."

The star system is as profitable in baseball as it is in the theatre. Ty Cobb, "Matty" and others of his calibre, are as big an attraction at the gate as Maude Adams is for the box office. In that respect Hans Wagner might be compared to Ethel Barrymore and Ping Bodie to John Drew. Brush would not take \$50,000 for Mathewson.

The American League, organized ten years ago as a rival of the National League, but now working in harmony with the latter, is headed by Ban Johnson, who is said to combine the money-raising power of a college president with the "sand" of a college half-back. It was Johnson that recently suspended Ty Cobb of Detroit for assaulting a spectator who had insulted him. The story of the Detroit "Tigers," as related by Mr. Woolley, would make a good chapter in a baseball fairy book. Before this story began the club had received some bad jolts.

"S. F. Angus, a railroad man, who owned the club in its early days, dropped \$60,000 in it. Then William H. Yawkey bought it, and engaged Frank J. Navin to manage it for him.

"Any time you want a half interest," said Yawkey to Navin, 'you can have it.' Navin had been bookkeeper for Angus and had little money himself. There was no written agreement; please remember this, for it is part of the fairy tale.

"The next two years, 1905-1906, Yawkey lost \$45,000, while the original investment had been only \$35,000. Then Hugh Jennings, affectionately dubbed 'Hughie' throughout the land, was drafted from Baltimore and made bench manager for Detroit. That year the 'Tigers' won the league pennant, and the profits were \$50,000. It was then that Navin said to Yawkey: 'I think I'll take formal possession of my half interest.'

"With some men, contracts are superfluous; Yawkey is that sort of man. There might have been a lawsuit, but there wasn't. The verbal understanding was carried out to the letter, and Navin came into a bonanza. With his profits he purchased an equal partnership. His total investment in the club was now \$17,000.

"Then the next year the 'Tigers' captured the pennant again, and the net profits were \$75,000."

Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago "White Sox," Mr. Woolley goes on to say, "is the most distinctive figure among baseball owners. He is said to have made all his money in baseball. His club is in the million-dollar class. His original investment was \$30,000. Comiskey owns the grounds, the franchise and the stands—all paid for.

Tickling the Public's Ribs

Remarkable amusement features at Coney Island—Lighting bill alone amounts to nearly half-a-million per year

DO you know that electricity has made possible Coney Island not only by night but by day? Do you know that the Borealis, flashing over it nightly, has been an important factor in its development; that the wheels of all the great amusement parks are driven by the power that is generated in dynamos? Consider that it costs \$3,000 a night to light its wooden spires; that these are ablaze 140 nights a year, making the bill of \$450,000. Do you know that a man with a headful of figures has computed that if all the electric bulbs of Coney Island were placed in a line 30 feet apart that they would illuminate the way from New York to San Francisco? Surely you will admit it is indeed the City of Electricity, writes Edward L. Fox, in *Popular Electricity*.

Paris has a carnival in Mid-Lent, but New York has one every day from the middle of May to the middle of September. Last year 20,000,000 people took part. They came from all parts of the country. Coney Island, you see, is a national show place like Yellowstone Park, like Niagara Falls. Also, the same people spent \$45,000,000, according to the adding machines, and adding machines do not lie.

Unlike Gaul, all Coney is divided into four parts—Steeplechase, Luna, Dreamland, and the section of general shows. These, taken one at a time, show their dependence to a remarkable extent upon electricity. Let me illustrate:

If you happen to be in Steeplechase Park some day, you may notice a blue-eyed, bristling red-moustached man, whose hair, seemingly damp, gives one the impression that he is always working. He is George C. Tilyou. Tilyou, the proprietor of Steeplechase, was one of the first men to recognize the value of electricity for amusement park purposes. When he was three years old he went to live at Coney Island with his folks. School days over, he became interested in real estate and finally organized the old Surf theatre on the Bowery. Also, Tilyou ran a clean show. At that time John McKane, the political boss of Coney Island, wanted the other type of show. He could obtain graft from it. So he and Tilyou began to fight. Twice Tilyou lost all he had, but finally he won out. McKane

went to the penitentiary for ballot box stuffing. And this is why Tilyou won out:

One day as he was walking along the beach he saw some youngsters playing around an upturned cart. They had rigged up a platform on its wheel and spun this around until one of their number flew off, falling on the sand. Instantly there came to Tilyou the idea of the "Human Roulette Wheel." Using the principle of centrifugal force, he built a huge wheel of smooth wood and above it a wall of cushions. To the wheel was attached an electric motor which made the wheel revolve, accelerating at every revolution. People paid ten cents for the privilege of sitting on this wheel and finally being hurled off into the cushions. This netted Tilyou \$50,000 and was the start of his successful Steeplechase Park.

Also, it is very significant that the other big attraction of the park is run by the same power. This is the "Steeplechase," from which the place took its name. One day Tilyou sat watching a merry-go-round. He looked idle but his brain was busy. On this particular merry-go-round the wooden horses moved up and down. There was a crowd waiting to ride them, but at the merry-go-round across the street, where the horses were stationary, there was nobody. The proprietor of the successful merry-go-round came to Tilyou and said:

"The reason for my success is that the people want all the action they can get. They like the idea of jerking up and down as well as going round and round."

And, as the organ from the failure across the street creaked dismally, Tilyou thought.

"Why wouldn't a contrivance on which the wooden horses run a race be even more popular?"

Not being able to answer the question in the negative, Tilyou went to work on his invention. At the end of a half year he gave to Coney Island the Steeplechase. This was a loop of track, uphill and down, under bridges and over them, on which six wooden horses, operating on the principle of the cable car, raced; and it earned a fortune.

But let us walk up Surf Avenue, the aorta of the Island, until we come to Lun Park—a wonderful place of papier-mache, mountains and valleys, minarets and tow-

ers, streets of quaint wooden pagodas. This is the place where nearly a million and a half electric light bulbs burn nightly, where the power used is enough to illuminate a city of 400,000 souls, where electricity, as an agent in producing illusions, is seen at its best.

In the beginning was Frederic Thompson, a young mining engineer of Nashville, Tenn. Every once in a while you read of Thompson failing, going into bankruptcy; but always he comes to the front again, stronger than ever. Over ten years ago he obtained the use of one of the big exposition buildings at Nashville. In it he staged his "Trip to the Moon," an illusion in which the scenery revolved downwards, giving the passengers aboard his stationary airship the impression that they were being lifted into space. Wonderful light effects were obtained by dexterous use of violet and pink shades. From Nashville he took his "Trip to the Moon" to the Pan-American Exposition, and meeting there Elmer Dundy, they decided to try it on New York. On May 16, 1902, they organized Luna Park, which was named, not after the "Trip to the Moon," but after Dundy's little sister. Their big electrical illusion was the attraction, however, and at the end of the year they had realized 90 per cent. on their original investment of two and one-half million dollars.

From that first successful use of electricity grew the many attractions of the park.

Take the "trick walk" that one encounters shortly after entering. The planks of this spread in all directions as one moves forward, being jerked by a series of levers connected with a motor. So with the "Witching Waves"—a canvas covered surface made to undulate in a similar manner. Over this surface cars full of laughing passengers rock to and fro.

But electricity was carried to bigger things. One day Thompson thought it would be a good idea to show the public what damage could be done by a tremendous volume of water, suddenly turned loose. He spent \$200,000 doing that and made as much more. He called his new attraction the "Crack of Doom." By means of powerful electric pumps he drew daily a million gallons of water from the ocean into a great reservoir. The water came, 65,000 gallons every minute, through 22-inch mains.

Then the reservoir was decorated to represent a mountain and below it was built a ten-foot tank at the top of which was a mining town in miniature. When the show

began the audience saw the town at sunset. The lighting effects used by theatrical men were made doubly effective through Thompson's skill. Gradually the painted sky darkened into night; one by one lights began to twinkle in the little houses, scenes of riot and dissipation came into being throughout the camp—some Gomorrah of the Northwest. Then, when the orgies were at their height, a judgment in the form of a sudden deluge was visited upon the place. Behind the scenes a man pressed a button and, the reservoir opening automatically, the water came hissing and tumbling down, sweeping everything before it and tumbling the little houses in a dark surge.

It has been said of Thompson that his psychological recipe for amusement park success is "let the crowd amuse itself." He does that with his "helter-skelter," a cane slide down which people shoot amid the laughter of hundreds looking on. In nearly every other case, however, he calls upon electricity to help the crowd in the unconscious task of "amusing itself." Yes, Thompson is enamored of electricity. Last year he even went so far as to do away with the little steam railroad that ran around Luna and in its place installed an electric system. Now he has two roads, two third-rails and two double end motor cabs.

So it is with Dreamland. Its great tower formerly ablaze with thousands of lights hints that electricity is the keynote of the place, just as it is at the other two parts. They'd no use for steam power of any kind. They even had a Hall of Electricity, in which one could be shocked for the asking and view all sorts of great apparatus to say nothing of electrical curling irons. Then they had their big illusion like the one at Luna. Only here it was called "The Fall of Pompeii," and an electrical volcano got in its work after vari-colored electric lights have shown the city in beautiful hues. And there's "Creation" too, the only constructive show of the spectacular type. It, too, however, was dependent upon electrical effects.

But let us leave these three great parks. We have seen that their success depends wholly upon electricity. Now let us visit the swarm of general attractions scattered throughout the Island. Most important among them is the Scenic Railway. Of this there are two types—the one in which the cars are motor driven, and the gravity railroad. Of course the former type is using electricity all the time. The latter, though, employs it as well. By cables the cars are carried to the top of high points, where they

gain the potentiality for their wild dashes up and down and around.

Also, we find in many of the side shows up-to-date uses of electricity. There are glass palaces, of many colored lights, and stairways, their steps charged with electricity, giving the walker the sensation of countless needles entering the soles of his feet.

And because of electricity Coney Island

is a success—such a success that twenty million people visit it every year, spending \$2.25 apiece. The whole proposition would be regarded by a hard-headed business man as a gamble. But the splendid audacity of the showman makes a surety. In his weird city of make-believe he gives wild license to the imagination, and pays cash to hear out his theories that the public wants to amuse itself in the most ridiculous manner.

The Psychology of Vacations

No one challenges the need of holidays in this age. The problem is to make the best possible use of them from every viewpoint

THAT the working capacity of the average man is increased by a certain amount of off-time, rightly spent, is no longer challenged. The problem facing wide-awake organizations is to induce him to make the most of his opportunity and to turn the period of relaxation to the profit of both employer and employee. Here, as in many modern instances, the business man turns to psychology for advice. One big manufacturing concern in the Middle West, quoted by William Hamilton Burquest in *Business*, distributes thousands of vacation pamphlets written by the company's house-physician for the benefit of its employees. "Let your vacation be an investment in efficiency," reads a salient extract from one of its pages.

"Return from your outing in the country with a glowing surplus of health and energy. While on your vacation avoid rigidly everything that will tend to weaken or undermine your nerves and muscular system. Avoid late hours—don't be a night-owl—taboo gay companions and the delights of the bar. Keep your mind off business matters. Let your physical organization have a complete chance to recuperate in every direction. Go in for adequate exercise, long woodland walks at sunrise, horseback riding, swimming, rowing and other athletic sports. Eat plenty of wholesome food. An important point to remember is this—sleep in a well-ventilated room, and adhere to that excellent old saying—'Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.'"

The pamphlets, enclosed in the pay-envelopes of the employee, with his vacation

wages, contain illustrations and a list of desirable summer resorts with varying rates for weekly accommodations. "We have observed," remarks the head of the firm in question, "that a large percentage of employees in any concern will take a keen interest in a doctor's advice. Scientific management," he goes on to say, "may prevail in an office or shop, and officials may feel elated over the success of their A-1 system of man-handling, and yet they will often overlook the fact that their system can stand further improvement—perhaps another five or ten per cent.—by extending their program of scientific management so that it will embrace the employee's leisure time."

"An employee's physical and mental activity during his holiday or 'off' hours, one must remember, is sure to react upon his daily work-a-day usefulness. That fine and intricate piece of machinery—the nervous and muscular organization of man—needs careful and constant care. But how shall an employer impress the need of adherence to this truth upon the average employee? How shall he induce subordinates to live efficiently? How shall he teach an employee to make his private thoughts and actions conform to the principles of scientific management? An employer can compel a man to conform to those principles pretty closely while at work, but after quitting time the employers' jurisdiction over him practically ends. There is but one course left open for the employer. He can persuade his employees by counsel, reason and logic, written and oral, to apply the 'efficiency habit' of office or shop to their daily life."

Encouraged by the success of its vacation pamphlet, the firm supplemented the latter by brief noonday talks once a week on "Food and Efficiency," "Health and Industry," "The Psychology of Habit," etc., by the house-physician.

Many employers still grant vacations grudgingly. One large bank in Chicago, however, Mr. Burquest informs us, absolutely insists that every man in the institution take a vacation of two weeks or more, as the case may be. This is a matter not of sentiment, but of business. Every man must be away from his desk at least two weeks a year, and during his absence someone else does his work, and thus the opportunity to check him up is afforded. "Aside from the expediency of giving vacations to bank employes," explains the head of this institution, "it is unreasonable, if not disastrous, to expect a man to plod at his desk continually for twelve months at a stretch."

"Overwork and lack of recreation retard the faculties. To grant an employe a change of scene and association gives him a chance to get a truer perspective on his own manner of life. He can go away somewhere and look at himself in a new light; perhaps he may become aware that he has been wasting his talents, that he has been falling into idle and dissipated habits. His vacation may thus give him time for mature reflection. He may repent, and his repentance may convert him into a man of added energy and worth to himself and his employers."

Seniority of service in this institution has the preference in the choice of vacation dates. Often the vacation is extended from two to three or four weeks in recognition

of long and efficient service. A department store of some importance in the Northwest grants to clerks who attain a special standard of selling efficiency an extra two weeks' vacation with full pay. Thus top-notch clerks enjoy a four weeks' vacation. "Last season," explains the store superintendent, "there were nearly forty salespersons out of a sales force of one hundred and fifty who reached or exceeded the standard determined upon as worthy of special recognition on the part of the firm."

"These supplementary vacations for meritorious service are given during the months of July, August and September. Those who win an extra two weeks are cordially welcome to them. Besides, clerks of this calibre need to have their vacations lengthened in order to be in better physical and mental trim. We feel that our 'live wire' clerks are reinvigorated by four weeks of recreation. It is an investment in efficiency, and works good for both the store and the clerks."

"The clerks of less efficient calibre receive of course the usual two weeks' vacation with regular pay. We note that our supplementary vacation policy has improved the annual selling records of those less fortunate clerks, who live in hopes of being just barely able to attain the standard selling record. In cases where their records approached somewhere near the set annual standard, we have allowed them one extra week in addition to the regular two weeks. Thus the spirit of fair play pervades our supplementary vacation policy, which we find has proved a fine asset in developing and promoting efficiency in the force behind the counter."

How to Make a Million Dollars

Joy in work is the secret of success, says this authority—most fortunes are made by charting out some new course

WRITING in the Business Philosopher, Milton Bejach gives some valuable advice on business development and money making.

You own all the to-morrows in the world, he says.

Broken, dispirited, discouraged, nerveless to-day? To-morrow new empires will be builded, new fortunes made, new glories won. New prospects will be located, new friends made, new customers made of the

friendships formed a few days ago. There is no end to the opportunity for success that lies in to-morrow.

A college professor is fond of saying that with preparation, a fair amount of brains and sufficient toil any man can become a millionaire. Some of us would not go so far as that, others believe every word of it.

Granted that we have as much cerebral matter as the next man, to amass a million dollars we must be prepared to seize every

opportunity that crosses our path. Opportunity crosses more than once, in spite of what the late Senator Ingalls said about it. Preparation consists in learning how to know Opportunity when we see it.

For instance, a young lawyer, practising in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, whenever he had a client to practice on, spent much time in the court rooms, and noticed that counsel read decisions from the law reports. They read the number of the book, the page and the paragraph or two pertinent to the case in hand. He advised with himself and the upshot of the case was that his citations were not read, but quoted from memory. The learned judges looked at him over their spectacles, the professional jurymen gasped. The judges sent for the books. The young lawyer grasped the opportunity of making an impression for himself as well as for his client. He recognized the fact that a statement made from memory, and made positively, bores in deeper, hits harder than a quotation read from a book.

The effect on the jurymen was one hundred per cent. good. They reasoned, subconsciously, that if the young man knew the law well enough to quote from memory he must know something about the facts which they were sworn to judge. The memory task the young lawyer set himself was easy of accomplishment when his cases were few. As his practice increased his ability to memorize grew with it. To-day, men say he can quote law, report number, page and paragraph, after one reading.

Imagine the effect on a prospect if the salesman gave him from memory extracts from testimonial letters, paragraphs from the catalogue, whole sections of intensified selling argument!

A man may make a million dollars in any line of honest endeavor, but only when he finds joy in his work. There never was a rich man who did not find joy in the labor that made him rich. When the joy runs out of the doing the profits run with it.

All of us remember the story of Tom Sawyer, created by the immortal Mark Twain. Remember how Tom hated the job of whitewashing the fence? The boy was a born promoter. He painted the joy of whitewashing so vividly to his companions that they paid him in pennies, marbles and tops for the pleasure of wielding the brush. They found fun in the task, were willing to pay for doing it. Never, in a million years, would Tom Sawyer have made a good whitewash artist. We don't know what happened to him after he was twenty-one, but it is a good guess that he promoted a railroad or two.

Joy in doing? Fun out of a business or a profession? When an actor has a day off does he spend it in the country? Does he go fishing? Does he hie himself to the golf course? Not if there is a theatre in town.

Edison works eighteen hours a day in his laboratory. He puts in his play time and his work time in the same room.

Pleasure in work? What does the copy-reader or editor do with his play hours? Eighty per cent. of them are spent in slippered feet with a book under his nose. He robs his sleeping time to enjoy the work of others in his own line.

Some men have made a million dollars by following other men. Most fortunes have been made by charting a new course. The doers are the men who value precedent because it tells them what not to do. The doers believe that "precedent is something to be broken," not preserved. The arch enemy of progress is precedent.

The man who makes a million dollars is the man who does things differently, who gets under the hide, who sometimes startles the people with whom he is in close contact.

Do you know such a man? Mark him well, for if he has a fair amount of brains, sufficient preparation to recognize opportunity, ambition and determination, he will carve his name high up on the wall where the names of famous men are inscribed.

Cutting Off New York's Death Rate

Sketch of "man who chopped off five per cent. of New York's death rate in seven years"

IN WRITING up "interesting people," the American Magazine gives a sketch of Ernst J. Lederle, "the man who chopped off five per cent. of New York's death rate in seven years."

A far-visioned planner, an energetic and kindly administrator; with German thoroughness, Yankee shrewdness, and universal humanity—strong, patient, able, just, judicious.

That's Lederle.

The public health of New York City, an immense, congested, squalid metropolis—a hive, incessantly busy, rushing, roaring—a clutter of five million human beings, many very filthy and most of them careless.

That's his job.

"Public health is a purchasable commodity;—how much do you want to buy?"

That's his platform.

New York City's death-rate per thousand dropped from 20.01 in 1904 to 15.13 in 1911—the lowest in the history of the city.

That's results.

New York has at present a lower death-rate than Paris, Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Newark, Buffalo, Boston. She is about even with Chicago and San Francisco. Cleveland is lower; so is Los Angeles. New York's achievement stands out, however, when you remember that these are young cities with a population mostly beyond infancy and below old age, thereby giving an age-grouping favorable to low mortality, which is not the case in New York.

London and Berlin have a lower rate—14.40 and 15.1 respectively. But the birth rate in New York is 25 per cent. higher than in Berlin and 10 per cent. higher than in London. Big cities are cruel to children, so with the higher birth-rate comes the higher death-rate.

And thereby hangs the one tale that I have space to tell of Lederle. In 1910, 19,000 children under two years old died in New York. Of these, 15,000 were less than one year old.

Give a guess. Milk! Precisely — you guessed it the first time.

Lederle laid down the law that all milk sold in the city should be classified into three grades:

(A)—suitable for infants and children.

(B)—suitable for adults.

(C)—suitable for cooking and manufacturing purposes.

All milk sold in grades A and B must comply with high special requirements or else be pasteurized. He opened fifteen milk stations where infants' supplies can be had and instruction is given in the care and feeding of babies. This work is as yet barely begun—but in 1911 the deaths under two years had dropped from 19,269 to 17,574. Two thousand babies net is something for a starter.

This is a bare sample. If you live in New York write to the Department at Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue and be put on the mailing list for their monthly bulletin. Then you will find out exactly what is doing with contagions, nuisances, food inspection, milk inspection, hospitals, vital statistics, and a hundred other things that are your concern—unofficially just as much your concern and your job as they are Lederle's.

Lederle has discovered a great truth that has made him a great man. It is this: you will never be truly happy until you have put as much energy and ability into serving the public good as you have put into your own private business. Mayor Gaynor dug that truth out of Epictetus long ago, and has made his appointments largely among men who see the same thing the same way. Like Tomkins, for instance, in the dock department, or Purdy, in the tax department, Lederle "doesn't have to work." He could lead a life of cultivated inaction if he wanted to. The Lederle Laboratories are immense money-makers. But Lederle's hobby isn't for money or fame. His hobby is for getting a good job done for the public good—simply "getting it across"—and he works like a dog and is happy as a lord.

Blundering Into Business

Small investors should not risk all their capital in ventures
with which they are unfamiliar

VALUABLE advice to the inexperienced who are about to seek business investments is given by The World's Work, in the following article on "Blundering Into Business:"

One of the most usual errors in putting money away is to buy into a business risk without knowing it. A few months ago,

a man who inherited \$20,000 in 1905 told me a story to illustrate this point.

In 1908 he went out West. In Washington he met a man who owned extensive timber holdings in British Columbia. The one imperative need of this man was capital. He talked about lumber as the one sure road to wealth, if only he could get enough

ready money together to build a mill and begin to turn his standing timber into marketable lumber.

The upshot of this chance meeting was that the Ohio man put all his money into the stock of a new lumber company. It was a very favorable bargain, perfectly honest on both sides. No cash was wasted. The business began in a legitimate way. It paid from the start. In 1909, it paid 20 per cent. on the money invested, and in 1910 and 1911 25 per cent. The investor congratulated himself on the use of his money.

Last winter, however, letters began to complain of the restricted working capital. A good line of credit at the bank was open, but the restricted method of doing business did not suit the Washington man. He wanted more capital. He wanted to expand the credit of the company. The investor did not know just what to say. He saw that more money was needed; but he could not put up any more himself. The alternative was easier, and, he figured, perfectly safe. Yielding to the request of his partner, he agreed to sign his name to notes of the company, and so do what he could to expand the credit and the working balance of the concern. This done, he sat down to await the larger dividends he felt certain would come.

Only a few weeks later came the thunder-clap. A terse telegram informed him that a great lumber concern had failed, and that the Canadian banks were curtailing credit on that class of enterprise, and asking that debts be paid.

"We must have a hundred thousand dollars by Saturday," was the conclusion.

Then, only, did the would-be investor realize that he was in business. He rose to the occasion. He took his whole correspondence on the matter, from the very beginning, down to Cincinnati, to a business man whom he had known for years. He threshed it out for two days. On Friday, he wired to Seattle, placing funds at the disposal of the company to meet its crisis. In the process, however, of getting that money, he had handed over control of the whole concern to other men. He had learned that he who borrows under fire pays for what he gets.

This experience has not turned out unhappily. It is told here merely to illustrate how a man seeking the peace and security of a sound and careful investment may blunder into business, with its worries and its joys.

Unfortunately the man most likely to be lured into a business venture when what

he really wants is an investment is the very small and innocent investor. The promoter and the speculative broker count upon the fact that the average small saver of money does not know the difference between investment and business, and they lead him into dangerous business risks under the guise of investment securities. Speaking generally, all mining promotion stocks and bonds represent not established investment opportunities, but business risks of an extreme type. The only mining security that remotely resembles an investment issue is that made by established mining property managed by reliable and experienced people, and having an established record for dividend payment, for production, and for consistent depreciation charges. Not more than one in three hundred of the mining securities offered to the public possess these characteristics.

In the railroad field there are plenty of investment opportunities, but there are also plenty of business risks. Any stock or bond that represents a railroad property under construction, without established earning capacity and without established traffic, should be bought only on the full understanding that it is a partnership in a business enterprise rather than a sound and established investment security.

In the industrial field an even larger percentage of the public offerings has the character of business risks rather than of investment securities. A new industrial security is particularly apt to be a speculative business proposition. Many industries, no matter how well established they may seem, can never be conservatively classed as investment propositions. This is particularly true of companies that manufacture products representing an invention or a machine, because they may be superseded at any time by new inventions or new machines; and industries that represent products sold to the public by means of a heavy advertising appropriation. There are, of course, some exceptions to this rule, but they are companies that have been in business for a long time, whose products have become staple articles of merchandise, and whose good will is extremely solid and almost beyond the reach of competition.

The most alluring of all forms of security is the construction issue; that is, the issue of stocks or bonds put out to build some new railroad, to open some new mining property, to establish some new industry, or to float some new invention. It is here also that the greater risks may be found. Even the wisest and shrewdest of American business men cannot foretell with any ac-

curacy how such an investment will turn out. Every year our great financiers, pushing forward big construction enterprises, trip over unlucky incidents and lose large amounts of money in business ventures of this sort.

The late David H. Moffat, of Denver, trying to build a new line of railroad from Denver to Salt Lake, encountered the panic of 1907, and practically lost at one stroke the fortune that he had taken a life-time to build up. The late E. H. Harriman blundered into an even more obvious speculation in a big copper company of the Southwest. He found himself so much involved that at one time he contemplated making a fight for control of the company. From all accounts he lost a substantial sum of money as a result of this little business venture. Mr. Morgan's house stepped into a similar loss in the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. Their venture into this property was probably not entirely voluntary; but no matter what the cause, the fact seems to be that they went into this road at a good price and got out of it at a good loss.

Similarly, this same firm has been identified from its beginning with the International Mercantile Marine, and some of its partners were probably involved in the American Ship Building Company fiasco of 1902. A few years ago, the Guggenheims blundered into an adventure in the Cobalt

field and got out of it, it was reported at the time, at a substantial loss of money and at a great inconvenience besides. The late H. H. Rogers, as shrewd a financier as the United States has produced, became ambitious to build a new railroad from the coal fields of West Virginia to tidewater. Before he finished that task he had been obliged to pledge a large amount of his personal fortune to Wall Street, and had gone through a strain that probably helped to break down his constitution and to kill him.

If you analyze such instances as these, you will discover that in some cases apparently level-headed business men put all, or very nearly all, their private fortunes into a single venture, and stood to win another gigantic fortune or to lose practically the entire fortune that they already had. The result is sometimes complete ruin, as in the case of Mr. Moffat. On the other hand, when such men as Mr. Harriman, or such firms as the House of Morgan, have been found in losing ventures, it invariably turns out that only a small proportion of their wealth is involved in the venture, and they write off their losses without much trouble.

Unhappily, the smaller the investor and the more difficult his accumulation of money, the more likely he is to risk it all on a single chance.

A Thousand Miles an Hour Now Possible

Great speed may be attained by the wheelless car, the invention
of a French inventor

AMONG the notable achievements and theories of the day in Science, Hearst's Magazine last month placed "the wheelless car that may reach a thousand-miles-an-hour speed. Newspaper readers, it says, were startled recently by the announcement that a new type of conveyance had been invented—a new car able to develop a speed of one thousand miles an hour. It seems almost an anti-climax to say that the announcement further declared, a speed of three hundred miles an hour could be "easily attained."

It must be added by way of interpretation that the vehicle for which such a startling future is predicted, is still only in the experimental stage. To speak quite accurately it exists only in the form of labora-

tory models. These models, however, give a really remarkable performance, and demonstrate the principles upon which the commercial car is expected to work.

The inventor of the new machine is Mr. Emile Bachelet, a Franco-American electrical engineer, now living in New York.

The car itself is a metal cylinder, with conical ends to overcome air resistance (in other models, a skeleton of steel), the base of the car being a plate of aluminium. The car has neither wheels nor internal mechanism, yet it is capable of traveling along the miniature track at a high rate of speed. While in progress, it does not rest on the track itself, but moves through the air, seemingly unsupported.

The explanation of the mystery is that

the car passes over a series of electro-magnets which are energized coincidentally with the passage of the car by electricity conveyed from guide rails to the magnets by brushes adjusted to the side of the car. These brushes supply the only contact of any part of the car with the rails when the apparatus is in motion. The effect of the electro magnets is to repel the aluminium plate, by inducting what are called eddy currents, and the entire car is thus lifted and supported on an invisible cushion of ether. It is held in the air as firmly as if it were supported by springs of steel, yet one may pass one's hands beneath the bottom of the car without experiencing any sensation whatever.

Mr. Bachelet's model car, supported thus in the air by the electro magnets, is drawn forward by the attractive influence on the steel body of the car, of other magnets which are coiled, in the form of so-called solenoids, at intervals along the track. As the weight of the car rests entirely on the electro-magnetic ether cushion, there is no progress except that offered by the air itself, and the possibilities of its speed are to be gauged practically with reference to this obstruction only. The current in each successive solenoid is of course shut off automatically, just as the car reaches the neutral point within the cylinder.

That the model of this unique type of wheelless vehicle works perfectly, Mr. Bachelet has demonstrated to many competent witnesses. Whether the principle can be applied economically on a commercial scale remains to be shown. The objection has been made that it would require, even according to Mr. Bachelet's own calculations, as much power to raise a passenger coach off the tracks as it would to propel a loaded car of ordinary weight at a high rate of speed. But it is admitted that this might not be an insuperable objection, provided the enormous speeds predicted by the inventor can be attained in practice.

The only obvious barrier is air pressure, which becomes a factor of vast significance when high speeds are in question. But precisely what are the limits of speed beyond which air pressure becomes practically an impenetrable wall, no one as yet knows. The pessimistic calculator may advantageously recall that an engineering prophet in 1829 offered to eat a wheel of Stephenson's "Rocket" if that pioneer locomotive should prove able to compass ten miles an hour. The "Rocket" actually made thirty miles an hour on its trial trip—which seemed as great a miracle then as three hundred miles an hour would seem to-day.

Would You Pay Yourself Wages ?

Honestly, Would You Employ Yourself?—A Plain Question of Self-Examination

Which Workers Might Consider

To most people this will be a new viewpoint? And we venture the opinion that it will be a somewhat novel one, too. "Would you pay yourself wages?" asks E. N. Ferdon in the *Business Builder*.

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

"Did you ever put that question to yourself? Did you ever answer it fairly and squarely, way down in your heart and way back in your head—answer it the way you knew it should be answered? Did you ever answer it without quibble or evasion, without ifs or buts, without any other feeling but that of commercial disinterestedness?"

"You say that can't be done? But it can. You've done it hundreds of times; I've done it; our neighbor has done it. The

real true answer is in the way-back feeling—that innermost consciousness—that obtrudes itself whenever the question comes up and we wrestle with it.

"When you're dissatisfied with your job, when everyone else seems to be doing better than you, when you feel that your services aren't appreciated as substantially as they should be, when you rail at what the house doesn't do for you, when you spend a couple of hours of each working day nursing your woes instead of putting your shoulder to the business, when, in fine, you are absolutely certain you're getting no square deal, then ask yourself the question:

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

"The long odds are that you're in a better position to answer that question even than your employer. Of course, whether you answer it truly or not, whether you answer it the way your innermost consciousness tells you to, is another matter. An innermost consciousness has a way of showing a man up to himself in a most unvarnished way. You can't get away from it, either. You know it's there even when you try to ignore it.

"An innermost consciousness never comes out and calls the other part of your mind a liar or a hypocrite without its being pretty sure of the ground it stands on. For innermost consciousness is the most unprejudiced fellow in the world. He takes you as he finds you, when you're trying to take yourself, perhaps, in any other form.

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

"Don't start envying the pull that others seem to have, the raises in salary others get, the nice things said about the work of those around you; don't begin to cuss the boss, to damn the manager, to vilify the superintendent, to accuse the house, because you seem to keep stationary, because you don't go up faster. Instead, just put that question to yourself and let your in-

nermost consciousness answer it for you. If your innermost consciousness says: 'You've a right to kick, old man. The deal isn't just square,' then kick—but do your kicking where kicking will do some good, if there's merit behind it. And the only place it will do good is to the face of the man to whom you are responsible, or someone over him.

"When you think you've got a kick coming, register it with the right party—or else strangle it.

"If, however, that innermost consciousness says: 'I'll be blamed if I'd employ you,' then, for goodness sake, keep mum and hustle for all you're worth—because if you're not worth hiring you may be worth firing."

It's the balance on the credit side of the ledger that makes fortunes, the balance on the debit side that breaks them. Now, therefore, is a good time to strike a balance.

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

There are some employers, also, who might at times advantageously put the question to themselves: "Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

The word failure only applies to the one who quits the fight.—The Business Builder.

The Fighting Leader of the Progressive Party

Frank A. Munsey declares United States has great political movement
and man to lead it

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has no more loyal supporter in his fight for the presidency than Frank A. Munsey, whose publications are already waging a magnificent campaign in behalf of the new Progressive leader. Writing in Munsey's Magazine, Mr. Munsey gives this brief sketch of Roosevelt the Fighter:

A great political leader without a great political movement back of him can accomplish nothing; a great political movement without a great leader can make little progress.

To-day we have both the great movement and the great leader. It is certain that no man in America appeals to the imagination of the people with anything like the force of Mr. Roosevelt, and it is probable that no man in this country ever equaled him in this respect.

He has been the champion of the plain people for more than thirty years—since boyhood, in fact—and never, in all his public career, from Assemblyman to Governor of New York, and from Governor of New York to President of the United States, has he once sacrificed the people that he might seek the favor of wealth and power of any kind, social or otherwise.

Moreover, he has not been merely a negative friend of the people. He has achieved for them in great measure—has achieved for all the people, rich and poor alike, in the wise legislation he has secured, and in awakening the public conscience to a righteous sense of civic duty and social justice.

It is because of this enviable record of achievement in reforms and big, broad statesmanship, and because of his unflag-

ging interest in whatever makes for the general good of all the people, that he holds so great a place in the hearts of the American people.

Furthermore, Mr. Roosevelt is the type of man that stirs the blood of the people. He is the embodiment of democracy, the cowboy, the soldier, the huntsman, the scholar, the writer, the orator, and the statesman. He is a man of most unusual mental, moral, and physical courage. There are counterparts of Mr. Roosevelt in any one of these qualifications, but I know of no counterpart of him in this country, or anywhere in the world, combining the three in one.

Governor Sheehan once told me of a conversation he had with Mr. Roosevelt, standing before the mounted skin of a monster grizzly bear which Mr. Roosevelt had shot at close range—so close that the odds at one instant seemed greatly in favor of the grizzly. After a description of the dramatic fight, Mr. Roosevelt suddenly turned to Governor Sheehan and said:

"But, Governor, I shall never be satisfied until I have killed a grizzly bear with a knife!"

This incident suggests the physical courage of the man—a courage that knows no retreat.

But his physical courage is not greater than his mental and moral courage. In the Legislature and out of the Legislature, in caucus and convention, and as President of the United States, he has held true to the line of duty and has fought his fights to a triumphant finish — fought with the same vigor, the same kind of courage, that made him wish to grapple to a death encounter, knife in hand, with a grizzly bear.

Nearly all of his great triumphs in rate-regulation, in bringing about the control of railroads, in forcing a halt upon the ruthless onward march of giant corporations, in legislation for pure food, pure drugs, employers' liability, and social justice—nearly all of these were the result of terrific struggles with an unwilling and defiant Congress. No man, unless he had been a fighter of the courage and quality of Roosevelt, could have overcome the opposition that massed itself solidly against the President's reforms and constructive policies.

No wonder that a man of this type appeals to the imagination of the great American populace; no wonder that he stirs them to enthusiasm and loyalty.

This description of Mr. Roosevelt would be incomplete, and would leave an erroneous impression, if I were to say nothing of the other side of his character. What I have said pictures him as a man of tremendous

initiative, tremendous energy, and tremendous fighting force. But this is only one view of Mr. Roosevelt. As a friend, a neighbor, a good fellow, a charming companion, a husband and father, he is likewise an exceptional man—not so exceptional as in his mental and physical powers, but very exceptional, nevertheless.

He has the keenest sense of humor and a most kindly and boyish nature. His wide reading, his ample fund of knowledge, and his vast experience with people and in great affairs has equipped him to be, as he is, one of the most entertaining of men. But beyond all this, beyond all the qualities and qualifications I have mentioned, he is a leader of men, a man who impresses his leadership on everybody, a man who inspires all about him, energizes all about him, and is an uplift to all about him.

It is because of this faculty that he is so extraordinary as an executive and administrative genius. He puts the spark of life into everything he touches, implants it in every man about him, with the result that men of indifferent capacity, under the inspiration of his leadership, under the stimulus of his mind, take on some of the force that radiates from him and show the efficiency of really first-rate men.

This is leadership, big leadership, executive and administrative genius of the highest, the most superlative order. And this is the man of the hour, the man who stands as the embattled and unflinching leader of the new political party, founded on the idea of progress and social justice, founded as a protest against boss control of political parties, and against the domination of political parties by corrupt, selfish financial interests and vast, concentrated money power.

No political party ever started out with fairer prospects of growing into a great, sound organization, an organization of the people and for the people, than this new Progressive Party. The cause is right, the leader is a man who leads, and the serious people of the country are earnestly back of both.

The illustrations in this article show Mr. Roosevelt in action as vividly as still-life photographs can portray a man. In these pictures you will see the strength, the determination, the tensivity of the man. You will see that back of his expression, back of his utterance, there is deep, intense sincerity, coupled with tremendous physical, moral and mental force.

Mr. Roosevelt is now fifty-three years old, in the very prime of life. In his energy and his endurance he shows none of the

wear and tear of work and years. Indeed, there isn't a fitter man in the whole country to-day. He came through the recent campaign for the Presidential nomination, undergoing the most strenuous strain, speaking as he did all over the country, and several times a day, without showing even a sign of fatigue. For instance, finishing at midnight in New Jersey, the next day he appeared at his editorial desk in New York, where he turned off a vast amount of accumulated work, and also saw many callers.

Of the many great political fights in which Mr. Roosevelt has been engaged in his thirty years of public life, he now has on his hands the greatest of all. It is a titanic task to build a new nation-wide organization, covering our vast territory and reaching our population of one hundred millions. And in this instance the task is complicated, the difficulties intensified by

reason of the brief time remaining before the election on November 5. But all difficulties shrink when actual work begins, and the work has begun. In fact, it began in the minds of the Orchestra Hall audience in Chicago on Saturday night, the 22nd of June, even before Mr. Roosevelt had finished his great speech saying that he would accept the nomination of the Progressive Party. The leadership of Mr. Roosevelt was never seen to greater advantage and never better felt than on that occasion, which is destined to mark a big place in American history.

The audience in that hall, when that meeting broke up, was ready to follow Mr. Roosevelt to any rational length in the cause for which he stood, to any rational length in a rebuke to the dishonesty and crookedness of the great convention in the Coliseum, that had passed into history but an hour before.

Real Education — and No Holidays

New ideas being put into practice in Michigan schools illustrate the advantages of "live" education

THE Michigan schools, as described in the American Educational Review by Kathleen Nicholson, seem to be a very happy illustration of "live" education. Mr. Luther L. Wright, the leader of State education, has made great changes on the conventional methods.

To supply children with vocabulary and ideas, he set them memorizing the most beautiful selections of prose and poetry in the language, then the very best stories were culled from literature, including fiction, fable, folklore, nature biography, and history. The child's interest in things beautiful was developed by the use of pictures carefully selected and discussed by them. Copies of the best pictures and statuary were placed in every school. Nature was drawn upon; experimental gardens, collections of soil, rock, plants were made by the children, birds, plants, animals. Local industries and scenery were studied. The child was taught to express himself orally.

When the pupils entered the eighth and ninth grades, then they were ready for written work. Then, too, technical grammar is taught, the pupils being ready for it. The text-book is discarded, not

only in language work, but in arithmetic. Number work consists in the visualizing of oral problems. No pencil, pen or paper is used until the seventh grade, yet every arithmetical principle has been used and mastered orally before that time. Other forms of sense training are constantly used. The children run about the room noiselessly on the ball of the foot—never walk. In all the work they are trained to use hands, eyes, ears; and the co-ordination of muscles thus developed results in ease, grace, poise, and skill. So far the system seems admirable.

But what will impatient school boys and girls think of the next feature?:—

One of the most important articles of the creed is the recommendation of the twelve months' school system to the attention of taxpayers and other educators. Mr. Wright refers to our present system as a traditional survival from the days when our forbears required the help of the boys and girls in the farm during the summer season. To-day the growing demand for vacation schools proves that no real need exists for the long idle summer vacation. In our own day, when school is no longer regarded as a preparation for life, but is

recognized as being life itself, the long gaps of time seem entirely superfluous, and the misguided, undirected vacation a real loss. School is no longer a mere grind over texts, but a place replete with incentives to activity. It is the child's social centre, harmonized to meet the developing needs of his own nature, wherein he lives among his peers in his own little world. In these schools the discipline practically takes care of itself. It is his natural environment in which everything has been arranged on a basis of appeal to his native tendencies. The dawn of every instinct has become the creation of the child's real world, wherein everything is his own tan-

gible, appreciative possession. It is the goal to which he turns instinctively in the morning and to which he goes eagerly and earnestly. His attitude towards it, in these schools, is a revelation to the visitor who watches his absorbed interest in every detail of his work, which he approaches almost reverentially and without coercion of any kind. Is there any excuse for turning him out of this environment during three months of the year? Moreover, three months' vacation means that throughout a twelve years' course of grade and high school, the child loses thirty-six months or three full years of the most valuable time of his life.

How the Machine Emancipates Man

Opportunities for employment have been increased and not diminished
by modern and useful inventions

MR. H. H. SUPLEE writes in *Cassier's* on the replacement of the man by the machine. He recalls how steam was first used in order to pump water from the flooded mines of Cornwall, then applied to the driving of flour mills and textile mills. In spite of the fear that the labor so displaced would remain unemployed, the opportunities for employment have been increased and not diminished. The pumping of water has made possible an ample water supply to great centres of population, and thus lowered the death-rate.

The steam engine has transformed the commerce of the world, and enabled the excess population of the older settled portions to be distributed over new areas. So with the development of railways. The fearfully hard and brutalizing labor of puddling has now been transferred to mechanical appliances, and the Bessemer converter is doing much of the work formerly consuming the bodies of vigorous men.

In the handling of pig iron great economy has been effected by the lifting magnet:—

With a cargo of 4,000,000 pounds of pig iron, the time required to unload this vessel with twenty-eight men was two days and two nights, which corresponds to about 3,000 pounds per man per hour, or about fifteen tons per day of ten hours, agreeing very well with Mr. Taylor's figures under

ordinary day's work. When the lifting magnet was introduced, the total time required for unloading was reduced to eleven hours, and this was done by two men, whose labor consisted in manipulating the controllers in the cages of the cranes. Thus two men and two magnets did the work of twenty-eight men in less than one-fourth the time.

The Whitney gin for removing seed from cotton fibre may be said to have caused the immense entire cotton industry of England and America. If a machine could be invented to pick cotton, it is stated that the present crop of ten or twelve million bales a year might be more than doubled. The Campbell machine, tested in Texas, is said to have a capacity of 6,400 pounds of cotton a day, or more than twelve bales. This corresponds to the work of thirty skilled cotton pickers. It only involves the services of one man and a boy at a cost of about six dollars, compared with about fifty dollars for picking the same amount by hand.

In spite of the mechanical development of agriculture, still only about 5 per cent. of the agricultural work in the United States is mechanically performed. All the manifold applications of electricity have resulted in the relief of many from burdensome toil, while providing new and lighter occupations for thousands. The kind of labor most readily displaced by machinery is that of the untrained man

who works principally with his muscle and, therefore, the laborer must learn to work with his head as well as his hands, and to do things at the same time that

are lighter and more valuable than formerly. An entirely different kind of training from that formerly supplied by the old apprenticeship system is needed.

The Coming of Bonaparte

Piece of brilliant writing, as vivid as cinematograph and as graphic as Macaulay, by Lord Rosebery

THE distinction of the *Fortnightly Review* is a paper by Lord Rosebery on the coming of Bonaparte. It was originally written as a preface to the Nelson edition of M. Vandal's "*L'Avenement de Bonaparte*," where it appeared in a French translation. It is a piece of brilliant writing, as vivid as a cinematograph, and as graphic as Macaulay. Lord Rosebery says that in this book we see the first accession to power of Napoleon, and his first appearance as a ruler:—

New and wider horizons open before him, soon to be boundless. As the narrative proceeds we see the meagre conqueror disappearing and replaced by something larger. There is something looming, one can scarcely say what, which obliterates the craving soldier Bonaparte; it is Napoleon in the egg.

The drama opens in 1799 with Sieyes as director, who saw that a heroic figure was required. Bonaparte, with all his victories, was shut up in Egypt, but finally he arrives in France:—

His arrival savors of the marvellous. He has traversed and escaped hostile fleets almost by a miracle, revisiting his birth-place for the last time, and he has arrived safe. The Directory, with a grimace, grudgingly announces the news. The nation cares little for the grimace, so long as the news be true. There is unbounded enthusiasm; legislation cannot proceed; "suffocated with emotion," the legislators adjourn.

Then follows an explanation which may by some alarmed reactionaries to-day be regarded as not without present reference:—

Why is there this remarkable outburst? The answer is simple enough. It is not that the nation craves for fresh glory at the hands of the conqueror. What it demands is order at home, and peace abroad.

Order in the first place. For ten years they have been living on high aspirations

varied by massacre, believing that legislation can effect everything, even transform human nature; and that taxation can be so adjusted by getting rid of the wealthy as to enrich and benefit the poor; worshipping in fact, the silly gods that blight a nation. In five years, 3,400 laws have been enacted, enough to make the months of modern legislators water, enough to convert earth into heaven were earth convertible by such means. All that had been produced was anarchy, poverty, and discontent. Nor had the finance of the system been more successful. The graduated tax on property had been a hopeless failure, and the Treasury was empty. The aspect of the provinces was little better. In Lyons, the second city of France, the Revolution had ravished like an earthquake, and destroyed whole quarters of the town. In Marseilles, the third, we are told, there seemed nothing surviving but hatreds. Bringandage reigned in some departments, civil war in others.

It is not wonderful then that peace is the passion of the citizens, not only for itself, but because they feel that without peace the restoration of order is impossible. Other generals may gain victories, but the population has an ingrained faith that only Bonaparte can secure peace. He alone is victorious enough to terminate a war. And the only way to end the Revolution is to end the war.

The way Bonaparte fulfilled this role is then told in a series of flashlight pictures. The Council of Five Hundred is removed by its President, Lucien Bonaparte, to St. Cloud. Bonaparte addresses them, loses nerve, hesitates, is hustled and cursed; "stout Jacobins seize the little fellow and shake him like a rat."

His face is scratched to blood. His furious words lash his soldiery to rage. This is outside:—

Inside, Lucien is still vainly struggling with his colleagues. At last he sends in whispers a message to his brother that the

assembly must be broken up in ten minutes, or he can answer for nothing. Bonaparte sees that this is the critical moment, and that he must make use of the presidential authority by capturing the President. Grenadiers enter and remove Lucien; the arrest of the President involves the dispersal of the Council. Outside he joins the General, and, with the authority of President of the Five Hundred, improvises in a passionate speech the famous legend of the poniards with which an attempt had been made to murder his brother. The brother, with bleeding face is by his side. The time for action has come. Murat enters the Orangery where the Five Hundred are assembled, with drums beating and his soldiers. "Kick these people out of doors," is his brief order, quickly accomplished. "The petticoated crowd" of futile senators in imitation togas is hustled out to the relentless beating of the drums. The soldiers lift the more obstinate from their seats and carry them out like naughty children. These lamentable and discredited tribunes are helpless and become ridiculous. They scuffle out amid the scoffs and scorn of the crowd.

So the Five Hundred were disposed of. But legality required some constitutional basis for future proceedings. So thirty of the fugitive Five Hundred were collected; the Ancients, too, were collected. Before the Rump of the two assemblies Consuls Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos took the oaths:—

The work of reorganization required infinite tact and patience, and here Bonaparte reveals himself in a new character. He is eminently tactful and imperturbable. He

has to keep vigilant watch in three directions where there is danger; he has to watch the Royalists, the Jacobins, and the army, which is Republican. He has to balance, to conciliate, to inspire confidence on the one hand without exciting jealousy and distrust on the other. The young General—for he is only thirty years old, how incredible that seems!—haggard and emaciated, toils feverishly for eighteen hours a day, sees everyone of every party, works to bring order out of confusion.

The Constitution is at last settled; there are to be three Consuls, two with deliberative voice, but the decision of the First Consul is to be final.

After his hurry to Italy and a new victory against Austria:—

Marengo has changed him, he has become master, his tone is curt and imperious. He knows that whether the fatal battle has brought peace or not, it has given him supreme power. Even on his way home he has done what he could not have done before—he has opened negotiations for a Concordat. He is now master of France, ready to be master of Europe.

Yes, France has found the man she sought, to rid her for the time at least of Revolution. But she has also found a master. And on Europe his hand will be not less heavy. It will take the Continent fourteen years and a generation of mankind to get rid of him.

The curious reader wonders whether, in giving this preface in its original English to the British public, Lord Rosebery wishes to hint that the time in British politics for the strong man armed is not far distant.

The Why and Wherefore of Dinner

**There is reason in our madness in methods of eating, declares authority
who has studied question**

IS THERE ANY REASON for our methods of eating? Instead of having a stereotyped dinner, with courses of the kind and in order sanctified by custom, is it not just as well to sit on a log and eat sandwiches? Pienickers think it is—once in a while, at least, but Dr. R. S. Levenson, writing in *The California Medical and Surgical Review*, tells us that they are wrong. There is good reason why we should not top off with soup, or start in with ice cream. Pos-

sibly in far-distant climes, China, for instance, where there are different customs of eating, there may be as good reasons of a different sort; but, at any rate in our own land, Dr. Levenson is sure that discoveries in the physiology of digestion, made during the past dozen years, have shown that there is scientific basis for our habits in the taking of food. Our unconscious routine of courses at dinner "takes thorough cognizance," the doctor believes, "of the physi-

ological principles upon which digestion is founded." He says, as quoted in an abstract made for The Scientific American Supplement, New York:—

"In more elaborate affairs than the ordinary dinner there is seen to be on analysis a purposiveness in our practices that may on casual observation seem to be entirely without physiological significance. Take, for instance, the elaborate gowns worn by the women and the evening suits by the men, the floral decorations, and the music.

"There is no doubt that each of these serves the function of composing a generally favorable stage-setting, as it were, for digestion. It has been abundantly shown in recent years that a person's mood is of the greatest significance in the performance of the digestive functions. If one is in a happy frame of mind, free from cares and worries of his professional or commercial surroundings, digestion proceeds as it normally should; on the other hand, worry, anger, and anxiety are potent factors in destroying the normal progress of the digestive functions. There can be but little doubt that such practices as we have mentioned tend to dispel any of these unfavorable moods that may be the relics of the care-laden day, and produce a frame of mind conducive to the normal progress of digestion.

"Coming now to a consideration of the composition of the meal itself, think how frequently the first course consists of some article of food which appeals forcibly to our sense of smell, as caviar, sardellen, anchovies, or smoked salmon. This practice is of course in accord with the principles of digestion first thoroughly investigated by Pavlov, who showed in his wonderful series of experiments that the most potent factors in the production of a favorable flow of gastric juice are stimuli which appeal to the various special senses, chiefly smell and taste. Moreover, the taste of these articles as well as others commonly employed as one of the introductory courses of a meal, such as oyster, lobster, clam, or crab cocktail, salads, and the various relishes, is such as to appeal forcibly to the sense of taste and thus produce an abundant flow of 'psychical' gastric juice.

"The second course in the usual dinner menu is soup, and here we again find substantial physiological reasons for its being placed where it is. Here also we are indebted to Pavlov for the discovery of the fact that the only other stimulus to the flow of gastric juice, besides the various

appeals to the special senses, is a chemical one, and the most potent factors inducing this flow of chemical gastric juice are the meat extractives, which of course are the principal components of broths and soups. We thus see that there is a definite physiological reason for the introduction of broths and soups into the early stages of the meal.

"The entree which usually follows the soup apparently serves the rather negative purpose of merely consuming time for the acid gastric juice to be secreted in sufficient quantities to be in readiness for reception of the next, and, from the gastric standpoint, the most important course of the meal, the meat course; so far as gastric digestion is concerned, proteids, as represented by meat, are the most important articles of the meal, and it is the digestion of these for which we may consider the previous gastric activity to have been in preparation.

"Dessert is usually composed of entirely different foodstuffs than are the earlier courses. Carbohydrate preparations of frozen foods composed chiefly of milk or cream, water, fruit flavors, and sugar, compose the desserts usually found on the modern menu. Here again physiological research gives us an excellent reason for the placing of these articles at the end of the meal. Until within recent years the general medical as well as lay view of the stomach was a large hollow organ which by a vigorous churning movement mixed together all of the foodstuffs introduced into it, and, when this was sufficiently churned and mixed, expelled it into the duodenum.

To-day we know that this is quite incorrect. Instead of there being a general admixture of all the matter taken into the stomach there is a layer-like arrangement in which the material first introduced takes a peripheral position next to the gastric mucosa, that subsequently introduced taking a more and more central position. Only the material which lies next to the gastric mucous membrane is acted upon by the gastric juice; when the latter agent has sufficiently acidified and peptonized this, the slow wavy peristalsis of the fundus moves this peripheral position into the pyloric antrum and thus the next layer comes into contact with the mucosa.

"According to this progress, the food last taken into the stomach is thus placed most centrally, and is in this way protected from the action of the acid gastric juice for as long as several hours. It is this fact which gives us the reason for the the end of the meal. It is well known that

the gastric secretions contain no ferments which act upon starch. Such a ferment, however, is contained in considerable quantities in the saliva, the so-called amylpsin. In the process of mastication and insalivation of the food the amylpsin comes into intimate contact with the food particles and, given favorable surroundings, is able to effect a considerable degree of starch digestion for quite some time after the food leaves the mouth. This favorable surrounding the carbohydrate dessert finds in

the central position that it takes in the stomach contents, where it is well protected from the action of the acid gastric juice which would immediately destroy the activity of amylpsin, which is able to act only in an alkaline medium.

"We thus see that there is sound physiological reason for the arrangement of the meal as it is ordinarily composed in civilized countries, and that almost each course and each article serves some function in harmony with the laws of digestion.

The Prince of Story Tellers

Racy character sketch of E. Phillips Oppenheim, who "Represents
a Habit of Some Five Million Americans."

IN the National Magazine, for August appears an interesting sketch of E. Phillips Oppenheim, the "Prince of Story Tellers."

From the earliest ages men, women and children have loved those who can tell stories. The child cries for, and loves to hear the interesting details of a story, even if it be repeated over and over again, and the skillful "teller of old tales" always retains a special esteem in hearts and homes. The subtle charm of Dickens, the vivid satire of Thackeray, the versatility of Kipling—literature would indeed be stale and unprofitable were it not for the story teller. Even Homer with his "Iliad" was but a story teller; the minstrel with his song told the story.

To-day, in Sheringham, England, there lives a man who is called the "Prince of Story Tellers." He seems to relate an incident with all the charm of the ancient saga-man, and the story-loving public finds it hard to wait between his books. E. Phillips Oppenheim represents a habit to some five million Americans, and the Oppenheim habit is one of the easiest and most pleasant habits to acquire. You have but to read one or two of his novels, to get the full savor of his work, and in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred you will at once begin to look up the rest of them. When you have gone rapidly through these—and that's the way you will read an Oppenheim book, since it is too engrossing to be dallied with—you will join the throng of his steady readers, which grows year by year.

One of the most interesting things that

occurs in an editor's life is to study the vogue and growth of different writers. They seem to come in groups and run in cycles. At this time there is probably no more popular writer of fiction than E. Phillips Oppenheim. His stories have the ring of interest. They divert the mind; they entertain and have an underlying subtle purpose that reveals the master hand.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, as many know, is an Englishman, related to America by marriage, since his wife is a Massachusetts woman. Truthfully speaking he is cosmopolitan in the broadest sense, since he long since lost the usual insularity of the Englishman. Perhaps his wife is partly to be praised for this; perhaps his occasional visits to America and his frequent trips to Paris and the Continent were important factors in his acquirement of world knowledge. At any rate his books, dealing usually with international plots and intrigues, show a wide acquaintance with the various centres of European life with diplomatic methods, and with all grades and classes of people. Yet he says, in an autobiographical sketch, "so far as regards actual influence upon my work, I would be perfectly content to spend the rest of my days in London. Half-a-dozen thoroughfares and squares in London, a handful of restaurants, the people whom one meets in a single morning, are quite sufficient for the production of more and greater stories than I shall ever write."

"The real centres of interest of the world," he says again, "seem to me to be places where human beings are gathered

together more closely, because in such places the great struggle for existence, whatever shape it may take, must inevitably develop the whole capacity of man and strip him bare to the looker on, even to nakedness. My place as a writer if I may claim one, shall be at a corner of the market place."

His travels, then, are for pleasure rather than to get "atmosphere," for as soon as a story is in his publishers' hands, he takes a mental stretch and yawn, and then starts off on a short trip, invariably returning, however, with the germ of a new plot snugly tucked away in his mind. Most of them he admits to "picking up" in Paris, and not a few have been confided to him by a chance table acquaintance or a friendly waiter. Although more than twenty of his forty-four years has been largely devoted to novel writing, Mr. Oppenheim declares that the fun and excitement of the work has never waned. He approaches each new story with the same unflagging zest. Given the glimmering of a plot, his wonderful imagination starts with the precision of a machine, and almost before he realizes it, he has built up his story. Back and forth he tramps in his study, dictating as fast as his secretary can take it in shorthand. As soon as the typewritten sheets of the first draft are handed to him, his real work begins, for then comes the revision, the smoothing and the polishing, and the new dictation of the tale in its final form. The bulk of his work is done at home in Sheringham, where the breeze blows fresh from the North Sea, always in sight. His comfortable, typical English cottage bears the Indian name of Winnisimmet, after his wife's native city of Chelsea.

Although there are few more prolific writers, yet Mr. Oppenheim does not look as though he spent many weary hours pursuing his vocation. Americans who had the good fortune to meet him on his recent visit to New York and Boston declare that he is the breeziest, jolliest, happiest looking person imaginable. His blue eyes are quick to twinkle, and he is invariably ready with a better story to cap yours. His tan indicates hours spent in the open air and sunshine, for he is an ardent golfer, playing a daily game at the links near his home in Sheringham, Norfolk. His thirteen-year-old daughter is sometimes his partner, sometimes his opponent, for this only child demands a large share of her father's time and attention. In London the author is known as the prince of good fellows. He is a well known

member of various clubs, among them the Savage, which numbers practically all the present-day English celebrities among its membership.

E. Phillips Oppenheim wrote his first story at the age of eighteen, and his first novel appeared when he was twenty. Someone has said that every book he writes is better than the one before, and all have the spontaneity and interest that makes you grip the chair as the story proceeds.

Mr. Oppenheim has a most versatile mind, and in his latest novel, "The Lighted Way," gives the usual swiftly moving story whose plot concerns an attempt at revolution in Portugal, but as in all Oppenheim's stories, the action involves the people and localities in the London which he knows so well—London "just off the Strand." There is always a sharp contrast in the characters, the mystery of a signet ring, and also a linking of some mysterious man on the outside with the man on the inside. There is a wholesomeness, too, in an Oppenheim story. Chetwode, the poor young secretary who makes an ideal hero in "The Lighted Way," is a man after one's own heart. And if Oppenheim can create a fiend, he can even better present a woman of the lovable qualities of Ruth, the invalid heroine. The wonder of authors is how Oppenheim manages to find such appropriate names for his characters. Then there is always the crimson thread of love running through the more tragic features, which whets the interest as the hero's adventures continue.

"The Lighted Way" has been called the best of all Oppenheim's novels. In its summer garb, it has the benefit of all that illustration and make-up can do for an up-to-date book. The drawings are by Mr. A. B. Wenzell, whose name is sufficient warranty that he has caught the spirit of the "Prince of Story Tellers" at every turn in the exciting incidents of the story. Mr. Oppenheim does not confine himself strictly to long novels, but writes occasional short stories which are in great demand with magazines both here and abroad. It was counted especially fortunate that the revival of the Boston News-Letter, founded in 1704, in Joe Chapple's News-Letter, has included a number of short stories by this master of English fiction, and in the issue of July 7th presents the opening chapters of "The Venom of Singhisten," admittedly one of Mr. Oppenheim's most thrilling and striking serials.

Just as the child, with sleepy eyes peep-

ing above the coverlets, cries for "another story, another story," so the American reading public unceasingly demands more and more stories by Oppenheim, to shake

off the lethargy of routine life by dipping in the world of intrigue, love and adventure as portrayed by the masterful imagination of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Naval Use of Aircraft

Aeroplanes and airships are advocated for sea service by an expert
American writer

LIEUTENANT BOOTHBY, R.N., contributes to the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution an exhaustive paper on aircraft for sea service. He advocates both aeroplane and airship for this purpose. Of airships he says:—

I think it will be granted that the rigid is the most promising type for us to develop for sea service, though the non-rigid may be of great use for harbor defence and training purposes. The main characteristics of a rigid or modern type are a number of longitudinal girders, generally built up in triangular form, running from bow to stern, and joined together in some cases by spirally winding round them a system of similarly constructed girders, or else by connecting the longitudinals by transverse frames and staying them to each other by wires for mutual support. Inside the frames go the gas-bags, sixteen or so in number, and on the outside the outer cover leaving a foot or so air space between the two. The engines are suspended below.

How the airship not in use may live through a gale is a serious question. He suggests having a fixed post in the centre of a lake, the top being just the same height as the bow of the airship when the gondolas are just touching the water, or the building of large airship harbors:—

There are several natural harbors I know of, such as a valley between Barrow-in-Furness and Dalton, where it is practically always calm, and there must be very many such places in hilly countries. Old quarries may be useful in this direction, or even large dry docks. On the whole, however, the post in the centre of a large sheet of water seems to hold the balance of advantages, and will probably be the method adopted where local circumstances permit of it.

The airship, unlike the aeroplane, can receive as well as send a wireless message. In this way it may avoid storm-centres.

The aeroplane could search the whole coast of South-West Ireland in four and a half hours, and regain her ship. The twenty-one knot scout, if searching all the bays and harbors herself, would take fifteen hours to do the work, and if the days were short two days would be required. The aeroplane will probably prove of great value in locating mines and submarines in narrow waters. In the estuaries of rivers and other muddy places, mines will, of course, be invisible. In clear, smooth water everything should be visible, especially with a bright sun. It seems probable that aeroplanes will attack submarines with success, provided the submarine is submerged, by dropping a charge of gun-cotton arranged to explode well under water.

On the other hand:—

A tremendous advantage that the airship has over the aeroplane is that it can work at night as well as by day. It seems probable that from a height of 1,000 feet the glare of the funnel of a warship would be visible at night, and, should this prove to be correct, an airship should have no difficulty in hanging on to the enemy's fleet by night as well as by day, and keeping the Admiral informed of their movements. For blockade work, too, they can be in a given position for long periods. For instance, taking the mean of thirty-five years' observations from the Sailing Directions, an airship could have watched Pembroke every day, except for twenty-three in the year.

The writer thinks that the replenishment with fuel and oil from a ship at sea will probably not be found difficult, even in bad weather, as it can be blown into the airship very rapidly with compressed air through torpedo charging pipes:—

In searching for hostile submarines the airship has an advantage over the aeroplane in that she can hunt slowly and carefully with four times the number of look-

outs. She can also attack them, as an aeroplane might, by dropping gun-cotton, but she could not come so close to her target, so she should have less chance of dropping the charge sufficiently close to do any damage, though this might be more than compensated for by the superior instruments and greater charge she could carry. To keep aircraft off submarines would have to remain on the surface, where they are liable to be attacked by ordinary ships, so, when once they are located, their position will not be very enviable. Once the battle fleet know the whereabouts of the submarines they can easily avoid them, and the long-range wireless telegraphy of the airship is a very great advantage here, as she can pass information without losing sight of the enemy; in fact, wireless is at present the most important part of the equipment of aircraft, practically doubling their range and utility, and once they have got important information through, it does not so very much matter what ultimately becomes of them.

Another possible use of airships is that of repeating ship in a fleet action. Being clear of smoke and out of range of hostile fire, signals could be easily made and read;

in fact, the general view of a fleet action will be much better obtained from aloft, so much so that it is conceivable in future that a commander-in-chief may find it advantageous to direct his fleet from an airship at a good height, notwithstanding his natural desire to lead his fleet into action personally.

The writer concludes his comparison by saying:—

The airship bears to the aeroplane the same relation as a battle cruiser does to the torpedo boat. Building battleships whilst not neglecting torpedo craft has always been Great Britain's policy on the sea, and appears to be Germany's policy in the air, whilst the French still continue their policy of depending largely upon torpedo craft on both sea and air. I trust that in the future our policy in the air will be the same as it has been at sea; and I have little doubt that as the science of aeronautics develops the command of the air will prove to be necessary for us if we wish to keep the command of the sea. The fleet without aircraft to assist it will be at a tremendous disadvantage as compared to one with them.

Between You and Me

WHY THEY WENT.

As the Sunday-School teacher entered her classroom, she saw, leaving in great haste, a little girl and her still smaller brother.

"Why, Mary, you ain't going away?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Pleathe, Mith Anne, we've got to go," was the distressed reply. "Jimmy'th thwallowed his collection."

SOME LINGUIST.

The person who advertised for "A man who speaks German and understands horses" was satisfied with the wording of his advertisement until the first applicant arrived. "Vell," said the would-be stableman, soberly, scratching his head, "I schpeaks Chairman all righdt, but I don'd know dot I can understand dose horses. Vat langquiches to tey schpeak?"

TWIG WAS BENT.

A young mother and her pretty baby were passengers on a train. An elderly gentleman addressed its proud mother: "A fine youngster that, madam. I hope you will bring him up to be an upright, conscientious man."

"That," said the young mother, smilingly, "will be a bit difficult."

"Pshaw!" rejoined the elderly gentleman, "'As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.'"

"I know it," agreed the other, "but this twig is bent on being a girl."

THE CLEVER OSTEOPATH.

A certain osteopath was treating a young lady who had very weak ankles and wrists. As she lived in a town quite a distance from his own city, he was forced to leave the city Saturday of each week and go to the town in which the young lady lived, give her the treatment on Sunday, and return to the office on Monday. A friend once asked the osteopath how he had arranged to give the young lady the treatments for her ankles and wrists when she lived at such a distance, and the osteopath replied, "Oh, I go out and treat her week ends."

THE DANGERS OF A GREAT CITY.

A young man who had been born and reared in the backwoods, went to Chicago and made a lot of money. Then he returned to his native village and asked his father to take a trip to the Windy City. The old man, however, was not enthusiastic over the proposition. He had read of the fires, automobile accidents and other catastrophes in big cities. Finally, after much argument and persuasion on the part of the son, the father reluctantly agreed to undertake the journey. At the little country station he was panic-stricken and tried to get permission to go back home. Once on the train, his nerve began to revive, and all went well until the train dashed into a tunnel black as night. When this happened, the old man grabbed his umbrella, hit his son a whack on the head, and cried:

"I knew something would happen. I've gone blind!"

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SIR ISAAC BROCK,

The hero of the Battle of Queenston Heights, fought one hundred years ago, and in which he lost his life while leading in a charge against the American invaders.

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The striking beauty of the country surrounding Queenston Heights, which was the scene of the American invasion one hundred years ago.



The village of Queenston, which at the Battle of Queenston Heights one hundred years ago, consisted of but a few stone houses.

"With Brock at Queenston Heights."—See Page 33.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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The National Political Situation

THE VOLUNTARY EMPIRE—UNITY OF OUR FOREFATHER PIONEERS
—UNDER THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE ALL WENT WELL—WHY
NOT RECAST OUR POLITICAL STATUS?

By Edward William Thomson

This is the second article in Mr. E. W. Thomson's notable series on "The National Political Situation," in which the outstanding problems of Canadian politics are being discussed from month to month in a way that will be of interest to every reader of the magazine, whether laborer or millionaire. In this number "The Voluntary Empire" is considered. Whether or not readers agree with Mr. Thomson's conclusions, they will at least appreciate the value of his writings, will delight in his vigorous style, and will admire the independence with which he treats public questions. In justice to the publisher, Col. MacLean, perhaps it should be said in this connection, that he is not responsible for the views expressed; as a matter of fact, in the article last month, opinions directly opposed to his own were presented on the tariff question. In this magazine, however, as in all of his publications, it has been the policy of Col. MacLean to engage the best writers to deal with all phases of public issues, regardless of whether or not their views meet his own.—Editor.

THE situation of Canadians, in view of the increasing armaments the world over, most of which have relation to attack or defence of the British Empire, brings to memory the condition of our early pioneer kinsmen or forefathers in America. They wished to be undisturbed in fishing, fur-trading, clearing forests, agriculture, providing roads, and making homes for descendants. From such tasks they were almost incessantly distracted by alarms. Lest scalping parties might surprise them they took

guns with axes to their wood chopping. They ploughed as weaponed men alert for the warwhoop. They anxiously awaited packet-ship news, fearing that France, Spain, Holland might be swift to take England's colonists unawares. Because they persisted in such armed labors we have inherited vast regions of peace. Had they shuddered back home from the land of alarms, or rested in fatalistic opinion that Indians might not arrive, and that European foes were too far away to hurt them, what part

could their descendants have now on this continent?

The armaments of our industrially-minded foregoers, compared with their little wealth, were as an army of fifty-thousand regulars, a coast defence of forts and torpedo stations and protective ships, a navy of twenty dreadnaughts would be to the present resources of Canada.. Though they were of penurious disposition, valuing money with the sad wisdom of striving folk who know how hard to get and how heavy to keep is gold, they obeyed, even extravagantly, their deeper sense that liberty to maintain and promote the ideals, language and customs of their kin was of more account, not only than rubies, but than plenteous food and clothing.

COLONIAL GENEROSITY.

Such was the liberality of the American colonies to the Crown that Edmund Burke's fifth resolution, on occasion of his immortal speech for Conciliation with America, set forth:—

"That the colonial assemblies have at sundry times freely granted several large subsidies and public aids for His Majesty's service, and their cheerfulness and sufficiency in the said grants have been at sundry times acknowledged by Parliament."

Then Burke specified:—

"To say nothing of their great expenses in the Indian wars, and not to take their exertions in foreign ones, so high as their supplies in the year 1695, and not to go back to their public contributions in the year 1710, I shall begin to travel only where the journals of the House give me light, and to build myself solely on that solid basis. On the 4th of April, 1746, a committee of the House came to the following resolution:—'Resolved, that it is just and reasonable that the provinces and colonies of Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island be reimbursed the expenses they have been at in taking and securing to the Crown of Great Britain the Island of Cape Breton and its dependencies.'"

Those expenses, enormous for such colonies, were more than two million sterling. Burke went on to instance numer-

ous other expenses and grants to the Crown, which had put the colonists in debt more than two million and six hundred thousand pounds sterling when Grenville asserted a right in Great Britain's parliament to tax them arbitrarily.

Previously they, claiming independence of the London Parliament, had taxed themselves to aid its purposes, identifying these with those of the Crown, to which alone they gave allegiance. Their generosity gave rise to a London belief in their wealth, to London cupidity, to London's attempt to tax them, not by requisitions as formerly—requisitions which they could disregard if they choose—but without their consent. This is all well worth remembering, now that imperial conferences and sub-conferences have developed into a novel and subtle form of requisition, and while schemes for an imperial assemblage empowered to supplant requisition by taxation are being assiduously broached. The moment attempt was made to depart from the voluntary principle as an imperial basis, that moment trouble began, and the dissolution of the then Empire soon followed.

SIR WILFRID'S WORDS.

To illustrate this was not my prime purpose in quoting Burke. His lesson for Canadians came to mind by reflecting on a recent utterance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one seeming to signify in him a profound sense, unlike that of our pioneer predecessors or forefathers in America, that the main interests of Canada are separate and diverse from those of Great Britain. It is with no design to impute aught against Sir Wilfrid—whose steadfastness to the cause of reciprocity I particularly admire—that his words shall be quoted. They indicate his continued stand at a point of view common to Canadian statesmen of both parties when he was a boy. In the lifetimes of our fathers, grandfathers, great grandfathers, Great Britain's wide power was not threatened dangerously, and still less her free existence. Therefore they could be decently absorbed al-

most solely in thoughts for development of Canada.

Sir Wilfrid defined the "German peril" as due to "the mad race for armaments," which was not denying that peril's actuality. He went on:—

"Shall we in Canada go into the mad race for armaments, or shall we continue to settle our difficulties by arbitration, as we have for one hundred years in the past?"

There he accorded with a past presumption that the United States, with whom alone we have arbitrated, continues to be the sole power from whom we can have ought to dread. Yet Sir Wilfrid himself made the widest possible departure from that assumption when he sent Canadian troops to South Africa. Canada had no "difficulties" with the Boers. They were on the other side of the world. There was no shadow of anything to arbitrate between us, as Canadians, and them, as South Africans. He sent our young men there in his and their capacity as subjects of the Crown, on presumption that the Monarch's enemies are necessarily his and ours. If it was a sound and proper presumption in case of a small, poor and at first supposedly feeble enemy, to what would we descend by sneaking away from that presumption with the Crown threatened by a great, rich, most formidable people? I submit that Sir Wilfrid so definitely committed himself to the theory that the foes of Great Britain are foes of Canada, that it can never be possible for him to retire therefrom, save by avowing that he erred in the South African case, and erred again in passing a Navy Act which gives the Governor-in-council authority to send Canadian armament to London control without pre-consent of Canada's parliament. The latter move clearly abandoned the traditional view of Canadian statesmen in general that Canadian forces should be solely for Canada's defence. That view was surrendered by legislating to put Canadian force beyond our territory, on the high seas, at the London Government's discretion for use against all and sundry.

That proceeding does not consist with his apparently profound inward sense of vital separation of interests between the Old Country and the New. He disclosed it in saying:—

"The British Empire is composed of different nations, and the problems of these nations differ from one another. The problems you (referring to Englishmen then present) have to deal with in Great Britain are far different from what we have to deal with in this country. You think all the time of armaments, and you spend half your revenue in armaments. We think of railways, of canals, of transportation, and these are the things on which we spend most of our revenue. After all, the best thing is to stand on the principle of autonomy on which the present system of government in Canada has been built."

There he evinced a mind bred by circumstances in the older or past generations of Canada. Sir John Macdonald, Galt, Blake, Alexander Mackenzie, many of their contemporaries could be quoted in the same sense. It was natural and proper to Canadians in a world where Great Britain's sea-supremacy was unchallenged. That was why we did not think of armaments—we did not have to. Not only could we then safely leave them to Old Country brethren, but they would have stared at us as bumptious had we offered them sea-forces, and considered us possibly rebellious had we proposed defending our own coasts. It was as protected, unthreatened, contented dependents that we could gloat solely on railways, canals, transportation, commerce, profits, and the grandeur of Old Country suzerain brethren in keeping armaments, and thoughts thereof, to themselves. How has the situation changed! They now look to us for help to defend them! It has changed very swiftly since the little time ago when they told us that if we undertook our own defence that would be all the relief they desired.

MILITARY WITNESSES.

The plain truth may be that alleged by military and naval critics, as by Mr. Kipling. They declare Great Britain to be in danger, that her

people and statesmen feel and acknowledge it; that they can set that danger at defiance only by taxing their idle and luxurious rich to any degree necessary to provide for multiplication of her sea forces, and for training of her people to general soldiering. The idea of so proceeding scares both sets of her party politicians. They dread opposition from the money, brains and exertion of her luxurious wastrel classes on the one hand, and from the don't-want-to-be-conscripted masses on the other. Her military and naval men roundly declare the nation to be soft and shrinking in body and brain, by generations of factory work, unmitigated commerce, and devotion to its Gods of Comfort and Luxury. Her politicians seek to put off the dire day for committing the people to hardening exercises, wholesome sacrifice, and radical German-like or Japanese-like cure. They seek to postpone that day by trying to induce Canada and the other Dominions to arm and train, on behalf of the Old as well as the New countries. Just so Old Rome, when decaying by luxury, called on the provincials.

FACE THE FACTS.

In this situation it is folly for us to dodge the facts. We have not merely to recognize, as our predecessor or forefather pioneers in America did, that our fate is largely bound up with Great Britain's, but to decide whether we shall secure ourselves, and set the Old Country brethren a needed example by taxing our own luxurious for armaments, providing these so amply that we may be able to help Old Countrymen against the enormous disaster which their own soft condition courts.

Would not such Canadian decision delight the wealthier elements in our cities, they who continually do hurrah "Dreadnaughts for Great Britain! Hang the expense!" Are they not sensible, as well as ultra-loyal? If so, they cannot but reflect that heavy direct federal taxation on their incomes and enjoyments would do them a lot of good. So much so that an affectionate public

might well lay it on them with purely philanthropic design. The autocars of our dear country have cost some sixty million dollars. Eighty per cent of them are of no more productive use than armaments to the same cost would be. Thousands of men who might, in a public sense, be well employed in plowing, sowing, reaping, lumbering, fishing, mining, are wasted in constructing those equipages which distract thousands more men, to say nothing of women, from useful labor to idle pleasure. Think of the scores of costly Canadian hotels which employ cohorts of men, women and boys to furnish useless magnificence to the thousands who could not but be better in health, pocket and morale, if taxation on gadding about kept them at home. Consider city clubhouses, golf clubs and grounds, race courses, strings of blood horses, country clubs, extravagantly big houses stuffed super-abundantly with foolish furniture, expensive yachts and motor boats, gorgeous railway cars, thousands of attendants for the whole of these and other superfluities, all most proper objects for direct taxation, and that heavy enough to compel many thousands of wasters to economy, the simple life, and productive exertion. The proceeds, if devoted to armaments, would amply supply Canada with needed coast defences, and leave something handsome over for delightful contributions to the North Sea fleet. True, it would be rather amazing to tax Canadian wasters into wholesome workaday courses in order to save their exemplars in England from paying for armaments designed to protect themselves. But what a noble example! How gladly should it be welcomed by those elevated Classes who most languish to see Canada adding dreadnaughts to the Old Country navy.

RECASTING POLITICAL STATUS.

There is an alternative. Sir Wilfrid's words seem to hint at it. If freedom to go on thinking of railways, canals, transportation be desired and blessed.

we may obtain it by recasting our political status. Autonomy—O word beloved by hankers after independence who are afraid to say so!—autonomy no longer signifies to Canadians the condition of a protected dependency authorized to deal with its internal affairs. We are urged not merely to our own defences against enemies of our suzerain brother, but invited to aid in defending him in his home. We are invited to join his bodyguard, he retaining sole power to choose with whom and when and where we shall fight. The only alternative to compliance seems to be extension of our "autonomy" to our foreign affairs, i. e., independence. Was Sir Wilfrid Laurier thinking so when he lauded "autonomy," after dwelling fondly on the sweetness of freedom to think solely of railways, canals, transportation. I don't believe he really meant to point Young Canada forward. He seemed to be merely entertaining a notion that new times are as old times when he was a boy in the best of all possible dependent worlds, and intimating that there can't be any sense in bothering with notions that distract from contemplation of the politically beautiful. The deuce of it is that circumstances impel us to reflect that the only obvious possible way to remain addicted to lovely thoughts of transportation, and avoid ugly ones of armaments, is to rid ourselves of liability to be automatically engaged in British wars. On this parlous thought follows promptly a perception that independence would necessarily put us to armaments for self defence. Really there seems no way to evade horrid thinking on armaments.

WHAT OF INDEPENDENCE?

Let us talk of independence, even though our hair stand on end with fear some in Toronto may be scandalized. They might not be if once they could get it through their skulls that independence would not necessarily imply forsaking allegiance to the Crown, nor abandoning our priceless system of responsible government, which cannot be

worked without a hereditary irresponsible Executive Head, Figurehead, or Monarch. At that cost the status could not be worth taking up, even if it would surely enable us to revel forever solely on thoughts of railways and canals.

But independence need imply no more than such a change, such an extension of autonomy, as would set the King's Canadian subjects as free from subjection to his Old Country subjects as they are of us. In that condition no tie of affection need be severed; we should remain as free as now to join Great Britain in war, while the perfect voluntariness of such action would add to its impressiveness and value. By gaining liberty of choice in that vital business we should escape the indignity of liability to be dragged into bloodshed and cost by a parliament in which we have no "say." Mr. Borden himself recently pointed, in England, to the absurdity and wrong of our present Canadian situation, which were indicated more obscurely by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the speech I have quoted.

PROPOSED BY AUSTRALIA.

The idea of such independence under the Crown was, so far as I know, broached first, (if not distinctly entertained by New Englanders of the eighteenth century), by the Australian Royal Commission first charged to report on plans for the Australian confederation. That report said:—

"British colonies, from which imperial troops have been wholly withdrawn, present the unprecedented phenomena of responsibility without either corresponding authority or adequate protection. They are as liable to all the hazards of war as the United Kingdom, but they can influence the commencement or continuance of war no more than they can control the movements of the solar system, and they have no certain assurance of that against an enemy upon which integral portions of the United Kingdom can confidently reckon. This is a relation so wanting in mutuality that it cannot be safely regarded as a lasting one, and it becomes necessary to consider how it may be modified so as to afford a great security for permanence. . . . It has been proposed to establish a council of the

Empire, whose advice must be taken before war is declared. But the measure is so foreign to the genius and tradition of the British constitution, and presupposes so large an abandonment of its functions by the House of Commons, that we dismiss it from consideration. There remains, however, we think, more than one method by which the anomaly of the present system may be cured. . . . It is a maxim of international law that a sovereign state cannot be involved in war without its own consent, and that, when two or more states are subject to the same crown, and are allies in peace, they are not, therefore, necessarily associated in war, if one is not dependent on the other." Here the report cites Vattel, and other authorities on that matter. "If the Queen were authorized by the Imperial Parliament to concede to the greater colonies the right to make treaties, it is contended that they would fulfill the conditions constituting a sovereign state in as full and perfect a manner as any of the smaller states cited by the jurists to illustrate the rule of limited responsibility."

BETTER ALL ROUND.

The report then argues that other sovereign states would recognize neutrality of such independencies under the Crown. Then it says:—

"Nor would the recognition of the neutrality of the self-governing colonies deprive them of the power of aiding the mother country in any just and necessary war. On the contrary, it would enable them to aid her with more dignity and effect; as a sovereign state could, of its own free will, and at whatever period it thought proper, elect to become a party in the war."

In short, Canadian independence under the Crown—the King being duly declared King of Canada, and advised exclusively by the Canadian Premier in Canadian affairs; foreign and domestic—would imply a perpetual league of peace with Great Britain, all our present liberty to help her, and that increased power to do so which could not but come of our independent development of such armaments as might be proper to our independent situation. The British union, being preserved by common fealty to one Monarch, would constitute a loose league of independent nations, each capable of entering into separate commercial relations with one

another and with all English-speaking or other communities. The Union would not be embarrassed by such vast, cumbrous, jolting, and generally paralyzing political machinery as seems contemplated by every sketched scheme for imperial federation. Might we not better trust to the peculiar aptitude of English-speaking men for truly common purposes?

Edmund Burke, greatest of all philosophic statesmen, regarded "the right of Great Britain, and the rights of her offspring as just the most reconcilable things in the world." He said:

"You will perhaps imagine that I am on the point of proposing to you a scheme for representation of the colonies in parliament. Perhaps I might be inclined to entertain some such thought, but a great flood stops my course. *Opposuit natura*. I cannot remove the eternal barriers of creation. The thing in that mode I do not know to be possible. . . . However, the arm of public benevolence is not shortened, and there are often several means to the same end. What nature has disjoined in one way, wisdom may unite in another. . . . In my private judgment a useful representation is impossible."

UNION IS OF THE HEART.

In this matter the Australian Union delegates to England, opposing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's contention that retention of appeal to the Privy Council would strengthen the bond between Great Britain and the Commonwealth, wrote:—

"The delegates reflect with pride that there are sentiments which will constitute eternal links of empire, but are quite unable to understand how there can ever be the least hope that we can, merely by insuring uniform interpretation of the law throughout the Empire, facilitate that unity of action for the common interests which will lead to 'a real federation' of the Empire. The 'unity of action' and the 'uniform interpretation of law' seem to them wholly unrelated. The consciousness of kinship, the consciousness of a common blood and a common sense of duty, the pride of their race and history—these are the links of Empire, bands which attach, not bonds which chafe. When the Australian fights for the Empire he is inspired by these sentiments; but no patriotism was

ever inspired or sustained by thought of the Privy Council."

Nor did any ever arise from a reflection of Canadians that they, who rejoice to be subjects of the Crown of their fathers, continue, past all timeliness or reason, legally subjected to their not more intelligent brethren, the electors of the United Kingdom.

ALL FOR ENGLAND.

Burke again said, after observing that each colony should reserve its money and strength for possibilities of war in its own section of the world;—

"Wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces toward you. The more ardently they love liberty the more perfect will be their obedience. . . . Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious Whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are—it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficiency. It is the spirit of the English constitution (which imperial federation would destroy) that, infused throughout the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, vivifies every part of the Empire, even down to the minutest member. . . . All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of Empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which, in the opinion of such as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are, in truth, everything and all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great Empire and little minds go ill together." Again he said: "My idea of it is this, that an Empire is the aggregation of many states under one common head."

A voluntary aggregation of many states is now the essential nature of the Dominions of the King's empire. The more voluntary it has become, by expansion of freedom or autonomy or in-

dependence in the parts, the more united it has become. This has long been a truism. We become so accustomed to frequently repeated truths that we commonly fail to appreciate freshly their significance. Hence we too much tend to decline from their guidance. Contrary to all teachings of experience many good men try to draw the Dominions backward, into new formal bonds, more particularly for military and naval purposes. That seems to me precisely the wrong way to attain what they, and what we who oppose their schemes, really desire.

FREEDOM THE SOLUTION.

It is clear that each Dominion promotes all manner of works the better in proportion to its freedom, its independence of all manner of interference by the parliament of the elder brother. Now, surely, a prime interest and necessary work of each Dominion is so to develop its own forces, military and naval, that it may be at all times well prepared, not only for self defence, but to act effectually in the elder brother's aid when he may truly need it, more especially at sea. If this be true, is it not reasonable to believe that Canadians will the more recognize that truth, and act up to it, if made as completely responsible in respect of armaments, war, peace, treaties, as in respect of all our their proceedings?

Here the subject may be presently abandoned, possibly for resumption in the November number. Meanwhile the Premier, who seems to me to have deserved general applause for his judicious and manly bearing in England, may have given some inkling of his intentions on the great and pressing business of defense for Canada against enemies not directly her own, but who may become hers solely through the nature of her present subordination to the Old Country people and their Parliament.

The Auto Driver

With my motors all a-drumming, you can hear me coming,
coming,

Till in smoke and dust and vapor I go swirling madly by,
While the wheel my hands are gripping, as around the turns
we're whipping,

And I toss the miles behind me as the vivid seconds fly;
For I know the others follow, swooping over hill and hollow,
With their motors' sharp staccato keeping rythm with the
race,

And my racer leaps and lurches as I fling past towns and churches,
Where a blur of trees and fences marks the swiftness of the
pace!

Every nerve and muscle's straining as in speed I'm gaining,
gaining,

And the wind that rushes by me makes a roaring in my ear,
And the car is rocking, jolting, in its frenzied thunderbolting,

And I pray my lucky angel that the course is free and clear;
For the slightest break or faulting sends a racer somersaulting,
Turns the snapping, snorting engine to a heap of smoking
scrap,

And although I take my chances under any circumstances
I am not exactly yearning for my everlasting nap !

Yet it's great to have the making of a record record-breaking

And to feel the car responding as you "throw 'er open wide,"
With the motor singing cheerful, though the pace is something
fearful,

And you're running like a cyclone that is roaring as you ride;
If you lose, or if you win, you feel the fever throbbing in you,
And you never will recover from the motor-racing thrall,

With its chances—glad or tragic—with its glamor and its magic,
With its stress and strain and danger and the glory of it all!

BERTON BRALEY in *Popular Magazine*.

With Brock at Queenston Heights

GRAPHIC PORTRAYAL OF EVENTS MARKING DEATH OF GALLANT GENERAL—"I AM LEADING THIS CHARGE AND WILL REMAIN UNTIL WE REACH OUR GOAL"—CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH HE WAS SHOT DOWN—THE INVADERS REPELLED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By Lyman B. Jackes

The battle of Queenston Heights was fought one hundred years ago this month. The result of the struggle meant much to Canada and Canadians in the repulsion of an invading foe and the supremacy of British arms. But vital as are these considerations, by almost unanimous consent the first place in the story of the battle, as also the highest honors marking its history, are accorded to General Brock, who led the British forces to victory, even at the cost of his own life. The incidents attaching to the charge up the Heights, by which Brock and his followers won imperishable renown, are briefly reviewed in this sketch.

IT was a scene worthy of a master's brush. Two immense logs snapped and crackled on the stone dogs as the tongues of fire darted toward the chimney. The fire-place was such as pioneers only know how to construct; it consisted of huge boulders cemented together with mortar as rude and rough as the masonry and the builders, and a mantel shelf of large flat slabs such as may be found on the south shore of Lake Ontario near the Niagara River. A military officer was seated in a far corner of the room, writing rapidly by the aid of a quill pen, his work illuminated only by a candle and such light as could force its way through the group of officers sitting around the fire on rough, strong benches that harmonized with the logs used in the construction of the floor, four walls and roof of the building. The cheerful aspect of the picture ended with the barrack room for outside the weather was damp and chilly, such as might be expected during the second week of October.

The group around the fire-place were at their ease. Some smoked, some sat in silence gazing at the pictures in the fire, and others told yarns to the youngest members of the company; as many of the latter were mere boys tasting their first battle horrors.

The officer engaged in writing was a young man, perhaps six and twenty, clean shaven like his colleagues in the room, and the possessor of a physique that at once stamped him as a pioneer or the son of a pioneer. From time to time he ceased writing to make comparison with notes hurriedly made on slips which he drew from a leather wallet lying on the table before him. A close examination of the clasp used to fasten this wallet would have shown the Royal Arms of His Majesty King George III. He was evidently preparing a report, for presently he turned to the group and said "Sheepcoat, did you say ninety eight full kegs of powder?" Receiving the answer in the affirmative he continued writing for several mo-

ments, then laid down his pen with the air of a man who had performed an important task and proceeded to read what he had written. Evidently satisfied with his perusal he again took up his pen and folding the papers, placed them in a wrapper, and addressed the package to Major General Sir Isaac

the ruddy glare of the fires burning on their hearths and the light from this source was sufficient to dimly illuminate the sentries pacing the top of the high, formidable earth-work that surrounded the fort. He quickly walked toward the earth-work and in a moment was looking across the Niagara River to the



The Queenston Landing Stage.

Brock. Then he left the room with the packet and wallet.

It required but a partial glance to notice that the semi-quiet behavior on the part of the group before the fire was occasioned by this man and his work, for at his departure their conversation became much louder and the topic changed when the large door, studded with nails, had again shut out the night. As the officer left the barrack room he became aware that it was raining for large drops struck him in the face and made the night still more dreary. The various buildings around him, excepting the powder magazines, all showed

fort on the United States side. Examining the river on both sides as best he could in the dim light, he placed his hand to his ear as though endeavoring to concentrate the sound; but no sound could he detect except the falling rain and the footsteps of the approaching sentry.

"Who goes there?" came the quick reply accompanied by the leveling of a loaded musket.

"It is I, Major Evans. Where are the other sentries?"

The sentry recognized the voice and shouldered his musket. "My companion Sir, he comes now. The others, as

best I know, are on the other three ramparts," he replied.

"Good; take a message to them saying that this is such a night as the enemy will use to cross the river. Be doubly watchful and report on the slightest suspicion."

COUNCIL OF WAR.

The sentry saluted in acknowledgment and Major Evans descended the slope and a few seconds later exchanged passwords with the sentry on guard before the private quarters of General Brock. As he entered he noticed,

er of his uniform and the mud from his boots. As the clock gave a little cleck, preparatory to striking nine, General Sheaffe, Colonel Macdonell, Thayendanegea, Captain Jacobs and Glegg with one or two others entered. They were all seated as the clock struck nine and Porter, after ascertaining that nothing further was required of him for the present, withdrew from the most historic council meeting that has ever been held in Canada.

From time to time the new sentries that had come on duty at nine cast a glance toward the private quarters;



A rare photograph made about 1855 from above Lewiston, showing the cliff by which the United States riflemen scaled the heights and for a few hours gained possession of the Redan. This cliff is now nicely wooded with small cedars and other shrubs.

through the half open doorway at the end of the room, General Brock seated in his bedroom enjoying a cigar. Porter, the general's body servant, was busily engaged in the preparation of the council-room, but when the officer entered he removed the rain splatterings from the polished metal and leath-

they could see but little through the wet small windows, but it was well on toward one o'clock when they noticed the door opened and General Brock dismiss the company with a pleasant good night. The candles in the council-room were extinguished, but those in the General's room remained lighted.

THE AMERICAN ATTACK.

Sentry duty is not pleasant work even when the atmospheric conditions are at their best and these men pacing around Fort George in the very early morning of October 13th, 1812, were thoroughly wet by the rains, but at two they noticed that the falling rain had ceased and a slight mist, that attached its moist October chill to the earth, began to rise and clear. A quarter of an hour later the sentry walking south on the eastern rampart noticed a slight rift in the clouds through which a few stars could

light in the direction of Queenston. A few seconds more and he heard the report of three large guns at the landing stage in that village. The three flashes soon grew to hundreds and the sentry was about to give warning by the discharge of his musket when Porter rushed out from the council chamber toward the stable that housed General Brock's horse. A moment later the General himself came to his doorway, fully dressed, and shouted to the two sentries on the south rampart to open the gateway. Then jumping into his saddle,



A powder magazine which figured in the War of 1812.

be seen; it was a welcome sight to him for it brought a message of possible sunshine for breakfast time. As he reached the end of his short track he took one more glance at the cloudy rift and as his gaze was momentarily directed to the south before he turned he was surprised to see three brilliant flashes of

he held his horse in check as he gave some hurried instruction to Porter regarding the officers that had sat at council meeting with him but a few hours since, and then started for the half open gateway. As he cleared the portal he was met by a dragoon, covered with mud, who reigned up his horse just

in time to call out that the enemy had landed at Queenston.

There is a time when an animal that has been kindly treated seems to realize that his actions are important in moments of extreme danger; it was probably this that caused Alfred Brock's noble charger, to speed up the river

would never see on earth again. During this momentary delay several small bands of volunteers passed him, all armed, steadily marching up the river road to Queenston to defend Canada and their homes. The short delay had been sufficient for Alfred to regain his breath, for the second stage of the



The stone house to which Brock's remains are said to have been removed following the battle of Queenston Heights.

road in such a manner that the clatter from his hoofs, as he struck fire from the stones, brought many a pioneer's face to the window to see the General hurrying by in the misty light of an early October dawn. On the roadway near Fort George he was the first to be stirring, but as he neared the residence of Captain John Powel, his fiancé, Miss Shaw, was awaiting him with a few home-made biscuits and a cup of boiling hot coffee. The general reigned up to partake of his last breakfast and to wave a good-bye to the woman he

journey was accomplished even at greater speed than the former. As General Brock neared the lower end of the village of Queenston, which at that time consisted of a few stone houses, day was near to breaking and by the slightly increased light he saw at a glance the entire scene of trouble.

IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE.

Mighty shells were bursting around the redan on Queenston Heights, several boatloads of troops floating in the river from the United States, were the

target for the large guns at the landing stage and even as the General looked he saw a shell burst against one of these and scatter its human contents into the rapidly rushing waters. The eighteen pounder on the redan, on Queenston Heights, was pouring volleys of murderous metal into Fort Grey, above Lewis-

praise to these soldiers and rode into the village. Here he was met with a ringing cheer from the men of the 49th, which he acknowledged in his usual modest manner, and rode out of the village toward the redan. This would allow of a survey toward the north. The gunners in the redan in-



According to accepted stories, Brock's body, on being brought to the stone house, of which this is an interior illustration, was laid on the floor before the fire-place.

ton, and below this fort were several more boat loads filled with members of the enemy's ranks who appeared somewhat timid about launching into the stream and exposing themselves to the fire of the large guns on the Queenston landing stage. Several boat loads of the enemy were being escorted up the roadway toward the village as prisoners of war and even as the General made a closer examination of the situation from his saddle a small company of prisoners passed him under the care of five Canadian troopers and an officer. General Brock spoke a few words of

formed him that one or two boatloads of the enemy had landed and were concealed somewhere in the bushes by the river bank; he noticed that one or two boatloads had gained the landing stage and that the Canadian gunners had withdrawn into the thicket in preparation of firing on the landed enemy. He pronounced the situation favorable in the extreme and turned to give a few words of encouragement to the gunners when a badly directed shower of bullets, fired from the rear, whistled over the redan.

The redan gun was about to be re-

loaded by its eight attendants, but the general, taking in the situation at a glance, ordered it spiked and the artillerymen to retreat down the slope with all possible speed. This was quickly accomplished and before the enemy had time to reload their muskets the party of nine rushed down the slippery heights, General Brock being last in the procession. They were soon out of range of the enemy, who, by this time were in possession of the redan and as the General and party looked up the hill they could see marked evidence of the disappointment of the troopsmen when the spiked gun was discovered.

ATTACKING THE HEIGHTS.

A few troopers and officers had joined the little group on the edge of the village, among whom were Macdonnell and Glegg. Turning to an officer mounted on a fleet-footed horse, General Brock ordered him to ride swiftly to Fort George and instruct Major Evans to wreck the fort on the other side of the river and send every available man to him at once. "Now my lads," he shouted to the group that was fast increasing around him and now numbered seventy, "I have heard of your splendid work this morning and



Monument which marks the spot near which Brock fell while advancing to repel the invading enemy.

This was a time when the quick-thinking brain of General Brock would be given ample scope for its adaptation to so serious a situation, for as the enemy at Lewiston saw the Stars and Stripes float out over the redan they began to fill the awaiting boats and row across the river in a vast body.

the trying time you have had. Now, as you know a large body of the enemy has stolen a march on us, by climbing over the cliff above the redan. It is our duty to retake the gun and drive those men in the redan back over the cliff by which they came. The footing is slippery, so use all the shelter that



Site of the Redan on Queenston Heights.

you can, and when you get the order to fire, shoot low and then charge bayonets and we have them. There is a foreign flag above the redan and a British gun. It must not stay there. All ready, follow me on the double. Forward!" and with a hearty cheer for this gallant man, the little party started up the hill.

From rock and crag, from log and wall, and from fence and furrow the party steadily advanced against the rapid fire from the enemy on the hill, General Brock in the lead waving his sword above his head and shouting words of encouragement to the volunteers behind. As the rise became steeper the firing became more acute, and as the brow of the second hill, just by the wire enclosure, was reached, the attacking party faltered. General Brock, feeling that he was alone, turned. "This is the first time that I have ever seen the 49th turn their backs, surely our record will not be tarnished now," he shouted, and the ranks again closed

in for the final charge. As they had momentarily looked down the height and had seen the course of the long, hard climb, many of them, including the general himself, became aware of the vast beauty of the scene that may be observed from this point, and also that reinforcements were coming up rapidly behind them.

BROCK'S HEROIC DEATH.

One or two of the officers who had reached Brock's side spoke a few words of warning to him regarding the manner in which he was exposing himself to the sights of the enemy's muskets. "Sirs" quickly responded the gallant general, "I am leading this charge and will remain in the lead until we reach our goal. Should I fall there are others who will take my place." The officers received this statement with a salute and took their places on the out-flank.

They were getting to close quarters now and the redan lay less than a hun-

dred yards ahead. A deflected bullet struck the General on the wrist, but he checked the flow of blood with his kerchief and again waved his sword to show his indifference. He called out to reserve fire and rush the enemy, when a scout stepped out from a thorn bush and fired directly at him. Several of the 49th noticed the foul deed but owing to the slippery footing could not shoulder their muskets in time to make prevention. The bullet struck the General on the chest, tore an ugly, gaping wound through his body close to the heart, and he fell backwards on the wet ground. "My fall must not be noticed by my brave companions," he softly said to the two officers that held up his head. "They must push on to victory. Tell my sisters—that—" and he expired with the unspoken message on his lips.

It was a foul murder and worthy only of a fouler rifleman. The General was without firearms and the marksman deliberately fired at his victim, hiding in the shelter of a thorn bush in an equally deliberate manner.

For a short space the General's body lay where it had fallen, by the large stone that now marks the spot. Even the enemy in the redan was palled by this deed and firing ceased for a sufficient time to allow Brock's followers to tenderly pick up the corpse and carry it down to a stone house, now in ruins, where lived Canada's future heroine, Laura Secord, and wrapping the remains in a blanket, lay them on the floor before the fireplace.

BRITISH ARMS TRIUMPH.

It was a dismal company that met the reinforcements outside the door of this little house and Macdonell, who had witnessed the entire sad drama from below, ordered the defeated party to close in behind his band for a second assault on the heights. But as he looked up and saw hundreds of reinforcements from Lewiston adding to the numbers of the enemy about the redan, he acted on the advice of Dennis and

the entire party withdrew to the far end of Queenston. Many plans were here discussed and at length Macdonell stepped out to the head of the party and shouting "Revenge the General" ordered the entire party to follow him up the heights. They reached within thirty yards of the redan before firing. The volley wrought havoc among the enemy and gave the attacking party a chance to lock bayonets with the enemy around the eighteen pounder in the redan. Reinforcements, however, arrived for the enemy and the second charge ended similar to the first with the exception that Colonel Macdonell was carried down the hill in a dying condition instead of, as in the case of General Brock, a corpse. The command now fell upon the shoulders of Officer Dennis, who, with his handful of followers remained under shelter until two in the afternoon, when reinforcements from Fort George arrived. The first sight of the reinforcements was discouraging to this little body owing to the absence of Indians, but Captain Derenzy provoked a real British cheer when he imparted the information that one hundred and twenty Mohawks were already in the rear of the enemy awaiting a signal to advance and that General Sheaffe was rapidly approaching the redan from the west. With lighter hearts the band again started up the heights for a third charge.

The enemy was greatly strengthened, but many of the Americans waited with considerable admiration the oncoming of this little band who were entering their third skirmish. But regrets or admirations were of no avail, for as the attacking party neared the heights the Indians broke from their hiding place in conjunction with the charge from the west. The enemy fled to the east, the only portion of the battlefield that was not presenting British muskets, and thus ended the battle of Queenston Heights on the thirteenth of October, one hundred years ago, since which time no foreign flag has floated over this historic ground.

The Ultimate Solution

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

"WANTED—A respectable party, lady preferred, who knows something about philately, to act as private secretary. Fair salary. Apply to Mr. Hargreaves, Eucalyptus Grove, Santa Cruz."

"I suppose there must be dozens of people applying for the position," Lillian Eldridge mused, as with newspaper clipping in hand she pushed open the heavy wooden gate and went nervously up the broad, well kept path leading to the large gabled house, well surrounded by trees, and to which a garage in the rear, whose doors were wide open, exposing to view a big touring car, lent an added air of obvious opulence.

"Perhaps I may be one of the first to answer it in person," she continued musingly. "Oh, I do hope so! There can't be one in a thousand who knows as much about philately as I do, for not many make a hobby of collecting postage stamps. If I only get the chance of speaking to this Mr. Hargreaves I know he'll find that I know pretty well everything about every postage stamp that was ever issued. Probably more than he does himself."

Which was very likely to be true, for she had been her crippled father's sole helper in his absorbing hobby, and he had justly prided himself that his collection was one of the finest in the country.

In the terrible earthquake and fire which devastated San Francisco, his house, himself, and all that belonged to him had perished on that fateful morning, with the exception of his only daughter, Lillian, who, luckily, happened to be passing the night with a girl friend in a more fortunate part of the city.

A few hundred dollars, on deposit in a savings bank, was the only remnant

of his once comfortable fortune and all that Lillian could rely upon for future support. The bank officials sympathized with her, kindly allowed her to draw out the sum and she instantly busied herself to find something that she could do to earn an honorable living.

The advertisement, aforementioned, had caught her eye and she had hastened to Santa Cruz to answer it in person.

With a nervous hand she pressed the button at the side of the door and almost repented of her temerity in seeking the position on hearing the answering tinkle of the bell, for this was her first effort of the kind and she was fearful of what she could or should not say at the coming interview. She was not kept long in suspense, however, for less than a minute the door was opened with a flourish by a tall, sombre looking butler of advanced middle age. He was unmistakably an Englishman, pompous in manner and his solemn, haughty countenance adorned with long, pointed side whiskers, commonly known as "Dundrearys."

He swept the girl from top to toe with a questioning glance, and on her timidly extending the newspaper clipping and stating the cause of her advent he condescended to open the door to its fullest extent.

"Oh! Ah, Yes," he said, with what he considered to be the proper amount of deference to one who might perchance be a future inmate of the household. "Quite so. This way, please, Mr. 'Argreaves is in the library."

Lillian followed him across the hall, and entered the door, which, after a gentle rap, the butler had opened.

"A lady, Sir, in answer to the h'ad!"

he announced in forceful tones, and instantly withdrew, closing the door behind him.

The room into which she was ushered was large and solidly furnished, whilst around the walls high bookshelves filled with leather bound volumes denoted the sanctum of an enthusiastic reader. At the far end of the room was a glass door, open, leading into the garden and through which the gentle summer sea breeze was being agreeably wafted. Seated at a table to the right of the glass door, with his back towards her and apparently busily engrossed in writing, was a figure of a gentleman in black whose bowed and bald head was scantily fringed with snow white hair.

The girl stood timidly for the space of a full minute and then advanced timidly into the room, waiting patiently for the old gentleman to finish whatever was absorbing him so closely and then coughed slightly to attract his attention. He made no responsive movement; nor showed in any way that he was aware of her presence, so she approached closer to his chair and coughed a little louder, repeating the appeal for recognition several times.

Still he made no stir with either head or body and feeling vaguely alarmed Lillian made a slight detour towards the glass door, thus bringing her to face the rigid figure in the chair.

His arms, she noticed, were stretched in front of him across the table and his face was resting upon it, so she surmised that he must have fallen asleep over his work and thought it better to withdraw without disturbing him and to inform the butler that she would wait until he awoke.

She passed behind his chair to make her exit, when her eyes alighted upon a small object that froze her to the spot.

It was the handle of a knife or dagger, of black ebony, jutting out from between the shoulder blades of the black coated old man, and which harmonized so well with the tone of the coat that it had escaped her immediate attention.

She peered fearfully at the face resting on the table and saw that it was

ashen gray and distorted as with a sudden terror, whilst from the rigidly parted lips there issued a small red stream, still flowing; so, she instantly surmised, the knife thrust must have been very recently delivered.

She turned to the door to call loudly for assistance and then realized with horror that she was on the scene of a gruesome assault, perhaps a murder and, more likely than not, would be herself accused of it. There was no obvious evidence of the crime when she had been ushered into the room, her nervous manner would be commented on by the butler, and she had been left entirely alone with the victim!

The glass door stood invitingly open and directly upon a garden path, leading, as she could see, to a side gate and the road beyond, and after a hasty glance, which swept the garden, she was satisfied that there was not a soul in sight. With her heart palpitating with a nameless terror, she slipped through the door and borne by the wings of fear had gained the gate and was several hundred yards up the road before sheer want of breath caused her to break into a walk. She did not pause, realizing that now that she had taken the step she had, that suspicion of the dreadful crime was bound to fall upon her and the greater the distance she placed between herself and that house of ill-omen, the better it would be for her in every way.

She had brought no baggage with her to Santa Cruz, for, in case she had been successful in her mission she had intended to return to San Francisco and secure her few belongings which she had left at a temporary lodging, but the few hundred dollars which constituted her whole fortune, she carried on her person, in a little chamois purse, cunningly sewn to and secreted beneath the bosom of her shirt waist.

As far as her eye could see, the road was bare, so the chances were that her headlong flight had not been noticed, but she knew that her presence, alone on the broad road, was likely to be remarked by any passing cart or automobile and herself, maybe, recognized latter, so she branched off at the first lane way she came to, and seeing a car line

at a short distance across some fields, she skirted them by the side of a sheltering hedge and somewhat relieved at last, brought herself to a halt and awaited the first passing car.

She was not sorry to find that it was on its way from, and not, to the town, as she had feared the telephone connection and arrest on reaching Santa Cruz, and now she had every chance of baffling pursuit.

It was a short line car she had boarded and carried her only as far as the picnicing grounds at Twin Lakes, but by traversing a short block she found herself on the beach road and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of hailing a car that carried her to the pretty resort of Capitola.

On enquiring at the depot she found that a train for San Francisco would leave in about an hour, so she passed the period in a small restaurant and satisfied her hunger, then boarded the train and landed without mishap, four hours later, back in San Francisco.

Intuitively knowing that the supposed author of the crime would be immediately searched for along the Pacific Coast, she decided to make a far flitting, and having all her life had a longing to visit the glittering thoroughfares of New York and having no ties to bind her to the city by the Golden Gate, she decided to essay her fortune in the big metropolis.

She hastened at once to a booking office and purchased a ticket and then hurried to her lodging and secured her belongings. In less than an hour she was at the station and happily installed in a train that was on the verge of pulling out.

A sickening sense of fear assailed her as she entered the depot on hearing the bawling newsboys crying the inviting details of "A horrible murder in Santa Cruz!" and she bought an evening paper, but could not bring herself to glance at it until her train was some miles on its journey.

It was then she realized that she had indeed done wisely in escaping from the house as she had, for the crime had, on the butler's evidence, been, naturally, immediately fastened on the girl whom

he had ushered into the room shortly before the discovery of the murder.

The paper stated that the knife had reached the old gentleman's heart, and wonder was expressed that such a terrific thrust should have been delivered by such a slim young girl as the butler had described.

The chauffeur, from the garage window, it appears, had seen her enter the house, but no one had seen her leaving it, though it was naturally surmised she had stepped through the open glass door and so escaped. It was aptly described as an extraordinary mystery and would require a good deal of solving at the hands of the local police.

Lillian thought so, too, if her presence at the house was the only clue that was to be followed, and her mental attempts at the unraveling of the mystery kept her thoughtfully busy until she reached New York.

To a girl with Lillian's appearance and persistency, the obtaining of a position was not difficult and three weeks later she found herself on board an Atlantic liner bound for Europe as companion to an old lady, who was contemplating a lengthy stay in Switzerland.

Mrs. Elmendorf was an able woman of the world, and a traveled New Yorker, in affluent circumstances and of wide acquaintance, so Lillian was soon in a vortex of society utterly strange, but delightfully pleasant. Her employer had taken a sincere liking to her from the start and treated her more as a protegee than as a paid companion and few, if any, at the Pension Beau Sejour in which they had located themselves at their arrival at Lausanne, knew the true position in which she stood.

The old lady saw to it that she had a suitable wardrobe and at the hotel dances, which occurred twice a week, Lillian made as brave a showing as any girl in the ballroom and never lacked for partners. Thoroughly American, as she was, the many foreigners to whom she was introduced found little favor in her eyes, but there was a fair sprinkling of Americans and, amongst them, one to whom she drifted as na-

turally as if he had been mapped out to complete her existence.

Howard Montgomery was a Harvard graduate, bent on seeing all there was to be seen and tested in the Old World before settling down to earnest work in the only country he cared to claim as Home. They soon discovered that their tastes and viewpoints of life were in common after having satisfied themselves that their steps were suited in the dance and Mrs. Elmendorf lent herself readily to the budding romance and played the matchmaker to perfection. Having no children of her own she took as much interest in Lillian's "little affair," as she called it, as if she were her own daughter, and when she discovered that Howard was a young man of wealth and refinement she encouraged his presence in their daily outings and sundry excursions.

There is no spot on earth more conducive to healthy lovemaking than beautiful Lausanne and the adjacent shores of Lake Geneva, so it was not surprising that matters were brought quickly to a crisis and a wedding arranged for on their return to New York.

In the early fall they took their leave of Europe, Howard accompanying them, and Mrs. Elmendorf easily persuaded Lillian not to keep him in suspense and, of course, herself gave the bride away, having provided her with a befitting trousseau and a liberal cheque as a wedding gift.

It was not, however, until the first week of the honeymoon was nearly spent, and for which they had chosen a quiet village up the Hudson, that Lillian received the first terrifying shock since leaving the golden State of California. Her husband had announced that he was expecting a man servant, who had been for years in the employ of the uncle from whom he had inherited the bulk of his fortune; who was to act as his valet and afterwards as butler when they should settle down in their permanent home, and she was seated with Howard on the porch of the small hotel overlooking the river, after a plain but well cooked dinner, when a rig from the depot drove up and deposited the expected servant and his baggage.

"Yes, that's Skose," said Howard, peering through the gloom at the tall, pompous figure struggling with a bag and suitcase to the side entrance to the hotel, and fortunately not noticing the strained expression of horror on the face of the bride, who had instantly recognized the drooping side whiskers as belonging to the man who had haunted her waking thoughts and fitful dreams and who was the very last person on earth she desired to meet.

It was the butler who had ushered her into the scene of the crime on that fateful morning eight months before

By what extraordinary chance he should happen to have found himself in the employ of her husband she could not conjecture and what the consequences to herself would now be she dared not think. She steered herself as well as she could, however, and ventured a question as to where he had come from?

"Oh, have'nt I told you?" answered Howard. "He was my Uncle's butler for years and was with him at the time he was killed. I have never told you about that, Lillian, as the whole thing was so dreadful. I hardly like to talk about it myself. He was awfully good to me after my father died. He was my mother's brother, you see, and he sort of adopted me and paid for my education and everything.

"I see," said Lillian, forcing a composure she was far from feeling. "And what happened?"

"He was stabbed, sitting in his chair in his library at Santa Cruz by a young girl who had gained an entrance under some pretext or other and who then made her escape by a door that was open and disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed her up. It's a most extraordinary mystery, because nobody suspected he had an enemy in the whole world."

"But, a young girl?" protested Lillian. "Surely no young girl would commit a crime like that! He wasn't robbed as well, was he?"

"No, nothing touched, so far as we know. Of course there may have been some circumstance in his past life which I never heard of and which

might have led to an act of revenge. He was an old man and had quite a career. He was an Englishman and was an officer in the English army before he came to this country with his sister, who was my mother."

"Oh, then, you're half English," said Lillian, taxing her brain afresh for some solution to the mystery, and dreading more each moment the coming meeting with the butler.

"Yes, on my mother's side, but my father's people were New Yorkers from away back. Old uncle Hargreaves bought a lot of real estate in California and did pretty well on the whole. Now, I don't want you to get any silly notions in your head about the mystery, dear, because I'm going to take you to Santa Cruz for a few months and—"

"S-S-Santa Cruz!" interjected the bride, trembling. "Where the—the—"

"Yes, but you mustn't let your mind dwell on that. Ah, here is Skose, now!"

Lillian gripped the arms of her rocker as the tall figure skirted round the pillars of the porch and greeted his employer with a deferential bow, and then raising his eyes, in so far as the dim light permitted, covertly scrutinized the new mistress of the household.

"This is Mrs. Montgomery, Skose," said Howard, by way of introduction, after he had enquired after the butler's health and the details of his journey. "I have just been telling her that when we have traveled 'round a few weeks I am going to take her for a stay in Santa Cruz. I have given her to understand what a good butler you are, too."

"Thank you, Sir," the man replied obsequiously, backing away to relieve them of his presence, with a puzzled expression on his face which Lillian was quick to note.

Would he recognize her? And if he did, what would he do? Or even if he did see a more than strong resemblance in his master's bride, would he not argue that such resemblance was but purely accidental and that not within the bounds of probability or possibility could she be the girl who, he must surely be convinced was the perpetrator of that dreadful crime?

She decided to dress her hair differ-

ently, at any rate, and to alter her appearance as far as lay in her power and trust to daily association to obliterate any such doubt or suspicion he might at first experience, but her honeymoon was completely spoiled, of that she was sure, and every moment that Howard, whom she loved dearly, should be alone with his butler, would, she knew, be fraught with danger, though she felt assured that her husband would not credit such a tale as he would have to tell, and Skose could bring forward no evidence.

As she reviewed the state of affairs, whilst replying at random to Howard's remarks, she reasoned that it was not too hopeless, and ere she retired to bed had made up her mind to carry herself bravely and to meet the butler on the morrow with as calm a manner as her innocence warranted. No matter what he might or might not think, she had done no wrong, so why should she fear him?

In broad daylight she met him the next morning as she was issuing from her room with Howard and returned his salutation coolly and graciously, but she could see that he was sorely puzzled and was staring after her, and she descended the stairs, with a thoroughly bewildered expression.

She schooled herself to meet her husband daily as if nothing was on her mind and though she was suffering tortures she never allowed him to suspect for a moment the severe strain to which she was being subjected. In fact so well did she carry out her line of action that she was practically satisfied at the end of the two weeks that followed; which they spent in traveling about and visiting various points of interest; that any suspicion the butler may have held, had been allayed, for he had made no move.

So, it was with more or less a feeling of assurance that she faced the journey across the continent to California when Howard decided to take her there to settle down for some months, so that he could devote necessary time in looking after the real estate interests bequeathed to him by his uncle, and in due course she found herself once more entering

the house from which she had made such an unexpected and undignified exit.

It was but natural, of course, that she should experience trepidation on entering the library, but that soon wore off, and in two or three days she entered it as freely as any room in the house and found much delight in scanning its well filled bookshelves.

She was beginning to feel quite secure and had banished all thought of danger from her mind, but that was more or less due to the fact that Howard was always within call, but on the fifth morning after their arrival he had to go into Santa Cruz on business and as it was raining heavily she elected not to accompany him.

The most cheery and cozy room in the house was the library, and when he had taken his departure, she returned to it and was preparing for a comfortable reading when the door opened and Skose entered without knocking and closed the door deliberately behind him. Utterly taken aback, she stared at him from the window seat she had chosen, but could form no demand with her lips as to why he had entered so unceremoniously.

There was no need for putting a question to him, however, for he advanced to where she sat and stood menacingly before her.

"I suppose you know what I have come to talk about?" he queried, in a tone far different from the respectful one he had hitherto employed when addressing her. Lillian gripped her book with both hands and bravely met his gaze.

"No," she replied curtly. "What is it?"

"You know," he retorted, "and there's no good pretendin' you don't. You thought I didn't recognize you or, maybe, thought I wasn't quite sure, but I knew you again the minute I set my eyes on you."

Lillian assumed a bewildered and indignant expression and rose from her chair.

"I don't know what on earth you are driving at, Skose, and I don't like your

attitude at all. Please explain yourself."

"Aw, go on," he answered rudely. "What's the use of trying to fool me? You're the same lady that I let into this room just before the old gentleman was killed and that was looked for everywhere. I ain't such a fool as not to know you when I see you again."

"How dare you!" cried Lillian, with well simulated indignation. "Do you know what you are trying to insinuate? Why, you must be crazy!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," he declared firmly. "You're the party all right. I ain't forgotten you, so, don't think it! I don't know where you went to after you left here, or how you come to marry Mr. Montgomery, but you're the young lady that's wanted by the police and that I'm ready to swear to in a court of law."

"Oh, is that so?" she returned disdainfully. "You may, of course, imagine you see some resemblance to the person you think I am, but you have absolutely no proof."

"Oh, 'aven't I?" he replied, slipping his hand to a breast pocket and deftly extracting an envelope. "I suppose you thought you didn't leave no clue, but I found *this*, where you dropped it, near the window there," and opening the envelope he drew forth a small crumpled handkerchief.

Lillian shivered involuntarily and the room seemed to sway under her feet. "That's nothing," she argued bravely. "A handkerchief might belong to anybody."

"Yes, but 'ow about the h'initials?" queried the Englishman, with a satisfied leer. "Tisn't everyone has L. E. on their 'ankerchief, and them h'initials was yours before you became Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Lillian h'Eldridge was your name and this 'ere 'ankerchief is all the proof the police'll want. 'Ow about that?"

"The—the—the police? stammered Lillian.

"That's what I said. The police. I've only got to tell 'em what I know, and you're being married to Mr. Montgomery fifty times over won't save you."

The girl's knees trembled and her face blanched. "Oh!" she ejaculated, and stared blankly at her accuser.

She was too stunned to think, but she dully realized the frightful error she had made in not summoning the household when she had made the gruesome discovery that afternoon and trusting to rightful methods to have proved her innocence. Now, her stealthy flight could but be construed to her guilt and no argument on her part would be believed. She had woven a chain of evidence around herself that it would be well nigh impossible to break.

And then, her husband! The deception she had practiced on him was brought home to her with full force. The whole outlook was terrifying.

The butler placed the handkerchief back into the envelope and returned it to his pocket.

"So, you see, I've got you," he continued grimly. "I've got you in the 'ollow of my 'and. Now, if I turns you over to the police, which I ought to do, it won't do me no good, and I should lose my place, of course. I've looked at it from all sides, and I'm going to make a proposition which you can take or leave, as you like.

"A—A proposition?" faltered, Lillian, as he came to a pause. The butler approached closer and brought his tones to a whisper.

"Yes, and one that you'll 'ave to agree to, or I'll go straight to the police this minute. If you give me five hundred dollars, I'll keep my mouth shut. I won't say a word."

"F—Five hundred dollars?" echoed the bride weakly.

"Yes, no more and no less. If you 'aven't got it, you can get it from Mr. Montgomery, if you give 'im a good excuse. If you don't, of course you can take the consequences, and you know what that means? The chair."

"The chair?" faltered Lillian. "Wh—what's that?"

"It's what the uses instead of 'anging 'em in this State," returned the butler brutally. "It's 'orrible."

The poor girl shuddered and panic-stricken she consented to his terms,

which fortunately were easy, as she was in ample funds, owing largely to Mrs. Elmendorf's substantial wedding gift and her husbands liberality. She immediately gave a check, payable to "bearer," for the stipulated amount, but failed to secure the handkerchief from him in return, and he was obdurate to all her pleadings.

For this she was soon made to suffer, for, once having made sure of his ground, he returned again and again and repeated threats, each time increasing his demands, and it was not before long that she was driven to drawing on her husband to meet them.

Her waking moments were torture, for she dreaded the frequent approaches of the butler, and she dared not let Howard suspect that she was suffering, whilst her dreams were mere fitful nightmares, so it is little wonder that she commenced to lose considerably in weight and took little pleasure in going beyond the confines of the house.

The library held a peculiar fascination for her and the greater part of the day, when alone, she spent in delving into rare volumes and poring over the wonderful collection of postage stamps, bequeathed to his nephew by the late owner of the property. The books of the popular authors she did not trouble, for she had read most of them, so the bookshelves devoted to their occupancy were for many weeks untouched. One morning, however, she turned to them, without much enthusiasm, and extracted some volumes of Dickens, more for the sake of looking at the quaint old prints than to study their pages, and had perused several in this cursory manner, when she met with an unexpected surprise.

In her hand she held the leather bound cover of David Copperfield, but within its folds reposed, not the well known story or steel engravings of the immortal Micawber, but a carefully penned diary of the late John Edward Hargraves, which appeared to cover the period of many years.

This was indeed, a "find," and taking it to her room she read and read on, devouring each page with frantic interest until the gong sounded for lunch

and the return of Howard from his morning's work warned her to stop, but it was indeed a radiant face that greeted him when he entered the room, and the tears that welled from her eyes and coursed down her pale cheeks, as she clasped her arms around his neck, were not the tears of sorrow."

The call to luncheon went unheeded and three times did Skose have to sound the gong impatiently before they appeared, for Lillian's recital and feverish explanation of the result of her findings in the diary required some little time.

The butler was quite unconscious of the cause of their delay nor were his suspicions aroused when Howard left the table to seek the telephone in the little room off the hallway.

If he had overheard the communication which immediately took place, however, it is doubtful whether his demeanor would have remained so calm or the glances directed at the mistress of the household so sneeringly threatening.

The meal was hardly finished when a natty machine dashed up the drive, containing two stalwart men in uniform, and when Skose opened the door in answer to the impatient ringing, he found confronting him no less a personage than the Captain of Police of the town of Santa Cruz.

Howard briskly entered the hall and greeted the burly captain, then turned and pointed an accusing finger at his butler.

"That's him," he announced curtly.

The officer promptly stretched out an arm and before the astounded and terror-stricken servant had brought his senses to a focus he felt a grip of steel that pinioned him against the doorway. In answer to a call the patrolman hurried from the machine and took the butler from his chief's hands, and, then, at Howard's request, escorted him to the library, where Lillian was anxiously awaiting their appearance.

* * *

"Now, I don't want to prosecute the man if by any possibility it can be avoided," said Howard, after a two

hour's cross-examination of both his wife and servant and a close perusal of the murdered man's diary. "We have got from his trunk the three thousand dollars which he took from my wife and, of course, I shall discharge him. There are not many people who employ a butler in these parts, so he'll have a hard time. There is no doubt but that he honestly believed Mrs. Montgomery was guilty and so he committed another felony by not exposing her. He blackmailed her instead."

"Yes that's it," said the Captain of Police, grimly. "We've got him on the two counts."

"Yes, I know," said Howard. "But all the same I'd much prefer to see him go free. My wife's name will be dragged into the papers and all the world will be made to know that she was suspected of the crime. As it is the discovery of this diary and the mysterious disappearance of that little wooden god explains everything. It's funny we never missed it before."

The Captain of the Police turned to the butler. "Didn't you notice it was gone?" he queried sternly.

"No, Sir," replied Skose, all his pomposity sadly lacking and his drooping whiskers looking comically lugubrious. "It was there so long amongst all them other h'ornaments on the bracket that I never took no stock of it. I never thought to look for no clues, Sir, 'cause I was so sure the young lady had done it."

"Yes, you see we had no inkling of the real perpetrator of the crime," interjected Howard. "As you can see from the diary, my uncle's life was attempted at least five or six times and it must have been his love of danger that made him hold on to that little god."

"Yes, for more than thirty years, according to his own account," said the Captain. "He had grit all right."

"Those Hindus must be dreadful people," said Lillian, shuddering. "To think of their following him all over the world in order to get their revenge! It doesn't seem possible."

"You must remember they considered it a very serious crime," Howard informed her gravely. "Of course he

was only a young officer in the army and thought it a huge joke at the time. There's no doubt if they'd caught him when he was swiping that little god from the temple they would have killed him then. As it was they never lost sight of him."

"It's funny your uncle never told you anything about it, Howard," said Lillian, looking happier now, than she had for months past.

"He was afraid of scaring me, I guess. You say you remember seeing a Hindu around the town about that time?" queried Howard turning to the Captain of the Police.

"Yes, two of 'em. They didn't wear turbans or any queer sort of clothes, and I thought they were Chinamen at first, but now that I come to think of them I can see they were Hindu's all right. So you want me to let this fellow go, do you?" The Captain demanded, with a butler. "Oh, yes; *please*," urged Lillian, placing her hand on the officer's braided sleeve. "I don't want to be dragged into the papers, and he will be

punished enough by losing a good place like this. *Please. Please* let him go, Captain!"

The guardian of the Police pondered the question deeply for a minute, surveying Skose closely with an unkindly eye.

"All right, Ma'am," he cried, at last, and then motioned to his subordinate. "Here, take him to his room and make him pack his trunk. We'll take him to the depot and see that he ships himself to San Francisco, and mind this," he added, addressing the trembling servant, "if you're ever found putting your foot inside this township again you'll be brought straight to *me*, and if you *are*, I swear by those whiskers of yours that you'll be the sorriest man in California."

The patrolman led the crest-fallen Englishman from the room and Lillian heaved a sigh of relief.

She looked up at the police captain and gratefully seized one of his hands in both of hers.

"Thank you," she cried.

THE COMMUNITY AS A SILENT PARTNER

Most successful men are apt to think that their fortunes have been built up wholly by their own skill and management; but the fact is, it is the people, the community, that make most fortunes possible. If New York had remained a village, the Astors and many other millionaires could not have made their fortunes out of real estate. It was the growth of New York that made a great many vast fortunes possible, not the skill of individuals. The people are partners. It is the same with the railroads. The settling up of the country made the vast railroad fortunes possible. Indeed, the only way a man can make a fortune is by partnership of the community, the partnership of the people. If Chicago had remained a little straggling Indian village, as it was seventy-five years ago, many great fortunes of its residents could not have been possible.

Women and Their Novels

DOES THE WOMAN WRITER POSSESS A MORBID LOVE OF THE UNWHOLESOME, AND DO WOMEN READERS DEMAND THAT TYPE?—A CHARGE AND A DEFENCE

By H. B. Mortimer

What sort of novels do women readers like best? It has been said, and apparently with truth, that they themselves can best answer the question. But now comes the rather startling announcement that women writers—who are supposed to typify their class and cater particularly to women readers—possess to a greater degree than do men a morbid love of the unclean and unwholesome. The problem therefore grows in interest. What sort of novels do most women like best?

A WELL known writer has recently made the startling and somewhat daring assertion that women novelists seem to possess a "morbidity of the unclean." As to how far this is true the writer goes on to state that the output of British novels is from two to three thousand annually; that thirty per cent. of these are written by women, and that at least half of that thirty per cent. deal with unwholesome subjects.

Obviously the mistake the writer makes is to attack women novelists as a whole. Surely the type of women who produce unclean and unwholesome books are a type to themselves? Many of the best books that have ever been published have been written by women. What book could be more inspiring than, for instance, "John Halifax, Gentleman?" But good and exceptional novels written by women are so numerous that references are unnecessary. There are many phases of life with which women are far more capable of dealing exhaustively than men.

It is manifestly unfair to make an accusation which involves a mass or body of people. That the majority of unpleasant books that are published are

written by women, that these books reflect a certain unhealthiness which seems peculiar to the feminine mind is beyond argument, but surely it is a certain type of feminine which they reflect rather than the feminine mind as a whole? While there are unpleasant people in the world there will ever be unpleasant books. To say that the minds of women writers are, as a rule, unwholesome and unclean, and that the books written by them go to prove it, is an assertion no reasonable man or woman would tolerate in silence.

DECADE OF UNWHOLESOMENESS.

We must admit that the percentage of women writers who deal with unwholesome and unclean subjects is far greater than the percentage of men writers who produce such work. In the majority of cases it is unnecessary with these books to glance at the fly leaf to learn that a woman is responsible. The unwholesomeness is clearly feminine unwholesomeness, and probably no male writer could attain just the same effect.

During the last decade more unwholesome and unclean novels have been

turned out than during any decade previously. Glancing through these books, however, we find that half a dozen present day authoresses are largely responsible. That these women are a disgrace to their sex, and further that they are a disgrace to a profession which at one time was considered one of the highest and most honorable, there are hundreds of women writers only too ready to agree.

The harm that can be done by an unwholesome or unclean novel is indeed unlimited. One book of a particular type which "takes hold" is sure to be followed by other books of a similar type. The demand for such literature is to-day greater than ever before, and it is deplorable to note that the people who support and encourage it are mostly women readers. Recently several novels have been recommended to me by women as good and exceptional novels. Exceptional, indeed, the majority of these books are, but they belonged to the same class. Though not actually bad books, they have an unclean atmosphere about them. The sentiments are unreal; the characters hysterical or deplorably misled, while in some cases the sole object of the book seems to have been to illustrate some phase of life which would be better left alone. Surely, then, the fault lies not only with the woman writer but with the woman reader—that vast multitude of women who accept, with open arms, the sensational and so-called dramatic love story?

I do not believe that women as a whole, both writers and readers, possess "a morbid love of the unclean;"—any more than I believe that the young girl, who aspires to become an authoress, possesses a natural taste for this particular style of literature. Writers and readers are to a large extent what the publishers have made them, and journalism to-day is not as it was twenty years ago—thanks to certain Houses whose wealth and power have enabled them to partially control the market. To these Houses journalism is a mere huckstering trade, concerned only in what will sell at the greatest profits.

PUBLISHERS ARE BLAMED.

The young authoress, craving for success, is compelled to conform to the demands of the publishers. She learns, at an early stage, that the ordinary love story will not sell—that if she is to succeed her writings must have some distinguishing feature. Naturally, for new inspiration, she turns to the works of those who have already met with success.

It is in this frame of mind, then, that the morbid and unwholesome appeals to her; and unwholesome thoughts cannot for long retain possession of the mind without introducing the unclean.

Thus, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred the undesirable novel comes into existence. It is not, in the first place, that the woman writer possesses "a morbid love of the unclean." At an early stage in her career she learned that she must search out the sensational if she were to succeed, and had she followed her own inspirations she would have turned out better and higher work.

It cannot be denied that, at the age of twenty and thereabout—and it is at this age that writers are made or marred—the feminine mind is more susceptible to the influence of environment than the male mind. That the girl reader dwells more upon the novels that she reads than the boy reader—that the morbid and sensational makes a more lasting impression upon her, is well known to every Editor and sub-Editor who has to deal with the work of both sexes. Few young authors are strictly original; most of them are guilty of plagiarism; and that the majority of first novels published by women are drawn from unwholesome or unclean works goes to prove how great an impression these works have made upon them.

The style of literature that appeals to the boy reader is entirely different. Whereas the morbid and unclean appear, in many cases, to appeal most strongly to the girl, it is the exciting and drastic that appeal most strongly to the boy. Bad literature may land him in the Criminal Courts, it may drag him eventually to the gallows, but it

will not, at any rate make a novelist of him.

I do not believe that fifty per cent. of the women novelists are unwholesome in mind. I believe that many of them, who write unpleasant books, could equally well write pleasant ones. That so many of them are women of good education and refined tastes, and further that many of their earlier works which were never published were of a cleaner and brighter nature, goes to prove that influence rather than disposition is responsible for the evil. Here is a pitiable example:

A short time ago a well dressed woman was arrested in London for being in a drunken and incapable condition. At her trial it was discovered that she was an authoress, employed by a firm of publishers who have since, fortunately, retired from business. Her "style," was highly sensational fiction, and in a public court this woman frankly confessed that she could not meet the demands of the publishers unless in an inebriated state.

A few days later I procured a novel published by this firm—a cheap novel that held a prominent place on the news agent's stall, and which was doubtless selling readily to the servant girl class of reader. Having perused the first two chapters I did not hesitate a moment in accepting the woman's statement, but it was somewhat of a shock to learn, some weeks later, that the firm in question was controlled and partially owned by one of the best known publishing Houses in the world!

Never before was the low class reader so liberally catered for as to-day. The penny novel has leapt into popularity. The majority of these and similar works are written by literary hacks—men and women who are paid at so low a rate that they are compelled to turn out an immense quantity of work in order to keep themselves going. To attain anything like a standard of interest they are forced to introduce far fetched and highly colored features which not only excite their own imaginations but those of their readers.

But though the penny novel may be unhealthy, it is not as a rule unclean.

That sort of work is left to the "high-class" publication—the book that is written with a so-called motive. Only the better class publishers dare attempt to intrude the unclean. That is the most hateful part about the whole business—to have this sort of thing dragged before us so tempered and intermingled with sentiment that to the weak-minded it appeals as powerful and sorrowful truth.

Apart from the sale of cheap literature, the demand for good and wholesome novels is to-day as great as ever it was. No writer is more popular than Dickens; no writer is more widely read or discussed with such love and enthusiasm. His work touches upon the truth and reality of everyday life, and not a little of its humor. That is why Dickens is loved, and so long as there are men and women in the world who live their lives as nature intended, such writers will continue to be loved. Ask any well read man or woman which is their favorite novel, and they are almost sure to mention one of the name of which is almost a household word—a book renowned for its purity and simple truth. It is years since they read it, perhaps, but it lives in their memory. The modern novel may have changed the tastes of a large percentage of the reading public, and even intellectual men will tell you that they cannot wade through the old books which at one time had so great a charm for them, but the love of the true and aspiring still remains.

What does the reading public really want? It wants books that get down to the very soul of things, just as it always did. Books in which it can taste the freedom of the prairies, or the wholesome gaities of city life; books in which it can hear the laughter of little children, and now and then, perhaps, can feel the tears of those who care for them; outdoor books of the broad highways, and of real adventure, with quite a liberal smattering of real love.

It is a mistake to think that the tastes of the public have changed. They will never change so far as general motives are concerned.

The Venturers

By O. Henry

LET the story wreck itself on the spreading rails of the *Non Sequitur* Limited, if it will; first you must take your seat in the observation car "*Raison d'être*" for one moment. It is for no longer than to consider a brief essay on the subject—let us call it: "What's Around the Corner."

Omne mundus in duas partes divisum est—men who wear rubbers and pay poll-taxes, and men who discover new continents. There are no more continents to discover; but by the time overshoes are out of date and the poll has developed into an income tax, the other half will be paralleling the canals of Mars with radium railways.

Fortune, Chance, and Adventure are given as synonyms in the dictionaries. To the knowing each has a different meaning. Fortune is a prize to be won. Adventure is the road to it. Chance is what may lurk in the shadows at the roadside. The face of Fortune is radiant and alluring; that of Adventure flushed and heroic. The face of Chance is the beautiful countenance—perfect because vague and dream-born—that we see in our tea-cups at breakfast while we growl over our chops and toast.

The Venturer is one who keeps his eye on the hedgerows and wayside groves and meadows while he travels the road to Fortune. That is the difference between him and the Adventurer. Eating the forbidden fruit was the best record ever made by a Venturer. Trying to prove that it happened is the highest work of the Adventuresome. To be either is disturbing to the cosmogony of creation. So, as bracket-sawed and city-directorized citizens, let us light our pipes, chide the children and the cat, arrange ourselves in the willow rocker under the flickering gas

jet at the coolest window and scan this little tale of two modern followers of Chance.

"Did you ever hear that story about the man from the West?" asked Billinger, in the little dark-oak room to your left as you penetrate the interior of the Powhatan Club.

"Doubtless," said John Reginald Forster, rising and leaving the room.

Forster got his straw hat (straws will be in and maybe out again long before this is printed) from the check-room boy, and walked out of the air (as Hamlet says). Billinger was used to having his stories insulted and would not mind. Forster was in his favorite mood and wanted to go away from anywhere. A man, in order to get on good terms with himself, must have his opinions corroborated and his moods matched by some one else. (I had written that "somebody;" but an A. D. T. boy who once took a telegram for me pointed out that I could save money by using the compound word. This is a vice versa case.)

Forster's favorite mood was that of greatly desiring to be a follower of Chance. He was a Venturer by nature, but convention, birth, tradition and the narrowing influences of the tribe of Manhattan had denied him full privilege. He had trodden all the main-traveled thoroughfares and many of the side roads that are supposed to relieve the tedium of life. But none had sufficed. The reason was that he knew what was to be found at the end of every street. He knew from experience and logic almost precisely what end each digression from routine must lead. He found a depressing monotony in all the variations that the music of his sphere had grafted upon the tune of life. He

had not learned that, although the world was made round, the circle has been squared, and that its true interest is to be found in "What's Around the Corner."

Forster walked abroad aimlessly from the Pawhatan, trying not to tax either his judgment or his desire as to what streets he traveled. He would have been glad to lose his way if it were possible; but he had no hope of that. Adventure and Fortune move at your beck and call in the Greater City; but Chance is oriental. She is a veiled lady in a sedan chair, protected by a special traffic squad of dragomans. Cross-town, uptown, and downtown you may move without seeing her.

At the end of an hour's stroll, Forster stood on a corner of a broad, smooth avenue, looking disconsolately across it at a picturesque old hotel softly but brilliantly lit. Disconsolately, because he knew that he must dine; and dining in that hotel was no venture. It was one of his favorite caravanseries, and so silent and swift would be the service and so delicately choice the food, that he regretted the hunger that must be appeased by the "dead perfection" of the place's cuisine. Even the music there seemed to be always playing *da capo*.

Fancy came to him that he would dine at some cheap, even dubious, restaurant lower down in the city, where the erratic chefs from all countries of the world spread their national cookery for the omnivorous American. Something might happen there out of the routine—he might come upon a subject without a predicate, a road without an end, a question without an answer, a cause without an effect, a gulf stream in life's salt ocean. He had not dressed for evening; he wore a dark business suit that would not be questioned even where the waiters served the spaghetti in their shirt sleeves.

So John Reginald Forster began to search his clothes for money; because the more cheaply you dine, the more surely must you pay. All of the thirteen pockets, large and small, of his business suit he explored carefully and found not a penny. His bank book

showed a balance of five figures to his credit in the Old Ironsides Trust Company, but—

Forster became aware of a man nearby at his left hand who was really regarding him with some amusement. He looked like any business man of thirty or so, neatly dressed and standing in the attitude of one waiting for a street car. But there was no car line on that avenue. So his proximity and unconcealed curiosity seemed to Forster to partake of the nature of a personal intrusion. But, as he was a consistent seeker after "What's Around the Corner," instead of manifesting resentment he only turned a half-embarrassed smile upon the other's grin of amusement.

"All in?" asked the intruder, drawing nearer.

"Seems so," said Forster. "Now, I thought there was a dollar in—"

"Oh, I know," said the other man, with a laugh. "But there wasn't. I've just been through the same process myself, as I was coming around the corner. I found in an upper vest pocket—I don't know how they got there—exactly two pennies. You know what kind of a dinner exactly two pennies will buy!"

"You haven't dined, then?" asked Forster.

"I have not. But I would like to. Now, I'll make you a proposition. You look like a man who would take up one. Your clothes look neat and respectable. Excuse personalities. I think mine will pass the scrutiny of a head waiter, also. Suppose we go over to that hotel and dine together. We will choose from the menu like millionaires—or, if you prefer, like gentlemen in moderate circumstances dining extravagantly for once. When we have finished we will match with my two pennies to see which of us will stand the brunt of the house's displeasure and vengeance. My name is Ives. I think we have lived in the same station of life—before our money took wings."

"You're on," said Forster, joyfully.

Here was a venture at least within the borders of the mysterious country of Chance—anyhow, it promised some-

thing better than the stale infestivity of a table d'hôte.

The two were soon seated at a corner table in the hotel dining room. Ives chucked one of his pennies across the table to Forster.

"Match for which one of us gives the order," he said.

Forster lost.

Ives laughed and began to name liquids and viands to the waiter with the absorbed but calm deliberation of one who was to the menu born. Forster, listening, gave his admiring approval of the order.

"I am a man," said Ives, during the oysters, "who has made a lifetime search after the to-be-continued-in-our-next. I am not like the ordinary adventurer who strikes for a coveted prize. Nor yet am I like a gambler who knows he is either to win or lose a certain set stake. What I want is to encounter an adventure to which I can predict no conclusion. It is the breath of existence to me to dare Fate in its blindest manifestations. The world has come to run so much by rote and gravitation that you can enter upon hardly any footpath of chance in which you do not find signboards informing you of what you may expect at its end. I am like the clerk in the Circumlocution Office who always complained bitterly when any one came in to ask information. 'He wanted to *know*, you know!' was the kick he made to fellow-clerks. Well, I don't want to know, I don't want to reason. I don't want to guess—I want to bet my hand without seeing it."

"I understand," said Forster delightedly. "I've often wanted the way I feel put into words. You've done it. I want to take chances on what's coming. Suppose we have a bottle of Moselle with the next course."

"Agreed," said Ives. "I'm glad you catch my idea. It will increase the animosity of the house toward the loser. If it does not weary you, we will pursue the theme. Only a few times have I met a true venturer—one who does not ask a schedule and map from Fate when he begins a journey. But, as the world becomes more civilized and wiser,

the more difficult it is to come upon an adventure the end of which you cannot foresee. In the Elizabethan days you could assault the watch, wring knockers from doors and have a jolly set-to with the blades in any convenient angle of a wall and 'get away with it.' Nowadays, if you speak disrespectfully to a policeman, all that is left to the most romantic fancy is to conjecture in what particular police station he will land you."

"I know—I know," said Forster, nodding approval.

"I returned to New York to-day," continued Ives, "from a three years' ramble around the globe. Things are not much better abroad than they are at home. The whole world seems to be overrun by conclusions. The only thing that interests me greatly is a premise. I've tried shooting big game in Africa. I know what an express rifle will do at so many yards; and when an elephant falls to the bullet, I enjoy it about as much as I did when I was kept in after school to do a sum in long division on the blackboard."

"I know—I know," said Forster.

"There might be something in aeroplanes," went on Ives, reflectively. "I've tried ballooning; but it seems to be merely a cut-and-dried affair of wind and ballast."

"Women," suggested Forster, with a smile.

"Three months ago," said Ives. "I was pottering around in one of the bazaars in Constantinople. I noticed a lady, veiled, of course, but with a pair of especially fine eyes visible, who was examining some amber and pearl ornaments at one of the booths. With her was an attendant—a big Nubian, as black as coal. After a while this attendant drew nearer to me by degrees and slipped a scrap of paper into my hand. I looked at it when I got a chance. On it was scrawled hastily in pencil: 'The arched gate of the Nightingale Garden at nine to-night.' Does that appear to you to be an interesting premise, Mr. Forster?"

"Go on," said Forster eagerly.

"I made inquiries and learned that the Nightingale Garden was the property of an old Turk—a grand vizier, or

something of the sort. Of course I prospected for the arched gate and was there at nine. The same Nubian attendant opened the gate promptly on time, and I went inside and sat on a bench by a perfumed fountain with the veiled lady. We had quite an extended chat. She was Myrtle Thompson, a lady journalist, who was writing up the Turkish harems for a Chicago newspaper. She said she noticed the New York cut of my clothes in the bazaar and wondered if I couldn't work something into the metropolitan papers about it."

"I see," said Forster. "I see."

"I've canoed through Canada," said Ives, "down many rapids and over many falls. But I didn't seem to get what I wanted out of it because I knew there were only two possible outcomes—I would either go to the bottom or arrive at the sea level. I've played all games at cards; but the mathematicians have spoiled that sport by computing the percentages. I've made acquaintances on trains, I've answered advertisements, I've rung strange door-bells, I've taken every chance that presented itself; but there has always been the conventional ending—the logical conclusion to the premise."

"I know," repeated Forster. "I've felt it all. But I've had few chances to take my chance at chances. Is there any life so devoid of impossibilities as life in this city? There seems to be a myriad of opportunities for testing the undeterminable; but not one in a thousand fails to land you where you expected it to stop. I wish the subways and street cars disappointed one as seldom."

"The sun has risen," said Ives, "on the Arabian nights. There are no more caliphs. The fishermen's vase is turned to a vacuum bottle, warranted to keep any genie boiling or frozen for forty-eight hours. Life moves by rote. Science has killed adventure. There are no more opportunities such as Columbus and the man who ate the first oyster had. The only certain thing is that there is nothing uncertain."

"Well," said Forster, "my experience has been the limited one of a city man. I haven't seen the world as you have;

but it seems that we view it with the same opinion. But, I tell you I am grateful for even this little venture of ours into the borders of the haphazard. There may be at least one breathless moment when the bill for the dinner is presented. Perhaps, after all, the pilgrims who traveled without scrip or purse found a keener taste to life than did the knights of the Round Table who rode abroad with a retinue and King Arthur's certified checks in the linings of their helmets. And now, if you've finished your coffee, suppose we match one of your insufficient coins for the impending blow of Fate. What have I up?"

"Heads," called Ives.

"Heads it is," said Forster, lifting his hand. "I lose. We forgot to agree upon a plan for the winner to escape. I suggest that when the waiter comes you make a remark about telephoning to a friend. I will hold the fort and the dinner check long enough for you to get your hat and be off. I thank you for an evening out of the ordinary, Mr. Ives, and wish we might have others."

"If my memory is not at fault," said Ives, laughing, "the nearest police station is in Macdougall Street. I have enjoyed the dinner, too, let me assure you."

Forster crooked his finger for the waiter. Victor, with a locomotive effort that seemed to owe more to pneumatics than to pedestrianism, glided to the table and laid the card, face downward, by the loser's cup. Forster took it up and added the figures with deliberate care. Ives leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Excuse me," said Forster; "but I thought you were going to ring up Grimes about that theatre party for Thursday night. Had you forgotten about it?"

"Oh," said Ives, settling himself more comfortably, "I can do that later on. Get me a glass of water, waiter."

"Want to be in at the death, do you?" asked Forster.

"I hope you don't object," said Ives, pleadingly. "Never in my life have I seen a gentleman arrested in a public

restaurant for swindling it out of a dinner."

"All right," said Forster, calmly. "You are entitled to see a Christian die in the arena as your *pousse-cafe*."

Victor came with the glass of water and remained, with the disengaged air of an inexorable collector.

Forster hesitated for fifteen seconds, and then took a pencil from his pocket and scribbled his name on the dinner check. The waiter bowed and took it away.

"The fact is," said Forster, with a little embarrassed laugh, "I doubt whether I'm what they call a 'game sport,' which means the same as a 'soldier of Fortune.' I'll have to make a confession. I've been dining at this hotel two or three times a week for more than a year. I always sign my checks." And then, with a note of appreciation in his voice: "It was first-rate of you to stay and see me through with it when you knew I had no money, and that you might be scooped in, too."

"I guess I'll confess, too," said Ives, with a grin. "I own the hotel. I don't run it, of course, but I always keep a suite on the third floor for my use when I happen to stray into town."

He called a waiter and said: "Is Mr. Gilmore still behind the desk? All right. Tell him that Mr. Ives is here, and ask him to have my rooms made ready and aired."

"Another venture cut short by the inevitable," said Forster. "Is there a conundrum without an answer in the next number? But let's hold to our subject just for a minute or two, if you will. It isn't often that I meet a man who understands the flaws I pick in existence. I am engaged to be married a month from to-day."

"I reserve comment," said Ives.

"Right; I am going to add to the assertion. I am devotedly fond of the lady; but I can't decide whether to show up at the church or make a sneak for Alaska. It's the same idea, you know, that we were discussing—it does for a fellow as far as possibilities are concerned. Everybody knows the routine—you get a kiss flavored with Ceylon tea after breakfast; you go to the office;

you come back home and dress for dinner—theatre twice a week—bills—moping around most evenings trying to make conversation—a little quarrel occasionally—maybe sometimes a big one, and a separation—or else a settling down into a middle-aged contentment, which is worst of all."

"I know," said Ives, wisely.

"It's the dead certainty of the thing," went on Forster, "that keeps me in doubt. There'll never more be anything around the corner."

"Nothing after the 'Little Church,'" said Ives. "I know."

"Understand," said Forster, "that I am in no doubt as to my feelings toward the lady. I may say that I love her truly and deeply. But there is something in the current that runs through my veins that cries out against any form of the calculable. I do not know what I want; but I know that I want it. I'm talking like an idiot, I suppose, but I'm sure of what I mean."

"I understand you," said Ives, with a slow smile. "Well, I think I will be going up to my rooms now. If you would dine with me here one evening soon, Mr. Forster, I'd be glad."

"Thursday?" suggested Forster.

"At seven, if it's convenient," answered Ives.

"Seven goes," assented Forster.

At half-past eight Ives got into a cab and was driven to a number in one of the correct West Seventies. His card admitted him to the reception room of an old-fashioned house into which the spirits of Fortune, Chance and Adventure had never dared to enter. On the walls were the Whistler etchings, the steel engravings by Oh-what's-his-name? the still-life paintings of the grapes and garden truck with the watermelon seeds spilled on the table as natural as life, and the Greuze head. It was a household. There were even brass andirons. On a table was an album, half-morocco, with oxidized-silver protections on the corners of the lids. A clock on the mantel ticked loudly, with a warning click at five minutes to nine. Ives looked at it curiously, remembering a time-piece in his grandmother's home that gave such a warning.

And then down the stairs and into the room came Mary Marsden. She was twenty-four, and I leave her to your imagination. But I must say this much—youth and health and simplicity and courage and greenish-violet eyes are beautiful, and she had all these. She gave Ives her hand with the sweet cordiality of an old friendship.

"You can't think what a pleasure it is," she said, "to have you drop in once every three years or so."

For half an hour they talked. I confess that I cannot repeat the conversation. You will find it in books in the circulating library. When that part of it was over, Mary said:

"And did you find what you wanted while you were abroad?"

"What I wanted?" said Ives.

"Yes. You know you were always queer. Even as a boy you wouldn't play marbles or baseball or any game with rules. You wanted to dive in water where you didn't know whether it was ten inches or ten feet deep. And when you grew up you were just the same. We've often talked about your peculiar ways."

"I suppose I am an incorrigible," said Ives. "I am opposed to the doctrine of predestination, to the rule of three, gravitation, taxes and everything of the kind. Life has always seemed to me something like a serial story would be if they printed above each instalment a synopsis of *succeeding* chapters."

Mary laughed merrily.

"Bob Ames told us once," she said, "of a funny thing you did. It was when you and he were on a train in the South, and you got off at a town where you hadn't intended to stop just because the brakeman hung up a sign in the end of the car with the name of the next station on it."

"I remember," said Ives. "That 'next station' has been the thing I've always tried to get away from."

"I know it," said Mary. "And you've been very foolish. I hope you didn't find what you wanted not to find, or get off at the station where there wasn't any, or whatever it was you expected wouldn't happen to you

during the three years you've been away."

"There was something I wanted before I went away," said Ives.

Mary looked in his eyes clearly, with a slight, but perfectly sweet smile.

"There was," she said. "You wanted me. And you could have had me, as you very well know."

Without replying, Ives let his gaze wander slowly about the room. There had been no change in it since last he had been in it, three years before. He vividly recalled the thoughts that had been in his mind then. The contents of that room were as fixed, in their way, as the everlasting hills. No change would ever come there except the inevitable ones wrought by time and decay. That silver-mounted album would occupy that corner of the table, those pictures would hang on the walls, those chairs be found in their same places every morn and noon and night while the household hung together. The brass andirons were monuments to order and stability. Here and there were relics of a hundred years ago which were still living mementos and would be for many years to come. One going from and coming back to that house would never need to forecast or doubt. He would find what he left, and leave what he found. The veiled lady, Chance, would never lift her hand to the knocker on the outer door.

And before him sat the lady who belonged in the room. Cool and sweet and unchangeable she was. She offered no surprises. If one should pass his life with her, though she might grow white-haired and wrinkled, he would never perceive the change. Three years he had been away from her, and she was still waiting for him as established and constant as the house itself. He was sure that she had once cared for him. It was the knowledge that she would always do so that had driven him away. Thus his thoughts ran.

"I am going to be married soon," said Mary.

On the next Thursday afternoon Forster came hurriedly to Ives' hotel.

"Old man," said he, "we'll have to

put that dinner off for a year or so; I'm going abroad. The steamer sails at four. That was a great talk we had the other night, and it decided me. I'm going to knock about the world and get rid of that incubus that has been weighing on both you and me—the terrible dread of knowing what's going to happen. I've done one thing that hurts my conscience a little; but I know it's best for both of us. I've written to the lady to whom I was engaged and explained everything—told her plainly why I was leaving—that the monotony of matrimony would never do for me. Don't you think I was right?"

"It is not for me to say," answered Ives. "Go ahead and shoot elephants if you think it will bring the element of

chance into your life. We've got to decide these things for ourselves. But I tell you one thing, Forster, I've found the way. I've found out the biggest hazard in the world—a game of chance that never is concluded, a venture that may end in the highest heaven or the blackest pit. It will keep a man on edge until the clod falls on his coffin, because he will never know—not until his last day, and not then will he know. It is a voyage without a rudder or compass, and you must be captain and crew and keep watch, every day and night, yourself, with no one to relieve you. I have found the VENTURE. Don't bother yourself about leaving Mary Marsden, Forster. I married her yesterday at noon."

RESPECT WHAT YOU DO

Never depreciate the importance of your vocation. If you are a farmer and are talking with a congressman or a governor, do not say: "I am only a plain farmer and have not had much experience." Do not apologize for it and tell him that if you had had a chance to go to college, as other boys had, you would not have remained on the farm. You would have done something worth while.

Your business is just as important as his. No matter how high a position the man holds, make him feel by the superb way in which you do your work and by your manly bearing that you have made a profession of farming, that you have lifted it into great dignity by your scientific methods, that you have mixed brains with the soil.

You may be sure that there is always some lack, some weakness in people who are always depreciating the importance of their work. These are the earmarks which show the man is an artisan instead of an artist in his line—that he has not made the most of it.

Every man should have a superb pride in his vocation. It should be something which he loves to dwell upon, always a subject of absorbing interest to him, because it is really a part of himself. The atmosphere which surrounds his vocation indicates what is in himself. His business or profession is but his self-expression. There is an air of refinement or coarseness, of harmony or discord, of order and system, or slovenliness and slipshodness, a quality of honesty and square dealing, or of trickery and fraud, just according to the quality of his ideal which he has worked out in his specialty.

The Making of an Exhibition

SOME FACTS ABOUT GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITIONS, HOW THEY ARE CONCEIVED, THE ENORMOUS EFFORT INVOLVED IN THEIR CREATION, AND FEATURES WHICH MAKE FOR THEIR SUCCESS OR FAILURE

By Brian Bellasis

Exhibitions are made and not born. There is no exception to the rule. Moreover, they are evolved at great expense and enormous effort. Few people, in hurrying through modern expositions, pause to ponder these points. Yet the inner workings of these gigantic enterprises, from the time they take shape in the mind of some genius, on through the various stages of construction, and finally to the period of fruition, constitute a subject which fairly bristles with features of interest—all unknown to the general public. This article describes the unseen part of a big international exhibition.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago Toronto had a little Fall Fair—just like a hundred "Show Fairs" that are held all over the country to-day. Since then it has grown to be something more like a big international exhibition. Winnipeg has an exhibition that is also on its way into the "big" class, so has Ottawa; so have several other Canadian cities. Toronto expects a million visitors this year, next year she may have more; but a million in a short two weeks is quite enough to put her in the same class with those big shows which were born in Hyde Park, London, in 1851, and which break out spasmodically all over the world every year.

The Toronto Exhibition, however, though it approaches the big shows in size is by way of being exceptional in that it is an annual event and has only a fortnight's life. That it is held annually gives it something of an advantage. Its buildings can be permanent, the money it lays out on parks and side-walks and roadways is money invested in a permanency and not squandered on

a short five months of life; moreover, it is assured of a regular, permanent and always increasing attendance and experience has taught it how to foresee its future pretty well from year to year.

Still, an exhibition is an exhibition, a show is a show and the work of building and running and maintaining the big National Exhibition of Toronto must be, generally speaking, very much on a par with the same work in other big exhibitions the world over. The buildings may not have to be erected every year, but they have to be burnished up, decorated and made to look just a little different and more attractive than the year before; exhibits have to be got from all parts of the world and returned safely to exhibitors when the show is over; treaties have to be entered into with the side-show people; the "big attraction" arranged for and managed; all the thousands of details attended to that every exhibition calls for.

It is a fascinating work. "Once a showman always a showman;" the man who has once had to do with the or-

ganization of an exhibition is never happy until he can get to work on another one—although each show is more heartbreaking, exasperating, nerve-racking than the one before. Not one in a thousand of the thousands of visitors to an exhibition realizes what labor has gone to the planning and equipping of all those beautiful, white, wedding-cake-looking buildings; the difficulties there have been in dove-tailing its myriad details together; what rush and nervous

mony. But with most big exhibitions it is far otherwise. It is days—often weeks—after the public have been admitted, before the last man in overalls, the last pick-and-shovel and hammer and paint-brush men, the last showcase and decoration men have tidied up the shavings and gone away. And the public says: "Bad management." Why are exhibitions never finished in time?"

Let me tell the tale of an exhibition from the inside. It is not the tale of any



General view over French gardens and some of the buildings at the St. Louis World's Fair.

strain it has taken to get things somewhere near completion on the opening day.

For nearly always in exhibition work everything has to be done with a rush. Let the organizer plan as he may a thousand things conspire to hold his work back. Toronto, as I say, is in a class by itself; owing to its permanency it is relieved of many of the trials of a single season exhibition; and there, at any rate, things are usually completely finished in time for the opening cere-

particular show, but is made up from the histories of three or four. It is nevertheless, a true tale of an exhibition, and it might be the story of fifty. We will call it the Anglo-Canadian Exhibition and place it in London. But if it were called the Americo-Fijian and held in Pernambuco the story would be substantially the same.

All the preliminaries it is unnecessary to consider. They go back four or five or even more years before the date suggested for the show itself. They in-

clude the raising of capital, negotiations with the government of the Dominion and those of the various provinces, interviews with foreign governments, long waits for parliamentary discussions and the passing of appropriations, the un-

ticipate," and a good long dazzling list of influential and titled patrons and supporters has been scratched together.

Then comes the opening of a banking account, the formation of a committee of management made up of prominent



The wonderful exhibition, the Champ de Mars, at Paris.

ravelling of miles of red tape. There have been preliminary prospectuses, proposed plans, letters and interviews and voyages innumerable, and at last Canada has consented to co-operate, various foreign countries have "desired to par-

Englishmen and Canadians, and all the ponderous machinery is arranged of an organization which will spend up to five or six million dollars. All these preliminaries may have taken anywhere from six months to six years to carry



Canada is usually well represented at all the leading expositions. This illustration shows the Canadian building at a British exhibition.

through. We will suppose that the exhibition has a clear two years' start in which to get ready for its five months of life—May to October.

WORK OF ORGANIZER.

Behind all the ponderous machinery of committees is the organizer—the man with the original idea—the showman who knows "what the public wants." Although the committee "approve" and countersign the cheques, on his shoulders falls the work.

He has had his eye on a suitable site for some time and he now sets to work to get it on reasonable terms. It is a hundred acres of erstwhile brickfield and market-garden in a nearer suburb. It is comparatively easily reached from all parts of London, and however hopeless a desert to the untrained eye, is a perfect canvas to the exhibition planner.

The organizer has his notion of what the exhibition should look like and in the days of promotion he has collected vast piles of rough sketches, half

thought out ideas and indecipherable hieroglyphs on bits of paper. On these were based his first rough estimates. He also has dream drawings of magnificent buildings and wonderful gardens made by an architect. On these was based some more accurate figuring. These dreams must now be made realities, and estimates final or definite.

The architect goes down and gazes at the mud of the brickfield and some of his young men drag chains and measuring rods all over it. The architect's tame landscape gardener comes, looks thoughtfully at the deserted brickkilns, sniffs dismally and scribbles plans on the back of an envelope. Photographs are taken.

Then the architect and the gardener and the organizer get together with all their notes and sketches before them and by degrees the exhibition takes form. The desolate 100 acres blossom into a paradise of architect's drawings. The first scale plan is made and is approved by committee. A matter of fact

list of specifications grows out of the confusion and is approved by committee. Nothing now remains but to build the exhibition.

In the intervals of conferring with the architect and modifying the expensive ideas of the landscape gardener, the organizer has been dickering with innumerable contractors. There is the contract for levelling the ground and carrying out the landscape gardener's plans; for the erecting the steel framework of the buildings; for concrete slab walls; for glass roofing; for all the "staff plaster" work which makes the buildings so wedding-cakey and beautiful; for laying gas, water and electricity supplies; for all the things, in fact, and one or two more, that would go to the building of an ordinary town.

Day after day the organizer keeps up a running fight, cutting prices here, demanding more for the money there, getting all that he can out of his contractors and seeing that no wily con-

tractor gets more than he should out of the exhibition. At last all the contracts are awarded and approved by committee and the organizer can draw his first breath of relief. At last the actual building can be begun.

As the contracts are signed, the brickfield is invaded by gangs of men with picks and shovels and lumbering carts; little board shacks spring up here and there; the organizer has to drop everything about ten times a day and personally conduct titled patrons and eminent committeemen over the scene of operations. His chief clerk begins to have a lively time stalling off a growing crowd of foremen with complaints, applicants for jobs, inventors with suggestions, a thousand and one people sane, raving mad or merely idiotic all bent on seeing Mr.—.

ROUNDING INTO FORM.

Meanwhile time is slipping along. Getting the ground surveyed and the



An Indian palace at a big exposition, showing some of the unique features which characterize the various buildings.



Interior of one of the exhibits at Jamestown Exposition.

plans drawn and the contracts awarded and above all, endless committee meetings and conferences with eminent Canadian and English patrons has run away with nine months. Only fifteen months remain in which to build and equip forty acres of elaborate buildings and lay out sixty acres of gravel walk, flowerbed and grass plot. And that is only one corner of the work anyway. There are other things to be done.

Away back some time ago when the architect was getting his scale plans into shape the organizer set up two whole nights and wrote another prospectus. This set forth the advantages of ex-

hibiting goods in the exhibition. It estimated the hundreds of thousands of visitors that would flock to the late brickfield every day; it gave facts and figures about the buildings; the pith of it was the remark that the charge for space in such and such a building was \$—per square foot. Approved by the committee—Oh! that committee with its delays and impractical suggestions—it was printed and illustrated with architect's drawings and large plans of all the future buildings neatly ruled off in blocks of available stands.

Presently large bundles of this prospectus began to come in from the prin-

ter and the organizer had to get them distributed. He had to get out lists of every firm, English and Canadian, that might possibly be interested and see that a prospectus was sent to every one. He had to engage an army of persuasive canvassers and send them out to visit all these firms. He had to keep up a rapid fire of letters and cables with the Canadian agents and canvassers. All this he called "getting busy and selling space."

ACTUAL WORK PROGRESSES.

By the time the contractors have begun their contracting, but long before there is a sign of an actual building, he

begins to see results. On the wall in his office is pinned a large map which changes color by slow degrees. First, a little solitary 40x40 square scribbled in blue pencil appears in the blank thousands of square feet in the vast machinery hall; a little cluster of blue squares breaks the void of the Transportation building; there is a scattering of them in the Palace of Textiles. Exhibitors begin to take an active and noisy part in the Organizer's life. Letters arrive asking for information, rebates, reductions, free space; letters threatening withdrawal unless competing firms are kept out; letters asking whether 2x4 scantling may be used in stall construc-



The Festival Hall at the St. Louis World's Fair.

tion or must it be 4x2; letters pleading, threatening, furious, abusive, or merely silly. The Organizer's hair turns white visibly hour by hour—but space is being sold.

Out in the brickfield strange things have happened. Out of a welter of yellow clay and raw piles of material gaunt steel skeletons are arising and between and around them men wallow in the clay, flattening hills, raising artificial mountains, digging canals and lakes.

Some of the skeletons are already beginning to clothe their bones in a thin flesh of concrete slabs. The frameworks are becoming rough grey buildings, half way between barns and jails in appearance.

IS EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.

And the Organiser has to be everywhere at once. By degrees he has gathered round him quite a staff of assistants. The Exhibition has been divided to departments and over each is a



Installing the lights on the Exhibition buildings of a large World's Fair.



Important countries find it profitable to be represented at big expositions by separate buildings. The above is the Australian building at one of the recent exhibitions.

chief. There is one department to look after the buildings—at present, their erection, and later, their maintenance and management; there is a grounds department; departments for the various sections of exhibits—machinery, textiles, and so on; a department for issuing tickets and passes; and half a dozen other departments and sub-departments and divisions of departments with perhaps a couple of hundred chiefs and assistants and clerks to run them.

In Exhibitions—impermanent exhibitions at any rate—it is impossible to run departments like clockwork as one may in other businesses. Trained men familiar with the eccentricities of Exhibitions are rare, almost non-existent. There are a thousand things continually cropping up which leave the ordinary clerk, even the ordinary intelligent business organizer utterly at sea, gasping and bewildered.

So inside and outside and on top of every Department the Organiser must be. He has to keep them all whipped up to time, for he knows full well how in Exhibition work all calculations of time are upset. He has to be familiar with all the details of their work and know at every moment what stage their work has reached. He has to see that they all keep step and work in harmony. Every day each one of them has complaints for him to settle, puzzles for him to solve, unknown difficulties for him to help them over. He is the target for batteries of written memoranda; in and out of his office flows a continuous procession of people asking questions and demanding orders.

The Organiser has to be artist, showman, man of imaginative ideas and practical business man all at once. He has to keep all his attributes jumping fences together. Above all, he must justify his title.

Meanwhile two very important items have not yet been mentioned. These are the Press and the "Attractions." As the Organiser has said at half a dozen banquets, the object of the Exhibition is "to display side by side the products commercial, agricultural, artistic and industrial of the Mother Country and her Imperial Daughter and thereby to cement still more firmly the bonds of Empire which unite them" (loud and continuous cheering); but he knows full well that the cement would be a weak solution if it were not stiffened by "Attractions."

Away back a couple of years ago when he was planning the Exhibition proper he had one or two brain waves and he handed them on to engineers to work into practicable shape. There was the "Bobbly Bob," for instance, in which pleasure (?) seekers were to be bounced from one side of the Exhibition to the other in a ball of steel springs; there were the "Motor Roller Skates" which people were to hire at the Exhibition entrance and which would carry them round the grounds; there was the "French-Canadian Village" wherein habitants were to be shown "in their habit as they live, amidst all their quaint surroundings and with their old world manners and customs." (vide prospectus.)

And ever since the day the first preliminary paragraph announcing the Exhibition appeared in the papers the Organiser has been splashed, deluged and half drowned by the brainwaves of other people. Inventors in squadrons and platoons have descended upon him with ideas good, bad and more than indifferent. The air of his office has been perfumed with the cigars of regular showmen; fat men with fancy waistcoats; lean, lantern-jawed men who looked like undertakers but whose show was "one continuous scream of laughter;" Americans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen; owners of entirely novel optical illusions, engineers of Scenic railways, Princes of the Wiggle Woggle and the House of Wonders, Kings of the Dirig-

ible Balloon and Captive Aeroplane, Dukes of the Cinematograph; all the great hierarchy whose gospel is lispng Sleary's watchword "the people mutht be amuthed."

So his Concessions Department is one of the most important. Foot by foot the ground set apart for the "Midway" has 'been sold to the sideshow people. Over every inch there has been a wrangle, for the Exhibition terms are high and the showman, above all other men, knows the exact value of a dollar. There are endless battles with inventors who wish the Exhibition to advance the capital to start their shows. But the attractions shape up nicely; good fat lumps of rent come plumping into the Exhibition treasury and there is prospect of further fat percentages on takings.

MUST HANDLE SKILLFULLY.

And the Press. From the very inception of the scheme the Press has been the vital necessity and the active nuisance of the Organiser's existence. He has had to court and make friends with the newspapers; half his own time and nearly all his secretary's has been taken up with getting and keeping publicity. But as time wears on and novelty wears off the task becomes bigger and bigger till at last a real live Press Department and a real live Press Representative become an absolute necessity.

So just before Christmas a Pressman comes and enters into hell where he will remain until next October. Next to the Organiser he is, perhaps, the most harried and hard-worked man in the show. These two men have to be all things to all men and, what is much more, they have to be genial and polite for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

In London there are about twelve leading dailies, half a dozen evening papers, and heaven knows how many weeklies, besides country and "Provincial" papers beyond number. Two or three times a week a "good story" must go to all of them. The Pressman must find material for the story—it may concern something really important and

imperial that has its roots or branches in the Exhibition, it may be merely a devastating "figure story" with lists of the number of thousands of tons of steel in the buildings, or the miles of gravel walks, or the thousands of pounds worth of exhibits. Whatever it is it must be made to "look like news" so that even the most suspicious papers may be inveigled into printing a bit of it at least. It is written amidst a thousand interruptions and multiplied by an unintelligent office-boy on an unwilling duplicator. Unless, as once happened, the boy gets his lists twisted and sends fifty copies of the same story to each of ten newspapers, it will go to five hundred Londons, Provincials, and special correspondents—and the pressman will weep tears of joy if half a dozen two inch paragraphs come back from the cutting agency as the result of all his labors. When a column of news, or a special article, or an illustrated magazine story appears the pressman celebrates by taking an extra three minutes leisure at lunch time. Body and soul he must devote himself to cultivating a constant crop of "publicity" which will keep the public eye fixed with hungry expectancy on the swiftly rising show.

And the visitors! Newspaper men are touchy and the gateman has orders to be lenient with all who profess and call themselves journalists even when their credentials are doubtful. The pressman's visitors are a motley throng. There are plenty of bona fide "special men" and reporters who will really do the Exhibition good and who are worth while spending perfectly good time upon. But there are many thousands of others on whom every minute spent is a minute wasted, and most of the time it is almost impossible to distinguish between them. The "Times" man who gets half an hour of respectful affability turns out to be not the London Times, but the Times of Little Puddlington, or the "Special London Representative" of the Times of Higgins' Landing, Sask., and the real object of his visit hinges on a Press season ticket and an invitation to the opening banquet.

There are seedy foreigners with creased and ancient identification cards who claim all the rights, privileges and advantages customarily granted to the press, on the strength of a monthly article to the *Revue Hebdomadaire de Poulet-sur-Marne*. There are the lady journalists of every variety who demand material for articles on "Canadian Cookery at the Exhibition," or "French Canadian Marriage Customs," or "Women at the Exhibition," or just in a large and airy way—"something *really important* for my column in the 'Hearth Darling's Weekly.' Please Mr. —."

Sandwiched between the real and near-newspaper people are hundreds of others whom the necessary leniency of the gateman admits. All the cranks and inventors who have failed to get at the "old man" drift, somehow, into the Press Department and pour their sorrows into the pressman's ear. The exhibitors spend most of their time visiting him and alternately imploring and truculently commanding him to get them publicity, to send out a "par" describing their transcendently interesting exhibit. The organizer and the committee—singly or in awful conclave—forever grumble and enquire why the papers aren't saying more about the show.

The pressman could write an epic of his portion of the show if he had time; he could stock forty novels with the extraordinary characters he meets and adventures he undergoes. But the average exhibition visitor if he has any suspicion that there is a press department at all, probably imagines that it has something to do with the clothing section.

And now a new class of workmen appear in the transformed brickfield. The torn and harried earth around the buildings becomes littered with wonderful snow-white sculptures, sections of twiddley towers, jiggery pokery mouldings and cornices, life size statues apparently of solid marble which are easily carried by two men.

Swarming on scaffolding and ladders are men busily clothing the naked concrete barns in this "marble" raiment. Section upon section of the "staff plaster" work is fitted together; artist workmen wallow in masses of creamy plaster; somewhat to everyone's surprise, except the organizer's, the place assumes a remote resemblance to the architect's dream drawings.

Still the Exhibition is far, far from being complete and there are now a bare four months to the opening date. What nightmares of delays there have been! The contractors of course, fore-swore themselves to a man and are all from six to eight weeks behind their schedules. That is not entirely their fault. There has been a strike of the whole 2,000 workmen; that hard frost hung everything up for two weeks; and that spell of rainy weather set things back even longer. All the side-show people kept backing and filling for months, hoping to get more favorable terms—and consequently the Mountain Railway, the Alaskan Village, the "Vibratee," the "Jiggle Jagggle" and half a dozen other shows, each with at least three months of building in it, are not even started yet. Then the German Government changed its plans at the last minute so its building has had to wait until fresh designs could be prepared. The Liberian Government had an unexpectedly hard time getting their exhibition appropriation through the Legislature, so their building has been hung up. To cap everything the County Council Building Inspector man arrived last week in a bad temper, hopped like an agile chamois with an eagle eye from building to building and condemned about half of everything he saw—so most of the "Palaces of Arts and Commerce" are in course of partial demolition and rebuilding.

If the weather holds and there are no more delays we may possibly scrape through.

A PERFECT PANDEMONIUM.

The beginning of March finds the Administration Building a perfect pan-

demonium night and day. The offices are never closed; workmen are busy in the grounds all night long under flaring naphtha flames and crackling arcs. In the offices there is a continual clatter of typewriters and hum of tired, querulous voices. Angry exhibitors have begun to enliven the scene.

Months ago when the space was being booked the exhibitors were strictly enjoined to be on deck early in March. The inexperienced took the injunction literally and so did even those with experience which covered only ready-made, perennial exhibitions such as Toronto, where the buildings are built and things can move to the minute. So now the offices swarm with exhibitors and exhibitors' agents vainly trying to find their allotted positions in buildings that are still steel skeletons; trying to find their goods; trying to find someone with time, patience and ability to tell them something; trying to make head or tail of the chaos into which they have been plunged from the orderly quiet of their ordinary business lives.

With them arrive thousands of packing cases of every shape and size, but chiefly very large and difficult to handle. The exhibits for the huge Canadian half of the exhibition come flocking in from every part of the Dominion. Agricultural machinery, sheaves of grain, butter, apples, canoes, pulp and pulp wood, live bears and beaver—everything the country makes or produces. Nobody understands the marks on the cases and they get hopelessly mixed with other cases from Germany and Cambodia and Manchester and Peking and Peru, and exhibitors and special commissioners from all the towns and countries concerned wander hither and thither trying to sort things out and working themselves into a state of raving and righteous indignation.

TROUBLES NEVER CEASE.

This all sounds unnecessary and inexcusable enough, but there is really plenty of excuse for it. You must remember that there are some fifteen hun-

dred individual exhibitors to be looked after besides the Imperial and foreign governments who have sections and buildings of their own; there are, by now, anywhere from three to four thousand workmen on the ground, laborers, carpenters, standfitters, decorators, and so forth; exhibits worth from two to five million dollars have arrived from the four corners of the earth, or are expected to arrive, or to the intense anxiety of everyone concerned, have not arrived at all; and all these people and things have to be distributed and arranged in twenty different buildings which are in various stages of completion.

But by degrees things straighten themselves out. Some of the most important buildings are rushed to completion; the mountains of packing cases that have been piled under every roof that was watertight find their way to their allotted stations, and the hammer of the standfitter is heard in the land. In April some of the exhibits are actually in place, some of the sideshows are ready to undergo the County Council tests for safety. Gravel walks are smoothing over the chaotic ruts; flower beds are appearing; sailors climb among the roof girders with festoons of colored cotton; and although two or three buildings at the far end of the grounds are still in the skeleton stage and on others the plaster work is hardly half done; although you cannot move anywhere without becoming involved in wet paint and unhardened concrete, there is a general atmosphere of "settling down." There is noticeably less confusion and more hope of final order.

THE CLOSING PREPARATIONS.

The memory of the final month of preparation is a welter of detached incidents each of enormous and overwhelming importance at the moment and totally forgotten the moment after. There was the giant log of redwood from British Columbia, for instance. After breaking down innumerable wagons on the way from the docks and blocking half the principal thoroughfares of London, it finally stuck in the

mud at a strategic point in the grounds and for three days denied all access to two of the most important buildings till it could be jacked up and rolled out of the way. There were the hundred and eighty-two cases shipped by the Ontario Government which were collected, after five days' hard detective work, from exactly one hundred and eighty-two different parts of the exhibition. There was the erring clerk who sent out five thousand workmen's entrance vouchers instead of five thousand invitations to the opening ceremony.

A week before the opening. All work on outlying unfinished portions of the show is dropped. Everything is concentrated on the main centres and the route mapped out for the Royal Prince and the Premier of Canada who, after declaring the exhibition open, are to make a tour of the grounds in company with the galaxy of distinguished patrons. Scaffoldings are hurriedly taken down and stowed away out of sight. Bits of scenery are painted and stretched across unsightly corners. The exhibitors are exhorted to redoubled energy in getting their stands completed and their exhibits arranged. No one eats or sleeps or laughs or has any regular hours. By the morning of the great day it is possible to believe—as long as you don't go too far or pry into obscure corners—that the exhibition is finished.

For another month there will be the same story of rush, emergency and hard work—on a smaller and gradually lessening scale, perhaps, but now complicated by the presence each day of from one to five hundred thousand members of the public who have to be kept, almost by force, from getting under falling beams, sitting on wet paint, violating corners plainly marked "private."

But on the first of May the organizer can feel that at last his years of hard labor have found their reward. He has banqueted with and been toasted by a prince and premier; he has been complimented on the magnificent transformation of the brickfield. At last he can listen to the merry music of the clicking turnstiles—each click another shilling to the exhibition's bank account.

In Such a Night

By Atkinson Kimball

AS SOON as Ann Torrance finished supper, she went out on the piazza to wait for Graham Ewarts. He never came before eight o'clock, but she liked to sit ready to receive him and anticipate his coming. Across the intervening lawn with its plummy boundary line of shrubs, Ann could hear the gay sound of Alice Cantor's little court, that, during the long, soft summer evenings, lounging on the steps or swaying in the hammocks, paid her the informal homage masculine youth delights to render to girlhood and beauty. Alice Cantor's young men always came before eight o'clock, sometimes before eight in the morning; and they usually left *en masse* at an hour when the joyous noise of their departure awoke the sleeping silence of the wide, elm-shaded street.

Ann Torrance did not envy Alice Cantor her little court. Her own girlhood, at thirty-three, was past, and her beauty was no more than a fresh wholesomeness; but as eight o'clock drew near, with a foreboding only a woman can feel, she began to listen for a certain voice to float to her in laughter from the neighboring piazza. The strength of her desire not to have it so made her clairvoyant that Ewarts was lounging with the others at Alice Cantor's feet; but it was not until the twilight had brightened into moonlight that she caught, amid the young bass growls and tenor peals, the note of Ewart's seasoned baritone.

The established custom of Ewart's friendly calls was the most precious thing in Ann's life. He had got into the habit of calling some five years before, when, as junior partner of the law firm with which Ann's aunt had shared her legal worries, the diplomatic bur-

den of soothing the irritable and nervous old lady had fallen to his lot. After the death of Ann's aunt, who had had the satisfaction during her lifetime of knowing that Ann was earning the money she intended to leave her, Ewarts had not intermitted his calls until lately, when he had begun to share with Alice Cantor the evenings dedicated to Ann.

At nine o'clock Ann got up from her chair and entered the house. She had decided to go to bed. She went through the hall to the kitchen to tell Katie to be sure to lock up. There was no light in the kitchen, but there was a smell of perfume and cloves in the warm darkness. On the kitchen porch, Ann saw two figures sitting close together on the top step. Katie's happy Irish face was etherealized by the moonlight. The young man beside her put his arm around her and drew her face against his. Ann tiptoed back through the dim hall and sat down on the piazza again.

Over on the grass and about the trunks of the elms floated a diaphanous mist. The flowers in the border at either side of the walk leading to the gate looked taller than they did in daylight; panicles of blossoms among their green leaves showed as masses of faint color and gray shadow, as if carved out of some ineffable marble. In a shrub on the lawn, a song-sparrow, dreaming of love, softly trilled an unfinished cadenza. The whole earth, in such a night as this, knew what Ann Torrance had never known. In such a night as this, it seemed to Ann that her life was summed up in one fact; Graham Ewarts would never love her.

It was after ten when Katie's young man left and Katie came to the front door to bid her mistress goodnight.

Still Ann waited. Ewarts might drop in for a moment; and she waited and listened with an ever-increasing desire, ashamed of its intensity, and shameless because of it.

She was not jealous, she told herself. She had no right to that bitter ecstasy; she would have welcomed its pangs if she could have possessed their sweet justification. But she had nothing: no treasure of memory, even; no word or look of love; no rare, free moment of self-betrayal.

Over at Alice Cantor's, a quartet of fresh voices were declaring, to the accompaniment of a banjo, that they were seeing Nellie home, as fresh young voices have declared on summer nights for generations. The singers apparently had no immediate intention of extending the like courtesy to any one else. And then the gate clicked, and Graham Ewarts came up the walk and up the steps. Ann's light dress showed him where she sat in the shadow of the vine-hung piazza.

"Is that you, Ann?" He refused the chair she pushed forward toward him, and sat down on the top step, with his back against one of the tapering white columns that supported the piazza and gave a Southern graciousness to its New England stability. "What a night, what a night!" he exclaimed, looking at the round, high-riding moon.

His face and figure were bathed in the light. Ann from her dark vantage-ground searched his face. He looked excited, expectant. She saw that he had something to tell her, but she made no attempt to hasten his confidence. She never hastened his confidences; and he sometimes delayed telling them for the pleasure of feeling that she was waiting on his good time, ready with her interest, her sympathy, her appreciation, even her condonation, if he should call for that.

After a moment he said, "Do you know, Ann, I've begun to realize that I'm getting on in years?"

"It's a habit we all form sooner or later," Ann said.

"Yes, and it's a good habit, if you can get some one else to form it with you. It's growing old alone that's per-

nicious." He drew his long legs up on the top step and clasped his hands about his knees. "There have been times during the last few months in the evenings, after I've been here, say, and gone back to my rooms, when I've been so confounded homesick for something or other—I didn't know what—that if I'd been a woman, I'd have cried. The fact is, Ann, a man of my age finds out that life is pretty empty if he isn't married. Just as a young girl falls in love with love, a middle-aged bachelor falls in love with marriage. Now, what do you suppose I've thought of doing?"

It was significant of their relation that Ann was the only woman to whom he ever vouchsafed personal revelations. Nature had bestowed on him an inscrutable exterior; and, more or less consciously, he had adopted a manner to correspond—a species of protective coloration not uncommon. He was tall, thin, slow of motion; his dark blue eyes had a weary expression; and his face, with its lean, square jaw and high-bridged nose, was impassive. He wore a drooping, light mustache, and looked altogether like an American girl's ideal of an Englishman. He bore the reputation of an engaging cynicism; in reality, he was shy, conscientious, and rather romantic.

Ann made no reply to his question. She could not have told whether wild hope or certain fear tied her tongue. Ewarts smiled and looked toward her, but, not being able to make out her expression in the shadow, he transferred his smile to the bright obscure of the sky.

"I am going to ask Alice Cantor to be my wife."

Ann moved her chair farther into the shadow. "She is very attractive," she said.

"The queer thing is that I didn't discover how attractive she is until a few weeks ago. One night I had been calling here, and Alice's kindergarten had just left, and she was leaning on the gate as I passed. I stopped to speak to her, and, somehow, I stopped a good while. She asked me to call, and the next time I was coming here, I went in

there for a minute or two. After that, I kept going; and to-night, all of a sudden, it flashed over me that I must be in love with her." He gave a conscious laugh. "I know a man sounds like a conceited ass when he announces that he is going to ask a woman to marry him. But it's the only way he can find out whether she cares. Even if she refuses him at first, his question has given her a push in the right direction. A man doesn't expect a woman to begin by caring for him as much as he cares for her." He paused and looked again toward his companion. "Why don't you encourage me, Ann? I came to you for encouragement."

"Alice Cantor will not refuse you," Ann said.

Ewarts laughed. "Your words would flatter me if your tone didn't seem to sound my doom. Don't you approve of Alice Cantor, Ann?"

"I don't know her well. She is much younger than I am. She is very beautiful. She will make you a charming wife."

"You'll have us married before I propose, so I guess I'd better carry out my intention." From trying to discern Ann's face, he turned again to the moonlit sky. "I'm going back to Alice Cantor's to-night. When I hear the kindergarten leave, I'm going back and ask her to marry me. A man of my age must act when the spirit moves him or he'll never act."

As if his words had been a cue in their little drama, the young voices across the lawn broke into a chorus of farewells.

"They're going," Ann said. "You must go;" and she added slowly, "You will never be here like this again."

Ewarts looked toward her with a puzzled frown. "Granting your prophecy comes true, of course I shall be here just as much as ever."

"You must go," Ann said. "You'll be too late."

"There's no hurry. The chap with the banjo has taken to staying after the others. Listen."

Some one on the piazza next door struck desultory chords on a banjo in fragmentary accompaniment to the

singing that swelled in volume as the singers passed Ann's gate; then grew faint, sweeter, fainter, sank to silence.

"See here, Ann," Ewarts began, "are you trying to tell me that our friendship must cease if I get married?"

"I am trying to tell you that it *will* cease. It is inevitable. You've come here because you were lonely. Well, you'll be lonely no longer. You'll have a home of your own, a wife of your own, children of your own. You'll never again feel that life is empty. Affectionate human contacts will wrap you in a warm garment. Your heart will become a storehouse of tender memories."

Ewarts stared thoughtfully at the moon. An early cricket, first, far har-binger of fall, shrilled with sad, cheery insistence under a stone in the walk between the flowers. With the air of having made a psychological discovery, Ewarts said, "You're lonely yourself, Ann. I never thought you might be lonely."

"I miss my aunt," Ann said. "She was all I had."

Neither spoke again for some moments. The moon, the luminary of lovers since the world began, flooded the garden with its mysterious radiance. Ann's eyes, resting on Ewarts' face, were full of the love of which he must never know. The prohibition and finality of this thought oppressed her heart like a physical weight.

"Graham," she began abruptly, "I want to tell you something." Her customarily quiet voice was rough and vibrant, so that Ewarts half rose as if to go to her. "Please stay where you are," she went on. "I want to see your face as I talk. No, don't look at me."

"I can't see you if I do," he said.

"I know, but don't do it. I couldn't tell you if you could see me. I never expected to tell you; but, suddenly, as we sat here waiting for Alice Cantor to be alone, it seemed as though I must tell you, that I could tell you at this one moment in my whole life. Before you sleep to-night, Alice Cantor will have promised to be your wife; but for this one moment you are free."

"That's a formidable beginning," Ewarts said, trying to speak lightly.

"What makes you so sure about Miss Cantor?"

"I know it, I feel it. No woman could refuse you!" Ann ended passionately.

A deep, painful blush swept up over Ewarts's face.

"Oh, I know I embarrass you. I put you in an impossible position. Forgive me. You'll think I'm crazy, and I suppose I am. I make you unhappy, and I gain nothing for myself. It's just because I can gain nothing, because I can hope for nothing, that I can speak. Tonight, as I sat here waiting for you, wondering whether you'd come, knowing where you were, the emptiness of my life seemed more than I could bear. I suppose I felt what people feel when they say they have never lived. If only for an instant, I wanted to free my heart. And so, when you said you were going to ask Alice Cantor to marry you, I saw my one chance—not my chance to receive, but my chance to give." She broke off with a little laugh that was half sob. "To give where my gift isn't wanted. The only tender memory in my heart will be that once, face to face, I told you that I loved you."

Ewarts, after the first shock of Ann's self-betrayal, had sat staring out across the lawn, listening to her with a concentration that seemed to leave no room for personal embarrassment. Now, as she passed, he opened his lips to speak, but closed them without speaking.

"No, don't say anything," Ann said. "There isn't anything you can say. All you can do is listen." Her voice faltered; but as she went on it became grim again, full of tender cadences that were a rich confirmation of her words. "I've loved you ever since I knew you. I don't believe there's been a waking hour of my life that I haven't thought of you. Everything I did, I mentally referred to you. I wanted to share with you every experience."

Ewarts turned toward his companion, throwing out his hands in an eager, affirmative gesture.

"Yes, I know," Ann interpreted, before he could speak, "you came to me with everything, too; our friendship

was so perfect. But what I've felt for you hasn't been friendship, however perfect."

From Alice Cantor's, a banjo tinkled as if hastily caught up. Ann rose and moved swiftly toward the front door; but Ewarts, springing up, barred her entrance.

"You're not going in?" he entreated. "Ann, you mustn't leave me like this. You must listen to me; you must let me explain."

"There isn't anything to explain. Oh, Graham, don't say anything! Don't you see that it was because you *couldn't* say anything that I *could*?"

For answer, Ewarts stepped from the doorway, and drew her close within his arms. "If you won't let me tell you I love you, you've got to feel I do," he said almost fiercely.

She made no attempt to free herself; but he felt her shrink and stiffen. "Let me go!" she whispered. "You humiliate me. You cover me with shame. You mean to be kind, I know," she ended piteously.

Ewarts stepped back to the doorway. The sound of a banjo, softly struck, swelled in volume as the player passed the gate; then grew fainter, sweeter, fainter, sank to silence.

"You must go; he has gone," Ann said.

"I'm never going. Don't you understand, Ann, that I was in love with *you* all the time, and didn't know it? That I was lonely for *you*? I thought I was in love with Alice Cantor because I really was in love with you. My love was like a stream diverted from its channel. I got into the habit of going to see her, because I was so forlorn when I left you. The young crowd I met there amused me and made me feel more cheerful, so at last I decided I must be in love with Alice. And then the night played its part—a fellow vaguely feels that love and moonlight harmonize. Any way," he concluded abruptly, conscious that the analysis of his emotion was not convincing logic, "I know now that I love you, and have loved you ever since I knew you."

Mechanically Ann reiterated, "You must go."

Ewarts took her by the hand and led her out into the moonlight at the edge of the piazza. "Look at me, Ann. Can't you see that I love you?"

Ann stood before him, her brown head lowered, her free hand covering her eyes.

"Look at me, Ann."

She dropped her hand, lifted her head, and looked up into his face. It was as if she were gazing in a mirror at her own face; she saw in his the same transfiguration she knew was in her own.

"You must go," she said, smiling tremulously, and placing her hand

against his breast as if to push him from her. In an instant, transformed by that glance of mutual surrender, she had become a different woman from the one who had confessed a hopeless love. To Ewart's sense, she had veiled herself again in feminine reserves as delicate as the mist that floated about the trunks of the elms. She had put on the charming incomprehensibility of the woman who is loved; she had become a creature eternally to be wooed, although forever won.

In a shrub on the lawn, a song-sparrow, dreaming of love, trilled an unfinished cadenza; the moon, small, round, lustrous, swung through the high heavens.

THE "OH, WHAT IS THE USE?" PHILOSOPHY

Tens of thousands of people are held down by the "what is the use?" philosophy. Everywhere we hear them saying, "Well, I had money, but I lost it in speculation," or in some foolish venture, and they do not believe they will ever get on their feet again. They are always talking about their misfortunes, rehearsing their losses and unfortunate experiences.

No will power is strong enough to rise out of such mental gloom without a change of the attitude of mind, without a change of thought. There must be a complete turning about and facing towards the light.

If there is no uplook in the life, how can a man expect to climb? How can he expect to get up when he is always looking down?

Suppose Theodore Roosevelt had said to himself when a youth: "It is no use for me to try to do anything very great. I have a delicate constitution. I am not a genius. I have money enough to live easily. What is the use of my making a great effort?" What would he have amounted to?

But no, he set his face towards a great career without knowing just how it was coming about. He prepared himself for something grand and large; and he did everything he undertook so well, with so much energy and determination, that it opened the door to a larger thing.

The Hurry Habit Spoils Life

RUINED CAREERS, DESTROYED HAPPINESS AND WASTED ENERGY
THE TOLL OF MAD RUSH WHICH IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE AGE

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Vital problems only are being treated by Dr. Marden in his series of articles running in this magazine. The secrets of success are being revealed, the means of achievement analyzed. One of the greatest hindrances to getting on in the world is the feverish haste to get results, the disposition to hurry, the chafing at waiting for growth. The manner in which this "hurry habit" spoils life, ruins careers, destroys happiness, wastes energy, is set forth in this article.

THE hurry of this age ruins more careers, destroys more happiness, wastes more energy and time, and mars life more than almost anything else.

Everybody is in a hurry. Our children are hurried through childhood, rushed through their studies. Their knowledge is jumbled, their minds confused, everything in their development is forced and unnatural. The youth cannot wait to get his education or proper training for his career. He must rush into business or a profession half prepared. He wants to rear his superstructure before he has laid his foundation stones, and, the result is disappointment, failure. The client must pay for the half-educated lawyer's blunders and inexperience; the patient for the physician's superficial knowledge. Precious lives are sacrificed to the lack of training and a good medical foundation.

A great many young men are like the child which pulls up every few days the bulb or the seed which it has planted to see how it is getting along. They cannot bear to give time enough for their efforts to take root. They are impatient of results. Everything is touched with the fever of hurry; the throttle valve is thrown wide open, everything must be run at top speed.

There is no more time for accommodation trains, and we find even our expresses are too slow. We must have the lightning express, the twentieth century limited.

Most ambitious people seem to think that they *must* hurry, that they will gain so much if they do, but the hurried brain is always a superficial, inefficient brain. I have never known a man, who was always in a hurry, to do good work. The faculties do not give up their best when hurried, forced. The man who tries to hurry up his mental processes does so at the expense of power. How often authors spoil their books by trying to rush them! Many an artist spoils his picture, because he is in such a hurry to get the money for it! Art is too shy and coy a maiden to be won in haste.

"Ruined by haste" would make a good epitaph for the tombstones of many a man's aspirations and ambitions.

The hurrier always wastes his energy and slights his work no matter how good his intentions. Hurry is a fatal enemy of efficiency, quality. "When hurry comes, growth goes." There is no poise of mind, no balance of character in the man who is always hurrying.

With many people the hurry habit has become almost a disease. We get so accustomed to the rapid pace that we cannot slow down even when we are not in a hurry. Our movements, habits, manners give us the appearance of always being in a rush, and we hurry even when we play. Hurrying and driving has become such a disease with our men, especially in large cities, that even when they are away on their vacations, we see them hurrying about as though something very important were waiting for their attention.

It is not so much because it is important or necessary that men rush and drive so all the time as from force of habit. The same amount of work can be accomplished and in as good time, if a person works coolly, collectedly, and without undue haste and agitation, but the hurry habit is so fixed in most men that they do not know how to take it easy. They cannot shut off their power; they do not know how to slow down.

It is interesting to watch these habitual hurriers as they go about the city. They rush for the street car, run to the ferry boats, even when they know perfectly well that they have plenty of time, simply from force of habit.

There is nothing more difficult to cure than the hurry habit. I know a victim of it who lives in the country, a mile from a station, and frequently walks to the train in the morning. He tells me that he sometimes starts fifteen or twenty minutes earlier than is necessary, in order to enjoy a wonderful bit of scenery on the way through a piece of romantic, wooded park, but his habit of hurrying in everything he does is such that he often finds himself rushing through this park and spending all the extra time he planned for his enjoyment, sitting in the dingy railroad station.

He says that for forty years he hurried and drove himself so that now, when he does not need to exert himself he cannot slow down.

He travels a great deal abroad, and although he tries to take things leisurely, carefully to examine works of art, and to drink in the beauty of the scenery, he is constantly detecting him-

self hurrying through the art galleries and taking only a hasty glance at paintings that are priceless, simply because there seems to be something within him prodding him and hurrying him up.

It is positively painful to some people to do anything deliberately. Their brain, their nervous system, their muscles have become so accustomed to hurrying that it is easier to keep going than to stop, even when there is nothing to be gained by it.

I know a New Yorker who has become such a victim of this hurry habit that when you meet him on the street or in a restaurant, or on a train, he has that same nervous movement. His muscles are uneasy, his eye restless. He gives you the impression that he is hurrying up for some appointment or a train.

Most people railroad themselves through life. To live in this way is like going through wonderful scenery in an automobile at full speed or in an express train where only a glimpse may be caught here and there of the marvellous beauties of nature.

I have seen people "doing Europe" with the same rush and go with which they would attend to their business. Men will go past such marvellous pictures as the Madonna of Raphael, in the Dresden Gallery, glancing at it superficially and "doing" perhaps a dozen pictures in five minutes. These express train people get very little out of life. They never stop long enough to enjoy anything.

When we are in a great rush to catch a train or to keep an appointment, we cannot enjoy anything on the way; the mind is so preoccupied that we cannot get the attention of our æsthetic, our appreciative faculties. Victims of the hurry habit little realize that they are losing a great many of the best things in life.

The majority of people do not know what nature really means; they have no idea of the marvellous beauties that exist in every growing object. How few people ever see the glory in the clouds, in a sunset!

How many people do you know that have time to enjoy life? Do not most of

the people we meet act as though they were always late for a train? Stop a business man on the street for five minutes and the chances are he will take out his watch two or three times to remind you that he must hurry along. There are many people who are always in such a hurry, that they never have time even to give a decent salutation on the street, or stop to say a friendly word. "How do" is about all you hear as they rush by.

How many of us really enjoy our friends? Many of us lose good friends from a lack of time to see them, really to enjoy them.

Very few business men take time to enjoy their meals. They bolt their foods, get dyspepsia, and have to drug themselves to counteract the bad effects of haste.

One of the worst phases of the hurry habit is the effect it has upon the nervous system. It is absolutely abnormal. The brain and the nerves were not intended to stand such a strain, and they often give out. The result is that many of us are nervous wrecks in middle life.

I know of a man who had this chronic hurry-up habit, who was reprimanded by a friend until he began to

think the matter over. He decided that he had made a fool of himself, and that he would try just to be natural, and not to hurry unless for something very urgent. He made up his mind not to run for trains or ferry boats, but to appear more complacent, and not as though everything depended upon his getting to a particular place at just such a time. He was surprised to see what a change this wrought in him. He found he could get around on time just as well, and could do his work much more easily, and that it was not necessary for him to go about town with his watch in his hand, always on the jump. He takes his time and he finds that his health is much better, that he is not so nervous.

If you wish to break the hurry habit, which enslaves you, you will find great relief by moving more slowly physically. If you hurry about your mind will also feel hurried. People who are always rushing have no composure. They excite their minds and lack poise. If they will only learn to go a little slowly, to do things with greater deliberation, they will gradually learn to conserve their mental processes and thus prevent a tremendous waste of mental energy and vitality.

LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE

By what law or philosophy can a man who has failure written all over him, in his manner and attitude, expect to succeed?

A man must think he is going to be a success before he possibly can be. He must believe he is going to be prosperous before he can attract prosperity.

It is not what we would like to become or wish we could become, but what we really believe we can and will become that counts.

It is not difficult for the world to tell which way we are going, because everything about us points in some direction or other. We are all covered with sign-boards, each one pointing in a certain direction. We are tagged so plainly that the world can read our destination, which is written in our very convictions, our confidence or lack of it. People know whether our life is running parallel with our desires or in the opposite direction; whether we are praying and working for one thing and really expecting something else.

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE TEN: In which Smoke Bellew and Others figure
in a remarkable "Flutter in Eggs"

By Jack London

It was in the A. C. Company's big store at Dawson, on a morning of crisp frost, that Lucille Arral beckoned Smoke Bellew over to the drygoods counter. The clerk had gone on an expedition into the store-rooms, and, despite the huge, red-hot stoves, Lucille had drawn on her mittens again.

Smoke obeyed her call with alacrity. The man did not exist in Dawson who would not have been flattered by the notice of Lucille Arral, the singing sourette of the tiny stock company that performed nightly at the Palace Opera House.

"Things are dead," she complained, with pretty petulance, as soon as they had shaken hands. "There hasn't been a stampede for a week. That masked ball Skiff Mitchell was going to give has been postponed. There's no dust in circulation. There's always standing room now at the Opera House. And there hasn't been a mail from the outside for two whole weeks. In short, this burg has crawled into its cave and gone to sleep. We've got to do something. It needs livening, and you and I can do it. We can give it excitement if anybody can. I've broken with Wild Water, you know."

Smoke caught two almost simultaneous visions. One was of Joy Gastell, the other was of himself, in the midst of a bleak snow-stretch, under a cold Arctic moon, being pot-shotted with accuracy and despatch by the aforesaid Wild Water. Smoke's reluctance at

raising excitement with the aid of Lucille Arral was too patent for her to miss.

"I'm not thinking what you're thinking at all, thank you," she chided, with a laugh and a pout. "When I throw myself at your head you'll have to have more eyes and better ones than you have now to see me."

"Men have died of heart disease at the sudden announcement of good fortune," he murmured in the unveracious gladness of relief.

"Liar," she retorted graciously. "You were more scared to death than anything else. Now take it from me, Mr. Smoke Bellew, I'm not going to make love to you, and if you dare to make love to me Wild Water will take care of your case. You know *him*. Besides, I . . . I haven't really broken with him."

"Go on with your puzzles," he jeered. "Maybe I can start guessing what you're driving at after a while."

"There's no guessing, Smoke. I'll give it to you straight. Wild Water thinks I've broken with him, don't you see."

"Well, have you, or haven't you?"

"I haven't—there! But it's between you and me in confidence. He thinks I have. I made a noise like breaking with him, and he deserved it, too."

"Where do I come in? Stalking horse or fall-guy?"

"Neither. You make a pot of money, we put across the laugh on Wild

Water and cheer Dawson up, and, best of all and the reason for it all, he gets disciplined. He needs it. He's . . . well, the best way to put it is, he's too prettiest little woman in Alaska," Smoke interpolated.

"Yes, and because of that, too, thank you, is no reason for him to get riotous..



LUCILLE ARRAL.

turbulent. Just because he's a big husky, because he owns more rich claims than he can keep count of—"

"And because he's engaged to the

He broke out last night again. Sowed the floor of the M. & M. with gold dust. All of a thousand dollars. Just opened his poke and scattered it under the feet

of the dancers. You've heard of it, of course."

"Yes; this morning. I'd like to be the sweeper in that establishment. But still I don't get you. Where do I come in?"

"Listen. He was too turbulent. I broke our engagement, and he's going around making a noise like a broken heart. Now we come to it. I like eggs."

"They're off!" Smoke cried in despair. "Which way? Which way?"

"Wait."

"But what have eggs and appetite got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Everything, if you'll only listen."

"Listening, listening," he chanted.

"Then for heaven's sake listen. I like eggs. He knows it. There's only a limited supply of eggs in Dawson."

"Sure. I know that too. Slavovitch's restaurant has most of them. Ham-and-one egg, three dollars. Ham-and-two eggs, five dollars. That means two dollars an egg, retail. And only the swells and the Arrals and the Wild Waters can afford them."

"He likes eggs, too," she continued. "But that's not the point. I like them. I have breakfast every morning at eleven o'clock at Slavovitch's. I invariably eat two eggs." She paused impressively. "Suppose, just suppose, somebody corners eggs."

She waited, and Smoke regarded her with admiring eyes, while in his heart he backed with approval Wild Waters choice of her.

"You're not following," she said.

"Go on," he replied. "I give up. What's the answer?"

"Stupid! You know Wild Water. He's like his name, as impetuous and turbulent as a mountain stream. When he sees I'm languishing for eggs—and I know his mind like a book, and I know how to languish—what will he do?"

"You answer it. Go on."

"Why, he'll just start stampeding for the man that's got the corner in eggs. He'll buy that corner, no matter what it costs. Picture: I come into Slavo-

vitch's at eleven o'clock. Wild Water will be at the next table. He'll make it his business to be there. 'Two eggs, shirred,' I'll say to the waiter. 'Sorry, Miss Arral,' the waiter will say; 'they ain't no more eggs.' Then up speaks Wild Water, in that big bear voice of his: 'Waiter, six eggs, soft boiled.' And the waiter says 'Yes, sir,' and the eggs are brought. Picture: Wild Water looks sideways at me, and I look like a particularly indignant icicle and summon the waiter. 'Sorry, Miss Arral,' he says, 'but them eggs is Mr. Wild Water's. You see, Miss, he owns 'em.' Picture: Wild Water, triumphant, doing his best to look unconscious while he eats his six eggs."

"Another picture: Slavovitch himself bringing two shirred eggs to me and saying, 'Compliments of Mr. Wild Water, Miss.' What can I do? What can I possibly do but smile at Wild Water, and then we make up, of course, and he'll consider it cheap if he has been compelled to pay ten dollars for each and every egg in the corner."

"Go on, go on," Smoke urged. "At what station do I climb on to the choo-choo cars, or at what water-tank do I get thrown off?"

"Ninny! You don't get thrown off. You ride the egg-train straight into the Union Depot. You make that corner in eggs. You start in immediately, today. You can buy every egg in Dawson for three dollars and sell out to Wild Water at almost any advance. And then, afterward, we'll let the inside history come out. The laugh will be on Wild Water. His turbulence will be some subdued. You and I share the glory of it. You make a pile of money. And Dawson wakes up with a grand ha! ha! . . . Of course . . . if . . . if you think the speculation too risky, I'll put up the dust for the corner."

This last was too much for Smoke. Being only a mere mortal Western man, with queer obsessions about money and women, he declined the proffer of her dust with scorn.

II.

"Hey! Shorty!" Smoke called across the main street to his partner, who was trudging alone in his swift, slack-jointed way, a naked bottle with frozen contents conspicuously tucked under his arm.

Smoke dodged the congested dog-sled traffic and crossed over.

"Where have you been all morning? Been looking for you everywhere."

"Up to Doc's," Shorty answered, holding out the bottle. "Something's wrong with Sally. I seen last night, at feedin' time, the hair on her tail an' flanks was fallin' out. The Doc says——"

"Never mind that," Smoke broke in impatiently. "What I want——"

"What's eatin' you?" Shorty demanded in wide-eyed and indignant astonishment. "An' Sally gettin' naked bald in this crimped weather! I tell you that dog's sick. Doc says——"

"Let Sally wait. Listen to me——"

"I tell you she can't wait. It's cruelty to animals. She'll be frost-bit. What are you in such a fever about anyway? Has that Monte Cristo strike proved up?"

"I don't know, Shorty. But I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure," Shorty said gallantly, immediately appeased and acquiescent. "What is it? Let her rip. Me for you."

"I want you to buy eggs for me——"

"Sure, an' Floridy water an' talcum powder, if you say the word. An' poor Sally sheddin' something scand'lous! Look here, Smoke, if you want to go in for high-livin' you go an' buy your own eggs. Beans an' bacon's good enough for me."

"I am going to buy, but I want you to help me buy. Now shut up, Shorty. I've got the floor. You go straight to Slavovitch's. Pay as high as three dollars, but buy all he's got."

"Three dollars!" Shorty groaned. "An' I heard tell only yesterday that he's got seven hundred in stock! Twenty-one hundred dollars for hen-

fruit!——Say, Smoke, I tell you what. You run right up and see the Doc. He'll tend to your case. An' he'll only charge you an ounce for the first prescription. So long. I gotta be pullin' my freight."

But Smoke caught his partner by the shoulder, arresting his progress and whirling him around.

"Smoke, I'd sure do anything for you," Shorty protested earnestly. "If you had a cold in the head an' was layin' with both arms broke, I'd set by your bedside, day an' night, an' wipe your nose for you. But I'll be everlastin'ly damned if I'll squander twenty-one hundred good iron dollars on hen-fruit for you or any other two-legged man."

"They're not your dollars, but mine, Shorty. It's a deal I have on. What I'm after is to corner every blessed egg in Dawson, in the Klondike, on the Yukon. You've got to help me out. I haven't time to tell you of the inwardness of the deal. I will afterward, and let you go half on it if you want to. But the right thing now is to get the eggs. Now you hustle up to Slavovitch's and buy all he's got."

"But what'll I tell 'm? He'll sure know I ain't goin' to eat 'em."

"Tell him anything. Money talks. He sells them cooked for two dollars. Offer him up to three for them uncooked. If he gets curious, tell him you're starting a chicken ranch. What I want is the eggs. And then keep on; nose out every egg in Dawson and buy it. Understand? Buy it! That little joint across the street from Slavovitch's has a few. Buy them. I'm going over to Klondike City. There's an old man there, with a bad leg, who's broke and who has six dozen. He's held them all winter for the rise, intending to get enough out of them to pay his passage back to Seattle. Ill see he gets his passage, and I'll get the eggs. Now hustle. And they say that little woman down beyond the sawmill who makes moccasins has a couple of dozen."

"All right, if you say so, Smoke. But

Slavovitch seems the main squeeze. I'll just get an iron-bound option, black an' white, an' gather in the scatterin' first."

"All right. Hustle. And I'll tell you the scheme to-night."

But Shorty flourished the bottle.

"I'm goin' to doctor up Sally first. The eggs can wait that long. If they ain't all eaten, they won't be eaten while I'm takin' care of a poor sick dog that's saved your life an' mine more'n once."

III.

Never was a market cornered more quickly. In three days every known egg in Dawson, with the exception of several dozen, were in the hands of Smoke and Shorty. Smoke had been more liberal in purchasing. He unblushingly pleaded guilty to having given the old man in Klondike City five dollars apiece for his seventy-two eggs. Shorty had bought most of the eggs, and he had driven bargains. He had given only two dollars an egg to the woman who made moccasins, and he prided himself that he had come off fairly well with Slavovitch, whose seven hundred and fifteen eggs he had bought at a flat rate of two dollars and a half. On the other hand, he grumbled because the little restaurant across the street had held him up for two dollars and seventy-five cents for a paltry hundred and thirty-four eggs.

The several dozen not yet gathered in were in the hands of two persons. One, with whom Shorty was dealing, was an Indian woman who lived in a cabin on the hill back of the hospital.

"I'll get her to-day," Shorty announced next morning. "You wash the dishes, Smoke. I'll be back in a jiffy, if I don't bust myself a-shovin' dust at her. Gimme a man to deal with every time. These blamed women—it's something sad the way they can hold out on a buyer. The only way to get 'm is sellin'. Why, you'd think them eggs of hern was solid nuggets. That's how she values them."

In the afternoon, when Smoke returned to the cabin, he found Shorty

squatted on the floor, rubbing ointment into Sally's tail, his countenance so expressionless that it was suspicious.

"What luck?" he asked carelessly, after several minutes had passed.

"Nothing doing," Smoke answered. "How did you get on with the squaw?"

Shorty cocked his head triumphantly toward a tin pail of eggs on the table.

"Seven dollars a clatter, though," he confessed, after another minute of silent rubbing.

"I offered ten dollars finally," Smoke said, "and then the fellow told me he'd already sold his eggs. Now that looks bad, Shorty. Somebody else is in the market. Those twenty-eight eggs are liable to cause us trouble. You see, the success of the corner consists in holding every last——"

He broke off to stare at his partner. A pronounced change was coming over Shorty—one of agitation masked by extreme deliberation. He closed the salve-box, wiped his hands slowly and thoroughly on Sally's furry coat, stood up, went over to the corner and looked at the thermometer, and came back again. He spoke in a low, toneless, and super-polite voice.

"Do you mind kindly just repeating over how many eggs you said that man didn't sell to you?" he asked.

"Twenty-eight."

"Hum," Shorty communed to himself, with a slight duck of the head of careless acknowledgment. Then he glanced with slumbering anger at the stove. "Smoke, we'll have to dig up a new stove. That firebox is burned plumb into the oven so it blacks the biscuits."

"Let the firebox alone," Smoke commanded, "and tell me what's the matter."

"Matter? An' you want to know what's the matter? Well, kindly please direct them handsome eyes of yours at that there pail settin' on the table. See it?"

Smoke nodded.

"Well, I want to tell you one thing, just one thing. Theys just exactly, prec-cisely, nor nothin' more or any-

thing less'n twenty-eight eggs in that pail, an' they cost, every danged last one of 'em, just exactly seven great big round iron dollars a throw. If you stand in cryin' need of any further little items of information, I'm willin' and free to impart."

"Go on," Smoke requested.

"Well, that geezer you was dickerin' with is a big buck Indian. Am I right?"

Smoke nodded, and continued to nod to each question.

"He's got one cheek half gone where a bald-face grizzly swatted him. Am I right? Hes a dog-trader—right, eh? His name is Scar-Face Jim. That's so, ain't it? D'ye get my drift?"

"You mean we've been bidding——"

"Against each other. Sure thing. That squaw's his wife, an' they keep house on the hill back of the hospital. I could'a got them eggs for two a throw if you hadn't butted in."

"And so could I," Smoke laughed, "if you'd kept out. But it doesn't amount to anything. We know now that we've got the corner. That's the big thing."

Shorty spent the next hour wrestling with a stub of a pencil on the margin of a three-year-old newspaper, and the more interminable and hieroglyphic grew his figures, the more cheerful he became.

"There she stands," he said at last. "Pretty! I guess yes. Lemme give you the totals. You an' me has right now in our possession exactly nine hundred an' seventy-three eggs. They cost us exactly two thousand seven hundred an' sixty dollars, reckonin' dust at sixteen an ounce an' not countin' time. An' now listen to me. If we stick up Wild Water for ten dollars a egg we stand to win, clean net an' all to the good, just exactly six thousand nine hundred and seventy dollars. Now that's book-makin' what is, if anybody should ride up on a dog-sled an' ask you. An' I'm in half on it! Put her there, Smoke. Smoke, I'm that thankful I'm sure droolin' gratitude. Book-makin'!—Say, I'd sooner run with the chicks than the ponies any day."

IV.

At eleven that night Smoke was routed from sound sleep by Shorty, whose fur *parka* exhaled an atmosphere of keen frost and whose hand was extremely cold in its contact with Smoke's cheek.

"What is it now?" Smoke grumbled. "Rest of Sally's hair fallen out?"

"Nope. But I just had to tell you the good news. I seen Slavovitch. Or Slavovitch seen me, I guess, because he started the seance. He says to me: 'Shorty, I want to speak to you about them eggs. I've kept it quiet. Nobody knows I sold 'em to you. But if you're speculatin', I can put you wise to a good thing.' An' he did, too, Smoke. Now what'd you guess that good thing is?"

"Go on. Name it."

"Well, maybe it sounds incredible, but that good thing was Wild Water Charley. He's lookin' to buy eggs. He goes around to Slavovitch an' offers him five dollars an egg, an' before he quits he's offerin' eight. An' Slavovitch ain't got no eggs. Last thing Wild Water says to Slavovitch is that he'll beat the head of'en him if ever he finds out Slavovitch has eggs cached away anywhere. Slavovitch had to tell 'm he'd sold the eggs, but that the buyer was secret."

"Slavovitch says to let him say the word to Wild Water who's got the eggs. 'Shorty,' he says to me, 'Wild Water 'll come a runnin'. You can hold him up for eight dollars.' 'Eight dollars your grandmother,' I says. 'He'll fall for ten before I'm done with him.' Anyway, I told Slavovitch I'd think it over and let him know in the mornin'. Of course we'll let 'm pass the word on to Wild Water. Am I right?"

"You certainly are, Shorty. First thing in the morning tip off Slavovitch. Have him tell Wild Water that you and I are partners in the deal."

Five minutes later Smoke was again aroused by Shorty.

"Say, Smoke! Oh, Smoke!"

"Yes?"

"Not a cent less than ten a throw. Do you get that?"

"Sure thing—all right," Smoke returned sleepily.

In the morning Smoke chanced upon Lucille Arral again at the dry goods counter of the A. C. Store.

"It's working," he jubilated. "It's working. Wild Water's been around to Slavovitch, trying to buy or bully eggs out of him. And by this time Slavovitch has told him that Shorty and I own the corner."

Lucille Arral's eyes sparkled with delight.

"I'm going to breakfast right now," she cried. "And I'll ask the waiter for eggs, and be so plaintive when there aren't any as to melt a heart of stone. And you know Wild Water's heart is anything but stone. He'll buy the corner if it costs him one of his mines. I know him. And hold out for a stiff figure. Nothing less than ten dollars will satisfy me, and if you sell for anything less, Smoke, I'll never forgive you."

That noon, up in their cabin, Shorty placed on the table a pot of beans, a pot of coffee, a pan of sour-dough biscuits, a tin of butter and a tin of condensed cream, a smoking platter of moose meat and bacon, a plate of stewed dried peaches, and called "Grub's ready. Take a slant at Sally first."

Smoke put aside the harness on which he was sewing, opened the door and saw Sally and Bright spiritedly driving away a bunch of foraging sled-dogs that belonged to the next cabin.

Also, he saw something else that made him close the door hurriedly and dash to the stove. The frying pan, still hot from the moose-meat and bacon, he put back on the front lid. Into the frying pan he put a generous dab of butter, then reached for an egg, which he broke and dropped spluttering in the pan. As he reached for a second egg, Shorty gained his side and clutched his arm in an excited grip.

"Hey What you doin'?" he demanded.

"Frying eggs," Smoke informed him, breaking the second one and throwing off Shorty's detaining hand. "What's the matter with your eyesight? Did you think I was combing my hair?"

"Don't you feel well?" Shorty queried anxiously, as Smoke broke a

third egg and dexterously thrust him back with a stiff-arm jolt on the chest. "Or are you just plain loco? That's thirty dollars' worth of eggs already."

"And I'm going to make it sixty dollars' worth," was the answer, as Smoke broke the fourth. "Get out of the way, Shorty. Wild Water's coming up the hill, and he'll be here in five minutes."

Shorty sighed vastly with commingled comprehension and relief, and sat down at the table. By the time the expected knock came at the door, Smoke was facing him across the table, and, before each, was a plate containing three hot, fried eggs.

"Come in!" Smoke called.

Wild Water Charley entered and shook hands. He was a strapping young giant, just a fraction of an inch under six feet in height and carrying a clean weight of one hundred and ninety pounds. Blond he was, with sandy yellow hair, a smooth-shaven, front-rosied skin, and eyes of dangerous blue. In them lurked the madness of temperament and the fearlessness of the brute unbeaten. Born a thousand years earlier in the world, he would have worn a winged helmet, laughed at the lash of freezing seas, drunk the blood of his enemies from his enemies' skulls, and sacked castles and convents on soft Southern coasts. As it was, born a thousand years too late for such primitiveness, he was a freebooter of the Northland, looting the frozen soil of the Arctic of its gold, afraid neither of man, beast nor elements, a proved fighter and prodigious lover.

"Set down an' have a bite, Wild Water," Smoke invited. "Smoke, fry him some eggs. I'll bet he ain't scoffed an egg in a coon's age."

Smoke broke three more eggs into the hot pan, and in several minutes placed them before his guest, who looked at them with so strange and strained an expression that Shorty confessed afterward his fear that Wild Water would slip them into his pocket and carry-them away.

"Say, them swells down in the States ain't got nothin' over us in the matter of eats," Shorty gloated. "Here's you

an' me an' Smoke gettin' outside ninety dollars' worth of eggs an' not battin' an eye."

Wild Water stared at the rapidly disappearing eggs and seemed petrified.

"Pitch in an' eat," Smoke encouraged.

"They—they ain't worth no ten dollars," Wild Water said slowly.

Shorty accepted the challenge.

"A thing's worth what you can get for it, ain't it?" he demanded.

"Yes, but ——"

"But nothin'. I'm tellin' you what we can get for 'em. Ten a throw, just like that. We're the egg trust, Smoke an' me, an' don't you forget it. When we say ten a throw, ten a throw goes." He mopped his plate with a biscuit. "I could almost eat a couple more," he sighed, then helped himself to the beans.

"You can't eat eggs like that," Wild Water objected. "It—it ain't right."

"We just dote on eggs, Smoke an' me," was Shorty's excuse.

Wild Water finished his own plate in a half-hearted way and gazed dubiously at the two comrades.

"Say, you fellows can do me a great favor," he began tentatively. "Sell me, or lend me, or give me, about a dozen of them eggs."

"Sure," Smoke answered. "I know what a yearning for eggs is myself. But we're not so poor that we have to sell our hospitality. They'll cost you nothing ——" Here a sharp kick under the table admonished him that Shorty was getting nervous. "A dozen did you say, Wild Water?"

Wild Water nodded.

"Go ahead, Shorty," Smoke went on. "Cook them up for him. I can sympathize. I've seen the time myself when I could eat a dozen straight off the bat."

But Wild Water laid a restraining hand on the eager Shorty as he explained. "I don't mean cooked. I want them with the shells on."

"So that you can carry 'em away?" Shorty broke in.

"That's the idea."

"But that ain't hospitality," Shorty objected. "It's—it's tradin'."

Smoke nodded concurrence. "That's

different, Wild Water. I thought you just wanted to eat them. You see, we went into this for a speculation."

The dangerous blue of Wild Water's eyes began to grow dangerous. He advertised plainly that he knew they were playing with him.

"I'll pay for them," he said sharply.

"How much?"

"Oh, not a dozen," Smoke replied.

"We couldn't sell a dozen. We're not retailers we're speculators. We can't break our own market. We've got a hard and fast corner, and when we sell out it's the whole corner or nothing."

"How many have you got, and how much do you want for them?"

"How many have we, Shorty?" Smoke inquired.

Shorty cleared his throat and performed mental arithmetic aloud.

"Lemme see. Nine hundred an' seventy-three minus nine, that leaves nine hundred an' sixty-two. An' the whole shootin' match, at ten a throw, will tote up just about nine thousand, six hundred an' twenty iron dollars. Of course, Wild Water, we're playin' fair, an' it's money back for bad ones, though they ain't none. That's one thing I never seen in Klondike—a bad egg. No man's fool enough to bring in a bad egg."

"That's fair," Smoke added. "Money back for the bad ones, Wild Water. And there's our proposition, nine thousand, six hundred and twenty dollars for every egg in the Klondike."

"You might play 'em up to twenty a throw an' double your money," Shorty suggested, pouring a cup of coffee for their guest.

Wild Water shook his head sadly and helped himself to the beans.

"That would be too expensive, Shorty. I only wanted a few. I'll give you ten dollars for a couple of dozen. I'll give you twenty—but I can't buy 'em all. What'd I do with them? I'm no trader."

"All or none," was Smoke's ultimatum.

"Look here, you two," Wild Water said in a burst of confidence. "I'll be perfectly honest with you, an' don't let it go any further. You know Miss

Arral an' I was engaged. Well' she's broken everything off. You know it. Everybody knows it. It's for her I want them eggs."

"Huh!" Shorty jeered. "It's clear an' plain why you want 'em with the shells on. But I never thought it of you."

"Thought what?"

"It's low-down mean, that's what it is," Shorty rushed on, virtuously indignant. "I wouldn't wonder somebody filled you full of lead for it, an' you'd deserve it, too."

Wild Water began to flame toward the verge of one of his notorious Berserker rages. His hands clenched until the cheap fork in one of them began to bend, while his blue eyes flashed warning sparks.

"Now, look here, Shorty, just what do you mean? If you think anything underhanded——"

"I mean what I mean," Shorty retorted doggedly, "an' you bet your sweet life I don't mean anything underhanded. Overhand's the only way to do it. You can't throw 'em any other way."

"Throw what?"

"Eggs, prunes, baseballs, anything. But Wild Water, you're makin' a mistake. They ain't no crowd ever met at the Opera House that'll stand for it. Just because she's a actress is no reason you can publicly lambaste her with hen-fruit."

For the moment it seemed that Wild Water was going to burst or have apoplexy. He drank a mouthful of scalding coffee and slowly recovered himself.

"You're in wrong, Shorty," he said with cold deliberation. "I'm not going to throw eggs at her. Why, man," he said, with growing excitement, "I want to give them eggs to her, on a platter, shirred——that's the way she likes 'em."

"I knowed I was wrong," Shorty cried generously. "I knowed you couldn't do a low-down trick like that."

"That's all right, Shorty," Wild Water forgave him. "But let's get down to business. You see why I want them eggs. I want 'em bad."

"Do you want 'em ninety-six hundred

an' twenty dollars' worth?" Shorty queried.

"It's a hold-up, that's what it is," Wild Water declared irritably.

"It's business," Smoke retorted. "You don't think we're peddling eggs for our health. When you bought that fraction on Bonanza for five hundred dollars you didn't do it for your health."

"Health" Shorty sneered. "He took forty thousand out a that same fraction in the next three months."

"Aw, listen to reason," Wild Water pleaded. "I only want a couple of dozen. I'll give you twenty apiece for 'em. What do I want with all the rest of them eggs? I've went years in this country without eggs, an' I guess I can keep on managin' without 'em somehow."

"Don't get het up about it," Shorty counseled. "If you don't want 'em, that settles it. We ain't a-forcin' 'em on you."

"But I do want 'em," Wild Water complained.

"Then you know what they'll cost you—ninety six hundred an' twenty dollars, an' if my figgerin's wrong, I'll treat."

"But maybe they won't turn the trick," Wild Water objected. "Maybe Miss Arral's lost her taste for eggs by this time. How do I know? I've been right free an' foolish with my dust, I know that, but I've reformed. In the future you won't never track me by the dust I've spilled."

"I should say Miss Arral's worth the price of the eggs," Smoke put in quietly.

"Worth it!" Wild Water stood up in the heat of his eloquence. "She's worth a million dollars. She's worth all I got. She's worth all the dust in Klondike." He sat down, and went on in a calmer voice. "But that ain't no call for me to gamble ten thousand dollars on a breakfast for her. Now, I've got a proposition. Lend me a couple of dozen of them eggs. I'll turn 'em over to Slavovitch. He'll feed 'em to her with my compliments. She ain't smiled to me for a hundred years. If them eggs gets a smile for me. I'll take the whole boiling off your hands."

"Will you sign a contract to that effect?" Smoke said quickly; for he knew that Lucille Arral had agreed to smile.

Wild Water gasped.

"You're almighty swift with business up here on the hill," he said, with a hint of a snarl.

"We're only accepting your own proposition," Smoke answered.

"All right—bring on the paper—make it out, hard and fast," Wild Water cried in the anger of surrender.

Smoke wrote the document, wherein Wild Water agreed to take every egg delivered to him at ten dollars per egg, provided that the two dozen advanced to him brought about a reconciliation with Miss Lucille Arral.

Wild Water paused, with uplifted pen, as he was about to sign.

"Hold on," he said. "When I buy eggs I buy good eggs."

"They ain't a bad egg in the Klondike," Shorty snorted.

"Just the same, if I find one bad egg you've got to come back with the ten I paid for it."

"That's all right," Smoke placated. "It's only fair."

"An' every bad egg you come back with I'll eat," Shorty declared.

Smoke inserted the word "good" in the contract, and Wild Water, sullenly signed, received the trial two dozen in a tin pail, pulled on his mittens, and opened the door.

"Good bye, you robbers," he growled back at them, and slammed the door behind them.

V.

Smoke was a witness, next morning, at eleven, in Slavovitch's, to the play. He sat, as Wild Water's guest, at the table adjoining Lucille Arral's. Almost to the letter, as she had forecasted it, did the scene come off.

"Haven't you found any eggs yet?" she murmured plaintively to the waiter.

"No, ma'am," came the answer. "They say somebody's cornered every egg in Dawson. Mr. Slavovitch is trying to buy a few just especially for you.

But the fellow that's got the corner won't let loose."

It was at this juncture that Wild Water beckoned the proprietor to him, and, with one hand on his shoulder, drew his head down.

"Look here, Slavovitch," Wild Water whisered hoarseply, "I turned over a couple of dozen eggs to you last night. Where are they?"

"In the safe, all but six that I have all thawed and ready for you any time you sing out."

"I don't want 'em for myself," Wild Water breathed in a still lower voice. "Shirr 'em up and present 'em to Miss Arral there."

"Better not," Slavovitch warned.

"What d'ye mean?" Wild Water demanded, a swift ablution of anger flashing to his eyes. "They're my eggs, ain't they?"

"A thousand pardons, but you do not understand," Slavovitch hurried nervously to explain. "What I meant was not to send her six. She never eats more than two. Six might disgust her. Shall I say, then, two shirred?"

Wild Water nodded.

"I'll attend to it personally myself," Slavovitch assured him.

"An' don't forget—compliments of me," Wild Water concluded, relaxing his detaining clutch on the proprietor's shoulder.

Pretty Lucille Arral was gazing forlornly at the strip of breakfast bacon and the tinned mashed potatoes on her plate, when Slavovitch placed before her the two shirred eggs.

"Compliments of Mr. Wild Water," they at the next table heard him say.

Smoke acknowledged to himself that it was a fine bit of acting—the quick, joyous flash in the face of her, the impulsive turn of the head, the spontaneous forerunner of a smile that was only checked by a superb self-control which resolutely drew her face back so that she could say something to the restaurant proprietor.

Smoke felt the kick of Wild Water's moccasined foot under the table.

"Will she eat 'em?—that's the ques-

tion—will she eat 'em?" the latter whispered agonizingly.

And with sidelong glances they saw Lucille Arral hesitate, almost push the dish from her, then surrender to its lure.

"I'll take them eggs," Wild Water said to Smoke. "The contract holds. Did you see her? Did you see her? She almost smiled. I know her. It's all fixed. Two more eggs to-morrow an' she'll forgive an' make up. If she wasn't here I'd shake hands, Smoke, I'm that grateful. You ain't a robber; you're a philanthropist.

VI.

Smoke returned jubilantly up the hill to the cabin, only to find Shorty playing solitaire in black despair. Smoke had long since learned that whenever his partner got out the cards for solitaire it was a warning signal that the bottom had dropped out of the world.

"Go 'way, don't talk to me," was the first rebuff Smoke received.

But in not many minutes Shorty thawed into a freshet of speech.

"It's all off with the big Swede," he groaned. "The corner's busted. They'll be sellin' sherry an' egg in all the saloons to-morrow at a dollar a flip. They ain't no starvin' orphan child in Dawson that won't be wrappin' its tummy around eggs. What d'ye think I run into?—a geezer with three thousand eggs—d'ye get me? Three thousand, an' just freighted in from Forty Mile."

"Fairy stories," Smoke doubted.

"Fairy hell! I seen them eggs. Gautereaux's his name—a whackin' big blue-eyed French-Canadian husky. He asked for you first, then took me to the side and jabbed me straight to the heart. It was our cornerin' eggs that got him started. He knowed about them three thousan' at Forty Mile an' just went an' got 'em. 'Show 'em to me,' I says. An' he did. There was his dog-teams, an' a couple of Indian drivers, restin' down the bank where they'd just pulled in from Forty Mile. An' on the sleds was soap-boxes—teeny wooden soap-boxes.

"We took one out behind a ice-jam in the middle of the river an' busted it open. Eggs!—full of 'em, all packed in sawdust. Smoke, you an' me lose. We've ben gamblin'. D'ye know what he had the gall to say to me?—that they was all ourn at ten dollars a egg. D'ye know what he was doin' when I left his cabin?—drawin' a sign of eggs for sale. Said he'd give us first choice, at ten a throw, till two p.m., an' after that, if we didn't come across, he'd bust the market higher'n a kite. Said he wasn't no business man, but that he knowed a good thing when he seen it—meanin' you an' me, as I took it."

"It's all right," Smoke said cheerfully. "Keep your shirt on an' let me think a moment. Quick action and team play is all that's needed. I'll get Wild Water here at two o'clock to take delivery of eggs. You buy that Gautereaux's eggs. Try and make a bargain. Even if you pay ten dollars apiece for them, Wild Water will take them off our hands at the same price. If you can get them cheaper, why, we make a profit as well. Now go to it. Have them here by not later than two o'clock. Borrow Colonel Bowie's dogs and take our team. Have them here by two sharp."

"Say, Smoke," Shorty called, as his partner stared down the hill. "Better take a umbrella. I wouldn't be none surprised to see the weather rainin' eggs before you get back."

Smoke found Wild Water at the M. and M., and a stormy half hour ensued.

"I warn you we've picked up some more eggs," Smoke said, after Wild Water had agreed to bring his dust to the cabin at two o'clock and pay on delivery.

"You're luckier at finding eggs than me," Wild Water admitted. "Now how many eggs have you got now, an' how much dust do I tote up the hill?"

Smoke consulted his notebook. "As it stands now, according to Shorty's figures, we've three thousand, nine hundred and sixty-two eggs. Multiply by ten——"

"Forty thousand dollars!" Wild Water bellowed. "You said there was only something like nine hundred eggs. It's a stick-up. I won't stand for it."

Smoke drew the contract from his pocket and pointed to the *pay on delivery*. "No mention is made of the number of eggs to be delivered. You agreed to pay ten dollars for every egg we delivered to you. Well, we've got the eggs, and a signed contract is a signed contract. Honestly, though, Wild Water, we didn't know about those other eggs until afterward. Then we had to buy them in order to make our corner good."

For five long minutes, in choking silence, Wild Water fought a battle with himself, then reluctantly gave in.

"I'm in bad," he said brokenly. "The landscape's fair sproutin' eggs. An' the quicker I get out the better. There might come a landslide of 'em. I'll be there at two o'clock. But forty thousand dollars—"

"It's only thirty-nine thousand, six hundred an twenty," Smoke corrected.

"It'll weigh two hundred pounds," Wild Water raved on. "I'll have to freight it up with a dog-team."

"We'll lend you our teams to carry the eggs away," Smoke volunteered.

"But where'll I cache 'em? Where'll I cache 'em?—never mind. I'll be there. But as long as I live I'll never eat another egg. I'm full sick of 'em."

VII.

At half past one, doubling the dog-teams for the steep pitch of the hill, Shorty arrived with Gautereaux's eggs.

"We dang near double our winnings," Shorty told Smoke, as they piled the soap-boxes inside the cabin. "I holds 'em down to eight dollars, an' after he cussed loco in French he falls for it. Now that's two dollars clear profit to us for each egg, an' they're three thousan' of 'em. I paid 'm in full. Here's the receipt."

While Smoke got out the gold-scales and prepared for business, Shorty devoted himself to calculation.

"There's the figures," he announced triumphantly. "We win twelve thou-

san' nine hundred an' seventy dollars. An' we don't do Wild Water no harm. He wins Miss Arral, an' he said himself she was worth all the dust in Klondike. Besides, he gets all them eggs. It's sure a bargain-counter all around. Nobody loses."

"Even Gautereaux's twenty-four thousand to the good," Smoke laughed, "minus, of course, what the eggs and the freighting cost him. And if Wild Water plays the corner, he may make a profit out of the eggs himself."

Promptly at two o'clock, Shorty, peeping, saw Wild Water coming up the hill. When he entered he was brisk and businesslike. He took off his big bearskin coat, hung it on a nail, and sat down at the table.

"Bring on them eggs. you nirates," he commenced. "An' after this day, if you know what's good for you, never mention eggs to me again."

They began on the miscellaneous assortment of the original corner, all three men counting. When two hundred had been reached, Wild Water suddenly cracked an egg on the edge of the table and opened it deftly with his thumbs.

"Hey! Hold on!" Shorty objected.

"It's my egg, ain't it?" Wild Water snarled. "I'm payin' ten dollars fir it, ain't I? But I ain't buyin' no pig in a poke. When I cough up ten bucks an egg I want to know what I'm gettin'."

"If you don't like it, I'll eat it," Shorty volunteered maliciously.

Wild Water looked and smelled, and shook his head.

"No you don't, Shorty. That's a good egg. Gimme a pail. I'm goin' to eat it myself for supper."

Thrice again Wild Water cracked good eggs experimentally and put them in the pail beside him.

"Two more than you figgered, Shorty," he said at the end of the count. "Nine hundred an' sixty-four, not sixty-two."

"My mistake," Shorty acknowledged handsomely. "We'll throw 'em in for good measure."

"Guess you can afford to," Wild Water accepted grimly. "Pass the bath. Nine thousand, six hundred an' twenty dollars. I'll pay for it now. Write a receipt, Smoke."

"Why not count the rest," Smoke suggested, "and pay all at once?"

Wild Water shook his head. "I'm no good at figgers. One batch at a time an' no mistakes."

Going to his fur coat, from each of the side pockets he drew forth two sacks of dust, so rotund and long that they resembled bologna sausages. When the first batch had been paid for, there remained in the gold-sacks not more than several hundred dollars.

A soap-box was carried to the table, and the count of the three thousand began. At the end of one hundred, Wild Water struck an egg sharply against the edge of the table. There was no crackle. The resultant sound was like that of the striking of a sphere of solid marble.

"Frozen solid," he remarked, striking more sharply.

He held the egg up, and they could see the shell powdered to minute fragments along the line of impact.

"Huh!" said Shorty. "It ought to be solid, seein' it has just ben freighted up from Forty Mile. It'll take a axe to bust it."

Smoke brought the axe, and Wild Water, with the clever hand and eye of the woodsman, split the egg cleanly in half. The appearance of the egg's interior was anything but satisfactory. Smoke felt a premonitory chill. Shorty was more valiant. He held one of the halves to his nose.

"Smells all right," he said.

"But it looks all wrong," Wild Water contended. "An' how can it smell when the smell's frozen along with the rest of it? Wait a minute."

He put the two halves into a frying pan and placed the latter on the front lid of the hot stove. Then the three men, with distended, questing nostrils, waited in silence. Slowly an unmistakable odor began to drift through the room. Wild Water forebore to speak,

and Shorty remained dumb despite conviction.

"Throw it out," Smoke cried, gasping, unable longer to endure the awfulness of it.

"What's the good?" asked Wild Water. "We've got to sample the rest."

"Not in this cabin," Smoke coughed and conquered a qualm. "Chop them open, and we can test by looking at them. Throw it out, Shorty! Throw it out! Phew! And leave the door open!"

Box after box was opened; egg after egg, chosen at random, was chopped in two; and every egg carried the same message of hopeless, irremediable decay.

"I won't ask you to eat 'em, Shorty," Wild Water jeered, "an', if you don't mind, I can't get out a here too quick. My contract called for *good* eggs. If you'll loan me a sled an' team I'll haul them good ones away before they get contaminated."

Smoke helped in loading the sled. Shorty sat at the table, the cards laid before him for solitaire.

"Say, how long you ben holdin' that corner?" was Wild Water's parting gibe.

Smoke made no reply, and, with one glance at his absorbed partner, proceeded to fling the soap-boxes out into the snow.

"Say, Shorty, how much did you say you paid for that three thousand?" Smoke queried gently.

"Eight dollars. Go 'way. Don't talk to me. I can figger as well as you. We lose seventeen thousan' on the flutter, if anybody should ride up on a dog-sled an' ask you. I figgered that out while waitin' for the first egg to smell."

Smoke pondered a few minutes, then again broke silence.

"Say, Shorty. Forty thousand dollars gold weighs two hundred pounds. Wild Water borrowed our sled and team to haul away his eggs. He came up the hill without a sled. Those two sacks of dust in his coat pocket weighed about twenty pounds each. The un-



He put the two halves into a frying-pan and placed the latter on the front lid of the hot stove.

derstanding was cash on delivery. He brought enough dust to pay for the good eggs. He never expected to pay for those three thousand. He knew they were bad. Now how did he know they were bad? What do you make of it anyway?"

Shorty gathered the cards, started to shuffle a new deal, then paused.

"Huh! That ain't nothin'. A child could answer it. We lose seventeen thousan'. Wild Water wins seventeen thousan'. Them eggs of Gautereaux's was Wild Water's all the time. Anything else you're curious to know?"

"Yes. Why in the name of common sense didn't you find out whether those eggs were good before you paid for them?"

"Just as easy as the first question. Wild Water swung the bunco game timed to seconds. I hadn't no time to examine them eggs. I had to hustle to get 'em here for delivery. An' now, Smoke, lemme ask you one civil question. What did you say was the party's name that put this egg-corner idea into your head?"

Shirty had lost the sixteenth consecutive game of solitaire, and Smoke was casting about to begin the preparation of supper, when Colonel Bowie knocked at the door, handed Smoke a letter, and went on to his own cabin.

"Did you see his face?" Shorty raved. "He was almost bustin' to keep it straight. It's the big ha! ha! for you an' me, Smoke. We won't never dast show our faces again in Dawson."

The letter was from Wild Water, and Smoke read it aloud.

"Dear Smoke and Shorty:—I write to ask, with the compliments of season, your presence at a supper to-night at Slavovitch's joint. Miss Arral will be there and so will Gautereaux. Him and me was

pardners down at Circle five years ago. He is all right and is going to be best man. About them eggs. They come into the country four years back. They was bad when they come in. They was bad when they left California. They always was bad. They stopped at Carluk one winter, and one winter at Nutlik, and last winter at Forty Mile where they was sold for storage. And this winter I guess they stop at Dawson. Don't keep them in a hot room. Lucille says to say you and her and me has sure made some excitement for Dawson. And I say the drinks is on you, and that goes.

"Respectfully your friend,
"W. W."

"Well?—what have you got to say?" Smoke queried. "We accept the invitation, of course?"

"I got one thing to say," Shorty answered. "An' that is Wild Water won't never suffer if he goes broke. He's a good actor—a gosh-blamed good actor. An' I got another thing to say; my figgers is all wrong. Wild Water wins seventeen thousan' all right, but he wins more'n that. You an' me has made him a present of every good egg in the Klondike—nine hundred an' sixty-four of 'em, two thrown in for good measure. An' he was that ornery, mean cussed that he packed off the three opened ones in the pail. An' I got a last thing to say. You an' me is legitimate prospectors an' practical gold miners. But when it comes to finance we're sure the fattest suckers that ever fell for the get-rich-quick bunco. After this it's you an' me for the high rocks an' tall timber, an' if you ever mention eggs to me we dissolve partnership there an' then. Get me?"

Hunting in the Forest Province

AFTER MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN NEW BRUNSWICK, THE MICMAC COUNTRY OF BIG GAME—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND HUNTING METHODS.

By S. E. Sangster

With the approach of the autumn hunting season it is but proper that some reference should be made to the unrivalled opportunities which are offered sportsmen for the pursuit of their favorite pastime in Canada. The Dominion, indeed, is a veritable hunting 'ground. In the accompanying sketch something in the way of hunting experiences in New Brunswick, the "Forest Province," is presented, together with several illustrations typical of the fall hunting season.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Canada's extreme south-eastern mainland province, lies abutting the State of Maine, and is still known as the "Forest Province." Naturally it is yet a vast game preserve and for every one of its seventeen thousand square miles of timber-clad area reputable and conservatively-inclined guides have claimed that a moose roams, while no attempt has been made to estimate the total number of caribou there extant.

The Micmac tribe, once so powerful and widespread a nation of hunting wood Indians, in the long ago, made their hunting grounds of Eastern Quebec, the Gaspé Peninsula and

Northern New Brunswick, which is still known as the "Micmac Country."

Where in those days of long ago the Wood Indian had only his canoe and the silver network of streams to enable him to reach the interior game-land, to-day we find a yet vaster network of steel, where the Dominion Government-owned Intercolonial Railway and its branches gut these seventeen thousand square miles of forest — everywhere one finds it paralleling the interior streams, winding far into the wilderness, and one can almost pick on any one of the many little names of back-wood settlements, shown on the map in very minute let-



"He is yours if you hold true."



Packing out by canoe in November after the first snow.

ters, and haphazardly decide to go there—being practically assured of getting his chances at the game sought.

However, it is true here as elsewhere that certain sections are better hunting grounds than others. Anywhere on the branch line between Matapeia and the village of Campbellton; this section including that stretch known as the "*North Shore*" is splendid moose ground.

A HUNTER'S PARADISE.

Primarily, there are three divisions that may be said to include the great bulk of big game territory in this Province. The Restigouche section lies, shrouded in mighty mountains of virgin growth, the sweeping river of the same name splitting the range in its mad tumble toward the far-distant sea. Jutting off from this mighty band of rushing water at frequent intervals are dozens of feeders whose sources lie far into the distant heart of the Silences, and one has, consequently, a hundred points of choice as to actual location. Then there is the famous Nipisiguit river territory—an immense section. cut here and there by typical eastern streams, similar to the feeders of the Resti-

gouche, and like them allowing one to get far from steel by that easiest of woodland travel—the canoe. Up at the headquarters of the Nipisiguit lies that paradise of big game hunting around Bald Mountain. This is probably the best known district for moose and caribou in America—including as it does the headquarters of not only the Nipisiguit, but also the Miramichi, the Tobique and the southern arms of the Restigouche. Immediately adjacent hereto lies Nipisiguit lake, into which a hundred lily-strewn streams spill their laughter—and only three miles distant is Nictor lake, the source of the Tobique waters. Add to these the Renous, the Serpentine and the Peabody lakes, and we have the greatest home of moose and caribou known within reasonable reach of the average sportsman. It can be reached from Montreal, from New York or from Boston in a minimum of time and over a modern railroad equipment.

A big, unwieldy brute is a mature bull moose. His hair is, generally speaking, a coarse, brownish black, the belly and legs showing a touch of yel-

low. A bull weighing anything over 850 lbs. is an average animal, while a spread better than 50 inches is considered a fair trophy. The record head taken from New Brunswick showed a spread of 68½ inches, and was shot by a sportsman from an eastern state in 1907. This is the record, also, for all Eastern America.

SOME HUNTING EXPERIENCES.

The season in New Brunswick opens on September 15th, but the writer would advise that, unless one's trip has to be taken earlier, the best time is between October 10th and November 15th. Of course many sportsmen wish to hunt during the rutting season, which is around September 25th to October 15th. Early in the season one finds it a good move to hunt occasionally by canoe, at dawn and at dusk only, however. By the middle of the afternoon Bull Moose is again working out to the ponds and dead-waters, feeding as he travels, and many a night you will hear him splashing and wallowing in the lake when it is too dark to see twenty feet ahead. Possibly you decide to attempt to try for the old fellow anyway—I know I

have. Your guide paddles silently over the limpid waters, and just when you are steadying down—splash-splash right ahead of the bow—you come up with a jerk and reach for the rifle, peering vainly for the black form you are hoping for, but only to hear the whistle of wings for it is but a flock of duck that you jumped. You swallow hard and pull your shaken nerves together, wondering the while how a few duck can stir up such a commotion. You won't see any moose, and by this time you will have reached that conclusion—one your guide knew all the time, but wouldn't pass his opinion upon. As you crawl into your blankets a distant loon laughs in its shrill treble, and you figure sleepily that "perhaps the laugh's on you."

METHODS OF HUNTING.

Two methods are in vogue for hunting moose—'*Calling*,' which is feasible only during the rutting season and which, therefore, limits this to the latter part of September and the first two weeks or 18 days of October, and '*still hunting*,' which is the practice in New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario be-



A typical "camp" and guides in New Brunswick.

tween the middle of October and November, especially when the first snows come. Then, too, one might refer to the use of a canoe for paddling along the shore in the evenings. "*Calling*" offers the greatest excitement of all methods. There is no more nerve-trying and yet fascinating experience than waiting in the deepening twilight while an old bull moose comes slowly, always evidencing that wariness he is noted for, threshing toward you—grunting now and then in response to the guide's low-pitched call. You are probably crouched on the shore of a little pond of "dead-water" and, shaking less from the chill of the evening than repressed excitement, you ponder how you are going to see him in the dim light and whether you'll ever be able to hold the ivory bead on his fore

shoulder if you do see him. He comes constantly nearer, louder and louder—you can hear his grunted "woofs," the alder branches crack as he shakes his antlered head; you hear the splash of his hoofs as he wades through the mud and ooze—and finally, there, almost on top of you is your moose; he's yours then if you hold true—and whether you do or not, those few tense, high-strung moments are yours for all time to come, and let me assure the "never-been-there" that the

memories alone are worth travelling a long way to obtain.

Then there is still hunting, especially desirous when the first November snowfall comes. You start out early with your guide and tramp many miles, over mountains, through ravines, hardwood ridges and across typical caribou "parks." Many sportsmen prefer this mode of hunting to those of the earlier season, as it provides more exercise and

requires more stable hunting ability than any other system of bringing about the sought-for end—i. e., the getting of a bull moose and yourself within reasonable talking distance of the rifle. You are up against its native wariness and stalking your game is no child's play.

Some of the visiting sportsmen take their wives into the



"It is a proud moment when you stand over your first moose."

gameland, and if the director of your home has a fondness for the outdoors, she will here enjoy such days and nights as she wot not of, sometimes, if she is out when the evenings are frosty, you will find her persuading the guide to make a fire for her—it is really the call of the open, the tinted leaves and the crisp northern air that she is enjoying, and not so much the actual killing of game—though some women enjoy killing their moose or caribou quite as much as their



A scene in a hunter's den. The shed moose horns over the fireplace have a spread of $72\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 16 inch web and 38 points.

"better-halves." By all means, if you can persuade her to go along, take your wife—it won't do anybody any harm; but have her dress properly. She may enjoy the warmth of a fire when it is chilly, and while it perhaps is not con-

ducive to attracting game, still that is a minor consideration.

You can never tell when you are going to come on a caribou, either alone or a herd, and let me tell you who have not "been there" that a woodland stag



"You can hardly resist helping your guides skin him out."



"The bull moose is worth a long trip after."

caribou makes an imposing spectacle as he trots across a barren or a "park," his magnificently antlered head a trophy that will make your heart thump to call all your own. His head at two hundred yards looks more like a decorated rocking-chair than anything else I can suggest. I have shot several of these splendid animals, and each time I have felt that I have done murder out there in the Silence—yet each time no earthly power could have held me from stopping my quarry. One of the best caribou districts is the Tabusintac barrens, lying east of Bathurst and Newcastle. Some hunters have seen over sixty on these barrens in one afternoon, while over one hundred have been seen in a day. The old Bathurst and Newcastle coaching road, built prior to the days of the Intercolonial railway, crosses the Tabusintac half way between the two towns, twenty-five miles from either. In fact, anywhere between these two towns is a good jumping-off place for both moose and caribou. Then, north of Bathurst a few miles lie the Tetagouche lakes, also splendid caribou ground.

Late October or early November is suggested as the best time for caribou hunting. For either species of big game you must have guides, and nowhere on the Continent can be found a better class or more capable and obliging sportsmen. Place yourself in their hands when you enter—leave the task of sighting game to their judgment, and you will surely have your chance.

New Brunswick is essentially a forest province, intersected in all directions by splendid mountains and equally beautiful valleys. Everywhere you will encounter Nature at her best—she will thunder at you in the hills, she will sing to you at night through the forest leaves, and she will care for you and make of you a new, a rejuvenated being, better able to cope with life's task during the next eleven months. So you will find this great Gameland and so leave it—and every year the red gods will call you back to where the moose and caribou raise their offspring and the salmon spawn—always, so long as your blood has its normal proportion of red corpuscles, will this be true.

Among Thieves

By Robert Adger Bowen

BLINKY MAGINNIS lightly scaled the wide wall, and dropped softly among the rhododendron bushes on the other side, listening. It was habitual with Blinky to listen. His trained acuteness of hearing, no less than his deftness of touch, was a professional asset.

Satisfied and assured, he crept forward stealthily toward the indistinct mass of the old house. There were lights in a lower room, and from above, through closely-drawn shades, a pallor shone, as though a shrouded night-lamp burned dimly.

No cat could have sprung more noiselessly to the low veranda than did Blinky Maginnis. He paused again, crouching in the shadow of a rounded column. Through the shuttered window from which the inner glass doors were thrown back, came the murmur of a voice. Blinky crept nearer and looked in.

A man and a woman stood together in the centre of the room. A large table near them was strewn with loose papers, other papers in envelopes, papers docketed in boxes that had been slid from their pigeonholes in some receptacle—a glance about the room showed Blinky whence, for a small steel safe with wide open door revealed empty spaces. Apparently the seekers had found that for which they sought, for in her hand the woman held a folded paper, while from another of similar size the man was reading. Blinky, his keen ears alert, caught the purport of the words.

The man ceased.

"You see," he said, folding up the paper, and reaching out for that which his companion held, "that leaves all to

me, while this"—he opened the other paper—"dated a year ago, leaves pretty nearly everything to this girl. Now, if we could be sure she doesn't know——"

"She doesn't. I've sounded her. And she's as blind as a bat, any way. The more I know of her, the less use I have for her. Give me the thing!"

She held out her imperious hand, the gleam of cupidity in her eyes perfectly intelligible to Blinky Maginnis.

"But suppose my brother doesn't die to-night," said her partner, hesitating. "He has had these attacks before. He might send for these, and he would find out! The fact that he has never destroyed the first shows——"

"That he has some sense of justice left. Why should this girl, because she was engaged to his son, who is dead, get what by rights should be yours? It isn't even as if she had been his wife."

She took the paper from him, at the same time picking up from the table the envelope containing the other will.

"Another man would have destroyed it," she exclaimed, "instead of merely marking the envelope 'Void'; but your brother was always one of those careful people who never get rid of anything. The envelope! It is as if he had meant to make things easy for you, Jim!"

They looked at each other, and the man's eyes shifted furtively. The woman pondered.

"If it were not for those little bequests, we might destroy both," she remarked, "but I suppose that might be risky."

He nodded.

Defly the woman exchanged the papers in the envelopes, then went over to the hearth, where a coal fire burned low. Her companion, who had begun restor-

ing the other papers to their places in the safe, halted her by a gesture.

"Why not?" she asked, straightening up.

"Someone is coming," he whispered. He seized the packages from her, and thrust them into the safe. He had time only to close the steel door, leaving the combination unsprung, before a girl entered the room. As Blinky Maginnis saw her an oath rumbled in his throat. She went up to the man, apparently ignoring the woman with him.

"I'm afraid he is dying," she cried, a tremor in her voice. "You wished me to let you know. Will you come?"

The man and the woman exchanged glances. The girl, moving behind them, was too absorbed in her grief to notice, but Blinky Maginnis saw, and understood. His admiring eyes watched the girl. He began to mutter. Blinky had a way of communing with himself which was not wise at all times.

Something like a laugh followed his mumblings. The shutter opened gently to his coaxing pressure, and he stepped into the room, switching off the electric lights. Again he laughed, as if he were taking intense enjoyment in what he was about.

A moment later he was upon his knees before the safe, his bulls-eye playing over the exposed interior. He found the two envelopes, and once again, under his nimble fingers, they exchanged contents. He replaced them where he had found them, got to his feet, and looked about.

Indistinct sounds came to him from above, then the more definite fall of

steps in the hall beyond. He started, the grin on his face vanishing with the snapping of the shutter of the bull's-eye. In a single spurt he reached the window, opened it, and stepped out. As he did so, the lights in the room were flashed on.

Peering through the slats, Blinky saw the older woman hurriedly cross the room toward the safe. Her motions were nervous, her hands shaking. Blinky Maginnis held his breath.

She found the wills, took them up, and looked closely at the endorsements on their envelopes. Blinky trembled lest she should open them to give a final glance at their contents, but she did not. What she did was to incline the packages more directly toward the light, select one, then carefully place the other back in the safe and close the door. And this time she took thought to spring the combination before she went to the fire with the other envelope in her hand. A moment, and the blaze of its burning in the garish light of the room threw a sickly reflection upon the woman's bent figure.

Blinky chuckled. The sight he had witnessed gave him huge satisfaction. A moment longer he lingered, to see the man enter the room.

"He's gone!" he muttered.

"And it's gone," his wife said, facing him calmly. "We're rich, Jim! And we've put that girl's nose out of joint for good and all!"

Blinky's shoulders lifted and fell in a spasm of silent mirth. Then he stepped back from the window, dropped lightly to the ground, and stole away amid the shadows.



What is a Good Bond Yield?

WITH INCREASED COST OF LIVING INVESTORS ARE DEMANDING
LARGER RETURNS—DANGERS OF SACRIFICING
CONVERTIBILITY OR SAFETY

By Frank J. Drake

What are the essentials of a good bond investment? This question provides a basis for the following article, which is one of a series calculated to present in brief and popular form the various phases of financial problems. The aim is to discuss money questions in terms which will be readily understood by the average reader. The writer of the series is associated with The Financial Post, the leading Canadian journal for investors.

THE essentials of a good bond investment are safety, fair yield and convertibility. Most bonds meet one or two of the requirements for a good all round investment but the number of issues that combine all three qualities is limited. Many bonds, in fact most bonds, are safe. Some bonds are easily convertible. But comparatively few issues sell at a price to yield a satisfactory return on the money invested and at the same time are easily marketable and safe beyond a doubt.

To-day the question of yield is becoming more and more important. The increased cost of living has caused a demand for higher return on invested capital. The tendency is clearly marked. It would not be true, perhaps, to say that safety was being sacrificed by the average investor, but it is undoubtedly a fact that yield now occupies a more prominent place in his demands than was the case some years ago.

Once a price or a net yield is set by an investor, the other essentials must be sacrificed to some extent. The higher the yield, in most cases, the greater the risk incurred or the narrower the market for the bond.

A wide market not only means that the bonds are more easily sold, but in many cases insures greater price stability. Many bond issues are not a good investment simply because there is practically no market for them. This means not only that they are hard to dispose of but also that the quotations may fluctuate several points between sales. A new feature in this connection is the increasingly important part the big bond houses are playing in making and keeping a market for their bond. Many of the better known bond concerns will see that the market for the issues brought out by them is maintained. It is to their interest to see that the purchaser has no reason to be discontented with his purchase, and it is certainly an added attraction to a bond issue when the buyer knows that he can rest assured of a market for his bonds.

As a result of this acceptance of responsibility for their issues by the bond houses there has been less listing of bonds on the various stock exchanges. In the United States last year hardly more than a third of the total sales were listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Two years earlier considerably

over two-thirds of the total sales were listed. This indicates the trend.

The value of the listing of a bond issue consists in added convertibility and stability. Of course the listing of a bond does not make sure of a fixed price nor insure against depreciation in market values. It does mean that there is a wider market for the bond, however, and this is the principal advantage of listing bonds. The decreasing percentage of bonds listed is accounted for by the practice of the bond houses to assume a certain amount of responsibility for the issues underwritten and sold by them.

The question of convertibility would not be such an important one if the average investor bought bonds with the intention of holding them until due date and merely drawing the interest as it came due. This, of course, is the intention of many purchasers, but to the ordinary man who buys a bond it is necessary that there should be some kind of a market as he may find it necessary to convert his holdings into cash at any time. For this reason, it is necessary to consider the marketability of a bond before purchasing.

To the business man or firm investing surplus in bonds it is especially necessary that there should be a wide market for his holdings. Such a pur-

chase is in the nature of a reserve and, of course, such a reserve must be available at times when needed. It is one of the fundamental principles of such an investment that the security into which business funds are put should be of a character sufficiently different from the business in which the purchaser is engaged that a depression in his own line will be unlikely to seriously affect the company whose securities he holds as a reserve.

Canada offers to the bond investor many attractive opportunities to purchase high class bonds at a price which yields a comparatively high return and also offers good chances of appreciation. It has been said that the common stock of most Canadian companies represents only partly earning power, and is partly "water." Perhaps this criticism is justified to some extent, but the fast expansion of the country has in most cases soon developed earning power sufficient to pay dividends on all classes of stock. As regards bonds there is no such criticism to be made. Canadian bond issues are well worth the interest of investors who desire safety. At the same time many issues have been put out at an attractive yield—a quality which in these days of increased expense is especially desirable to the average investor.



Slemin's Detective Successes

SOME INTERESTING CASES IN WHICH CHARLES SLEMIN, WHO WAS RECENTLY AWARDED KING'S MEDAL FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE, WON PROMOTION AND PROMINENCE.

By Roy Fry

The public is usually interested in people who "do things"—do them better than and differently from anybody else. Stories of such persons are full of human interest and make acceptable reading anywhere. There are many of them in Canada—leaders in the various walks of life. This month we have chosen a new line for consideration—the experiences and services of Canadian policemen—and have personified the subject in some brief references to the notable career of Charles Slemin, chief of the Brantford Police Department, who was recently awarded the King's medal for distinguished detective service, performed mainly on the Toronto force, of which he was a member for thirty years.

WHEN TEN years hence Canadian publishers tabulate their monthly list of "best sellers" they may give prominence to a volume bearing some such striking title as "The Experiences of a Great Detective," or "Canadian Crime and Criminals" or possibly "How I Won the King's Medal," by Charles Slemin.

The name under which the book might be catalogued in the libraries is, of course, speculative; equally uncertain are any predictions that the volume will ever actually be written. The fact remains, however, that it should be.

And that is all with which we are concerned at present.



Charles Slemin, for many years a detective of the Toronto Police Department, and now Chief of Police of Brantford, Ontario.

What would be the nature of such an offering and who is the authority best qualified to produce it? The treatise we have in mind would deal with manifold phases of Canadian crime and various experiences with Canadian criminals. Quite a fascinating subject, indeed, and too, a most capable author in the person of Charles Slemin, for many years a member of the Toronto detective staff and now chief of police of Brantford, a flourishing manufacturing centre in Ontario.

FINE RECORD OF SERVICE.

Thirty-seven years of police activities have provided Chief Slemin with an unrivalled series of novel and important



Views of the King's medal recently presented to Chief Slemin for distinguished and meritorious police service—the first medal of the kind to be awarded to a Canadian officer.

cases, have brought him signal success in the handling of intricate detective problems, have given him an intimate knowledge of all that is interesting in the character and ways of criminals, and have ultimately crowned his career with royal honors for distinguished and meritorious service.

Indeed, among Canadian police officers, few have had the opportunities for so wide and valuable a public service as have been his, nor have any shown greater efficiency and courage in the discharge of duty. It was with general satisfaction, therefore, that the announcement that he had been awarded the King's medal was received at the beginning of the year. A couple of months ago the medal was presented by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province at a public banquet held at Brantford, on which occasion the recipient

was warmly felicitated on the honors which had been bestowed upon him.

Most Canadians are aware that some three years ago a new order was instituted by the late King Edward for the rewarding of heroic or otherwise distinguished service on the part of policemen and firemen throughout the Empire. In the last New Year's list of honors was included the name of Charles Slemin, who is the first officer in Canada to be decorated under this order. Under these circumstances some reference to the outstanding features of his career will not be untimely.

SOME SAMPLE CASES.

But to revert to the book which we hope Chief Slemin may write some day—what might it contain? It is said on good authority that he has, hidden away among his official papers, police

reports, criminal statistics and rogues' photographs—a collection both voluminous and motley which he prizes almost as a child would regard his playthings—notes of innumerable cases in which he has been the moving spirit and has played the dramatic part—cases replete with points of human interest and bristling with features which would provide great copy for popular reading.

Practically every line of detective work is represented, thus combining variety with volume—a powerful drama of human experiences which but awaits the magic touch of a writer to send it forth to a public which is vitally interested in that particular class of matter. By way of illustration let us select at random from Chief Slein's experiences three cases about which racy chapters might be developed under such catchy titles as "When Wedding Guests Were Robbed," "A Detective's Greatest Temptation," and "A Murderer Without a Name."

ROBBING WEDDING GUESTS.

The first chapter opens with a fashionable church wedding scene in Toronto some years ago. Ushers had been duly selected by the groom to escort guests to reserved seats in the auditorium of the church. As often happens, the gentlemen chosen in this instance were not all acquainted with one another nor were they aware how many were to officiate. At any rate, when the hour drew near for the assembling of guests and the ushers took up their positions, there were two who pressed themselves into service who were strangers alike to the groom and his assistants. Faultlessly attired for the occasion they joined the others in ushering in guests with all of the neatness and exactitude of cultured churchmen. Their soft speech and ready wit lulled their prey, and freely mingling among the crowd, they found ample scope for the practice of their profession. After the ceremony it was found that many guests had been robbed; the two strangers who

meanwhile had disappeared carried with them many pocket-books and much jewelry. Slein was at once assigned to the case and from descriptions of the men secured from guests at the function effected a speedy arrest, with the result that Thomas Carlyle, a noted pickpocket, and a confederate, were sentenced to eighteen months. A few months later they escaped, the one being recaptured within a day, but Carlyle successfully eluded the authorities until, after a considerable lapse, Slein located him in a house in Toronto. Together with a constable, the detective trapped the criminal in a room and after a desperate struggle overpowered him, not, however, before Carlyle had snapped his revolver in the officer's face. At the trial which followed, Carlyle, who was sentenced to a term of ten years, admitted that he had acted with intent to kill, while an expert gunsmith testified that the only circumstance which had saved Detective Slein's life was the fact that the prisoner had used a centre-fire cartridge in a rim-fire revolver and that in consequence the cartridge had not exploded when the hammer had struck it. Today the genial chief smiles at Carlyle's cunning in constituting himself an usher at a church wedding but he sobers perceptibly when he recalls the few tense moments of the struggle in the little house in St. Patrick's Square during which he gazed into the barrel of a loaded revolver, saw the trigger pulled as his adversary aimed straight for his head, heard the hammer crash—and lived to tell the tale. Even yet he is rather glad to forget it all and pass on hurriedly to some other case.

A DETECTIVE'S GREAT TEMPTATION.

Scarcely less interesting though of an entirely different character was Detective Slein's connection with a case which involved probably one of the greatest temptations which has ever come to a Canadian police official. The story should be given publicity in this country, not alone in tribute to the part which Slein played, but in justice to

the integrity of Canadian police in general. Strangely enough the temptation came to him while he was disguised as a young medical man. "I gave up posing as a doctor after that experience," said the Chief recently in relating the incident, "but you must admit," he added slyly, "that the patient placed a pretty high value on my diagnosis of his case." The "patient" was none other than T. V. Hawkins, who had embezzled \$9,000 from the government at Washington and journeyed to Toronto, where he had been taken ill at a boarding house. The Toronto police department was "tipped off" as to his whereabouts and Slemin was dispatched with a physician's grip to administer to the stranger's needs and incidentally to size him up. Not very much time was required for the diagnosis. From descriptions, Slemin was certain of his man as soon as he set his eyes on him. However, he announced himself, tossed his valise on the table of the upper bedroom in which Hawkins was quartered, and proceeded to enquire into his illness. The patient talked freely of his complaints and the supposed physician listened attentively, at the same time glancing casually about the room. When finally convinced of the identity of his man he stepped to the table as if to open his grip but instead grasped a revolver which lay alongside it together with some books and writing paper. Holding Hawkins' revolver in one hand and drawing his own from a hip pocket with the other the doctor thus prescribed: "Now Mr. Hawkins, I have your revolver and my own, too, so we can get down to business; I'm a detective and I want you for the embezzlement of \$9,000." It didn't take the fugitive long to collect his thoughts. He was trapped, his identity known; to his mind there was but one means of escape. Boldly he attempted it. Pointing to a valise hidden under the lounge he said: "That's all that's left; take it and let me go." And the laconic rejoinder of the detective as he hand-cuffed his man and recovered the valise was simply this: "We don't do that in Can-

ada." When "Dr." Slemin emerged from the house with his "patient" he carried two valises, one containing his medical kit of a couple of bottles of colored water he had mixed for the occasion and the other his proffered fee, which on being totalled up at police headquarters was found to amount to \$8,338.

A MURDERER WITHOUT A NAME.

To the average person one of the most mystifying phases of detective work is the manner in which successful sleuths track down criminals merely by the aid of descriptions. How this is done only real detectives know. Some people are able to recognize an individual from a photograph, but comparatively few can pick any one person out of thousands merely by means of a word picture. Yet the average detective places more reliance in a single good description than in a score of photographic likenesses. Of several murder cases in which Detective Slemin has figured none revealed more clearly his marked powers of intuition as applied to descriptions than that of William McWhirrell, hostler and horse-thief, whose name recalls one of the most celebrated cases in the criminal annals of the Dominion. Late in 1893 an old couple residing at Port Credit were murdered after returning home from market where they had disposed of a considerable quantity of poultry. The case proved a most difficult one, baffling the best detectives, who were unable to secure any definite clues as to the perpetrator. Finally, however, Detective Slemin, who had accompanied Provincial Detective Greer in one of his investigations, found a party who gave a description of two men who had driven in a cutter to the home of a neighbor of the murdered couple, and attached to whose movements there was some suspicion. No sooner had he heard the description than Slemin exclaimed: "I think I know the man." The detectives returned to Toronto, made a search among photographs in the rogues' gallery, and without hesi-

tation Slemin threw aside one photo which proved to be a likeness of McWhirrell, who had been convicted of horse-stealing. It would seem that the authorities were taking a futile chance

with the murder. In due course he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The death sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment and finally the convict died at the Kingston



Chief Slemin at his desk at the Brantford police headquarters.

in thus endeavoring to connect this man, whose whereabouts they did not know, with the murder. But they located him, traced his movements on the day of the crime, gathered a strong case against him and arrested him, charged

Infirmity, a victim of consumption. The case aroused great interest in two continents for McWhirrell, who was thought to be an Englishman, lived under an assumed name and neither by threat nor persuasion did the authori-

ties succeed in making him reveal his identity, and thus he died—a murderer without a name.

SLEMIN'S GREATEST CASE.

The foregoing cases, varied in scope and character, are cited for the purpose of revealing the nature of the service which has merited so high an honor as royal recognition in the shape of the King's medal. But these do not constitute Chief Slein's greatest case nor his most thrilling experience as a detective. As a genuine thriller all other cases must rank second to the Spellman affair, culminating in the daring and brilliant capture of one of the most astute criminals of his time in Canada.

It was in September of 1889 that Slein, in company with other associates, paid an unexpected visit to the lodging house of the Spellman Brothers—Mike and Bill—whose quarters in Toronto were the rendezvous of some of the worst criminals on the continent. Several clever burglaries had been committed during the summer and while there was no direct evidence against them the Spellman's were suspicioned. A thorough search was made of the house and in due course interesting discoveries were unearthed, including a valuable collection of watches, jewelry, revolvers, pinch-bars and jimmies in a dark room, and postage stamps to the value of \$500 which had been stolen from the Whitby post office and which were concealed between the plaster and brick of the Spellman sitting room where Slein's quick eye noted that in one corner the wainscoting had been cut and neatly joined in order to permit of an entrance to the treasure place. The outcome was that the Spellman's were convicted and remanded to Toronto jail to await their sentence.

But this was not the end of the struggle with these daring brothers. A day or two later they and a third party, about to be removed to Kingston, suddenly startled Ontario with a particularly spectacular escape from jail. Much investigation led to only a slight clue as to their whereabouts. Some

years ago Chief Slein told me the story of their capture. So vividly did he present the details that it may be well to make use of his own words in relating the narrative.

"Every detective," declared the Chief, "naturally had his own theory of the movements of the fugitives and I also had mine. Knowing that the Spellman's were familiar with Eastern Ontario it was my belief that they would take to the C.P.R. tracks eastward because the country was more amply forested and more sparsely settled than along the older G.T.R. line. A day or two following the jail breaking I was deputed to bring back a man from Ottawa and purposely chose the C.P.R. route to the capital in the hope of finding one or both of the Spellman's. Detective Cuddy, of the Toronto force, was the only one who really had any faith in my theory and gave me a friendly shake at the station as the train pulled out about 10 o'clock at night.

"I was personally acquainted with Conductor Williams who was in charge of the train and took him into my confidence, requesting him to let me know if any tramps should board the train en route and in such an event to leave their fate to me.

"Nothing occurred until after we had passed Tweed about one o'clock the following morning, when the Conductor reported that three men had jumped on the blind baggage as the train was leaving the station, a most unusual occurrence in that district. I calculated that these might be the very men I was after. Sharbot Lake was the next stop. I wanted to climb over the roof of the car, jump down on to the coal-tender and cover the three with my revolver. The train was lurching along through the darkness at 35 or 40 miles an hour and Conductor Williams refused to consider such a plan, which he believed would certainly result in my being thrown off and killed. We therefore abandoned it.

"At length, just as the train was about to enter Sharbot Lake we decid-

ed on our course of action. It is the custom of tramps to jump off a train just before it enters a station where a stop is to be made and to jump on again at the other side of the depot as the train is pulling out. I was sure the rule would be followed in this case. Securing a bull's eye lantern, I planned in case they jumped to follow in their wake. As the train neared the station I got on the step of the car nearest the baggage, ready for any emergency. No sooner had the train commenced to slow down than the first tramp jumped and the second followed. I flashed my lantern and picked out a good spot as the third made his plunge. Somewhat unluckily a train hand flashed his oiler near my face and the fugitive evidently recognized me for he shouted something to the other two, who by this time were racing from the train. The third man, however, was not very far away and I gave chase. The train from which we had jumped was still moving rapidly and along the adjacent track another train was approaching us at a brisk rate. I had all but got my man when he suddenly sprang across the track alongside which we were running and in front of the approaching train, making for the space between the two trains, which were still moving. He did this hoping that I would not have time to follow. It was a desperate chance but I took it with a plunge, barely cleared the moving train and landed heavily on my man whom I clutched about the legs. He stumbled and I fell on top of him, my revolver striking the side of his head, and the wheels of the train brushing my shoulder and sleeve.

"'Charlie, don't kill me,' he cried. It was Mike Spellman. 'No Mike,' I replied, 'I'll take you like a man.' Just as I was putting my revolver back in my pocket he grabbed me and made a desperate effort to throw me under one of the moving trains. We struggled for a few moments with death on either side of us, both trains still moving, but Spellman was no match for me in strength and I soon overpowered him.

A few moments later we were clear of the trains and in the darkness Conductor Williams came back in search of me, and picked up the bull's eye lantern. 'Mr. Williams,' I said, 'I have got Mike Spellman. Please help me with the hand-cuffs.'

On taking Spellman to the baggage car the officer searched him, finding among other articles, a nail and a set of small saws concealed in the sole of his boot. The other two fugitives thinking that Slein would return at once to Toronto with his prisoner, again boarded the train as it pulled out of Sharbot Lake. At the next station they followed their usual practice of jumping off and Slein attempted to repeat the feat which he had performed the once so successfully. He jumped after them, but the country was very open and the men escaped. Four days later they were captured at Ogdensburg, New York.

STILL IN THE SERVICE.

It is well that exceptional service of this character, both on the part of policemen and firemen, should be properly rewarded. The recognition is an incentive to conspicuous effort. At its best the life of a guardian of the law is beset with many difficulties and much peril and the goal of success is not easily attained. In the case of Charles Slein it was reached possibly more quickly than in that of many other capable police officials but it was through persistent effort and indomitable energy. Born in Ireland 56 years ago, he came to Canada as a sturdy lad of 16, joined the Toronto police force as a constable in 1875, became a detective in 1887 and after seventeen years' service in that capacity accepted the position of chief of police of Brantford, where he has inaugurated many reforms. At various stages of his career on the Toronto force he received testimonials, addresses and presentations, which, in the wording of one of them, marked "conspicuous valor, energy and ability in the performance of duty."

The best evidence of the continued success of Chief Slein's work is the fact that professional characters no longer molest Brantford with their operations. On the contrary they give the city a wide berth. Slein still knows most of the leading crooks in the country and never fails to recognize them when he meets them. Still the criminal class are among his warmest friends and admirers. As one of them on being captured after a brisk fight, once remarked: "I didn't intend to be caught, even if I had to shoot you; but all the same, Charlie, there's no other man I'd rather be taken by than you." As a rule, criminals admire a fair fighter and will reciprocate the policy of a square deal.

Possibly, in conclusion, something might be said of the methods of the man, for these are largely the keynote of his success. The prevention of crime is the end toward which he strives in the direction of his police organization. "Get men before they get into serious trouble," he remarked recently. "Clean up your city and then keep it clean."

And that is the principle which he is following in a practical application to conditions. For instance, the 3,000 foreigners who work in Brantford factories, and who a few years ago knew nothing of Canadian laws or of respectable standards of living, are being handled on a "common sense" plan, as Chief Slein terms it. The authorities and others interested in the work of bettering conditions among these newcomers, visit their homes, explain the essentials of the law, confiscate their weapons to prevent assaults and wounding, and encourage them in raising the standards of life. A permanent interpreter is employed, who also conducts Bible study and other training classes which are resulting in mutual benefits to the foreigners and the city. This is but one feature of a thoroughly organized and splendidly equipped branch of public service over which Chief Slein presides and which unalterably stamps him as a man who is not content to rest on past laurels but is determined to continue to "do things."

THE CRICKET

I know a little fellow

With a coat of finest brown,
He skips and jumps from dawn of day
Until the sun goes down:—
His merry voice is ringing
You can hear it as you pass,
It's the little cricket singing
In the green sea grass!

If the road of life be thorny
And the roses fade and die,
There are fairer flowers blooming
In the land of Bye-and-Bye.
Hope and courage for to-morrow,
Tune your heart strings as you pass,
To the singing of the cricket
In the green sea grass!

E. W. P., Surburban Life.

An Optical Delusion

By Lowell Edwin Hardy

MR. "PEARLY" WALKER, of Sandblast, Lassen County, stood before the entrance to the Novelty Moving Picture Theatre on Market Street, staring moodily at the announcement of the thrilling programme being offered within. Mechanically his eye travelled over the bill-board.

Not that Pearly had any intention of witnessing the performance, for he was surfeited with such exhibitions. He had halted out of sheer force of habit.

During his brief sojourn in San Francisco Mr. Walker had done little else in the way of amusement than make the dreary rounds of the nickelodeons, until the mere sound of an automatic piano made him want to commit crime. He was in a bitter and rebellious mood. A tamer holiday he could not remember ever having spent. The only satisfaction he had so far obtained from his outing lay in the consciousness of the fact that he had fooled Frosty, and now, after three days, even this had begun to pale.

Frosty had predicted for him disaster. "You'll lose your roll the first time out," argued Mr. Ferguson, who was a person of experience and discretion, and who had always accompanied his friend upon their former visits to the metropolis, but was at present confined to the bunk-house, owing to his carelessness in allowing his horse to fall upon him the day previous. "You ain't fitted to cope with them hellions where you're going. You're too impetuous. Why, they'll see y'u coming!"

This ill-judged outburst settled the matter.

"Don't you go worrying any about me, old Foot-in-the-Gravel!" retorted

Pearly, deeply offended. "I reckon I'm able to take care of myself all right without any of your help. Huh! You ain't my nurse."

Thereupon the indignant one immediately set about packing his grip. He got a ride into Cottonwood with Shorty on the mail buck-board, and, after eating his supper at the Golden Rule Eating House, went across to Munroe's store and cashed his pay-check, making some minor purchases. At midnight he caught the south-bound Oregon Express, when it stopped for water, and noon of the next day found him in San Francisco.

Pearly was dressed for town. He wore a light brown suit with a broad silky line running through it diagonally, that he had purchased of Mr. Sol Lezinsky's Fashion Emporium in Red Bluff. A low, open-front, white linen collar encircled his sunburned neck, and lying flatly against his shirt bosom was a ready made four-in-hand tie of a brilliant red. His hat was a brand-new Stetson, and his feet were encased in a tightly fitting pair of high-heeled boots that had cost him twenty dollars in money and much pain.

But Pearly was not thinking of his clothes. His mind dwelt upon his lost opportunity. As he stared dully at the bill-board against the wall, the realization suddenly swept over him that he was going home on the morrow, and if anything was to be done to retrieve the occasion action must be had at once. He felt cautiously of his right hip-pocket, where reposed the long buckskin bag containing the fruit of a season's riding for the Mule Shoe outfit up in Lassen.

"I still got my roll, all right," he ad-

mitted grudgingly. "But what good is it? I ain't had any fun. I might as well gone to the Bluffs or stayed in Cottonwood. Nothing's happened." His gaze wandered from the poster. "I got time yet," he declared mutinously, "and I'm going to loosen up a little. They can't take anything off'n me! I ain't going to avoid 'em any, but I'll just keep an eye on 'em, that's all. Huh! Old Frosty thinks he's the only wise man on earth. I'll show him! Doggone if I ____."

Pearly's glance suddenly encountered that of the young lady who sat in the ornamental glass cage where the tickets were sold for the show inside. She was a pretty girl, and she was staring frankly at the tall, blue-eyed, sunburned young man in the wide soft hat. Startled, Pearly retired to the outer edge of the sidewalk to collect his faculties and consider. When he looked up again the girl's eyes were still upon him. A thrill crept up his spine. "I gotter feeling something's going to happen!" he muttered hopefully, as he watched her passing out tickets and change. "Here's where we start something."

Summoning his courage, Pearly waited till there was no one standing in the line, then, walking with a slight limp that was souvenir of a certain occasion when a rat-tailed roan he was breaking managed to get his rider's leg against the corral fence, he stepped boldly forward and bought a ticket.

The transaction occupied a surprisingly short space of time. Almost before Pearly was able to realize his proximity he found himself on his way inside the theatre. Amazed and chagrined, he passed out through the door on the opposite side, taking up his original position on the sidewalk.

Again he tried it, determined to have speech, but he was not quick enough. Even as he opened his mouth to speak he was carried forward and through the door by the impatient line that had formed behind him. Doggedly he persisted.

"I gotter be ready to say something as soon as I get there," he counseled.

"Betcher I make it this time. It's only a nickel a throw, and we can get acquainted on the instalment plan. Wat's a nickel? Skim another pan of milk and go ahead!"

Resorting now to strategy, he advanced on the ticket-office with a twenty-dollar gold piece ready in his hand. "I reckon that'll hold 'em a while," he figured, much pleased with himself for the idea.

He placed the coin on the shelf before her and gave a slight cough.

"Excuse me, Miss——" began Pearly, when he felt a firm grasp on his arm, and turned to find himself in the unreasoning clutches of the law, as represented by a red-faced policeman, who eyed him with extreme suspicion.

"Wadder you mean by tryin' to insult this lady?" demanded his captor, while the girl smiled upon both impartially. "I been watchin' y'u. This is the third or fourt' time I seen y'u come up to this winder, an' I'm onter y'u. Now, you chase yourself and be quick about it, or I'll run y'u in. I seen your kind before!"

"Come on!" yelled Pearly, rising to the occasion; but before he had time to be arrested for resisting an officer he was grasped by the usher, who with a determined look upon his face bore him down the aisle, making sure of him this time by placing him well up in front.

Discouraged and disheartened by this unexpected turn in his love affairs, Pearly meekly submitted. He was rapidly becoming soured and embittered toward the world.

While Mr. Walker was still considering his wrongs, his train of thought was interrupted by a man stumbling over his legs in his attempt to reach the next seat beyond. Here was another indignity. There were vacant seats all about him.

"I beg your pardon!" said the man glibly. "Very careless of me." He was a sallow individual, smooth-shaven and wearing a long, black coat that gave him the air of a travelling dentist or a Sunday-School superintendent or an under-

taker. Pearly regarded him with disfavor.

"Oh, don't mention it," he said politely. "You can't hurt this old skirt. I just put it on to-day 'cause it looked like rain. Sit down and rest your feet!"

The other started, eying the speaker sharply for a moment, and then seated himself. He professed great interest in the pictures, making no further attempt to become acquainted, but watching Pearly out of the corner of his eye. Almost immediately Pearly forgot his presence entirely, so absorbed did he become in the next scene thrown on the curtain. It was a picture of ranch life. Pearly was on his own ground.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he ejaculated presently, as he watched with growing amazement a group of cow-punchers riding some bad horses. "If that ain't pretty good!"

His neighbor turned at once toward him. "I am from the East," he said apologetically, "and know nothing of such matters. Can you tell me, sir: is this picture true to life?"

"It sure is!" replied Pearly, with enthusiasm. "That feller on the pinto hoss is no bum-actor! He's a gen-u-ine bronco-twister from Modoc, or my name ain't Percy Walker."

A quick gleam came into the other's eye. He started visibly in his seat and turned a beaming countenance upon Pearly.

"What!" he said. "Can this be the Pearly Walker that I've heard my old friend Buck Johnson, from Nevada, speak of so often?"

Pearly leaned back in his seat and stared fixedly at him with one eye, while he contracted the other into a labored wink.

"Nope," he said genially. "I'm a yellow-breasted wampus from the Nile, and I can sing do fa do. Never trust a man that wears white socks!" he added mysteriously.

Buck Johnson's friend rose somewhat hurriedly. "Excuse me," he said anxiously, "I——"

"Sure, I know how it is. Let's go 'long out and have another drink," sug-

gested Pearly, his spirits rising. "I can see your tongue hanging out right this minute, and I'm as dry as a covered bridge. Come on! Don't forget your hat."

While they were having the third drink together and were becoming real chummy, they were joined by another reveller. He was a large, loose, fattish man, with a fishy eye and a fish-oily smile, that appeared to be painted on. He was expensively dressed, and wore in place of a scarf-pin a large solitaire diamond ring through which his tie was drawn.

"I beg your pardon," he said, addressing Pearly's companion, "but I am a stranger, stopping here only a few days on business, and am not acquainted with the city. Will you direct me to some place of amusement where I can spend the evening? I will be very grateful for your kindness."

The one addressed drew himself up coldly.

"You'd better talk to the police," he said in a hard voice. "I am a stranger here, myself. I do not know you, sir." He turned to Pearly. "You can't be too careful about meeting strangers in a place like this," he said cautiously. "He may be all right, and he may not. It's best to be on the safe side."

Pearly eyed him with interest.

"There ain't nothing reckless about you, is there?" he observed dispassionately. "I betcher no girl ever runs away with you! Look a' here," he continued severely, "you must be Old Man Careful's only son, the way you talk. Where'd you learn your manners, any way? Don't you know that's no way to bite a gent's head off? He ain't done anything to you, has he? What's ailing you?" He beckoned to the newcomer, who was backing away, looking surprised and hurt.

"Come on up and have a drink," he urged hospitably. "You'll have to excuse our friend here. He's a little bilious just now, but he has a good heart. He means well but he's from the East, too. What's your name?"

"I thank you, sir," responded the

other generously, "and take no offense. My name is J. Walter Rutherford, of New York. I'm in the brokerage business, stocks and bonds. I do most of J. Pierpont Morgan's business."

"And this," said Pearly, not to be outdone, "is William Shakespeare, of England. He's in the undertaking business—coffins and embalming fluid. He's undertook most of the royal family. I don't need any introducing," he continued agreeably. "I'm Willie Bite, from Bear Valley, and I ain't in any business. I ride hoss-back 'cause I like it." He smiled warmly upon them.

"Come on, now, William and Walter," he proceeded gleefully, "and let's have a look at this town, turning it over if necessary to see what's on the other side. We all got plenty of money, I reckon, and we'll confer together from time to time about what we'd better do with it." He winked wickedly at his companions with his winking eye and drew out the well-filled buckskin sack to pay the bartender. They needed no further urging. J. Walter Rutherford called a taxi and gave the driver his instructions, displaying a surprising knowledge of the city for one who was a comparative stranger, and they departed on their round of gaiety full of enthusiasm.

It was a new sensation to the firm of "Spike" Millican and "Smiling" Jack Rhinegold to find a victim who needed no prompting. Pearly embraced the opportunity with zest and confidence. It was agreed that they wanted to see *all* the town, and they made a good, thorough job of it. From the Ocean Boulevard to Joe King's dance hall on Pacific Street, they passed none by. Toward the latter part of the evening Pearly noticed his friends' interest beginning to lag, and he remonstrated with them. They rallied like heroes, and Pearly redoubled his own efforts. At last they became mutinous, after which Pearly went it alone.

About one a.m. the trio finished up at Jimmy Gregain's place on the Barbary Coast, very tired. It had resolved itself into a test of endurance. So far

Pearly's unimpaired assimilative powers and the watchful eye he kept upon his fellow pleasure-seekers had protected his purse from covetous hands; but now he was becoming drowsy. His speech was halting and his head wobbly, but he managed to keep at least one eye open all the time, though it stared in a somewhat petrified manner.

As they entered Mr. Gregain's establishment, the partners paused for a moment at the door.

"This is terrible!" groaned J. Walter savagely. "I'm going to quit. Not another drink! I haven't treated my stomach this way in the last ten years. It'll take me a week to get over it as it is."

"It's tough all right, Jack," sympathized the other, "but we've got him going now, and he's got two or three hundred in his clothes, if he has a cent. He's watching us, and I don't want to try frisking him yet; but I'm going to give him the 'stuff' this time, and it'll be all off with him in just about a minute. Don't give up the ship—I'll be back in no time. You go on in."

After some delay all were seated in a little booth just off the main floor, where mirth and music reigned. A waiter appeared shortly with a tray upon which were three glasses. Without hesitation, he placed one of the glasses before the man from Lassen and passed the tray on to the others. The three drank.

Five minutes later conversation between them had ceased. Pearly had slid down into his chair, and all the symptoms of approaching slumber were his. He was breathing heavily, his head dropped forward on his chest, but always he kept one eye fixed upon his companions, ceaselessly vigilant. A grim half-smile illumined his flushed countenance. The two waited with ill-concealed impatience for him to succumb.

At the end of another five minutes J. Walter rose and slipped from the room. Outside, he called the bartender to him.

"See here, Soapy," he demanded irritably, "what's the matter with you, any way! Don't you know how to mix

'em any more, or are you trying to throw us down? Spike and me's been sitting up with that guy in there for half a hour since he took the stuff, and he's as wide awake as you are this minute, a-watching us like a hawk. What have you got to say for yourself?" Soap met his gaze squarely.

"Nothin'. If that boob downed the drink I sent in to him, he's goin' to slumber all right, and don't you worry. I gave him the pure quill."

"Well, he don't show any signs of it," returned his questioner sourly. "Let's give him another dose. We want to go to bed."

"Nix! Do you want put his light out for keeps an' get us all pinched? I'm no strong-arm man. Nothin' doin'! Run along."

The protestant returned reluctantly to his vigil.

Twenty minutes later Pearly moved uneasily in his chair and groaned. Suddenly he roused up and looked dazedly about him. He rose heavily to his feet and rubbed one hand across his eyes. The other he let slip down across the lower edge of his vest on the left side, where between his trouser-band and his shirt he carried his gun when he was in town.

Satisfied, he stepped quickly between his friends and the door; and it was only then that he reached around to his right hip-pocket. The purse was still there! A surprised grin spread over Pearly's face. The watchers stared dully at him, without speaking.

"Why, hello, Old Timers!" said Pearly, rather thickly but still cheerful. "You still here! Less all go have 'nother drink at the bar. Lass 'one they brought in here didn't taste just right to me. Then I'm goin't bed. 'Skittin' late."

He looked from one to the other. Neither spoke. J. Walter glared fiercely back to him. Pearly turned to his partner.

"I don't believe I'll have any, either," said that gentleman weakly.

"Just as you say, boysh," remarked Pearly approvingly. "I think you've had enough, myself. Sorry to leave you, but I gotter go t' bed. Shee you again, I hope." He backed out of the door, pausing only to smile upon them with intoxicated archness and to throw each a kiss before he disappeared.

When Pearly reached his room at the hotel he lit the light and carefully locked the door. Then he placed his gun and his watch on the bureau before him and drew from his pocket the buckskin bag. He gazed with approval upon his reflection in the mirror. The contents of the yellow sack were somewhat depleted; but what of that; It was beside the matter entirely. The bag still remained in his possession! He could face the unbelieving Frosty in triumph. He chuckled gaily to himself as he disrobed.

"They never touched me!" he murmured joyously. "Betcher if it was Old Frosty they'd a' got him. He ain't so wise!" He paused suddenly with his shirt half off and a puzzled, anxious look came into his face.

"By Jinks! I thought sure I was a goner that time I dozed off. Seemed to me I was asleep about an hour, but I reckon I couldn't 'a' been or they'd 'a' rolled me sure. Huh! I was too many for 'em—that's what's the matter." He winked at himself in the glass, put out the light, and climbed into bed, still chuckling.

He was just dropping off to sleep when he suddenly started up with a muttered exclamation, got out of bed, and stumbled across the room in the dark. He fumbled a moment at the wash-stand, filling a glass with water, into which he slipped a small object, and then returned to his couch, gently chiding himself.

"You durned old fool!" he murmured sleepily, as he once more drew the covers up over him. "You come mighty near forgetting to take that blamed glass eye of your'n out again! You been drinking—that's what's the matter with you!"



Three wives of one man.

Where Women Want No Vote

LIFE OF THE SILENT, VEILED WOMEN OF THE TURKISH DOMAINS IS
ONE OF CLOISTERED SECLUSION AND CONSTANT SUBSERVIENCY

By Felix J. Koch

In this day of the militant suffragette and the agitation for an extension of women's rights in all the civilized countries of the world, it may seem a strange contrast to direct attention to the women of Turkey. And yet a most interesting account might be written, with features of real news value, of the conditions under which Turkish women live. That, indeed, is precisely what the writer of the following article has attempted—a striking portrayal of the Women of the Terrible Turk, drawn by one who has gained his information from extended travel and trained observation.

APART from all that the writers of blood-curdling melodramas would have us mis-led into believing about the home life of the Mohammedan there is a fascination always to the silent, veiled women of the Turkish domains. The woman of the Terrible Turk is a study to be made in vignettes when you can, or better, when you may.

One of the great students of Turkish conditions was wont to recount how the continued existence of the Ottoman clan was due to three causes. The first of these was the extraordinary force displayed by the descendants of Othman, the Tartar chief of Khorassan. Sprung from a stock welded into iron by the endless strife of the great Asiatic

desert, they mated always with women picked for some separate charm, either of beauty or captivity. So the Sultans have been great personages, soldiers, statesmen, tyrants, almost all. The other two causes have not to do with the women—but these dames are interesting, nevertheless. Their salient characteristic, to the Occidental at least, is the veils which they wear.

and-So, who has a pretty daughter. At other times it may be the girl's relatives who recommend her to him, by letter or in person. Now and then, where a girl has known a man from childhood, she meets him slyly, and uncovers to him her fair face. From thirteen or fourteen years of age on veiling is enforced on the women.

If he be satisfied at the prospect, the



A scene in the shopping district of Turkey.

In the Herzegovina, one of the lost provinces of the empire, this hood is perhaps the largest in the world. Well back inside it, to make assurance doubly sure against the face being seen, a veil is drawn taut. The origin of this veiling is lost in antiquity. Perhaps with these folk it came from Arabia, where men also veil, to keep the desert sands from the eyes. More likely it was brought in at the time when a pretty woman was everywhere unsafe.

When a Mohammedan would take a wife, in consequence, he goes by hearsay. His mother will tell him of Such-

couple become engaged—at least, such it might be called. Her father and he settle the day when the groom may get his bride, and this may be on the morrow or in a month. The Hodja or priest comes to the house, and asks the bride if she be willing.

Her male representative answers "Yes," thrice over—it matters little what her wish might be. Then the dower to be paid, in the event of the husband divorcing his wife, is settled and put in writing. This may be anything from \$3.20 to \$3,200. Divorce may be had for no apparent cause—the hus-



Women as they appear in public on the streets of Turkish cities.

band need only tell his wife, before witnesses, to go. Children belong to the father, for, says the *Koran*, "They bear his name."

To-day the limit is set at three wives to a man, excepting for the Sultan, who may have wives in limitless numbers. As a rule, the Mussulman has but one wife, or two at the most. The oldest wife rules the household. Frequently the young couple go to live with the husband's parents. Sometimes, too, there are elopements—particularly when a girl's father is known to be opposed to a match, while the bridegroom's people favor it. Hard, indeed, it is, then, to find milady, for the women's apartment of a Turkish home is sacred against intrusion, and when on the streets she is ever deeply veiled.

By and by, however, the errant husband will visit the girl's father, well fortified with presents, and he is appeased, or at least reconciled. Where weddings are of more usual sort, the girl's father, on the other hand, will give gifts of

house service. It costs from eighty dollars to a hundred and twenty dollars to fit out an ordinary home, two or three rooms here. The New Turks make use of beds, the Old sleep on mattresses on the floor, when they can afford them.

There are other innovations now, as well, the liberal Moslem even drinking beer in his home to-day. On the other hand, in places, utmost orthodoxy prevails, and women occupy separate mosques from the men, or else may only visit a given mosque, if no men be there.

The spirit of change and progress is, of course, most manifest in the big cities. Salonica, notably, often presents sights as up to date as those of any city of Europe. Little girls, as attest the photo, will not hesitate to come up to the school fence at recess time, and, seeing the lad of their particular choice—uncover their faces to him, as no woman, let alone a girl, would have dared to have done two decades since.

But do not imagine this to be univer-



Moslem women of Bulgaria in their peculiar street garb.

sally the custom. The lines of Byron still apply to the Nearer East:

Here woman's voice is never heard
apart,

And scarce permitted, guarded, veil-
ed, to move,

She yields to one her body and her
heart,

Tamed in her cage—nor feels a wish
to rove.

The life of the Harem, if changing, is doing so very slowly, and without much telling to the world without. Sometimes, as one passes, voices, raised in anger, come from the houses, but the cause, one can only guess.

Woman is woman the world about, and even the Turkish damsel loves to "shop." So you see her at her best on the Grand Bazaar. The guild system of industry obtains here, and so prices for a given article are the same in every shop well nigh. Rock-bottom prices,

that is! Wages paid the apprentices are the same throughout the bazaars. This reduces competition to a minimum, and bazaar-keepers' lives are the idlest of all the lazy East. Traveling coffee vendors do a good business what between shoppers and shop folk. So, too, do the sellers of *ju-jube* paste, or Turkish delight, as it is called.

When the trade is slack and the bazaar-keeper is not partaking of these things, he is at the *nargileh* or water pipe; his eye, the while, feasting on the array of embroideries and filigrees on his shelves. He is fond of barter as a pastime — maybe because it is his only chance of a chat with these mysterious women buyers. He shakes his head right and left for *yes*, and up and down for *no*. He knows given voices, he has heard them so often—all women of a given region dress identically the same. Their face is, of course, hidden.

Here and there on the bazaar, Spanish Jews sell pomegranates to the wo-



Turkish girls revealing their faces to students behind the walls of a Turkish school.

men. The pomegranate is to them much what the apple is with us, a staple of the fruiterer. Now and then it is taken with sugar—oftener without. The juice is employed in dyeing the cloth for the *fezes*, and so hedges are planted on the shrubs, at the roadside.

Up over the fruiterer's shelves a clock may stand, that milady may know when it's time to be returning, and on these Moslem clocks one notes that the hour hand is the longest.

But Harem life, despite these shop-pings and the occasional outing to the country, is a cloistered, silent life. In the smaller towns, especially, the quiet of the streets of Harems or homes impresses itself on the traveler. Only the

dogs, with their litters, housed in the crannies of the garden walls break the silence, and these only if a strange dog enter their particular by-way.

Walls stretch from house to house, and in these, the doors bear great knockers, which one uses before entering, that such dames as may be in the courtyard may take to the house, or cover.

Through the lattices sometimes you see women peeping out at passers. Now and then a guitar's notes pierce from the walls.

But otherwise it is a world of mystery—a women's world unto itself, to which no man, save nearest relatives, may ever hope to penetrate.

Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

The Business Side of Campaigning

Stupendous Task of Directing National Political Campaigns is Accomplished by
Business Methods and Modern Organization at Enormous Expense.

SHORTLY before his death Senator Hanna prophesied that the steady growth of the campaign fund would soon require the organization by each national committee of a bank or trust company. Time has not yet verified the prediction. The curtailment rather than the growth of campaign contributions is leading to the application of scientific management and strict business principles to the conduct of a national campaign. The inner recess of a national committee's headquarters now might be, to all appearances, the airy of a train despatcher or the conning-tower of a War Secretary on the eve of a decisive battle. An official map dotted with pegs and veined with different colored threads represents a bird's-eye view of the distribution of oratorical talents. Each peg is labeled with the name of a man or a woman. Instructions are given by wire and the movements of the various speakers are as accurately recorded as the movements of a train in a railroad schedule. Headquarters, remarks Katherine Graves Busbey in the Sunday Magazine, are no longer a luxuriously furnished suite in a fashionable hotel. They are offices in a business building, and there is the crisp, commercial snap of a well-conducted business about the atmosphere.

"In the good old days, when the campaign fund, once started, took substance and girth unto itself as silently and swiftly as a rolling snowball, and any protest against the 'fat-frying' of protected interests, 'blocks of five,' or 'shaking the

plum-tree" of insurance companies and banking concerns were regarded as the protest of the disappointed—like the cannibal complaining to the missionary that a neighboring clan 'have killed and eaten my father without offering me one little bit,'—a conservative estimate of the total cost of a presidential campaign, including the smaller campaigns in every State carried on in connection with it, would not have fallen far short of eight million dollars. The national committee headquarters must have had fully half of this sum at its disposal, and no accounting of the disbursement thereof was expected. Naturally, intrigue and subterranean management and waste became prime forces in dissipating this enormous fund. . . .

"Undoubtedly the realization that great sums of money could no longer supply the sinews of political warfare accomplished the amputation of a deep-incrusted gangrene of graft; but with all possible economy the election of a president costs money. A campaign fund is an absolute necessity so long as we have campaigns. The national headquarters of the Republican party handled about two millions at the last election, the Democratic headquarters used less than a million, but it cost two hundred thousand dollars to elect Abraham Lincoln in 1864, and at that time the body of voters was only about a fourth of the some sixteen millions of to-day, and now there are forty-eight States to be covered.

"Moreover, since the change to business-

like methods, other new and legitimate drafts on the campaign fund have been acquired. The organization has come to be as extensive as that of the executive offices of a great railroad system, and the cost of maintaining the national headquarters, with the paid force of employees ranging from forty to a hundred men and women, often amounts to three thousand dollars a day."

The work of the campaign embraces the distribution of literature and the distribution of oratory. The sum of three hundred thousand dollars for postage is needed to send a single sealed document or letter to every American voter. The distribution of a single important speech in printed form to a limited contingent has cost national committees as much as five thousand dollars. And in the last campaign twenty such speeches were delivered and circulated.

"When Senator Root, then Secretary of State, made his famous emergency speech at Utica, New York, at the close of the 1904 campaign, presses all over the State were set in action printing millions of copies of it. The cost of the issue was between fifty and sixty thousand dollars; but it is supposed to have saved the State for Mr. Roosevelt.

"The printer's devil of the countryside can, during one of these political contests for national supremacy, attend all the ball games without killing a grandmother to justify his holiday; for there hangs in the national committee rooms a list of all country newspapers with a circulation of over sixteen hundred, and all country weeklies are supplied with 'patent insides' of partisan news and comment. All the country dailies desiring the service may have stereotyped stuff absolutely free, and proof slips are mailed to more important papers. The great rise in popularity of the ready-to-wear garments in trade has hardly been more rapid than the development of the ready-to-print plates and ready-to-circulate supplements as propaganda in a campaign.

"It is a varied output,—editorial sheets, political news and comment, cartoons and campaign poetry. The use of the pithy, poetic tirade and long doggered parody by the rival parties has largely subsided; the mascot ditty like Mr. Clark's 'Houn' Dawg Song' representing about the sole survivor of this form of campaign ammunition."

Cartoonists employed at headquarters receive salaries larger than that of a United States Senator. The miscellaneous literary output from national headquarters figures up prodigiously. Two hundred million documents issued for the Republican campaign

alone, printed in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, Dutch and Hebrew, will be shipped by the carload to the chairmen of local committees who attend to the distribution. Posters and advertisements in newspapers require skilled specialists to be effective. The activity of the spellbinders demands no less attention. One hears of fees of ten thousand dollars paid to noted orators for campaign services, and frequently of fees of three hundred dollars a night; but, we are told in the army of spell binders the salary rarely exceeds two hundred dollars a week, and the average is fifty dollars a week and expenses. "Still," Miss Busbey goes on to explain, "the pay envelopes of some five thousand orators, even irregularly in action, do mount up. The silvery eloquence of a campaign costs over two hundred thousand dollars, and every time a great meeting is held in a city like New York the incidentals call for perhaps four thousand dollars. If a torchlight parade is to precede it, from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand dollars more must be provided."

"Just how much is accomplished by this modern oratorical army is difficult to compute. The national committees of all parties claim that converts are made in this way, and that in doubtful districts it has been the means of winning enough votes from the opposition to make a decisive majority. It is undoubtedly the most effective method yet discovered of holding to a party those who have already yielded up their consciences and the most efficient weapon for routing that dread 'General Apathy'; for awakening an interest in a community of rock-ribbed partisans who nevertheless have sunk into a sort of dignified coma and need stirring up 'to get out the full party strength.'"

Various "picturesque features" have become "small by degrees and beautifully less." They filled no ballot boxes, and—we are a practical people. The leaders discovered that the people were tired of the glittering generalities of the average political bunkum; they were not to be herded by party lash nor stampeded with political claptrap from the stump.

"Therefore, the modern spellbinder, the 'mercenary' if you will, like the man of business, the soldier, the Salvation Army evangelist, concerns himself more with results than conventional methods, with matter rather than form. He is a man who has something to say and knows how to say it well. He is logical, cold, emphatic, and makes his points by telling pithy facts and

figures, clearly, fairly, and succinctly stated. So far as it is possible for his manager, the chief of the speakers' bureau, to mold him, his speeches come within Froude's brief definition of Caesar's style where he says that the Roman spoke 'without ornament, but directly to the purpose.'

Spellbinding *de luxe* is reached in the special train tour in which the candidates themselves and the political headliners indulge. They must be pretty "big guns" to be thus favored, since the expense of this exclusive form of railroad transportation, now that the Railway Rate Bill has eliminated all special concessions, averages about three hundred dollars a day. These cars, equipped with speakers, stenogra-

phers, press correspondents, literature distributors, etc., are routed in the same manner as a theatrical troupe. An advance man, marking the itinerary, precedes the "star." By carefully calculated schedules one hundred meetings may be addressed in one week. The most significant feature of modern campaigning is the fact that all transactions are on a strictly cash basis. A week after the polls are closed all bills are paid. In 1888, the writer reminds us, the Republican headquarters collapsed with a debt of a million and a half—approximately the sum handled by the Republican national committee in the 1908 election, which left no deficit, but instead a small sinking fund.

The Birth of the Baby Bond

Rapid Growth of Bond Expressed in Three Instead of Four Ciphers Indicates Thrift in Purchase of Securities of the Highest Grade.

THE birth of the Baby Bond—a bond expressed in three instead of four ciphers—points to the fact that we are beginning to develop the quality we most lack as a nation—thrift. Each year, remarks the Financial world, the one-hundred-dollar-denomination bond increases in popularity. Each year finds more bond-dealers considering the advisability of cultivating business of this character, while railroads and corporations no longer turn a deaf ear to the demand of the small investor. The time is not far distant when the annual purchases of small denomination bonds will run into hundreds of millions, for our capacity to absorb such issues is far greater than that of France, where this form of investment has been especially favored. How well the French deserve their reputation as a nation of investors is strikingly illustrated by the outcome of a state railway loan recently brought out in Paris. The offering, which was for sixty million dollars of four per cent. bonds at par, was oversubscribed more than thirty-two times. By far the larger portion of this enormous total was made up of subscriptions from small shopkeepers, farmers and working men.

In France, Mr. John Grant Dater explains in *Munsey's*, the humblest citizens may participate with the wealthiest capitalist in buying securities of the highest grade, for all important French loans are issued

in denominations as low as one hundred and five hundred francs, or twenty and one hundred dollars. Our capitalists and corporation managers think and act in millions, and cater primarily to men of wealth. Ninety-nine per cent. of the total capitalization of legitimate American corporations is represented by stocks of a par value of one hundred dollars and by bonds of a denomination of one thousand dollars, or "multiples thereof." We pursue a policy which excludes countless investors from participating in most of our best bond issues by making the denominations of the bonds too large. "If," the writer goes on to say, "bankers would inculcate the saving habit among their clients; if they would prevent the tremendous ravages of the get-rich-quick promoter, with the consequent heavy loss to legitimate industry, they should make it possible for investors of slender means to buy securities of the best character."

"For one man who can purchase a thousand-dollar bond, there are probably fifty, and perhaps a hundred, who could buy a hundred-dollar bond; and they would do so, too, if securities of the highest grade were readily available for purchase in amounts or pieces suitable for persons of limited resources.

"Not only is the money of the small investor worth saving, and worth having,

but nothing is better calculated to beat down opposition and win friends for honest corporations and constructive enterprises than to bring many men of small and moderate means into the companies as investors. Such persons would not be so prone to criticize themselves or to brook the intermeddling of demagogues if they had direct personal interest in great legitimate undertakings.

"Moreover, much ignorant hostility toward Wall Street would probably disappear if bonds of the best character, safe securities, were brought within the reach of the man with a small pocketbook. Though Wall Street may not appreciate it, countless people who have been swindled in fake stocks,

because they did not know how or where to buy better securities, believe that their misfortunes are chargeable to Wall Street, with which they associate every one who deals in stocks."

Even now, T. B. Lyon points out in Investments, all U. S. Government bonds and a large number of municipal issues can be purchased in hundred-dollar denominations. There are also well known railroad, public utility and industrial Baby Bonds.

These bonds yield from four to six per cent. Most of them are listed on the Stock Exchange. There is always, we are informed, a market for Baby Bonds; they can be instantly turned into cash.

Another Universe Beyond the Stars

**This World is Merely a Part of Vast Spiral Stellar System, According to
Theory of Leading European Astronomer.**

SINCE 1907 the writer has devoted a considerable part of his time to the spectroscopic observation of the spiral nebulae, writes Dr. Edward Arthur Fath in the September "Century." One result of this work was the discovery of fourteen absorption lines in the spectrum of the Andromeda nebula which corresponded, line for line, with absorption lines in the solar spectrum. A photograph of the spectrum of the sun taken with the same instrument looks precisely like that of this particular nebula. This implies that the Andromeda nebula has the physical characteristics of the sun. The nebula is four times the apparent diameter of the sun. Its distance is not known, but a conservative estimate would place it among the nearer stars. If we make this assumption it places the nebula at least ten million times as far away as the sun is from the earth. Consequently its real dimensions are at least forty million times those of the sun. Since the diameter of the latter is 866,000 miles we obtain nearly 35,000,000,000,000 miles as the diameter of the nebula.

Now, this great body gives a solar spectrum. What does this mean? The simplest assumption, considering its enormous size, appears to be that it is a vast assemblage

of suns so far from us that no telescope has been able to show the suns separately. If it be true, however, that the nebula is so far away that its component stars cannot be distinguished, then it must be at a much greater distance than we first assumed; in other words we must place it not among the stars, for these can be seen separately in the telescope, but beyond the stars. This would make it another universe. Our own universe we shall call the Milky Way, for there is good reason to believe that the stars which make up the Milky Way as we see it, together with the other stars, form a single system.

What form has the Milky Way? For many years there has been a theory that it too has a spiral arrangement, but not until very recently has there been much evidence in support of it. Within the last few months, however, Prof. Kapteyn, the great European astronomer, has brought forward evidence which points in this direction. Without going into the matter further, it can be said that we must at least recognize the possibility of our being a part of a vast spiral stellar system and having the privilege, when we look at the Andromeda nebula to see ourselves as others see us.

Determination is a Business Builder

Success Not so Much the Result of External Conditions as it is That of a Man's Mind—Determination Brings Accomplishment.

VERY few people make a habit of determination. Ask your friend who is adding a new department to his business or is marketing a new commodity what he thinks of his chances of success, and he will tell you that he believes he is on a good thing. Ask him if he is sure and he will likely look upon you as a fool.

A man will determine to take a step of this nature, but he does not often determine to make it succeed, declares The Organizer, the British Business Magazine. Put two men of equal capacity up against the same job. Suppose one of them makes up his mind that at all costs he will win, while the other, however enthusiastic, merely believes he will win, and you create two entirely different propositions with different chances.

Most men do not start a new project with the fixed determination to succeed; they think they do. They start something which they think ought to pay; they may be right. They work at it for a time, and as the inevitable difficulties are met their enthusiasm gradually cools. Although they may not admit the fact to themselves, they are continually in a vague state of wonderment as to whether they will in the end be able to overcome all the difficulties or whether the latter will overcome them.

We agree that the man who makes up his mind to win through usually has a different sort of personality. He is a stronger and a rarer type; but most of us, whatever our personalities may be, would have a far greater chance of success if only we made up our mind not to start a thing unless we were sure we were prepared to see it through.

You see, a man does not determine, as a rule, to do a thing which it is impossible for him to do.

For instance, you could not come to a determination to butt one of the Trafalgar Square Lions off its pedestal; you know perfectly well that, however hard your head may be, the attempt would be useless.

You do not come to a determination to do a thing unless you have made up your mind, by taking every practical means to assure yourself, that that thing can be done, and it is for want of this preliminary investigation of the difficulties and possibilities that so many men go astray.

A man does not decide to do a thing, come what may, if he has not got enough data on which to form some conclusion of what may come. He believes and thinks and hopes things will go all right—that is all.

Success is not nearly so much the result of external conditions as it is that of a man's mind. A man builds success within himself. He has gone more than half way towards accomplishment when he has come to a determination to accomplish.

Only a little while ago we came across a case which illustrated the necessity for determination. A young man of capacity and energy had started a factory. He had invested his money and expected to succeed.

Naturally he met heaps of trouble and difficulty, and the day came when he said, "Is the game worth the candle?" and he asked us to have a look at his proposition for him.

There was no doubt that he had selected a pretty hard row to hoe. Amongst other things he wanted more capital, and it was really the question of putting in further money that crystallized his doubts and misgivings.

But when one came to really dig into the facts and figures there was no doubt that the business could be made successful.

Together we did our best to look the proposition straight in the face. We took the difficulties one by one, and said, "Is this something we cannot overcome?" and we found that we could not give "best" to any of them. Not only did we examine those that had presented themselves in the past—we tried to look ahead and think of all those that were going to crop up in the future.

The verdict was in favor of the business, and we said to our friend, "You have been wondering for a good long time whether this business is going to succeed. You have never made up your mind to make it succeed, but now you see you can succeed if you will succeed. What are you going to do about it?"

It looked good enough to him to make it succeed, and he came to a determination, and that business has had a different spirit and an entirely different chance ever since. He is succeeding. There is no longer any doubt about it. He is having plenty of difficulties, and will have for a time, but he has given up looking at each one as a possible coup de grace.

Pleasure and Profit in Travel

"When People Travel for Pleasure, Pleasure is What They Travel for,"

But How Many Are There Who get it at a Reasonable Outlay?

PERHAPS it is rather late in the season to preach sermons on travel. Besides some people are ready to take advice on any subject but that of taking care of themselves while away from home. But a great many people have yet a great many things to learn about traveling—its pleasures and profits.

Writing in Lippincott's Magazine, W. J. Lampton holds it is practically undebatable that when people travel for pleasure, pleasure is what they travel for. Yet how many get it, or, if they do get it, find that the wear and tear in mind, body, and pocket-book have been almost prohibitive? And why is it thus? The answer is easy. It is because those who travel are not philosophers. And not mere philosophers, but profound philosophers. Unless they are that, they will find that pleasure in travel is a delusion and a snare, a burden and a disappointment. The ordinary traveler comes home after his trip, long or short as it may be, swearing mad and worn to a frazzle. The philosophic traveler gets back home serene and satisfied. There's a reason for this. Listen. First off, before the traveler sets forth on his journey, he must be fully assured that travelers in general are the legitimate prey of everybody who is not traveling, that is to say, who is at home, trying to make just as much money as he can without violating the Constitution and the by-laws. Sometimes the limit is exceeded, but this is usually not intended, or, if intended, the violator tries to make it only so far beyond that the traveler will not think it worth while to delay his journey in order to get even. When the traveler is thoroughly convinced that he is the legitimate prey of everybody who is not traveling, he will permit himself to be overcharged, to be ill-treated, to be swindled in small things, to be neglected for more profitable travelers, to be rammed and jammed and generally imposed upon, and will take it all composedly and in good humor, knowing that he is only getting what is coming to him, and that if any of his fellow-travelers are not treated likewise they more than make up for it in what they have to pay for immunity.

Secondly, to be comfortable, the traveler must not go forth expecting to practise home economies. What he must do is to

set aside a certain sum as traveling expenses and let it go freely, reserving only so much as will get him home again by the shortest route. When he goes to his train or boat, he should go in a cab. It costs more, but he gets there without being tired out carrying hand luggage, or worried because the street car is held up and he has just time to get aboard, hot and puffing and mad and ugly all over. He should ride in a parlor car, if by day, or a sleeper, if by night, because in either case he is sure of his place and is not crowded in like a steer in a stock-car. It costs more, but what is his traveling fund for? Isn't he traveling for pleasure? Then why not have it? He can practise economy at home. When he goes to a hotel, he should go to a good one—not necessarily the most expensive, because that is often not the best, but to a good one, where he will have comfortable lodging and edible food. It may cost him four or five dollars a day, and he could save as much as two dollars a day by going to a cheap place, but is he traveling for that? He is not. He is traveling for pleasure, and often tells people so. He likes to do it, because it sounds more elegant than to say he makes his living as a traveling man. It really is more elegant, because travelers for pleasure are supposed to have money, while the other kind haven't. That's why they have to travel.

The comforts of travel constitute one of its chief pleasures, and to have comforts one must pay for them. The traveler who expects to do this, and has his mind fully made up not to economize, will find it a great relief to give no thought to the passing dollar. Let it go. That's what it was saved up for, so why try to retain it, or mourn its loss? He may not always get his money's worth—indeed, he seldom will—but if he realizes that fully when he starts out, he will be disappointed if he has a dollar left when he gets home again. The great difficulty with the great majority of travelers is that they think they can take their home customs and ideas along with them and fit them to all other people and places. They cannot. The only way to travel for pleasure is for the traveler to fit himself to other people, places, and conditions, and pay the cost of it cheerfully, knowing that it need not continue long if he doesn't want it to.

Prospects of the Man Who Believes Something

Greatest Business Gift is "To Make Other People Believe in Themselves and Look Up to Themselves"

IN the Organizer, Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Inspired Millionaires," declares that the greatest gift the modern business man can have is the gift of making other people believe in themselves and look up to themselves.

Most people would say at first thought, perhaps, that Wilbur Wright, when he flew around over the heads of the people in New York a few years ago, a black speck above a whole city with its heads up, was not doing much for modern business.

But the real importance of the flying machine does not stop short with a little delicate, graceful thing walking, as it were, on the air instead of the ground.

The big and revolutionary thing about Wilbur Wright's flying was that he changed the minds of the whole human race in a few minutes about something. There was a particular thing that for forty thousand years they knew they couldn't do; and now they could.

It naturally follows now—and it lies in the mind of every man who lives—that there must be other particular things. And as nine men out of ten are in business, most of these particular things are going to be done in business.

The Wilbur Wright spirit is catching

It is as if a lid had been lifted off the world.

One sees everywhere business men going about the streets expecting new things of themselves and one another. They expect things of the very ground, and of the air, and of one another they had not dared expect before.

And all in an astonishing degree because Wilbur Wright flew above New York.

He has touched the imagination of men about themselves. They were profoundly moved because they saw him in their presence inventing a new kind and a new size of human being. He raised the standard of impossibility, and built an annexe on to the planet while they looked, took a great strip off of space three miles wide and folded it softly on to the planet all the way round before their eyes.

For three miles more—three miles further up above the ground there was a space where human beings would have to stop saying "I can't," and "You can't," and "We can't." If people want to say "I

can't" and "You can't" they will have to say it further and further away from this planet now. Let them try Mars.

The modern imagination takes to impossibilities naturally with Wilbur Wright against the horizon. The thing we next cannot believe is the next thing to expect.

Things Nobody Believed.

Nobody would have believed ten years ago that an architect could be invented who would tell a man that his house would cost him £10,000, and then hand him back £500 when he had finished it. But the man has been invented; he invented himself.

He represents the owner, and does as the owner would be done by if he did it himself—if he had the technical knowledge and the time to do it.

Nobody would have believed a few years ago that a railway president, when he had occasion to reduce the wages of several thousand employees 10 per cent., would begin by reducing his own salary 30 per cent., and the salary of all the officials all the way down 15 or 20 per cent.

Nobody would have believed some time ago that an organizing inventor would be evolved who would meet his directors and tell them that if they would have their work done in their mills in three shifts instead of two the men would work so much better that it would not cost the company more than 10 per cent. more to offer the better conditions. But such an organizing inventor has been invented, and has proved his case.

Luther Burbank has made a chestnut tree, eighteen months old, bear chestnuts, and it has always taken from ten to twenty-five years to make a tree furnish its first chestnut before.

The other day in a New England city I saw a man who had been a president for an Electric Light Company for twenty years, who had invented a public service corporation that worked. Since he took office and dictated the policy of the company every single overture for more expensive equipment in the electric lighting of the city has come from the company, and every single overture for reducing the rate to consumers has come from the company.

The consumption of electricity in the city is the largest per capita in the world, and

the rate is the cheapest in the country, and incidentally the company so trusts the people that they let them have electricity without meters, and the people so trust the company that they save its electricity as they would their own.

Even the man without a conscience who would be mean if he could, is brought to terms, and knows that if he refrains from leaving his lights burning all night when he goes to bed he is not merely saving the company's electricity, but his own. He knows that he is reducing his own and everybody's price for electricity, and not merely increasing the profits of the company.

It makes another kind of man slowly out of thousands of men every day, every night, who are turning on and turning off their lights in this spirit.

The Electric Light Company has come to have a daily, an almost hourly, influence on the way men do business and go about their work in that city, the motives and assumptions with which they bargain with one another, that is: an influence on their religion that might be envied by twenty churches.

All that had happened was that a magnificent and wilful personality—the kind that went on crusades and took cities in other ages—had appeared at last and proposed to do the same sort of thing in business. He proposed to express his soul—just as it was—in business the way other people had expressed theirs for a few hundred years in poetry or more easy and conventional ways.

If he could not have made the electric

light business say the things about people and about himself that he liked and that he believed, he would have had to make some other business say them.

One of the things he had most wanted to say and prove in business was the economic value of being human, the enormous business saving that could be effected by being believed in.

He preferred being believed in himself in business, and he knew other people would prefer it, and he was sure that if, as people said, "being believed in did not pay," it must be because being believed in had not been properly organized, because ways of inventing faith in people, the technique of trust, had not been invented.

He found himself invited to take charge of the Electric Light Company at a time when it was insolvent and in disgrace with the people, and he took the corporation in hand on the specific understanding that he should be allowed to put his soul into it, that he should be allowed his own way for three years—in believing in people and in inventing ways of getting believed in as much as he liked.

The last time I saw him, though he is old and nearly blind, and while as he talked there lay a darkness on his eyes, there was a great light in his face.

He had besieged a city with the shrewdness of his faith, and conquered a hundred thousand men by believing in them more than they themselves could.

By believing in them shrewdly, and by thinking out ways of expressing that belief, he had invented a corporation—a public service corporation—that had a soul, and consequently worked!

A Russian View of the British People of To-day

"The Land of Knights has Become a Land of Burghers, Bereft of Warlike Spirit it once Possessed"

IT is sometimes well to see ourselves from a foreign viewpoint. At any rate it is usually enlightening. The Contemporary Review has been gathering some foreign opinions of the British people, among which one from Russia is of particular interest. It is written by M. Menshikoff, and appeared in the *Novoye Vremya*, and as the Contemporary Review remarks, is well worth reading. This publicist holds that England

"has ceased to be a military country in the serious meaning of this term. She has lost the warlike instinct, the instinct of chivalry which seeks out enemies and, if weapons are at hand, enters into combat with them. At present England possesses weapons, and more formidable weapons than her foe can boast. But she lacks the dash which should move her to employ them. Manifestly the enormous riches acquired

by her people have produced their inevitable effect. The land of Knights has become a land of burghers, bereft of the war-like character it once possessed. It dreads war, holds it in secret abhorrence. If in bygone days England built a navy for war, to-day she builds one against war, in order to stave it off. Whether these are wise tactics time will show. I personally believe that what really conquers is not so much the means of fighting as the desire to fight. Of the world-powers which struggled for the mastery before the birth of Christ, Carthage was wealthier than Rome, and for that reason was more burgher-like and less inclined to wage war. Well, I am afraid that commercial England has inherited, besides certain strains of Phoeni-

cian blood, the historical role of Carthage. Carthage also built fleets and got together a coalition against Rome, but always put off the day when the enemy might have been crushed. She postponed and postponed, until at last she fell herself under the iron heel of her rival. . . . Of the two nations, Germany is characterised by the inertia of attack, England by that of retreat. What is the real meaning of being prepared to fight, yet not fighting? It connotes the acknowledgment in the depths of one's soul that one is defeated. To delay until tomorrow what should be done to-day is to proclaim that one will be bankrupt to-morrow. . . . Germany feels that she will get ample time to deploy all her forces, and she is deploying them accordingly.

Marconi's Plans for the World

Wireless Transmission of all Power for Heating, Light, and Fertilization of Fields Predicted by Wizard

"WITHIN the next two generations we shall have not only wireless telephony and telegraphy, but also wireless transmission of all power for individual and corporate use, wireless heating and light, and wireless fertilizing of fields.

"When all that has been accomplished—as it surely will be—mankind will be free from many of the burdens imposed by present economic conditions."

"In the wireless era the government will necessarily be the owner of all the great sources of power. This will naturally bring railways, telegraph and telephone lines, great ocean-going vessels, and great mills and factories into public ownership. It will sweep away the present enormous corporations and will bring about a semi-socialistic state.

"I am not personally a socialist; I have small faith in any political propaganda; but I do believe that the progress of invention will create a state which will realize most of the present dreams of the socialists.

"The coming of the wireless era will make war impossible, because it will make war ridiculous.

"The inventor is the greatest revolutionist in the world."

The man who made these startling predictions is not a visionary, but one who

already has to his credit one of the greatest material achievements of modern times—Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of the wireless telegraph.

I was talking with the wizard about his great invention, and I listened enraptured as he opened up before me his plans for the future development of the wireless idea, writes Ivan Naredny in the *Technical World Magazine*.

Proceeding he outlines these changes as follows:

A step further in the progress of wireless stands wireless lighting, heating and transmission of motor power. Each of these systems is based on the same principle as of wireless telegraphy, only the transmitting and receiving instruments are different and the vibrations of the etheric waves have a different nature, intensity and length. The so-called high-potential magnifying transmitter is the instrument to be applied in these new wireless systems of electric energy. This creates a freely vibrating secondary circuit, from which one end is connected with the ground and the other with an elevated conductor. I suppose currents of one thousand amperes and fifteen to twenty million volts will be necessary for producing these waves and for the receiving of them by the consumers.

The generating terminals of the wireless

energy will have to be owned by the State governments. The waves will be sent out to consumers in various degrees of power. Some of the waves will be utilized for dynamic purposes, others for lighting, heating, fertilizing and, possibly, for military purposes. Water and wind power, possibly light, also, will be used for generating purposes in the huge national power-stations. As an example, take Niagara, the water power of which is owned by New York State. Say, for instance, that Niagara would be able to send out every hour one hundred and fifty million horsepower in electric waves, that twenty millions of it would be used for mills, shops, railways, traffic in the cities, and for household purposes, that ten millions would be consumed for lighting and thirty millions for heating and fertilizing within the boundaries of the State. There would then remain eighty million horse-power that could be sold to other States. It would seem at first glance as if the owners of receiving stations outside of New York State could easily steal the energy of Niagara for whatever purpose they wanted it, without payment. But this will be impossible, for in the first place, the waves of various degrees will be so tuned that only corresponding receivers can use them and these receivers will have to be recorded by the municipalities, and in the second place, every user of wireless energy will be obliged to use a meter, like the present gas-meter. Motor waves, for instance, will have two million vibrations, and forty million volts, the light waves measure slightly less and the fertilizing waves

still less. All the generators of energy in New York State will be exactly of the same degree. If this New York wave should overload Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, it could not be utilized there, because all the receivers of those States would have their individual tuning, different from New York. But New York State knowing that it could spare eighty million horse-power as the surplus of what it created might agree to sell it to Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, or any other customer for a definite price. Consequently those States could have certain accumulators which would receive the rest of New York's electrical energy and transform it to the same measure of waves used within their borders. By this method it will be much simpler to handle wireless energy than steam and electricity in their present form.

As soon as the use of wireless energy becomes universal it will necessarily sweep out all the present privileged corporations of power and create a semi-socialistic state of affairs. In the future the government will be the owner of all energy. Individuals will use it to a certain amount free of any charge, but for the rest they will have to pay for the state a definite tribute. This will naturally make railways, telegraphy, telephone, vessels and mills a public ownership. There remains opportunity for an individual under those new conditions. The main trouble with all the to-day's economic friction is that the energy can be owned by certain privileged individuals, who use it for their own selfish ends but not for the benefit of humanity.

The Selection of a Vocation

Considerations which should Weigh in the Choice of a Pursuit, One of
the Most Crucial Tasks of Life

PERHAPS nothing is quite so important in life, as judged from the standpoint of success, as the selection of a vocation. Advice from competent authorities is therefore to be welcomed. Writing on the subject Fred W. Claybrook in the *Business Philosopher* says:

"What shall be my vocation?" is a question every man has had to answer and it is the first of importance that will come to all men of future generations. It is fostered for us by ambitious parents from the date

of our birth, and as soon as the child's lisping tongue can give expression, it begins to repeat mother's impressions on the child-mind, as to what he will do when he becomes a man.

Every lad delights to draw, in imagination, fanciful pictures of his future, and it seems an eternity before he attains the age of twenty-one. In his play he endeavors to imitate those men who, by reason of their occupations, have caused him to desire to be engaged in a like pursuit when

he is a man. As the age increases, his mind develops and new ideas are born. The boy who at ten wished to become a lawyer, doctor, or minister, at fifteen decides on something else.

Father, in his effort to assist the son, directs education along the lines that equip him for the occupation he has chosen, and he follows this pre-arranged channel until the time arrives for his start in life. If, at this time, he is still satisfied with his selection and the business is the one for which he is best adapted, he should throw all his energy into the work and make its advancement the pride of his life. On the other hand, if he discovers he has a greater talent for some other line and believes that to be better suited for him, he would act wisely to obey that inclination as life would then hold more for him. Too often, however, we find that they are unwilling to change because of having been trained for a certain work, and they trust to luck for success in a business not entirely congenial. This generally results in the production of "a square peg for a round hole," and the friction thus created checks progress and often prevents success.

The truly successful man is in love with his work and literally marries his occupation. His mind is in perfect harmony with everything pertaining to his business and his chief ambition is to become more efficient in his line. There can be no happy medium, because in this day of progressive competition one must be so loyal to his work that he is willing to sacrifice all other desires in order to reach the pinnacle of success. Loyalty is born of love—it is not mechanical, but a part of one's very soul. Therefore, we cannot be genuinely loyal to the work for which we have no natural inclination.

In choosing a vocation, then, let us remember that God, in his wisdom, endowed men with many different minds and talents, so that the many different affairs of this world might be more productively conducted.

In each of us is to be found a special adaptability for some specific undertaking, and fortunate, indeed, is the one who discovers his talent and determines to devote his life toward its highest development. Some may argue that this rule is not always practical, on the ground that the line of work for which one is suited may not be lucrative—that there may be no opportunity to secure such a position, therefore immediate necessity compels the acceptance of anything offered. We admit these reasons may seem plausible, but we must not forget that this is a day of specializing and that experts are in demand.

Money is a necessity, but the greatest joy to be had with it is not always in what it will purchase. It is the result of intelligent effort; and the man who appreciates the dollars because they are the self-evident acknowledgment of an accomplished purpose has the greatest of all ideas. Because of this he will continue to accumulate wealth and judiciously expend it. He is willing to devote his mind and time to the development of his talents and he strives to become more efficient in all of his undertakings. Money for its own sake alone he gives secondary consideration, because he knows that, in order to obtain the greatest results measured by dollars and cents, he must be able to render the highest possible service. Solomon first obtained wisdom and of that was born wealth and power.

No man can be well poised, happy, or truly successful in any line to which he is not adapted, and there can be no greater mistake than a continuance in such a business. The ambitious man will, under such conditions, avail himself of every chance to prepare for the work he feels fitted by nature to do. His time at night is devoted to study, and the oil thus burned will light his pathway to the open door of opportunity and its brightness will ever be reflected by the glory of his achievements.

Lloyd-George's Square Deal

An Authorized Interview with the British Chancellor of the Exchequer,
in which he Discusses Conditions in Britain

IN the Outlook appears an authorized interview with Mr. Lloyd George by Mr. Robert Donald, of the Daily Chronicle. It is accompanied by an impression, or character sketch, by Mr. Donald, in which,

amongst other things, he says Mr. Lloyd George holds the first place in Britain to-day as public speaker. He is a first-rate fighting man; his chief characteristic in all his doings is courage. He contrasts him

with Mr. Roosevelt, who is one of the greatest letter-writers of his time, by saying that Mr. Lloyd George never writes letters if he can help it.

The Chancellor, in his interview, says that the miner's strike was but a sign of the times, and he was prepared for it. Its cause was purely social and economic. We are dealing with a much better educated democracy than existed, say, thirty or forty years ago:—

One thing everybody seems to overlook who talks of our political or social principles, and that is the English Education Act of 1870. Since the passing of that Act you have had a great system of national education, constantly improving and broadening. The working classes not only read nowadays, they think.

Wider knowledge is creating in the mind of the workman growing dissatisfaction with the conditions under which he is forced to live. I speak of my own knowledge. Take South Wales, which I know intimately. That was the breeding ground of the unrest which led to the coal strike. Housing conditions in South Wales are indescribably bad. The conditions under which the miners in some districts exist render decency impossible. There you have a country rich in natural blessings; exquisitely formed valleys which offer the most beautiful sites in the world for the building of well-designed townships, and for a mode of life which would elevate and not abase. Instead you find the houses unfit for human habitation. One cannot wonder that the educated democracy will stand that sort of thing no longer.

Working men are realizing that they contribute to the wealth of the community without getting a fair share of the good things which result, and that is one reason why they strike, ostensibly for a minimum wage.

The disturbance of industry, the widespread but remediable poverty of the people as a whole, can be cured, and it is the aim of the Liberal Party to provide the cure.

Mr. Lloyd George insists that wasteful and extravagant expenditure must be checked. The civilized countries of the world are spending nearly £500,000,000 a year on weapons of war. Great Britain is spending something like £70,000,000—that is, about £8 for every household in the kingdom. "Were this burden removed Great Britain could afford to pay every member of the wage-earning classes an additional dollar a week without interfering in the slightest degree with the profits of capital." Another source of waste, Mr. Lloyd George points out, is the way the land of this country is administered:—

It is not producing more than a half of what it is capable of yielding. An enormous area is practically given over to sport. You have millions of acres exclusively devoted to game. A good deal of it is well adapted for agriculture and afforestation.

When you come to the land around the towns, here the grievance is of a different character. You may have a greater waste in parsimony than in prodigality. That is the way the land around our towns is wasted; land which might be giving plenty of air and recreation and renewed health and vigor to the workman is running to waste, as the millions in our cities are crowded into unsightly homes which would soon fill with gloom the brightest and stoutest heart.

The greatest asset of a country is a virile and contented population. This you will never get until the land in the neighborhood of our great towns is measured out on a more generous scale for the homes of our people.

Another source of waste, Mr. Lloyd George mentions, is unemployment of the idle rich:—

These people account for something like two millions of our population; their sole business is to enjoy themselves, often at the expense of others of our great multitudes who live lives of arduous toil without earning sufficient for food or raiment or repose.

In these directions the time has come for a thorough overhauling of our conditions. That time comes in every enterprise—commercial, national, and religious; and woe be to the generation that lacks the courage to undertake the task.

Asked what part the Church should take in the matter, Mr. Lloyd George replied:—

The function of the Church is not to urge or advocate any specific measure in regard to social reform. Her duty is to create an atmosphere in which the leaders of this country in the legislature and in the municipalities may find encouragement to engage in reforming the dire evils which exist. First, the Church must rouse the national conscience to the existence of these evils, and afterwards to a sense of the nation's responsibilities for dealing with them. Second, the Church must inculcate the necessary spirit of self-sacrifice without which it is impossible for a gigantic problem of this kind to be dealt with. Third, the Church must insist on the truth being told about these social wrongs. The Church ought to be like a limelight turned on the slumlunds, to shame those in authority into doing something. In cottages reeking with tuberculosis, dark, damp, wretched,

dismal abodes, are men and women who neglect their Church because she neglects them. No speedier way of reviving the wavering faith of the masses could be found than for the religious bodies to show that they are alive to the social evils which surround us.

Speaking of the Insurance Act and its bearing on consumption, Mr. Lloyd George

said that that was one of the most terrible diseases in the land. In London alone four millions of wages are lost every year through consumption. Speaking of the housing question, he said:—"I regard the slum child as a great national asset, and we must carve out for him a brighter future if he is to be worthy material out of which we shall weave the fabric of this great Commonwealth."

What the Women's Vote Has Done

Chief Results Due to Women's Vote in Countries where Woman Suffrage Exists are Recounted

WRITING in the *Grande Revue*, Marie Louise Le Verrier recounts the chief results due to the women's vote in those countries where woman suffrage exists.

The countries where women have the right to the parliamentary vote include six States in America. In the granting of the vote to women, Wyoming appears to be the pioneer, not only in the United States, but in the world. In 1869, when woman suffrage was introduced, Wyoming did not belong to the Union, and when it became a State in 1890 it was still the first suffrage State. In 1893 its House of Representatives passed a resolution unanimously declaring that not only had the exercise of the suffrage wrought no harm, but it had done great good in many ways. It had largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from the State, and that without any violent or oppressive legislation; it had secured peaceful and orderly elections and good government, etc., and as the result of its experience Wyoming urged every civilized community on earth to enfranchise its women without delay.

In the same year (1893), Colorado took the advice offered and proclaimed political equality of the sexes. Utah and Idaho followed in 1896, Washington in 1909, and California in 1911. In Washington women have made great use of the "Recall," which permits electors to recall officials whose performance of their duties is unsatisfactory. The case of the Mayor of Seattle will still be fresh in the minds of most readers.

While the women of Wyoming have been exercising the political vote for over forty years, the women of Great Britain have been agitating for it in vain for close upon half a century. Meanwhile certain British colonies have shown themselves more enlight-

ened in this respect than the Mother Country. New Zealand set the example in 1893, Southern Australia followed suit in 1895, then came Western Australia in 1899, New South Wales in 1902, Tasmania in 1904, Queensland in 1905, and finally Victoria in 1908. In addition, the federal suffrage, with the right to be elected, was extended to all women in 1899.

In Europe we have to look to the Scandinavian countries for examples of the benefits derived from the women's vote. Here Finland was the first to take its courage in both hands in 1906, and Norway followed in 1907. In Iceland the question is practically settled. In Sweden, though woman suffrage has figured in the King's Speech, and the King has expressed himself in sympathy, no Bill has yet become law.

Having briefly enumerated the rights accorded to women, municipal and otherwise, in various other countries, the writer draws attention to the main influences of the women's vote. The most noteworthy point about the countries where women exercise the vote is that practically everywhere women have not begun by asserting their own personal claims. Their first act has been to declare war on alcohol, and their next concern has been laws for the protection of children. We hear of the great prohibition victory at Caldwell (Idaho), where the women recalled the Mayor and the Municipal Council. In New Zealand, also, feminine direct influence has had excellent results in the cause of temperance. In 1894 the country was divided into sixty-two districts for the purpose of dealing with the drink question. Thanks to the women, thirty-nine districts nominated a commission of temperance moderates, while twenty-

three elected prohibitionists. Since 1894 the women have learnt to co-ordinate their efforts, and recently absolute prohibition for the whole of New Zealand has been passed. But it is in Scandinavia where women have achieved their most brilliant successes in their war against alcohol. In Norway there is now only one cabaret to 20,000 inhabitants, and suicide, crime, and poverty have greatly decreased. In Finland, where drunkenness, as in Sweden and Norway, was a national vice, local option, which was adopted in 1866-1892, gave way to prohibition in 1893. Later still sterner measures were introduced, but it has not been found possible to enforce them rigorously.

Before making laws for the general welfare of children, the women's ardent desire is to raise the age of protection of young girls, one of the most difficult of reforms to obtain. The women of Colorado, who were politically enfranchised in 1893, introduced a Bill in 1894 to raise the age from fourteen to twenty-one. The senators were in consternation at such a proposal and resisted it violently, with the result that the age was raised to eighteen, a victory of four years for the women. Similar laws have been passed in Utah and in Idaho; and in Australia the legislation on this question is much more complete.

On the whole, however, it is the children who have most to gain by the women's vote; and it is not only the strong and healthy, but the feeble-minded and the criminals among them, to whom women extend their solicitude. It was the women who were the means of instituting in Colorado in 1903 the famous courts for child delinquents. Most of the laws regulating child-labor are also due to them. In matters relating to education their influence has everywhere been most beneficent. They decide questions relating to the school buildings, the hours of study, the holidays, etc., and they have even gone so far as to require that teachers shall not only be competent, but that their private life shall not give occasion for criticism. Questions relating to public health, cleanliness of cities, erection of drinking fountains, pure food, and many more important matters apt to be considered mere

details by men, are in women's eyes of supreme importance.

George Creel and Judge Lindsey have testified to the fact that the complete citizenship of women has raised the intelligence, the character, and the mutual esteem of the two sexes. The possession of the vote has made women take an interest in political and general questions, and this has naturally stimulated the interest of the men. The interest taken by women in public affairs has indeed forced men to greater activity, and there is no evidence to show that the widening of the domestic horizon has had any evil results. The two Chambers of the Federal Parliament of Australia in 1910 declared that the women's vote after sixteen years' operation in different parts of the country, and nine in the Australian Federation, had fully justified the expectations of its partisans and deceived the fears and the black prophecies of its enemies. Its effects had been (1) the gradual education of women to understand their responsibility for the welfare of the community and (2) the urgency of domestic social legislation.

Wherever the experiment has been made a large percentage of women have used the vote, and the percentage of men voting has been considerably increased. The women of Colorado have made over twenty laws in less than twenty years. It took them only one year to win the woman's right to be equal guardian with the father of their children, while in Massachusetts, where men legislate on behalf of women, it required fifty-four years to attain the same result. Every objection against the vote disappears as soon as the vote is adopted. So true is this that the Anti-Suffrage Leagues of the five Australian States where women vote are moribund, and in the Australian Parliament there is not now a single anti-suffrage member. The implacable enemy of the woman suffragist is the liquor-seller.

Without the vote, concludes the writer, one may agitate in vain. What is needed is the material and moral cleansing of the streets, homes for working people, higher wages and better conditions of work, and, above all, the closing of drinkshops. The vote is the only means by which one can get these reforms.

Labor's Real Troubles

Workman Getting Too Small a Wage and Paying Too High a Taxation on Purchases to Maintain Standard of Living he Desires

MR. T. Good, writing as an old workman, offers some "plain facts and comments" on the labor troubles of to-day in an article in *World's Work*.

The first fact of the present turmoil is that the average workman is getting too small a wage and is paying too high a taxation upon the things he purchases to maintain the standard of living he desires. In short, he is convinced beyond all doubt or question that he is not getting a fair share of the world's good things; and this is the bedrock fact upon which we must base our theories, our policies, and our legislation. Unfortunately, the workers have not yet learnt how to use their trade unionism or their franchise to their best advantage. Why is there at this time pronounced retrogression in labor affairs? Much of the discontent is due to "speeding up," not only hustling the workman over his job, but including in its train unemployment, or more casual employment, and possibly less pay. Within the last dozen years many industries have been well-nigh revolutionized, and labor has been economized to an extent hardly dreamt of by the outside public.

Not only have many firms Americanized their works, but there came the Workmen's Compensation Act, which had as one result the weeding-out of aged and delicate

men—to make room for the reckless and inexperienced, with the further result that accidents increased. The Minimum Wage Act will have the same effect in the coal trade, argues Mr. Good. But the chief point he makes is that our employers, becoming alarmed at the prospects of an American invasion, set about introducing hustle and grind, and our workshops were converted into prisons, if not hells. Concurrently with these harsher conditions there has been reduced pay. Little by little the pay and the conditions have worsened. The Board of Trade Reports tell us that the rate of wages has increased, but fail to record that the actual earnings have declined. There is more broken time as well as more bustle, racket, and danger compared with fifteen years ago. At the docks and wharves gangs are reduced in numbers, and cargoes are loaded and discharged not only with fewer men, but in less time and for smaller wages. To these causes of discontent must be added the increased burden in higher rents, rates and taxes, and higher prices of food. And there is one other cause, a very human one, which cannot be ignored—the contrast between the lot of the working classes and the growing luxury among the people whom the workers are expected to look upon as their "betters."

Is He the Coming President?

An Interesting Character Sketch of Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic Candidate for Presidency of the United States

DR. Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, is the subject of a character-sketch in the *American Review of Reviews* by Henry Jones Ford, Professor of Politics in Princeton University.

He says that the most salient characteristic of Woodrow Wilson is a love of fun, which creeps out on every occasion:—

Whatever his experience may be he instinctively sees the funny side of things, and he returns from every excursion with a fund of amusement for the home circle just as a bee brings honey to the hive. It is a

very merry home circle. There seem to be no secrets there.

When nominated for Governor of New Jersey the papers made unpleasant remarks upon the way his nose fits his face:—

But he himself got hold of a Limerick that seemed to him to express his position exactly, and he recited it with glee:

"As a beauty I am not a star;
There are others more handsome by far.

But my face,—I don't mind it;
For I am behind it;
The people in front get the jar."

The camera cannot catch the mobile features and the eyes twinkling with fun.

He has an extraordinary capacity for getting through work without strain or fret. His "Congressional Government" ranks with Professor Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." As a lecturer he has greatly developed:—

He holds that information without insight is of little value and of late years his method has been to put a printed syllabus in the hands of his students and make his lectures an elucidation of the theme.

His ability as public speaker has also greatly advanced:—

His voice, always good, of late years has acquired a peculiar vibrant quality that carries its tones without strain or effort. He speaks very distinctly, and although his voice does not appear to be raised above a conversational pitch, it is heard without difficulty, whether in a great auditorium or in the open air. When he has to make an important speech, he prepares himself carefully as to matter and ideas, but he can safely trust himself to the occasion for his diction, which is unfailing in literary distinction.

He is fond of outdoor exercise:—

Some years ago he was very fond of bicycling, but of late years golf is his favorite game, just because of its distinctly out-of-door character. He puts in a good deal of time playing golf during his summer vacation, which he used to spend at Lyme, Connecticut. When at Princeton and he can find the time, he likes to play around on the golf links there. In his personal habits he is abstemious. He neither smokes nor drinks, and he does not serve wine on his table, although he provides cigars for guests who do smoke. Although spare in figure, he has a wiry strength, conserved by his lifelong habits of temperance in all things and replenished by a fine faculty for taking his rest. He is a good sleeper, and nothing that can happen seems able to agitate his mind or cause wakefulness. This makes him a good traveler.

His spirits are remarkably equable, neither elated by success nor discouraged by failure. He is very easy and democratic in his manner, meeting all sorts and condi-

tions of men without reserve or precaution. The writer says that "under the Parliamentary system he would undoubtedly have been a great leader, equal to Gladstone or Lloyd George," in capacity for expounding and advocating great public policies.

Of his attitude to religion the writer says:

It does not require much intimacy to discover of what these consist—namely, a deep religious faith, penetrating the whole nature of the man and informing all his acts. This is the source of that peace of mind which seems to make him immune to worry or trouble. He takes things as they come, makes the best of them, and abides by the event with simple and complete resignation to the will of God. The idealism that has now entered into philosophy from fuller knowledge of the implications of the doctrine of evolution was long ago perceived and appropriated by Woodrow Wilson.

I remember once being with him at a gathering in one of the students' clubs at Princeton when the conversation drifted around to religion. We were grouped about a big fireplace, and the talk had been of a desultory character, with a jocose element predominating, when some mention was made of Herbert Spencer. Wilson caught the theme on the bound, and before he got through with it he had turned Herbert Spencer's philosophy inside out, exposing the inadequacy of materialism and vindicating the Christian creeds as symbols quite as valid as any known to science. His attitude on such matters is ardent and positive, very different from the negative position sometimes assumed by college professors, whose attitude towards religion might be described as respect for a venerable social institution rather than sincere belief in its truth. Scholars of this kind are among those whom Woodrow Wilson is in the habit of classing as "ignorant specialists." Although a member of the Presbyterian Church by birthright, and regular in his attendance, he does not talk on such subjects along denominational lines; but he is quick to assert his Christianity and to claim for its dogmas a perfectly secure basis in logic and philosophy.

United States in a New Light

Does America Consist of a Congerie of Nations Who Happen to be
United Under a Common Federal Government?

IN the Sociological Review, A. E. Zimmern, writing on seven months in America, upsets gaily some of the prevalent notions about the United States:—

America never has been a political democracy, as everyone familiar with the Constitution, and the circumstances under which it came into being, will admit. It has never been less a free democracy than it is to-day. The liberty of the subject is far less surely than in Western Europe; there is far less free speech (by which is not meant unbridled speech) and far less free writing, both in books and newspapers. Class distinctions, so far from being absent, are becoming as marked as they are in Europe, though somewhat different in form, being based on distinctions of wealth, nationality, and color rather than of rank and breeding. And the belief that the country enjoys self-government is, as Mr. Roosevelt has lately once or twice observed, the thinnest of fictions. In reality it is governed by a small knot of powerful financiers and business men, who enjoy immunity owing to the shelter afforded them by the complicated structure of the ostensible government.

There is to-day, he adds, no American nation. America consists at present of a congeries of nations who happen to be united under a common federal government. An increasing number of immigrants leading a migratory life have neither the rights

nor responsibilities of citizenship. There is a new proletariat or hobo, which has assumed gigantic proportions, representing the Wanderlust of all the nations and the bitterness of the disinherited.

America "does not assimilate its aliens, as England does." On the whole, the different races keep themselves, and lead their own spiritual life. So far as they lose their nationalisms, they lose their best spiritual heritage. America is not a melting-pot; it is a pot of varnish, or, as a German says, it is a sausage-machine for grinding out equality sausages. The various nationals have a new environment and new qualities. These are the qualities of the pioneers.

Mr. Zimmern enumerates "an inexhaustible fountain of kindness and good-nature, a wonderful alertness and adaptability, an undaunted self-confidence, a ferocious optimism, an ingenious delight in novelty, a nonchalant venturesomeness, a strength of purpose, and a vigorous tenacity in action, a complete absence of self-consciousness, all the qualities of childhood excepting reverence, above all, intense and abounding and infectious vitality, instinctive loyalty and comradeship in action, idealism in the darkest hours. "Pioneers, O Pioneers, is the song of successive generations of young Americans, novitiates into the Dionysiac spirit of transatlantic life." But "the human soul can strike no roots in the America of to-day," for want of a social background.

Men Who Think They Are Busy

Are You a Business Man or Just a Busy Man?—There is a Wide
Difference Between the Two

A DISSERTATION on the man with executive and planning ability as contrasted with the man of petty detail is presented in *Business Builder*.

Are you a business man or just a busy man?

Of busy men there are hundreds in the factories, offices and stores of every village, town and city in this broad land. But how many of these busy men are business men?

Hard workers they are, none better—all

day long and often into the hours of evenings, conscientious, too, always on time, never absent from their places.

As far as busyness would carry them these men have gone—plodders, pluggers, busy men. The lower rungs of the ladder they climbed fast. Hard work did it. They got half way up, in line for greater responsibilities and higher promotion, but they stuck. Busyness did it.

Others climbed up after them, then passed

them. These busy men became all the busier, frantically trying to go higher. But still others went by them.

There are busy men all over the land today who speak bitterly of the fact that they did not get a square deal, a right chance.

Many of them do not know that their employers tried in every way to help them help themselves, but their own busyness would not permit it.

A man is just a machine. His body can be made to turn out just so much of work. He has a limit. When the amount of his day's work reaches that limit he can do no more.

Some men can do more than others before they reach their limit, just as a hand-fed press will turn out fewer hourly impressions than an automatic feed. But the automatic has its limit just as surely as the slower machine.

The busy man who stops half way up the ladder, who can't go up another rung for the life of him, has reached his limit of busyness. The busier he tries to get then, the looser will become his hold even on the rung to which he has climbed, for when you try to crowd a machine beyond its limit you produce poorer work or break the machine.

The merely busy man is a detail man, and not only that, but he often absolutely refuses to part with his detail. He is afraid to trust it to another. Possibly he is jealous of his work and feels that in passing on any

share of it he is reducing his value to the firm he works for.

But, meanwhile, what are these men doing who pass him on their way up? Are they merely capable of greater business than he? Is it merely that their capacity for detail work is greater than his?

The difference is that they are on the road of business men, not busy men. At the bottom of the ladder they went through the apprenticeship of business. They, too, worked and plugged and attended to details, and rose rung by rung to greater responsibilities. But as they rose they never failed to shift some responsibility onto others. They let others carry the bricks, while they built the house. They shouldered work onto others, and used their time in planning and erecting.

With them, there was no sentimentality about this and that job which they had always performed and wanted to perform. They shifted jobs to those under them. They directed, watched, suggested—but they didn't carry the bricks.

No harder workers will you find than these men who plan and watch and direct the details that others do—or none less prone to busyness.

Don't let your work be your master; be the master of your work. Control it, but don't let it control you.

Don't be merely a busy man, be a business man.

Lightning Calculators

Psychology of Harnessing the Subconscious Demonstrated in the Phenomenal Case of Seven-Year-Old Boy

A STUDY in the psychology of harnessing the subconscious is given by H. A. Bruce in McClure's Magazine, in which the phenomenal case of Miguel A. Mantilla is cited:

Not so very long ago there passed through New York a seven-year-old boy, who, although the general public had heard little about him, was an object of considerable scientific curiosity. His name was Miguel Alberto Mantilla, he was the son of a Mexican banker, and he was then on his way to Europe for a pleasure tour with his father. There was nothing about his appearance to suggest that he was in any respect an extraordinary boy. But, as certain scientists had been informed, and as they were eager to

verify for themselves, he possessed a singular mental accomplishment, rare not only among children but among full-grown men and women. And, to make his "case" more interesting, this accomplishment had first manifested itself with dramatic unexpectedness.

Briefly stated, the story that had preceded him to New York, backed by the weight of affidavits sworn to by judges, lawyers, educators, and prominent business men of his native town of San Juan Bautista, was as follows:

Until he was six years old, little Miguel's life had been that of the average child, a life made up mostly of eating, sleeping, and

playing. No attempt had been made to educate him, except that he had been given some elementary instruction in reading. On the evening of February 1, 1910—that is, two days after his sixth birthday—his father was discussing with his mother the advisability of keeping open, on at least one of the three holidays that would occur in February, the bank of which he was manager.

"I think," he observed, "that I will close it on two of them, but keep it open the third"—naming a date.

Miguel, playing on the floor, looked up sharply.

"But father," said he, "you certainly will have to close it that day, for it will be Sunday."

"That is true," responded his father, after a moment's thought. "And how did you know it would be Sunday?"

"Why, that was easy for me. I can guess many things more difficult than that."

"In that case," said Mr. Mantilla, smiling, "perhaps you can tell us on what date the first Sunday of April will be in 1918?"

To his amazement, the child, after an interval of only a few seconds, named a date which investigation proved to be correct. Other questions of a similar character followed. Always the right answer was given. Astonished, perplexed, and possibly a little worried, the Mantillas called in some of their neighbors. Again the boy was questioned; again he displayed an unerring knowledge of the intricacies of the calendar. "What day of the week was January 24, 1839, my birthday?" asked one neighbor, Professor C. M. Maldonado, of the Institute of Juarez. "Thursday," came the prompt and correct reply.

"And the same date in the year 2000?"

"Monday," was the equally correct answer.

Other leading Bautistans examined Miguel in the course of the next few weeks, and so impressed were they with the seemingly supernatural character of his "gift" that they decided that a report should at once be made to the American Society for Psychical Research. In the statement accompanying their affidavits it was stated that:

"He has the rare and surprising faculty of resolving as quickly as he is asked, and with entire precision, such questions as: 'What days of the week coincide with the date of a known month and year?' 'What dates of a month correspond to a day and year determined upon?' 'What years will have, in a month indicated, a certain date which coincides with any given day of the

week?' This alike in regard to years past as well as those in the future, taking into account leap years. He has been asked repeatedly on what date falls, for example, the second Sunday of a month and year indicated. All of which he answers with accuracy and without doubt or hesitation."

Tested in New York by Professor J. H. Hyslop, of the Society for Psychical Research, the boy fully bore out this glowing report from Mexico. In a long examination he made but two mistakes,—barring one slip, which he immediately corrected,—and both of these errors referred to dates in the sixteenth century previous to the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. He named correctly the days of the week on which would fall such a variety of dates as July 4, 1876; August 18, 1854; September 10, 1910; October 1, 1901; and June 6, 1900. He gave 1522 (incorrect), 1910, 1916, and 2000 as years when February 4 would fall on a Friday; and 1630, 1799, 1805, 1811, 1822, 1901, 1907, 1918, 1929, and 2002 as having December 15 on Sunday. All of these and other days and dates, according to Professor Hyslop, he gave with scarcely an exception in less than a quarter of a minute after each problem was put to him. And this at a time (May of last year) when he was not eight, and was barely able to read!

Now, what is the explanation of such astounding mental mastery of the calendar, especially in one so young? Is it necessary to assume that Miguel Alberto Mantilla is the happy possessor of a supernormal faculty denied to the vast majority of men? Is it that his peculiar ability is perfectly normal, but the result of an exceptional inheritance? Or is it merely that he utilizes a power common to all mankind but not commonly drawn upon? And, in this case, would it be possible for others, by appropriate training to develop the same "gift," or one analogous to it?

For myself, after a somewhat prolonged study of the whole problem of "lightning calculation," I am strongly inclined to answer both of these last two questions in the affirmative. I believe, indeed, that the prevalent tendency to regard "boy wonders" of the Mantilla type as products of a bizarre heredity—and hence inexplicable on any developmental theory—is simply the result of neglect on the part of scientists to inquire closely into the life histories of such prodigies. The few really stimulating investigations that have been made—notably those by the Englishman F. W. H. Myers and the Frenchman Alfred Binet—have attracted scant attention from the scientific

world. The average scientist, almost as much as the average layman, regards the lightning calculator as a freak of nature, a thing to be marveled at but not understood—as presenting, for that matter, a riddle the attempted solution of which can only be a waste of time. Whereas, for reasons that I shall endeavor to make entirely clear, there actually is warrant for the assertion that few problems in any field of scientific inquiry, from a practical no less than a theoretical point of view are more deserving of systematic, thorough, and extensive research.

My own belief, to be specific, is that the mental processes of lightning calculators

like little Miguel Mantilla differ not at all from those of ordinary human beings; that the only difference is an unusual facility of access to resources shared by everybody of normal mentality; and that this facility of access, in turn, depends on a factor utilizable by all. I believe; further, that the performances of lightning calculators are essentially, if in a low degree, manifestations of what we call “genius,” and that, through diligently studying the mechanisms operant in their feats, we shall gain not merely greater insight into the nature of genius, but assistance in enabling us to approximate more and more closely ourselves to the achievements of man of genius.

What Wireless is Doing

Some of the Latest Feats Accomplished through the Use of
Wireless Telegraphy are Briefly Described

SOME of the latest feats accomplished through the use of wireless telegraphy are described in the *Technical World*. The span of wireless telegraphy is rapidly growing, we are told. It was but a short while ago that Mare Island, California, and League Island, Philadelphia, a distance of 3,150 miles, were in aerial communication; and one of our naval vessels bound for the Philippines was “picked up” by the wireless station at Los Angeles when the ship was quite 3,000 miles away. All of this is astonishing, and yet it is but one direction in which ether waves can be put to service.

The science of telautomatics is that branch of “wireless” in which ether waves are used for the purpose of directing some mechanical movement at a distance without employing connecting wires.

Within the past few months England, Germany and France have taken up the problem anew to give it a practical value, and in the United States the same question has been approached in another way with encouraging results.

The experiments in Europe have been principally confined to that of guiding either submarines or torpedos by means of Hertzian waves—ether disturbances of electrical origin. The three nations in question have quite carefully guarded the results of their experiments and particularly the apparatus employed, but it is known

that in England the submarine so equipped was able to go through many of the maneuvers which it ordinarily performs under the guidance of its crew. The directive impulses were sent out from a cruiser fitted with a wireless outfit.

The mere idea of giving a submarine this power of action without having a crew on board opens up startling possibilities. The first thought is, No one need be exposed aboard to the hazards which now exist even in time of peace. But that phase of the matter is of secondary importance to the military mind. When the human factor is eliminated from the submarine, the vessel becomes radically different so far as her internal requirements are concerned. It becomes truly a machine in every particular, and space and weight which had to be utilized for the safety and the convenience of the living crew can be put to other uses, and means of propulsion can be employed which could not be used with equal facility or security if men were aboard.

In addition to this, an under-water craft guided and managed by ether waves could be conveniently equipped with a fairly large number of torpedo tubes or torpedo-launching frames, and, with this extra armament made possible by the weights saved otherwise, a submarine of this sort would be far more formidable as a dirigible base from which to discharge torpedos. Of course, the essential part of the whole

scheme is that the guiding station should have the submarine always responsive to the director's command, and this involves some difficulties which are now being met in different ways by the present experimenters. However, the mind of the man of peace is sufficiently alert to picture some of the possibilities of a military instrument of this sort; and there are other directions in which this means of wireless control can be used to advantage.

The general public knows enough about wireless telegraphy to understand that waves are created in the ether by an electrical discharge at the sending station, and these waves travel through the air to a receiving station where they induce action in a delicate coherer which makes and breaks a local electrical circuit. But Hertzian waves of this character are not the only waves which may accomplish the same result.

Sound waves passing through ether, air, water or the earth can be employed in a kindred manner; and light waves—acting principally at night—can also serve as a means by which to set in motion or arrest some mechanical action at a distance. But in every case electricity serves as an agent to transmit the message or impulse of those waves directly to the mechanism to be set going. The waves that span space are, in themselves, too weak to provide energy for a display of power, but they answer, like a little child, to hear their message to another source which is capable of putting some vigorous action in motion. The receiving station, in each case, brings into play a local reserve or “relay,” as the electrician expresses it, and this relay is strong enough to do the work required, that is, to open a valve, swing a lever, or operate the electrical switches that may be needed to start, stop, or reverse some form of motor. This, in brief, is the foundation of the science of telautomatics.

In France, the Gabet wireless submarine or torpedo boat has been directed from a distance. It was found that the little vessel responded to the guiding Hertzian waves within one-sixth of a second from the time they were dispatched from the sending

station. In the Gabet system, a hand, something akin to that of a clock, passes over a number of contacts, each of which is for a separate use. Ordinarily, the touching of any one of these would close a circuit and set things going then and there. But this would never do for proper distance control. Gabet makes this hand sweep completely back and forth across all of these connections in a very short period, and the hand must stop at the right contact for a longer while before the circuit is properly closed, in order to start the particular movement for which that contact is designed. It is this interval of lag which furnishes the margin of security and allows the connecting hand to settle upon the chosen contact—mere passing rapidly over the others does not produce any result. With the present methods of “tuning,” the receiver on the submarine or torpedo can be made responsive only to waves of a certain arbitrary length. This minimizes the effects of interference by other waves generated at an enemy's station. The experiments in England and in Germany have been along kindred lines so far as the employment of Hertzian waves has been concerned, but the governments of neither of these countries have given out details. There are, of course, several ways of accomplishing the same end, and the Gabet system is only one of them.

The aeroplane is now being fitted with apparatus for receiving and transmitting wireless messages over space from a height of quite five thousand feet. In a way, the task is somewhat more difficult than that of guiding a torpedo or any form of naval craft, but there is nothing impossible in the problem, and the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane in the near future will probably be directed by some form of wireless for certain kinds of military service where the presence of a human director or observer may not be needed. All of this may seem astounding now, but actual achievements have blazed the way to their attainment. We are living in an age of rapid and tremendous strides.

W. J. F. Gabet

Where Christian Science Gets Its Wealth

Christian Science Church is Very Rich—Some of the Means by Which Large Sums of Money are Raised in Behalf of the Cause

"CHRISTIAN Science since Mrs. Eddy" is the title of the leading article in McClure's Magazine for September, written by Burton J. Hendrick. Since the death two years ago of the "discoverer and founder of Christian Science," the world has watched closely for signs of her successor, but this article shows how the Christian Science Church is still being conducted under the rules and by-laws made by Mary Baker G. Eddy. Not the least interesting portion of the article tells of the great wealth of the church and the means by which its is amassed.

The Christian Science Church is very rich—just how rich cannot be said, for here, again, details are not accessible. The Mother Church in Boston possesses in lands, buildings, and endowments not far from \$7,000,000. Outside of its regular sources of income, which are large, it has one unique method of raising money. It has merely to intimate to Christian Scientists all over the world that it needs it. In this case the fifteen hundred Christian Science branch churches automatically become tributaries to the Mother Church. When Mrs. Eddy decided to build the present large Temple in Boston, she merely intimated that contributions from all loyal Christian Scientists would be welcome. The golden stream at once started flowing, and the \$2,500,000 needed was rapidly raised. Several church organizations in distant parts of the country, which had accumulated building funds of their own, at once laid aside their plans and forwarded the money to Boston. The Christian Science Church never gives strawberry festivals or miscellaneous entertainments: it simply asks for money and the money is there.

In addition to these voluntary offerings, the church has many other sources of supply. "Every member of the Mother Church," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "shall pay annually a per capita tax of not less than one dollar, which shall be forwarded each year to the church treasury." If there are 100,000 members at either, and if each paid the minimum, Hertzian would bring in \$100,000 a year. The ectrical of is that the fund is much larger, tion have ws permit each member to con- sults of their uch as he wishes. Another the apparatus income is the dividends

upon investments. Here again we are so much in the dark that any guess would hardly be worth while. As the present litigation over Mrs. Eddy's will is practically ended, the church will soon come into possession of a capital endowment from that source of not far from \$2,500,000. Of this about \$1,000,000 is in stocks and bonds, while the remaining \$1,500,000 represents the capital value of the Eddy copyrights. This large fortune represents Mrs. Eddy's commercial success as an author. From this standpoint she was unquestionably the most successful author of her time. How many writers of books have there been, since the invention of the alphabet, who died leaving an estate of two and a half million dollars? How many have there been whose copyrights represented a capital value of \$1,500,000? How many books published in 1875, as was the first edition of "Science and Health," are now selling at the rate perhaps of 50,000 copies a year.

Unquestionably the church's largest single source of income is the printing and sale of its authorized publications. It has one of the finest printing houses in the country, which keeps constantly busy turning out Christian Science literature. Its catalogue includes twenty-seven titles of Mrs. Eddy's own writings, the official periodical organs of the church, and a large number of pamphlets — reprints of lectures and articles from the Journal and the Sentinel. Its profits upon these several publications must be very large. Though this publishing house is purely a business and is conducted upon strict business lines, it is a business of a decidedly unique kind. The Christian Science Publishing Society is fortunately placed in that it has its market already prepared. Its expenses consist merely of the cost of production. It does not have to hire an expensive force of salesmen or spend large sums in several kinds of advertising. Every one of the branch fifteen hundred Christian Science churches and societies act as an agency—a kind of bookstore—for the sale of Christian Science literature. Every one of the fifty-five hundred Christian Science healers is a perpetual advertisement and agent for the orthodox publications. These several agencies sell without commission. The Society does no advertising except in the

columns of its own publications. The purchase of Christian Science literature is enjoined upon all orthodox members as a religious duty. "It shall be the privilege and duty of every member who can afford it," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "to subscribe for the periodicals which are the organs of this church." Judging from the evidences of prosperity which these publications show, this injunction is generally regarded.

The Publishing Society has one peculiar responsibility. It passes upon the qualifications of professional practitioners. The Christian Science Journal, the church monthly, contains a catalogue of nearly sixty pages of Christian Science healers. It is not absolutely necessary for a healer to publish his advertisement in the Journal, but its publication gives him an official indorsement. The trustees of the Publishing Society devote three afternoons a week, and sometimes more time, in passing upon applications. They sit in solemn court, something like a secret consistory passing upon the canonization of a saint. The applicant must be a member of the Mother Church in Boston, and he must agree to devote all his time to practice. The chief duty of the Publication Committee, however, is carefully to investigate his record as a healer. The application must present evidence of at least three cures, the cases to be substantiated by the testimony of others than those healed. Incidentally, these "cards" bring in a considerable revenue to the church; with the advertisements of the branch churches, which also appear monthly in the Journal, the income from this source must amount to about \$60,000 a year.

All Christian Science publications sell for large and, from a commercial standpoint, what would be regarded as excessive prices. The most important book, "Science and Health," which, in its cheapest form, costs considerably less than a dollar to manufacture is sold for \$3.18. Practically all of the hundred and thirty-six official publications of the church sell at similarly high rates. The latest enterprise is a German translation of "Science and Health." Until the year before her death Mrs. Eddy absolutely forbade any translation of this book. She did not believe that her philosophy, with its delicate shadowings of thought and its precise shading of words, could safely be intrusted to any foreign language. The considerable German following—there is a flourishing church in Berlin, one of its distinguished members

being the Count Von Moltke, nephew of the great Field Marshal—finally induced her to permit the experiment. The first German translation is published as these lines are written. It is a bulky volume. On one page appears the English in Mrs. Eddy's ipsissima verba. On the opposite page is printed its German translation. This system will be maintained in all future translations. "Science and Health" will never go forth in any language except side by side with the original English. It is as though no reader could get the New Testament in English unless accompanied by the original Greek version.

The church's most ambitious undertaking in the periodical line is the Christian Science Monitor, its daily two-cent newspaper. Merely to enter the editorial rooms shows that here we have a newspaper entirely different from any other established. The Bohemian atmosphere that hangs over most newspaper headquarters is lacking. Everything is as neat, as spick-and-span, as a healer's office. The floors are of hard wood and are covered with rugs. The office furniture is of the latest make; the editors are immaculately dressed, and there are frequently flowers upon the desks. The perpetual fog of tobacco smoke that envelops the average sanctum is not evident here; smoking, swearing, and loud talking are prohibited. The paper that is published embodies this atmosphere. It is absolutely clean. It prints no scandal, no divorces, no salacious elopements, and no parading of family skeletons. It is not quite true, as is sometimes said, that it makes no reference to the disagreeable and the calamitous aspects of life—that it has no news of murders, railroad accidents, and other tragedies. As a matter of fact, it gave almost as much space to the Titanic disaster as the rest of the press. The policy of the Monitor is to "feature" or "play up" the "constructive" aspect of life. The feminine mind, which so frequently turns first to the death and marriage notices in a newspaper, meets disappointment here. The Monitor has no death column and no obituary department. Moreover, no one ever "dies" in this newspaper; he "passes on," usually in a few lines. In the main, the Monitor is an excellent newspaper. It is well written, and entirely free from vulgarity. Unfortunately, however, it has the limitations of its virtues. It refuses to acknowledge there is any evil in the world. It does not conduct "crusades," and it never "takes after" anybody. It never touches the present political campaign.

supporting Wilson, Taft, or Roosevelt. In its news columns it has a regular department called "The Candidates," in which, day after day, it impartially gives the same amount of space to each man. Whatever this is, of course it is not journalism, the essence of which is necessarily a battle against demonstrated evils, personal and impersonal.

These several enterprises make the Christian Science Church a great business organization. Besides this, there are many thousands of the rank and file who have an immediate financial concern in its success. There is a rapidly increasing army whose livelihood is dependent upon the church.

People earn their living at Christian Science in several ways. It has a large number of readers, teachers and lecturers. Besides, it has one species of worker absolutely unique. The church has thousands of workers in an already well populated professional field—that of healing the sick. This is the work which so largely distinguishes it from other organizations, and which at times has brought down upon its head such popular hostility. There are probably not far from ten thousand men and women—largely women—who, regularly and intermittently, give Christian Science treatment in exchange for fees. Economically and ecclesiastically considered these men and women are the foundation of the church. Remove them and Christian Science would not last twenty-four hours. They furnish the church all its converts; it is through their indirect influence that its literature is sold. They give a human interest to an ecclesiastical edifice which is otherwise rather cold. How can a church possibly survive, it is urged, that does not baptize its members, that does not marry them, that does not bury them—that apparently fails of consolation and sympathy at all the great crises of life? The answer is found in the thousands of men and women, for the most part gracious and sympathetic, who are constantly coming into the closest personal touch with downcast suffering humanity, consoling, cheering, apparently putting everybody at ease with himself and the world.

Nearly all Christian Scientists, in one form or another, are engaged in this work. This is really what Christian Science is.

Thousands "help" others simply as a "Christian duty, without every thinking of fees. Even to engage in "treating" professionally, one does not have to take a regular course. Any member of the church can paint his name on a sign, add "C.S." and take patients. Only in case he devotes all of his time to healing, and maintains a regular office, does his advertisement appear in the Christian Science Journal. But there are thousands of lawyers, school-teachers, business men, and heads of households who take patients outside of office hours. They can be called up by telephone and appointments made. Mr. John D. Works, the present "progressive" Senator from California, when he was upon the Supreme Bench in Los Angeles, would retire after the day's sitting, to his law chambers, where a number of patients awaited him. Nearly all officers of the mother and branch churches—trustees, readers, editors, publicity men, and janitors—also give Christian Science treatment at odd moments for fees. The colored elevator-boy in the Publication Building in Boston practises Christian Science healing among his own race.

These practitioners, regular and irregular, probably treat not far from 6,000,000 patients a year and receive in fees an aggregate sum ranging from \$6,000,000 to \$12,000,000. It is estimated, for example, that the average income of the fifty-five hundred advertised practitioners is from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year, which would make their annual earnings range from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Many practitioners, of course, earn far more than this average. There are at least twenty-five in Boston who earn \$5,000 and upwards, and many more than that in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Those who have a church salary and who practise in addition also make liberal incomes. The average earnings of a Christian Science teacher are usually placed at about \$7,500. As to the fees which may be charged, Mrs. Eddy fixed that, as she did everything else. One of her last acts was a letter to Mr. Archibald McLellan, in which she said: "Christian Science practitioners should make their charges for treatment equal to those of reputable physicians in their respective localities."

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The Great American Forum

William Jennings Bryan at \$50,000 per year, Now Leads Chautauqua
and Lyceum Lecturers in the States

A MOST interesting article on "The Great American Forum" appeared in *World's Work* for September, dealing with the growth of the Chautauqua and Lyceum courses in the United States. These chautauqua assemblies in the summer and lyceum courses in the winter are among the mightiest forces of popular information and diversion that operate to-day. Millions of people derive from them their knowledge of things above the common ruck of life; millions obtain from them the bulk of their lighter entertainment; and, most significant of all, millions absorb from them their political faith and are by them directed to their course of political action. The progressive movement that now is sweeping the country owes its strength very largely to the chautauqua, just as the abolition movement gained its momentum chiefly from the free platform of the lyceum.

More than one thousand chautauquas were held in the United States last summer. The average length of session was ten days; the attendance one thousand a day—a million people influenced by one institution. About ten thousand lyceum courses were given last winter, attended by five million people. And remember that the lyceum was born in the struggle for freedom for the slaves, and that the heart of the chautauqua movement is in Iowa, the home of progress and reform.

The lyceum was founded upon the demand for a free forum for the abolition and temperance propagandas while the pulpits were closed and the newspaper columns denied to the advocates of those causes. Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John B. Gough, Susan B. Anthony, Henry Ward Beecher—these were the founders of the lyceum. It served their purpose and they passed on.

But the lyceum continued. James Redpath, its most successful manager, developed the lyceum from a lecture bureau system in which he was supreme. Upon the retirement of Mr. Redpath, Mr. George H. Hathaway and the late Major J. B. Pond became the managers. Mr. Hathaway is still at the head of this bureau, having been continuously in the business for more than forty-five years. In 1880 Major Pond retired from the bureau and began the personal management of distinguished plat-

form people. Major Pond's method was to contract with men and women of established reputation—explorers, preachers, authors, or singers—for a certain number of appearances and then to book these attractions along the route of tours that often were as long as a circuit of the United States. From 1874 to 1887, Henry Ward Beecher delivered 1,200 lectures under Major Pond's management; Mark Twain and George W. Cable in joint readings earned \$36,000 net profit in two seasons; Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, and George Kenman traveled together in 1888-9 as a lecture "team"; Henry M. Stanley gave 110 lectures in the United States and Canada that earned \$287,070 in gross receipts (this is the greatest success ever achieved in the lyceum); in 1895-6 Mark Twain made many thousands in the American part of his round-the-world tour; in 1901 Ernest Thompson Seton delivered 260 lectures in 26 weeks, a feat of endurance hard to rival. Major Pond also managed reading and lecture tours of F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) Robert E. Peary, F. Marion Crawford, A. Conan Doyle, Max O'Rell, Lew Wallace, "Ian Maclaren," Anthony Hope, Hall Caine, and many others.

Major Pond's attractions were expensive and distinguished people whose lectures appealed to large city audiences. Two independent lectures now work this field with extraordinary success: Burton Holmes and D. L. Elmendorf, with their illustrated lectures on travel. Both these men are natural speakers of great charm who work up their materials with consummate art. Each has a gross income of more than \$100,000 a year from a season of only ten weeks.

Of the present day lyceum attractions and performers, the article continues:

The lyceum and chautauqua attractions are divided into two classes—the people who are on the platform because of a fame made in other lines of activity, and the people (far the larger number) who have won their place on the platform from sheer ability to make good thereon.

The first class includes the public and celebrities. Part of them move from ability. They are the ones who remain after a season. Bro-

Clark, La Follette, Folk, Hoch, the roll of governors, legislators and judges is long. Most of them make good. But Bryan is the only one who can draw his fee (its value in attendance) on chautauqua or lyceum course.

The second class includes the long list of lecturers, writers, readers, entertainers, and musicians who really keep the lyceum and chautauqua alive. They are the lifeblood, the survival of the fittest. Making good is their daily business. After the people have been collected to hear a "great gun" and (usually) are disappointed, while the treasury is depleted to pay the big fee, the professional lyceum talent put the people back into good humor by "delivering the goods," and at modest figures. Dr. A. A. Willits, past ninety, helped to make the lyceum along with Beecher, and is yet alive and filling occasional dates. Col. George W. Bain is yet filling full seasons. On the honor roll are a multitude like Strickland W. Gillilan, Leland Powers, Doctor Cadman, Col. G. A. Gearhart, Katherine Ridgway, and musical clubs like The Chicago Glee Club, The Apollos, The Dunbars, etc.

The "talent" have their "union," the International Lyceum Association, which is made up of 762 members. It is at once

a distinguished and a various body. Hon. Champ Clark, speaker of the House of Representatives, belongs to it; and so does Von Arx, the Magician. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, rubs elbows at its meetings with the Beulah Buck Quartet; and Senator Vardaman of Mississippi fraternizes with Balmer's Kaffir Boys.

The rewards of the lyceum and chautauqua performers vary greatly. William Jennings Bryan makes \$50,000 a year as a lecturer. Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon, ex-Governors Folk, Hoch, and Hanly, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and Mr. Francis J. Heney every one make \$10,000 a year or more. Speaker Champ Clark, Senators La Follette and Bristow and Gore, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Governor Hadley, Representative Victor Murdock, and the Rev. Drs. S. Parkes Cadman, Frank W. Gunsaulus, and Newell Dwight Hillis would every one make that much if he devoted his whole time to it at the rate he now receives for as many dates as he can spare from other work. These men ordinarily receive \$150 to \$200 and their railroad fare for every lecture.

These are the "top-liners." Lesser attractions are paid from \$25 to \$100 an appearance. Perhaps \$50 a week is a fair average for the humbler "entertainers" who are hired by the year by the bureaus.

Churchill and the British Navy

The National Review Sharply Criticizes First Lord of the Admiralty
on His Handling of the Naval Situation

IN the National Review for September a sharp attack is made on Hon. Winston Churchill in connection with his handling of the British Admiralty situation in view of the rapid development of the German navy. If, says the National Review, Mr. Churchill will not build ships, he makes up for it by moving the British fleets backwards and forwards. For the last six years the Admiralty has been steadily concentrating all our available and effective battleships in the North Sea—a necessary precaution in view of the rapid advance of the German Navy and of its own inexplicable and criminal failure to meet the eithge German programmes by adequate new Hertzstruction. In that process of concentrical the Mediterranean was steadily dection have The climax was reached last sults of their Mr. Churchill announced that the apparatus

the depleted British battle squadron, which still remained at Malta, would be removed from that base to Gibraltar and counted as part of the fleet in home waters. Forthwith a very natural outcry was raised by Lord Kitchener and the commanders in the Mediterranean, who saw clearly that the weakly garrisoned and badly fortified Mediterranean bases would be at the mercy of either of the strong fleets which Italy and Austria are so rapidly creating in the south of Europe. Thereupon Mr. Churchill undoes the whole work of concentration in the North Sea. Having called home the Mediterranean ships on the plea that they are wanted near home, he sends out four battle-cruisers from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, though in March he declared that these very vessels were of extraordinary value as the fast wing of a battle-fleet in the North Sea, and though in the

interval since he delivered that opinion, Germany has decided to make an immense increase in her fully manned force in the North Sea. So that we reach this extraordinary conclusion: The battle-cruisers which were necessary in home waters before Germany made this increase are unnecessary now that she has determined to make it. The ships which were required for our safety, when she only maintained 21 fully manned armoured vessels, are not required now that she has set to work to raise her fully manned strength in armoured ships to 37. Such is Mr. Churchill's new strategy, adopted at the order of Mr. Lloyd George.

No words can exaggerate the immensity of the danger in the North Sea with the new dispositions which Mr. Churchill has accepted or originated. On his own showing, Germany will have in the North Sea, possibly at the end of 1913:

- 25 battleships fully manned in the High Sea Fleet.
- 4 battleships all fully manned in the Reserve of the High Sea Fleet.
- 8 armoured cruisers fully manned in the High Sea Fleet.

Against these, we provide the following:

- 25 battleships fully manned in the Home Fleet;
- 8 battleships fully manned at Gibraltar, $4\frac{1}{2}$ days' distance;
- 8 battleships half manned in the Second Fleet;

with perhaps 12 fully manned armoured cruisers. Yet Mr. Churchill has himself laid down the principle, that we must have such a margin of strength as to meet at "our average moment" the strength of an enemy at his "select moment." The average strength of our fleet in battleships will be less than 25, to allow of ships docking and refitting. The strength of the German fleet at its selected moment will be 29. Of course, if Germany is so obliging as to give us a month's or even a week's notice, we can muster 33 battleships. But do Mr. Churchill and the War Staff really imagine that she will do this? Germany at the Hague Conference opposed and defeated a proposal that even so little as twenty-four hours' notice should be given before beginning war. Why? Admiral Stiege wrote in the March number of *Ueberall*, under the undoubted inspiration of the German Admiralty, that the commander-in-chief of the High Sea Fleet should be given the power to attack our fleet when any favorable opportunity offered. Why? And to complete the series of indications, Professor Hans Delbrueck

in last month's number of the *Preussische Jahrbucher* wrote that the German Navy has now become so strong that, if the circumstances were favorable and an advantageous moment were seized, Germany might win in a great sea-fight and "inflict a death-wound upon England."

Mr. Churchill and the War Staff are, then, gambling on the chance that Germany will give them ample warning and enable them to bring home the ships which they have scattered. They are doing this, though Mr. Churchill has declared that the one factor which differentiates naval from land war, "is the awful suddenness with which naval warfare can reach its decisive phase," without "the vast process of mobilization, the very first signs of which must be noticed," and though the very action of Germany in maintaining "four-fifths" of her Navy on a war footing is unmistakable evidence that with her the blow will precede the word.

But, even so, we have not exhausted the dangers of a deplorable situation. Mr. Churchill assumes in all his estimates of future force in the North Sea that the British ships will be completed punctually to date, and that Germany will never dream of accelerating her present programme. As to the first assumption, it can only be said that two ships of our 1909 programme, which should have been in service in April last, are still unready, that the ships of our 1910 and 1911 programmes are weeks behindhand, and that any recurrence of the recent strikes would derange his fine calculations. As to the second assumption, we have to remember Mr. Asquith's admission in 1909, that he had been quite wrong in 1908 in his views as to what the naval position would be. He had assumed, he said, on the strength of the Admiralty's information, that the German programme was a paper one, and that the German ships would be built more slowly than our own. What if Mr. Churchill is making a similar mistake to Mr. Asquith's and what if the Admiralty is as wrong now as it was in 1909? In that case by December, 1913, it is at least possible for Germany to have 21 "Dreadnoughts" in the North Sea, whereas Mr. Churchill is calculating upon her only having 13, and is providing but 22 British vessels, and this when every "Dreadnought" of ours is with the flag. Mr. Churchill is not merely gambling on the chance that Germany will give him warning. He is also gambling on the chance that she will not accelerate—that she will not so good as to surrender an opportunity well within her grasp.

It is for these reasons that Mr. Churchill's policy must be condemned as one of absolute treachery to the Navy and to the nation. He is scattering our "Dreadnoughts" during the most critical period in our history. He has thrown a great chance away. He has wasted precious months, when every day is of importance. "Five minutes," said Nelson, "makes the differ-

ence between a victory and a defeat." What will happen, if, at Germany's "selected moment" the British fleet has to wait four and a half days for the arrival of the battleships at Gibraltar, a week for the battle-cruisers at Malta, or a fortnight for the half-manned ships of the Second Fleet to "shake down?" "Five minutes"—and Mr. Churchill wants five days!

How Imperialism Pays

Imperialism on Economic Basis as Shown in Expansion of the Territory of the British Empire

THE Socialist Review contains an interesting study by Ludwig Quessel on the economic basis of Imperialism. He remarks on the unexampled expansion of the British Empire, which within the short space of three decades has incorporated territories in Asia and Africa which exceed in extent the whole of the continent of Europe.

The most remarkable feature, the writer says, of this extension is that, except in the Boer War, it proceeds without any sort of heroics, as coolly and unconcernedly as the work of an experienced business man only anxious to keep out of the limelight:—

"There is something captivating in the contemplation of this noiseless work of conquest, modestly concealing its huge successes, never talkative, never shouting about the mailed fist, but quiet able to use it when the business of gulping continents demands it. . . . On the other side it is right to mention the many services of British Imperialism to the advancement of civilization in backward countries."

Yet it involves great financial sacrifices from the Mother Country, which is governed by the electorate. Why does the electorate consent to this burden. The writer says:—"Wherever England plants a new outpost of Empire, British trade with this subject territory shows a notable increase—if only because the security of a competent State administration is necessary to modern business activity."

But this extension is not enough. The Hertzian for expansion is due rather to the electrical of British industry for new exportation have as it finds or fears itself threatened by the German industry in all markets not the apparatus of the British flag. Though the new markets are open to the world, yet

"the fact of Imperial control frequently has the effect of an insurmountable tariff wall." For example, the German African colonies, which have no protective tariffs and no preferential discriminations in favor of German industries, import thirty-three times more German metal goods than the English do. Conversely, India is a free trade country:—

"But just as in the German colonies, so here the mere fact of Empire has the effect of a high protective tariff. This, again, is easily explained as regards the metal industry. Whether the Government itself builds its railways, bridges, harbors, etc., or employs contractors, the whole of the material will usually be supplied exclusively by the home industry. And in tropical dependencies the State is everywhere the principal consumer of structural material."

But the same effect appears in other industries in which the Government is not an important consumer. The textile imports into India from England are thirty-four times as much as those from Germany and the German African colonies. The textile imports from Germany are nearly three times as much as those from England. The writer concludes:—

"Regarded from an economic standpoint, the hatred of England which breathes from the writings of German Imperialists is seen to be no irrational passion, but the expression of a revolt of the possessing classes in Germany against the immense expansion of the British Empire in recent decades. The ground of this revolt is the economic grievance that in all the Asiatic and African markets incorporated in the British Empire, however much the German export industries may under the law be free to compete, they are in actual fact entirely 'frozen out.'"

The New Woman of the New East

Dr. Albert Shaw in a review considers the position occupied by women in China, Japan and India.

IN introducing papers on the "New Woman in China and Japan and India," Dr. Albert Shaw, in the *American Review of Reviews*, thus compactly sums up the situation:—

One of the most significant and deep-reaching developments of the modern spread of liberalism and social progress is the awakening restlessness of the women of the Orient. The Oriental woman has farther to go than the woman of the West, but she has already taken the first steps in the direction of a larger participation in the life of her people. In Japan and China women are attending the universities, entering into business and professions, and already taking an active part in public life. The reformer, Kang-Yu-wei, in his book, "A Criticism of the Chinese Classics," called attention, many years ago, to the fact that the raising of the status of woman has always been an essential part of the spread of democracy. It is more than half a century since women began to be educated in China. This was when the missionary movement had attained important proportions. Two decades ago a crusade began against the binding of the feet, which was a great step forward. In 1907 the Government formally recognized the right of women to education and began to plan schools for girls. A newspaper edited by women was one of the first developments of the woman movement in China. In March of this year the hall of the National Assembly of the new Republic at Nanking was made the scene of violent demonstration by militant Chinese suffragettes, discontented with the measure of "emancipation" granted them by the new regime.

Social regeneration in India is going on swiftly and steadily. The whole mass is being affected by the leaven of social reform. In this social revolution—for nothing short of that term can express the exact situation—the Hindu woman is playing a most heroic part. All the rest of the vast continent of Asia is experiencing the stirrings of the woman movement. The languorous ladies of Persia are stirring, and in Turkey and Egypt they are already awake. Altogether it is a vast and portentous movement.

Adachi Kinnosuke recounts the achieve-

ments of some of the noted women of the new China. He tells of an actress named Chin Chilan, who made much money by her acting and charming personality, which she despatched to her comrades in the United States for the purchase of arms and ammunition. This was discovered, and she was beheaded. Another martyr of the revolution was Chuchin, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who left his entire fortune to his child at his death. She put the whole of it into the treasury of the revolutionists. She undertook the work of smuggling arms, ammunition, dynamite, and bombs into China. Arrested, tried, condemned, she wrote out her case in English, feeling that in that language alone she could appeal to the world. We are next told of Madame Su, now sixty-five years of age, who moved twelve hundred Chinese students to tears by her pathetic eloquence about the needs of their country.

Happily, this high valuation of womanhood is no sudden outburst. The writer says:—

Mr. Okuda, while he was serving as the Third Secretary to the Japanese Embassy at Peking, made a careful study of the social and commercial life of China and wrote a book. He says that petticoat government is a general thing in China; that the position of her women is even higher than that of her Occidental sisters. "China is the country which respects and values her women exceedingly," he declares. "A country where woman's power is strong. Even among the lower classes the husband cannot lay a violent hand on the wife, and the matrimonial quarrel has only one end invariably—the victory for the wife."

Basanta Koomar Roy says that the custom of early marriage is changing fast. Hindu boys refuse to marry until they have finished their education. The prohibition of marriage between members of different castes has led to inbreeding, with physical degeneracy as a result. Now there is a great movement for inter-marriage between the different castes. The remarriage of widows is also proceeding apace. Sometimes parents advertise for a young widow of a different caste to their boy. The Indian woman is the soul of the Nationalist and Side by side with Indian N-

gress there is a Women's Conference, to pass resolutions, and travel as propagand-plan work, to better the condition of wo-ists. They are now breaking out as jour-nmen. Women leaders make speeches, and alists.

The Latest in French Automobiles

New Type of Low-Priced Car Which is Proving Very Popular Although it Has Some Rather Serious Disadvantages.

ROAST chicken once a week was the wish of the French peasant in bygone ages. The modern Frenchman, less modest, substitutes a motor car for the fowl. French manufacturers have responded to this demand by producing low-priced autos, based somewhat on the principle of the motorcycle. Scores of these have been manufactured at prices varying between two hundred fifty and five hundred dollars. The cheap automobile of this type has been successfully imitated in England.

There have been inexpensive automobiles built on the established lines of the costlier type; but, so W. F. Bradley assures us in *The Technical World*, there appear to be more possibilities by working along motorcycle rather than automobile lines. Such, at any rate, has been the experience of European manufacturers, who have found it almost impossible to get below five hundred dollars on cars of the usual build, but have been able to produce four-wheeled motorcycles at half this price. A vehicle of this description costs little more than a high-grade motorcycle, the up-keep is about the same, its speed is equal to any two-wheeler, and its comfort is infinitely greater.

"It is a long, narrow, boat-like vehicle, mounted on four wire wheels, carrying its passengers in tandem fashion, with the driver at the rear, and having one single or two-cylinder air-cooled motor under cover in front. The frame, consisting of two wooden members, is narrowed in front, the sides are enclosed, the top is closed in by the gasoline tank, while the front is left open to allow a free passage for the air. A single chain running under the footboards

takes the drive to a countershaft, on each extremity of which are a couple of pulleys from which power is carried to the rear wheels by belts, as in a motorcycle. The two pulleys permit a quick change of gear ratio.

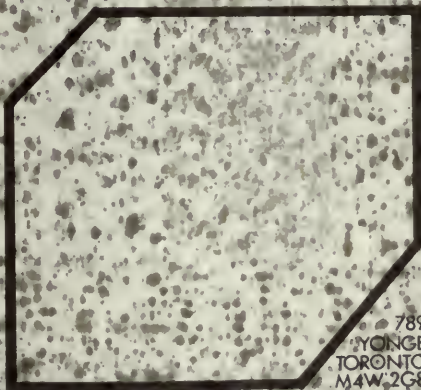
"There is neither clutch, gear box nor differential. The rear axle is attached to the extremity of a pair of inverted semi-elliptic springs, the front hanger of which is pivoted, thus allowing the axle to be moved forward or backward by means of a lever at the driver's right hand. It is by this means that the belt can be slackened off to disconnect the motor. At the front here is a tubular pivoting axle, with a coil spring suspension."

Any man who knows how to manage a motorcycle is at once familiar with this little car. Its use is not confined to pleasure purposes, a large number being used in France for quick delivery work. In some cases—note again the economy of the French—the touring model is convertible. On week days it carries drugs and groceries; on Sundays and holidays it is transformed, by the turn of a screw, into a touring car for the family.

"It weighs complete only from 300 to 350 pounds, has an eight-horse-power, two-cylinder, air-cooled motor, chain transmission to a countershaft, and double belt drive to pulleys on the rear wheels. For utility service, with calls for work over heavy roads, in snow, or amongst dense traffic, the four-wheeler has limitations. But these limitations are even more strongly felt by the motorcycle. As a little pleasure vehicle it has a remarkable future before it."

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